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THE WORKS

OF THE

POETS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH

PREFACES

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH;

CONTAINING

MOORE, CAWTHORNE, COLLINS, DYER,	SHENSTONE, MALLET, AKENSIDE, GRAY,	LITTLETON, AND GAY.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR ANDREW MILLER, STRAND.

1800.

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THE

ENGLISH POETS.

THE

POEMS OF EDWARD MOORE.

THE

DISCOVERY:

AN ODE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY PELHAM.

——Vir bonus eſt quis? HOR.

I.

TAKE wing, my muſe! from ſhore to ſhore
Fly, and that happy place explore
Where Virtue deigns to dwell;
If yet ſhe treads on Britiſh ground,
Where can the fugitive be found,
In city, court, or cell?

II.

Not there, where wine and frantic mirth
Unite the ſenſual ſons of earth
In Pleaſure's thoughtleſs train;
Nor yet where ſanctity's a ſhow,
Where ſouls nor joy nor pity know
For human bliſs or pain.

III.

Her ſocial heart alike diſowns
The race, who ſhunning crowds and thrones,
In ſhades ſequeſter'd doze;
Whoſe ſloth no generous care can wake,
Who rot like weeds on Lethe's lake,
In ſenſeleſs, vile repoſe.

IV.

With theſe ſhe ſhuns the factious tribe,
Who ſpurn the yet unoffer'd bribe,
And at corruption lour;
Waiting till Diſcord Havock cries,
In hopes, like Catiline, to riſe
On anarchy to pow'r!

V.

Ye Wits, who boaſt from ancient times,
A right divine to ſcourge our crimes,
Is it with you ſhe reſts?
No. Int'reſt, ſlander are your views,
And Virtue now, with every muſe,
Flies your unhallow'd breaſts.

VI.

There was a time, I heard her ſay,
Ere females were ſeduc'd by play,
When Beauty was her throne;
But now, where dwelt the Soft Deſires,
The Furies light forbidden fires,
To Love and Her unknown.

VII.

From theſe th' indignant goddeſs flies,
And where the ſpires of Science riſe,
A while ſuſpends her wing;
But pedant Pride and Rage are there,
And Faction tainting all the air,
And pois'ning every ſpring.

VIII.

Long through the ſky's wide pathleſs way
The muſe obſerv'd the wand'rer ſtray,
And mark'd her laſt retreat;
O'er Surrey's barren heaths ſhe flew,
Deſcending like the ſilent dew
On Eſher's peaceful ſeat.

IX.

There ſhe beholds the gentle Mole
His penſive waters calmly roll,
Amidſt Elyſian ground:
There through the windings of the grove
She leads her family of Love,
And ſtrews her ſweets around.

X.

I hear her bid the Daughters fair
Oft to yon gloomy grot repair,
Her ſecret ſteps to meet;
Nor Thou, ſhe cries, theſe ſhades forſake,
But come, lov'd Conſort, come and make
The huſband's bliſs complete.

XI.

Yet not too much the ſoothing eaſe
Of rural indolence ſhall pleaſe
My Pelham's ardent breaſt;
The man whom Virtue calls her own
Muſt ſtand the pillar of a throne,
And make a nation bleſt.

XII.

Pelham! 'tis thine with temp'rate zeal
To guard Britannia's public weal,
Attack'd on every part:
Her fatal diſcords to compoſe,
Unite her friends, diſarm her foes,
Demands thy head and heart.

XIII.

When bold Rebellion ſhook the land,
Ere yet from William's dauntleſs hand
Her barbarous army fled;
When valour droop'd, and Wiſdom fear'd,
Thy voice expiring Credit heard,
And rais'd her languid head.

XIV.

Now by thy ſtrong aſſiſting hand,
Fix'd on a rock I ſee her ſtand,
Againſt whoſe ſolid feet,
In vain, through every future age,
The loudeſt, moſt tempeſtuous rage
Of angry war ſhall beat.

XV.

And grieve not if the ſons of Strife
Attempt to cloud thy ſpotleſs life,
And ſhade its brighteſt ſcenes;
Wretches, by kindneſs unſubdu'd,
Who ſee, who ſhare the common good,
Yet cavil at the means.

XVI.

Like theſe, the metaphyſic crew,
Proud to be ſingular and new,
Think all they ſee deceit;
Are warm'd and cheriſh'd by the day,
Feel and enjoy the heav'nly ray,
Yet doubt of light and heat.

THE

TRIAL

OF

SELIM THE PERSIAN*,

FOR DIVERS

HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS.

THE court was met; the priſ'ner brought;
The counſel with inſtructions fraught;
And evidence prepar'd at large,
On oath, to vindicate the charge.
But firſt 'tis meet, where form denies
Poetic helps of fancy'd lies,
Gay metaphors, and figures fine,
And ſimilies to deck the line;
'Tis meet (as we before have ſaid)
To call deſcription to our aid.
Begin we then (as firſt 'tis fitting)
With the three Chiefs in judgment ſitting.
Above the reſt, and in the chair,
Sat Faction with diſſembled air;
Her tongue was ſkill'd in ſpecious lies,
And murmurs, whence diſſentions riſe;
A ſmiling maſk her features veil'd,
Her form the patriot's robe conceal'd;
With ſtudy'd blandiſhments ſhe bow'd,
And drew the captivated crowd.
The next in place, and on the right,
Sat Envy, hideous to the ſight;
Her ſnaky locks, her hollow eyes,
And haggard form forbad diſguiſe;
Pale diſcontent and ſullen hate
Upon her wrinkled forehead ſat;
Her left-hand, clench'd, her cheek ſuſtain'd,
Her right (with many a murder ſtain'd)
A dagger clutch'd, in act to ſtrike,
With ſtarts of rage, and aim oblique.
Laſt on the left was Clamour ſeen,
Of ſtature vaſt, and horrid mien;
With bloated cheeks, and frantic eyes,
She ſent her yellings to the ſkies;
Prepar'd with trumpet in her hand,
To blow ſedition o'er the land.
With theſe, four more of leſſer fame,
And humbler rank, attendant came;
Hypocriſy with ſmiling grace,
And Impudence with brazen face,
Contention bold, with iron lungs,
And Slander with her hundred tongues.
The walls in ſculptur'd tale were rich,
And ſtatues proud (in many a nich)
Of chiefs, who fought in Faction's cauſe,
And periſh'd for contempt of laws.
The roof in vary'd light and ſhade,
The ſeat of Anarchy diſplay'd.
Triumphant o'er a falling throne
(By emblematic figures known)
Confuſion rag'd, and Luſt obſcene,
And Riot with diſtemper'd mien,
And Outrage bold, and Miſchief dire,
And Devaſtation clad in fire.
Prone on the ground a martial maid
Expiring lay, and groan'd for aid:
Her ſhield with many a ſtab was pierc'd,
Her laurels torn, her ſpear revers'd;
And near her, crouch'd amidſt the ſpoils,
A lion panted in the toils.
With look compos'd the priſ'ner ſtood,
And modeſt pride. By turns he view'd
The court, the counſel, and the crowd,
And with ſubmiſſive rev'rence bow'd.
Proceed we now, in humbler ſtrains,
And lighter rhymes, with what remains.
Th' indictment grievouſly ſet forth,
That Selim, loſt to patriot worth,
(In company with one Will Pitt*,
And many more, not taken yet)
In Forty-five, the royal palace†
Did enter, and to ſhame grown callous,
Did then and there his faith forſake,
And did accept, receive, and take,
With miſchievous intent and baſe,
Value unknown, a certain place.
He was a ſecond time indicted,
For that, by evil zeal excited,
With learning more than layman's ſhare,
(Which parſons want, and he might ſpare)

* George Lyttelton, Eſq. afterwards Lord Lyttelton. The Perſian Letters of this nobleman were written under the character of Selim, which occaſioned Mr. Moore to give him the ſame name in this poem.

* Afterwards Earl of Chatham.

† Mr. Lyttelton was appointed a Lord of Treaſury 25th Dec. 1744.

In Letter to one Gilbert Weſt,*
He, the ſaid Selim, did atteſt,
Maintain, ſupport, and make aſſertion
Of certain points, from Paul's converſion,
By means whereof the ſaid apoſtle
Did many an unbeliever joſtle,
Starting unfaſhionable fancies,
And building truths on known romances.
A third charge ran, that knowing well
Wits only eat as pamphlets ſell,
He, the ſaid Selim, notwithſtanding,
Did fall to anſw'ring, ſhaming, branding
Three curious Letters to the Whigs †;
Making no reader care three figs
For any facts contain'd therein;
By which uncharitable ſin
An author, modeſt and deſerving,
Was deſtin'd to contempt and ſtarving;
Againſt the king, his crown and peace,
And all the ſtatutes in that caſe.
The pleader roſe with brief full charg'd,
And on the pris'ner's crimes enlarg'd—
But not to damp the Muſe's fire
With rhet'ric, ſuch as courts require,
We'll try to keep the reader warm,
And ſift the matter from the form.
Virtue and ſocial love, he ſaid,
And honour from the land were fled;
That patriots now, like other folks,
Were made the but of vulgar jokes;
While Oppoſition dropp'd her creſt,
And courted pow'r for wealth and reſt.
Why ſome folks laugh'd, and ſome folks rail'd,
Why ſome ſubmitted, ſome aſſail'd,
Angy or pleas'd—all ſolv'd the doubt
With who were in, and who were out.
The ſons of Clamour grew ſo fickly,
They look'd for diſſolution quickly;
Their Weekly Journals, finely written,
Were ſunk in privies all beſh——n;
Old-England ‡, and the London-Evening,
Hardly a ſoul was found believing in;
And Caleb ‖, once ſo bold and ſtrong,
Was ſtupid now, and always wrong.
Aſk ye whence roſe this ſoul diſgrace?
Why Selim has receiv'd a place,
And thereby brought the cauſe to ſhame;
Proving that People, void of blame,
Might ſerve their country and their king,
By making both the ſelf-ſame thing:
By which the credulous believ'd,
And others (by ſtrange arts deceiv'd)
That Miniſters were ſometimes right,
And meant not to deſtroy us quite.
That bart'ring thus in ſtate affairs,
He next muſt deal in ſacred wares,
The clergy's rights divine invade,
And ſmuggle in the goſpel-trade;
And all this zeal to re-inſtate
Exploded notions, out of date;
Sending old rakes to church in ſhoals,
Like children, ſniv'ling for their ſouls;
And ladies gay, from ſmut and libels,
To learn beliefs, and read their bibles;
Erecting conſcience for a tutor,
To damn the preſent by the future:
As if to evils known and real
'Twas needful to annex ideal;
When all of human life we know
Is care, and bitterneſs, and woe,
With ſhort tranſitions of delight,
To ſet the ſhatter'd ſpirits right.
Then why ſuch mighty pains and care,
To make us hun'ler than we are?
Forbidding ſhort-liv'd mirth and laughter,
By fears of what may come hereafter?
Better in ignorance to dwell;
None fear, but who believe a hell;
And if there ſhould be one, no doubt,
Men of themſelves would find it out.
But Selim's crimes, he ſaid, went further,
And barely ſtopp'd on this ſide murther;
One yet remain'd to cloſe the charge,
To which (with leave) he'd ſpeak at large,
And, firſt, 'twas needful to premiſe,
That though ſo long (for reaſons wiſe)
The preſs inviolate had ſtood,
Productive of the public good;
Yet ſtill, too modeſt to abuſe,
It rail'd at vice, but told not whoſe.
That great improvements, of late days,
Were made, to many an author's praiſe,
Who, not ſo ſcrupulouſly nice,
Proclaim'd the perſon with the vice;
Or gave, where vices might be wanted,
The name, and took the reſt for granted.
Upon this plan, a Champion * roſe,
Unrighteous greatneſs to oppoſe,
Proving the man "inventus non eſt,"
Who trades in pow'r, and ſtill is honeſt;
And (God be prais'd) he did it roundly,
Flogging a certain junto ſoundly.
But chief his anger was directed,
Where people leaſt of all ſuſpected;
And Selim, not ſo ſtrong as tall,
Beneath his graſp appear'd to fall.
But Innocence (as people ſay)
Stood by, and ſav'd him in the fray.
By her aſſiſted, and one Truth,
A buſy, prating, forward youth,
He rally'd all his ſtrength anew,
And at the foe a Letter threw †:
His weakeſt part the weapon found,
And brought him ſenſeleſs to the ground.
Hence Oppoſition fled the field,
And Ignorance with her ſeven-fold ſhield;
And well they might, for (things weigh'd fully)
The pris'ner with his Whore and Bully,
Muſt prove for every foe too hard,
Who never fought with ſuch a guard.
But Truth and Innocence, he ſaid,
Would ſtand him here in little ſtead;

* Entitled, "Obſervations on the Converſion and Apoſtleſhip of St. Paul. In a Letter to Gilbert Weſt, Eſq." 8vo. 1747.

† Entitled, "Three Letters to the Whigs; occaſioned by the Letter to the Tories." 8vo. 1748.

‡ An Oppoſition Paper at that time publiſhed, in which Mr. Lyttelton was frequently abuſed.

‖ Caleb D'Anvers, the name aſſumed by the writers of the Craftſman.

* Author of the Letters to the Whigs.

† Probably, "A Congratulatory Letter to Selim on the Letters to the Whigs." 8vo. 1748.

For they had evidence on oath,
That would appear too hard for both.
Of witneſſes a fearful train
Came next, th' indictments to ſuſtain;
Detraction, Hatred, and Diſtruſt,
And Party, of all foes the worſt,
Malice, Revenge, and Unbelief,
And Diſappointment worn with grief,
Diſhonour foul, unaw'd by ſhame,
And every fiend that Vice can name.
All theſe in ample form depos'd,
Each fact the triple charge diſclos'd,
With taunts and gibes of bitter ſort,
And aſking vengeance from the court.
The pris'ner ſaid in his defence,
That he indeed had ſmall pretence
To ſoften facts ſo deeply ſworn,
But would for his offences mourn;
Yet more he hop'd than bare repentance
Might ſtill be urg'd to ward the ſentence.
That he had held a place ſome years,
He own'd with penitence and tears,
But took it not from motives baſe,
Th' indictment there miſtook the caſe;
And though he had betray'd his truſt
In being to his country juſt,
Neglecting Faction and her friends,
He did it not for wicked ends,
But that complaints and feuds might ceaſe,
And jarring parties mix in peace.
That what he wrote to Gilbert Weſt,
Bore hard againſt him, he confeſs'd;
Yet there they wrong'd him; for the fact is,
He reaſon'd for Belief, not Practice;
And People might believe, he thought,
Though Practice might be deemed a fault.
He either dreamt it, or was told,
Religion was rever'd of old,
That it gave breeding no offence,
And was no foe to wit and ſenſe;
But whether this was truth, or whim,
He would not ſay; the doubt with him
(And no great harm he hop'd) was, how
Th' enlighten'd world would take it now:
If they admitted it, 'twas well;
If not, he never talk'd of hell;
Nor even hop'd to change men's meaſures,
Or frighten ladies from their pleaſures.
One accuſation, he confeſs'd,
Had touch'd him more than all the reſt;
Three Patriot-Letters, high in fame,
By him o'erthrown, and brought to ſhame.
And though it was a rule in vogue,
If one man call'd another rogue,
The party injur'd might reply,
And on his foe retort the lie;
Yet what accru'd from all his labour,
But foul diſhonour to his neighbour?
And he's a moſt unchriſtian elf,
Who others damns to ſave himſelf.
Beſides, as all men knew, he ſaid,
Thoſe Letters only rail'd for bread;
And hunger was a known excuſe
For proſtitution and abuſe:
A guinea, properly apply'd,
Had made the Writer change his ſide;
He wiſh'd he had not cut and carv'd him,
And own'd, he ſhould have bought, not ſtarv'd him.

The court, he ſaid, knew all the reſt,
And muſt proceed as they thought beſt;
Only he hop'd ſuch reſignation
Would plead ſome little mitigation;
And if his character was clear
From other faults (and friends were near,
Who would, when call'd upon, atteſt it)
He did in humbleſt form requeſt it,
To be from puniſhment exempt,
And only ſuffer their contempt.
The pris'ner's friends their claim preferr'd,
In turn demanding to be heard.
Integrity and Honour ſwore,
Benevolence, and twenty more,
That he was always of their party,
And that they knew him firm and hearty.
Religion, ſober dame, attended,
And, as ſhe could, his cauſe befriended.
She ſaid, 'twas ſince he came from college,
She knew him introduc'd by Knowledge:
The man was modeſt and ſincere,
Nor farther could ſhe interfere.
The muſes begg'd to interpoſe;
But Envy with loud hiſſings roſe,
And call'd them women of ill fame,
Liars, and proſtitutes to ſhame;
And ſaid, to all the world 'twas known,
Selim had had them every one.
The pris'ner bluſh'd, the Muſes frown'd,
When ſilence was proclaim'd around,
And Faction riſing with the reſt,
In form the pris'ner thus addreſs'd.
You, Selim, thrice have been indicted:
Firſt, that by wicked pride excited,
And bent your country to diſgrace,
You have receiv'd, and held a Place:
Next, Infidelity to wound,
You've dar'd, with arguments profound,
To drive Freethinking to a ſtand,
And with Religion vex the land:
And laſtly in contempt of right,
With horrid and unnat'ral ſpite,
You have an Author's fame o'erthrown,
Thereby to build and fence your own.
Theſe crimes ſucceſſive, on your trial,
Have met with proofs beyond denial;
To which yourſelf, with ſhame, conceded,
And but in mitigation pleaded.
Yet that the juſtice of the court
May ſuffer not in men's report,
Judgment a moment I ſuſpend,
To reaſon as from friend to friend.
And firſt, that You, of all mankind,
With Kings and Courts ſhould ſtain your min
You! who were Oppoſition's lord!
Her nerves, her ſinews, and her ſword!
That You at laſt, for ſervile ends,
Should wound the bowels of her friends!
Is aggravation of offence,
That leaves for mercy no pretence.
Yet more——For You to urge your hate,
And hack the Church, to aid the State!
For You to publiſh ſuch a Letter!
You! who have known Religion better!
For You, I ſay, to introduce
The fraud again!—there's no excuſe.
And laſt of all, to crown your ſhame,
Was it for You to load with blame

The writings of a Patriot-Youth,
And ſummon Innocence and Truth
To prop your cauſe?——Was this for You?——
But Juſtice does your crimes purſue;
And ſentence now alone remains,
Which thus, by Me, the court ordains:
"That you return from whence you came,
"There to be ſtript of all your fame
"By vulgar hands; That once a week
"Old-England pinch you till you ſqueak;
"That ribbald Pamphlets do purſue you,
"And lies and murmurs, to undo you.
"With every foe that Worth procures,
"And only Virtue's friends be Yours."

ODE TO GARRICK, UPON THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

"When I ſaid I would die a batchelor, I did not
"think I ſhould live till I were married."
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

I.

NO, no; the left-hand box, in blue;
There! don't you ſee her?—"See her! Who?"
Nay, hang me if I tell.
There's Garrick in the muſic-box!
Watch but his eyes; ſee there——"O pox?"
"Your ſervant, Ma'moiſelle!"

II.

But tell me, David, is it true?
Lord help us! what will ſome folks do?
How will they curſe this ſtranger!
What! fairly taken in for life!
A ſober, ſerious, wedded wife!
O fie upon you, Ranger!

III.

The clergy too have join'd the chat;
"A papiſt!—Has he thought of that?
"Or means he to convert her?!"
Troth, boy, unleſs your zeal be ſtout,
The nymph may turn Your faith about,
By arguments experter.

IV.

The ladies, pale and out of breath,
Wild as the witches in Macbeth,
Aſk if the "deed be done!"
O, David! liſten to my lay!
I'll propheſy the things they'll ſay;
For tongues, you know, will run.

V.

"And pray, what other news d' ye hear?
"Marry'd!—But don't you think, my dear,
"He's growing out of faſhion?
"People may fancy what they will,
"But Quin's the only actor ſtill,
"To touch the tender paſſion.

VI.

"Nay, madam, did you mind, laſt night,
"His Archer? Not a line on't right!
"I thought I heard ſome hiſſes.
"Good God! if Billy Mills, thought I,
"Or Billy Havard would but try,
"They'd beat him all to pieces.

VII.

"'Twas prudent though to drop his Bayes—
"And (entre nous) the Laureat ſays,
"He hopes he'll give up Richard.
"But then it tickles me to ſee,
"In Haſtings, ſuch a ſhrimp as he
"Attempt to raviſh Pritchard.

VIII.

"The fellow pleaſed me well enough
"In——what d'ye call it? Headley huff;
"There's ſomething there like nature:
"Juſt ſo, in life, he runs about,
"Plays at bo-peep, now in, now out,
"But hurts no mortal creature.

IX.

"And then there's Belmont, to be ſure——
"O ho! my gentle Neddy Moore!
"How does my good lord-mayor?
"And have you left Cheapſide, my dear!
"And will you write again next year,
"To ſhew your fav'rite player?

X.

"But Merope, we own, is fine,
"Eumenes charms in every line;
"How prettily he vapours!
"So gay his dreſs, ſo young his look,
"One would have ſworn 'twas Mr. Cook,
"Or Mathews, cutting capers."

XI.

Thus, David, will the ladies ſtout,
And councils hold at every rout,
To alter all your plays;
Yates ſhall be Benedict next year,
Macklin be Richard, Taſwell Lear,
And Kitty Clive be Bayes.

XII.

Two parts they readily allow
Are yours; but not one more, they vow;
And thus they cloſe their ſpite:
You will be Sir John Brute, they ſay,
A very Sir John Brute all day,
And Fribble all the night.

XIII.

But tell me, fair ones, is it ſo?
"You all did love him once *," we know;
What then provokes your gall?
Forbear to rail—I'll tell you why;
Quarrels may come, or madam die,
And then there's hope for all.

XIV.

And now a word or two remains,
Sweet Davy, and I cloſe my ſtrains:
Think well ere you engage;
Vapours and ague-fits may come,
And matrimonial claims at home,
Un-nerve you for the ſtage.

XV.

But if you find your ſpirits right,
Your mind at eaſe, your body tight,
Take her; you can't do better:
A pox upon the tattling Town!
The fops that join to cry her down
Would give their ears to get her.

* Julius Cæſar.

XVI.

Then if her heart be good and kind,
(And ſure that face beſpeaks a mind
As ſoft as woman's can be)
You'll grow as conſtant as a dove,
And taſte the purer ſweets of love,
Unviſited by Ranby.

ENVY AND FORTUNE:

A TALE.

TO

MRS. GARRICK.

SAYS Envy to Fortune, "Soft, ſoft, Madam Flirt!
"Not ſo faſt with your wheel, you'll be down in the dirt!
"Well, and how does your David? Indeed, my dear creature,
"You've ſhewn him a wonderful deal of good-nature;
"His bags are ſo full, and ſuch praiſes his due,
"That the like was ne'er known—and all owing to you;
"But why won't you make him quite happy for life,
"And to all you have done add the gift of a wife?"
Says Fortune, and ſmil'd, "Madam Envy, God ſave ye!
"But why always ſneering at me and poor Davy?
"I own that ſometimes, in contempt of all rules,
"I laviſh my favours on blockheads and fools;
"But the caſe is quite different here, I aver it,
"For David ne'er knew me, 'till brought me by Merit,
"And yet to convince you—nay, Madam, no hiſſes—
"Good-manners at leaſt—ſuch behaviour as this is—!"
(For mention but Merit, and Envy flies out
With a hiſs and a yell that would ſilence a rout.
But Fortune went on)—"To convince you, I ſay,
"That I honour your ſcheme, I'll about it to day;
"The man ſhall be marry'd, ſo pray now be eaſy,
"And Garrick for once ſhall do ſomething to pleaſe ye."
So ſaying, ſhe rattled her wheel out of ſight,
While Envy walk'd after, and grinn'd with delight.
It ſeems 'twas a trick that ſhe long had been brewing,
To marry poor David, and ſo be his ruin:
For Slander had told her the creature lov'd pelf,
And car'd not a fig for a ſoul but himſelf;
From thence ſhe was ſure, had the Devil a daughter,
He'd ſnap at the girl, ſo 'twas Fortune that brought her:
And then ſhould her temper be ſullen or haughty,
Her fleſh too be frail, and incline to be naughty,
'Twould fret the poor fellow ſo out of his reaſon,
That Barry and Quin would ſet faſhions next ſeaſon.
But Fortune, who ſaw what the Fury deſign'd,
Reſolv'd to get David a wife to his mind:
Yet afraid of herſelf in a matter ſo nice,
She viſited Prudence, and begg'd her advice.
The nymph ſhook her head when the buſineſs ſhe knew,
And ſaid that her female acquaintance were few;
That excepting Miſs R***—O, yes, there was one,
A friend of that lady's, ſhe viſited none;
But the firſt was too great, and the laſt was too go
And as for the reſt, ſhe might get whom ſhe cou'
Away hurried Fortune, perplex'd and half ma
But her promiſe was paſs'd, and a wife muſt be h
She travers'd the town from one corner to t'other
Now knocking at one door, and then at another.
The girls curtſy'd low as ſhe look'd in their faces,
And bridled and primm'd with abundance of grac
But this was coquettiſh, and that was a prude,
One ſtupid and dull, t'other noiſy and rude;
A third was affected, quite careleſs a fourth,
With prate without meaning, and pride with worth;
A fifth, and a ſixth, and a ſeventh were ſuch
As either knew nothing or ſomething too much—
In ſhort as they paſs'd, ſhe to all had objections;
The gay wanted thought, the good-humour'd aff tions,
The prudent were ugly, the ſenſible dirty,
And all of them flirts, from fifteen up to thirty.
When Fortune ſaw this ſhe began to look ſilly
Yet ſtill ſhe went on till ſhe reach'd Piccadilly;
But vex'd and fatigu'd, and the night growing l
She reſted her wheel within Burlington gate.
My lady roſe up, as ſhe ſaw her come in,
"O ho, madam Genius! pray where have been?"
(For her ladyſhip thought, from ſo ſerious an ai
'Twas Genius come home, for it ſeems ſhe l there.)
But Fortune, not minding her ladyſhip's blunde
And wiping her forehead, cry'd, "Well may wonder
"To ſee me thus flurry'd;"—then told her the c
And ſighed till her ladyſhip laugh'd in her face.
"Mighty civil indeed!"—"Come, a truce, my lady,
"A truce with complaints, and perhaps I aid ye.
"I'll ſhew you a girl that—Here, Martin! tell—
"But ſhe's gone to undreſs; by-and-by is as we
"I'll ſhew you a fight that you'll fancy uncomm
"Wit, beauty, and goodneſs, all met in a wom
"A heart to no folly or miſchief inclin'd
"A body all grace, and all ſweetneſs a mind."
"O, pray let me ſee her," ſays Fortune, ſmil'd,
"Do but give her to me, and I'll make her child—
"But who, my dear, who?—for you have not yet"—
"Who indeed, ſays my lady, if not Violette?
The words were ſcarce ſpoke when ſhe enter'd room;
A bluſh at the ſtranger ſtill heighten'd her bloom
So humble her looks were, ſo mild was her air,
That Fortune, aſtoniſh'd, ſat mute in her chai
My lady roſe up, and with countenance bland,
"This is Fortune, my dear," and preſented hand:
The goddeſs embrac'd her, and call'd her her ov
And, compliments over, her errand made kn
But how the ſweet girl colour'd, flutter'd, trembled,
How oft ſhe ſaid no, and how ill ſhe diſſemble
Or how little David rejoic'd at the news,
And ſwore, from all others, 'twas her he would ch

What methods he try'd, and what arts to prevail;
All theſe, were they told, would but burden my tale—
In ſhort, all affairs were ſo happily carry'd,
That hardly ſix weeks paſs'd away till they marry'd.
But Envy grew ſick when the ſtory ſhe heard,
Violette was the girl that of all ſhe moſt fear'd;
She knew her good-humour, her beauty and ſweetneſs,
Her eaſe and compliance, her taſte and her neatneſs;
From theſe ſhe was ſure that her man could not roam,
And muſt riſe on the ſtage, from contentment at home:
So on ſhe went hiſſing, and inwardly curs'd her,
And Garrick next ſeaſon will certainly burſt her.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY PELHAM,

THE

HUMBLE PETITION

OF THE

WORSHIPFUL COMPANY

OF

POETS AND NEWS-WRITERS.

SHEWETH,

THAT your Honour's petitioners (dealers in rhymes,
And writers of ſcandal, for mending the times)
By loſſes in buſineſs, and England's well-doing,
Are ſunk in their credit, and verging on ruin.
That theſe their misfortunes, they humbly conceive,
Ariſe not from dulneſs, as ſome folks believe,
But from rubs in their way which your Honour has laid,
And want of materials to carry on trade.
That they always had form'd high conceits of their uſe,
And meant their laſt breath ſhould go out in abuſe;
But now (and they ſpeak it with ſorrow and tears)
Since your Honour has ſat at the helm of affairs,
No party will join them, no faction invite
To heed what they ſay, or to read what they write;
Sedition, and Tumult, and Diſcord are fled,
And Slander ſcarce ventures to lift up her head—
In ſhort, public buſineſs is ſo carry'd on,
That their country is ſav'd, and the patriots undone.
To perplex them ſtill more, and ſure famine to bring,
(Now ſatire has loſt both its truth and its ſting)
If, in ſpite of their natures, they bungle at praiſe,
Your honour regards not, and nobody pays.
YOUR petitioners therefore muſt humbly intreat
(As the times will allow, and your Honour thinks meet)
That meaſures be chang'd, and ſome cauſe of complaint
Be immediately furniſh'd, to end their reſtraint;
Their credit thereby, and their trade to retrieve,
That again they may rail, and the nation believe.
Or elſe (if your wiſdom ſhall deem it all one)
Now the Parliament's riſing, and buſineſs is done,
That your Honour would pleaſe, at this dangerous criſis,
To take to your boſom a few private vices,
By which your petitioners haply might thrive,
And keep both themſelves and Contention alive.
In compaſſion, good Sir, give them ſomething to ſay,
And your Honour's petitioners ever ſhall pray.

THE

TRIAL

OF

SARAH ****, ALIAS SLIM SAL,

FOR

PRIVATELY STEALING.

THE priſ'ner was at large indicted,
For that by thirſt of gain excited,
One day in July laſt, at tea,
And in the houſe of Mrs. P.
From the left breaſt of E. M. gent.
With baſe felonious intent,
Did then and there a heart with ſtrings,
Reſt, quiet, peace, and other things,
Steal, rob and plunder; and all them
The chattels of the ſaid E. M.
The proſecutor ſwore, laſt May
(The month he knew, but not the day)
He left his friends in town, and went
Upon a viſit down in Kent:
That ſtaying there a month or two,
He ſpent his time as others do,
In riding, walking, fiſhing, ſwimming;
But being much inclin'd to women,
And young and wild, and no great reaſoner,
He got acquainted with the priſoner.
He own'd, 'twas rumour'd in thoſe parts
That ſhe had a trick of ſtealing hearts,
And from fifteen to twenty-two,
Had made the devil and all to do:
But Mr. W. the vicar,
(And no man brews you better liquor)
Spoke of her thefts as tricks of youth,
The frolicks of a girl forſooth:
Things now were on another ſcore,
He ſaid; for ſhe was twenty-four.
However, to make matters ſhort,
And not to treſpaſs on the court,
The lady was diſcover'd ſoon,
And thus it was. One afternoon,
The ninth of July laſt, or near it,
(As to the day, he could not ſwear it)
In company at Mrs. P.'s,
Where folks ſay any thing they pleaſe;
Dean L. and lady Mary by,
And Fanny waiting on Miſs Y.
(He own'd he was inclined to think
Both were a little in their drink)
The priſ'ner aſk'd, and call'd him couſin,
How many kiſſes made a dozen?
That being, as he own'd, in liquor,
The queſtion made his blood run quicker,
And, ſenſe and reaſon in eclipſe,
He vow'd he'd ſcore them on her lips.

That riſing up to keep his word,
He got as far as kiſs the third,
And would have counted t' other nine;
And ſo all preſent did opine,
But that he felt a ſudden dizzineſs,
That quite undid him for the buſineſs:
His ſpeech, he ſaid, began to falter,
His eyes to ſtare, his mouth to water,
His breaſt to thump without ceſſation,
And all within one conflagration.
Bleſs me! ſays Fanny, what's the matter?
And lady Mary look'd hard at her,
And ſtamp'd, and wiſh'd the pris'ner further,
And cry'd out, Part them, or there's murther!
That ſtill he held the pris'ner faſt,
And would have ſtood it to the laſt;
But ſtruggling to go through the reſt,
He felt a pain acroſs his breaſt,
A ſort of ſudden twinge, he ſaid,
That ſeem'd almoſt to ſtrike him dead,
And after that ſuch cruel ſmarting,
He thought the ſoul and body parting.
That then he let the pris'ner go,
And ſtagger'd off a ſtep or ſo;
And thinking that his heart was ill,
He begg'd of Miſs Y.'s maid to feel.
That Fanny ſtept before the reſt,
And laid her hand upon his breaſt;
But, mercy on us! what a ſtare
The creature gave! No heart was there;
Souſe went her fingers in the hole,
Whence heart, and ſtrings, and all were ſtole.
That Fanny turn'd, and told the priſoner,
She was a thief, and ſo ſhe'd chriſten her;
And that it was a burning ſhame,
And brought the houſe an evil name;
And if ſhe did not put the heart in,
The man would pine and die for certain.
The pris'ner then was in her airs,
And bid her mind her own affairs;
And told his reverence, and the reſt of 'em,
She was as honeſt as the beſt of 'em.
That lady Mary and dean L.
Roſe up and ſaid, 'Twas mighty well,
But that, in general terms they ſaid it,
A heart was gone, and ſome one had it:
Words would not do, for ſearch they muſt,
And ſearch they would, and her the firſt.
That then the pris'ner dropp'd her anger,
And ſaid, ſhe hop'd they would not hang her;
That all ſhe did was meant in jeſt,
And there the heart was, and the reſt.
That then the dean cry'd out, O fie!
And ſent in haſte for juſtice I.
Who, though he knew her friends and pity'd her,
Call'd her hard names, and ſo committed her.
The parties preſent ſwore the ſame;
And Fanny ſaid, the pris'ner's name
Had frighten'd all the country round;
And glad ſhe was the bill was found.
She knew a man, who knew another,
Who knew the very party's brother;
Who loſt his heart by mere ſurprize,
One morning looking at her eyes;
And others had been known to ſqueak,
Who only chanc'd to hear her ſpeak:
For ſhe had words of ſuch a ſort,
That though ſhe knew no reaſon for't,
Would make a man of ſenſe run mad,
And riſle him of all he had;
And that ſhe'd rob the whole community,
If ever ſhe had opportunity.
The pris'ner now firſt ſilence broke,
And curtſy'd round her as ſhe ſpoke.
She own'd, ſhe ſaid, it much incens'd her,
To hear ſuch matters ſworn againſt her,
But that ſhe hop'd to keep her temper,
And prove herſelf "eadem ſemper."
That what the proſecutor ſwore
Was ſome part true, and ſome part more:
She own'd ſhe had been often ſeen with him,
And laugh'd and chatted on the green with him;
The fellow ſeem'd to have humanity,
And told her tales that ſooth'd her vanity,
Pretending that he lov'd her vaſtly,
And that all women elſe look'd ghaſtly.
But then ſhe hop'd the court would think
She never was inclin'd to drink,
Or ſuffer hands like his to daub her, or
Encourage men to kiſs and ſlobber her;
She'd have folks know ſhe did not love it,
Or if ſhe did, ſhe was above it.
But this, ſhe ſaid, was ſworn of courſe,
To prove her giddy, and then worſe;
As ſhe whoſe conduct was thought "lævis,"
Might very well be reckon'd thieviſh.
She hop'd, ſhe ſaid, the court's diſcerning
Would pay ſome honour to her learning,
For every day from four to paſt ſix,
She went up-ſtairs, and read the claſſics:
Thus having clear'd herſelf of levity,
The reſt, ſhe ſaid, would come with brevity.
And firſt, it injur'd not her honour
To own the heart was found upon her;
For ſhe could prove, and did aver,
The paltry thing belong'd to her:
The fact was thus. This prince of knaves
Was once the humbleſt of her ſlaves,
And often had confeſs'd the dart
Her eyes had lodg'd within his heart:
That ſhe, as 'twas her conſtant faſhion,
Made great diverſion of his paſſion;
Which ſet his blood in ſuch a ferment,
As ſeem'd to threaten his interment:
That then ſhe was afraid of loſing him,
And ſo deſiſted from abuſing him;
And often came and felt his pulſe,
And bid him write to doctor Hulſe.
The proſecutor thank'd her kindly,
And ſigh'd, and ſaid ſhe look'd divinely;
But told her that his heart was burſting,
And doctors he had little truſt in;
He therefore begg'd her to accept it,
And hop'd 'twould mend if once ſhe kept it.
That having no averſion to it,
She ſaid, with all her ſoul, ſhe'd do it;
But then ſhe begg'd him to remember,
If he ſhould need it in December,
(For winter months would make folks ſhiver,
Who wanted either heart or liver)
It never could return; and added,
'Twas her's for life; if once ſhe had it.
The proſecutor ſaid, Amen,
And that he wiſh'd it not again;
And took it from his breaſt and gave her,
And bow'd, and thank'd her for the favour;

But begg'd the thing might not be ſpoke of,
As heartleſs men were made a joke of.
That next day, whiſp'ring him about it,
And aſking how he felt without it,
He ſigh'd, and cry'd, Alack! alack!
And begg'd, and pray'd to have it back;
Or that ſhe'd give him her's inſtead on't:
But ſhe conceiv'd there was no need on't;
And ſaid, and bid him make no pother,
He ſhould have neither one nor t'other.
That then he rav'd and ſtorm'd like fury,
And ſaid, that one was his "de jure,"
And rather than he'd leave purſuing her,
He'd ſwear a robbery, and ruin her.
That this was truth ſhe did aver,
Whatever hap betided Her;
Only that Mrs. P. ſhe ſaid,
Miſs Y. and her deluded maid,
And lady Mary, and his reverence,
Were folks to whom ſhe paid ſome deference;
And that ſhe verily believ'd
They were not perjur'd, but deceiv'd.
Then doctor D. begg'd leave to ſpeak,
And ſigh'd as if his heart would break.
He ſaid, that he was madam's ſurgeon,
Or rather, as in Greek, chirurgeon,
From "cheir, manus, ergon, opus"
(As ſcope is from the Latin "ſcopus").
That he, he ſaid, had known the priſoner
From the firſt ſun that ever riſe on her;
And griev'd he was to ſee her there;
But took upon himſelf to ſwear,
There was not to be found in nature
A ſweeter or a better creature;
And if the king (God bleſs him) knew her,
He'd leave St. James's to get to her:
But then as to the fact in queſtion,
He knew no more on't than Hephæſtion;
It might be falſe, and might be true;
And this, he ſaid, was all he knew.
The judge proceeded to the charge,
And gave the evidence at large,
But often caſt a ſheep's eye at her,
And ſtrove to mitigate the matter,
Pretending facts were not ſo clear,
And mercy ought to interfere.
The jury then withdrew a moment,
As if on weighty points to comment;
And right or wrong, reſolv'd to ſave her,
They gave a verdict in her favour.
But why or wherefore things were ſo,
It matters not for us to know:
The culprit, by eſcape grown bold,
Pilfers alike from young and old,
The country all around her teazes,
And robs or murders whom ſhe pleaſes.

FABLES FOR THE LADIES.

FABLE I.

THE EAGLE, AND THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.

TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE moral lay, to beauty due,
I write, Fair Excellence, to you;
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to ſweeten yours.
Truth under fiction I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart;
And ſhew the paths, that lead aſtray
The wand'ring nymph from wiſdom's way.
I flatter none. The great and good
Are by their actions underſtood;
Your monument if actions raiſe,
Shall I deface by idle praiſe?
I echo not the voice of fame,
That dwells delighted on your name;
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatt'ry, if I told it you.
The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my ſtrain;
To theſe, deteſting praiſe, I write,
And vent, in charity, my ſpite.
With friendly hand I hold the glaſs
To all, promiſcuous as they paſs;
Should folly there her likeneſs view,
I fret not that the mirror's true;
If the fantaſtic form offend,
I made it not, but would amend.
Virtue, in every clime and age,
Spurns at the folly-ſoothing page,
While ſatire, that offends the ear
Of vice and paſſion, pleaſes her.
Premiſing this, your anger ſpare,
And claim the fable you who dare.

THE birds in place, by factions preſs'd,
To Jupiter their pray'rs addreſs'd;
By ſpecious lies the ſtate was vex'd,
Their counſels libellers perplex'd;
They begg'd (to ſtop ſeditious tongues)
A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
Jove grants their ſuit. The Eagle ſate,
Decider of the grand debate.
The Pye, to truſt and pow'r preferr'd,
Demands permiſſion to be heard.
Says he, Prolixity of phraſe
You know I hate. This libel ſays,

"Some birds there are, who, prone to noiſe,
"Are hir'd to ſilence wiſdom's voice,
"And ſkill'd to chatter out the hour,
"Riſe by their emptineſs to pow'r."
That this is aim'd direct at me,
No doubt, you'll readily agree;
Yet well this ſage aſſembly knows,
By parts to government I roſe;
My prudent counſels prop the ſtate;
Magpies were never known to prate.
The Kite roſe up. His honeſt heart
In virtue's ſuff'rings bore a part.
That there were birds of prey he knew;
So far the libeller ſaid true;
"Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
"Who knew no int'reſt but their own;
"Who hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,
"Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling ſpar'd."
This might be true, but if apply'd
To him, in troth, the ſland'rer ly'd.
Since ign'rance then might be miſled,
Such things, he thought, were beſt unſaid.
The Crow was vex'd. As yeſter-morn
He flew acroſs the new-ſown corn,
A ſcreaming boy was ſet for pay,
He knew to drive the crows away;
Scandal had found out him in turn,
And buzz'd abroad, that crows love corn.
The Owl aroſe, with ſolemn face,
And thus harangu'd upon the caſe.
That magpies prate, it may be true,
A kite may be voracious too,
Crows ſometimes deal in new-ſown peaſe;
He libels not, who ſtrikes at theſe;
The ſlander's here—"But there are birds,
"Whoſe wiſdom lies in looks, not words;
"Blund'rers, who level in the dark,
"And always ſhoot beſide the mark."
He names not me; but theſe are hints,
Which manifeſt at whom he ſquints;
I were indeed that blund'ring fowl,
To queſtion if he meant an owl.
Ye wretches, hence! the Eagle cries,
'Tis conſcience, conſcience that applies;
The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
Secur'd by innocence from harm;
While guilt, and his aſſociate fear,
Are ſtartled at the paſſing air.

FABLE II.

THE PANTHER, THE HORSE, AND OTHER BEASTS.

THE man, who ſeeks to win the fair,
(So cuſtom ſays) muſt truth forbear;
Muſt fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
And raiſe the goddeſs to the ſky.
For truth is hateful to her ear,
A rudeneſs, which ſhe cannot bear.
A rudeneſs? Yes. I ſpeak my thoughts;
For truth upbraids her with her faults.
How wretched, Cloe, then am I,
Who love you, and yet cannot lie!
And ſtill to make you leſs my friend,
I ſtrive your errors to amend!
But ſhall the ſenſeleſs fop impart
The ſofteſt paſſion to your heart,
While he, who tells you honeſt truth,
And points to happineſs your youth,
Determines, by his care, his lot,
And lives neglected, and forgot?
Truſt me, my dear, with greater eaſe
Your taſte for flatt'ry I could pleaſe,
And ſimilies in each dull line,
Like glow-worms in the dark, ſhould ſhine.
What if I ſay your lips diſcloſe
The freſhneſs of the op'ning roſe?
Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreſhing ſhow'rs?
Yet certain as theſe flow'rs ſhall fade,
Time every beauty will invade.
The butterfly, of various hue,
More than the flow'r reſembles you;
Fair, flutt'ring, fickle, buſy thing,
To pleaſure ever on the wing,
Gayly coquetting for an hour,
To die, and ne'er be thought of more.
Would you the bloom of youth ſhould laſt?
'Tis virtue that muſt bind it faſt;
An eaſy carriage, wholly free
From ſour reſerve, or levity;
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unſkill'd in any art;
Humility, enough to own
The frailties, which a friend makes known;
And decent pride enough to know
The worth, that virtue can beſtow.
Theſe are the charms, which ne'er decay,
Though youth and beauty fade away;
And time, which all things elſe removes,
Still heightens virtue, and improves.
You'll frown, and aſk to what intent
This blunt addreſs to you is ſent?
I'll ſpare the queſtion, and confeſs
I'd praiſe you, if I lov'd you leſs;
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude, while you are vain.

BENEATH a lion's peaceful reign,
When beaſts met friendly on the plain,
A Panther, of majeſtic port,
(The vaineſt female of the court)
With ſpotted ſkin, and eyes of fire,
Fill'd every boſom with deſire,
Where-e'er ſhe mov'd, a ſervile crowd
Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd;
Aſſemblies every week ſhe held,
(Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd,
Where noiſe, and nonſenſe, and grimace,
And lies and ſcandal fill'd the place.
Behold the gay, fantaſtic thing,
Encircled by the ſpacious ring.
Low-bowing, with important look,
As firſt in rank, the Monkey ſpoke.
"Gad take me, madam, but I ſwear,
"No angel ever look'd ſo fair:
"Forgive my rudeneſs, but I vow,
"You were not quite divine till now;
"Thoſe limbs! that ſhape! and then thoſe e
"O, cloſe them, or the gazer dies!"
Nay, gentle Pug, for goodneſs huſh,
I vow, and ſwear, you make me bluſh;
I ſhall be angry at this rate;
'Tis ſo like flatt'ry, which I hate.

r, in deeper cunning vers'd,
:s of her mind rehears'd,
of knowledge, taſte, and ſenſe,
:he fair have vaſt pretence!
: knew them always vain
ey ſtrive not to attain,
ſo cunningly his part,
vas rival'd in his art.
it avow'd his am'rous flame;
—for what he durſt not name;
a meeting in the wood
:e his meaning underſtood.
at the bold addreſs,
'd; but yet ſhe muſt confeſs,
ties might inflame his blood,
s phraſe was ſomewhat rude.
g her neatneſs much admir'd;
l Aſs her ſwiftneſs fir'd;
o feed her folly ſtrove,
eir praiſes ſhar'd her love.
ſe, whoſe gen'rous heart diſdain'd
by ſervile flatt'ry gain'd,
:ful courage, ſilence broke,
with indignation ſpoke.
att'ring monkeys fawn, and prate,
raiſe contempt or hate;
s turn'd to ridicule,
l by the grinning fool.
l Fox your wit commends,
ou to his ſelfiſh ends;
vile flatt'rer turn away,
s make friendſhips to betray.
: train of fops, and fools,
to live by wiſdom's rules;
ties might the lion warm,
ur folly break the charm;
would court that lovely ſhape,
rival of an ape?
; and ſnorting in diſdain,
t the crowd, and ſought the plain.

FABLE III.

IGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

prudent nymph, whoſe cheeks diſcloſe
e lily, and the bluſhing roſe,
lic view her charms will ſcreen,
y in the crowd be ſeen;
le truth ſhall keep her wiſe,
reſt fruits attract the flies."

ight, a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
ating her glitt'ring train,
ire there never was in nature
t, ſo fine a creature.
inſects, that I ſee,
l ant, induſtrious bee,
orm, with contempt I view;
that low, mechanic crew,
ilely their lives employ
ſs, enemy to joy.
algar herd! ye are my ſcorn,
leur only I was born,
n ſprung from race divine,
'd on earth, to live and ſhine.
hts that ſparkle ſo on high,
the glow-worms of the ſky,
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Becauſe they imitate my fire.
She ſpoke. Attentive on a ſpray,
A Nightingale forbore his lay;
He ſaw the ſhining morſel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
A while he gaz'd with ſober look,
And thus the trembling prey beſpoke.
Deluded fool, with pride elate,
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
Leſs dazzling, long thou might'ſt have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain:
Pride, ſoon or late, degraded mourns,
And beauty wrecks whom ſhe adorns.

FABLE IV.

HYMEN AND DEATH.

SIXTEEN, d'ye ſay? Nay then 'tis time;
Another year deſtroys your prime.
But ſtay—The ſettlement! "That's made."
Why then's my ſimple girl afraid?
Yet hold a moment, if you can,
And heedfully the fable ſcan.

THE ſhades were fled, the morning bluſh'd,
The winds were in their caverns huſh'd,
When Hymen, penſive and ſedate,
Held o'er the fields his muſing gait.
Behind him, through the green-wood ſhade,
Death's meagre form the god ſurvey'd,
Who quickly, with gigantic ſtride,
Out-went his pace, and join'd his ſide.
The chat on various ſubjects ran,
Till angry Hymen thus began.
Relentleſs Death, whoſe iron ſway
Mortals reluctant muſt obey,
Still of thy pow'r ſhall I complain,
And thy too partial hand arraign?
When Cupid brings a pair of hearts
All over ſtuck with equal darts,
Thy cruel ſhafts my hopes deride,
And cut the knot, that Hymen ty'd.
Shall not the bloody, and the bold,
The miſer, hoarding up his gold,
The harlot, reeking from the ſtew,
Alone thy fell revenge purſue?
But muſt the gentle, and the kind,
Thy fury, undiſtinguiſh'd, find?
The monarch calmly thus reply'd:
Weigh well the cauſe, and then decide.
That friend of yours, you lately nam'd,
Cupid, alone is to be blam'd;
Then let the charge be juſtly laid;
That idle boy neglects his trade,
And hardly once in twenty years,
A couple to your temple bears.
The wretches, whom your office blends,
Silenus now, or Plutus ſends;
Hence care, and bitterneſs, and ſtrife
Are common to the nuptial life.
Believe me; more than all mankind,
Your vot'ries my compaſſion find;
Yet cruel am I call'd, and baſe,
Who ſeek the wretched to releaſe;
The captive from his bonds to free,
Indiſſoluble but for me.

'Tis I entice him to the yoke;
By me, your crowded altars ſmoke:
or mortals boldly dare the nooſe,
ecure that Death will ſet them looſe.

FABLE V.

THE POET AND HIS PATRON.

WHY, Cælia, is your ſpreading waiſt
So looſe, ſo negligently lac'd?
Why muſt the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your ſnowy boſom's ſwelling pride?
How ill that dreſs adorns your head,
Diſtain'd, and rumpled from the bed!
Thoſe clouds, that ſhade your blooming face,
A little water might diſplace,
As nature every morn beſtows
The cryſtal dew, to cleanſe the roſe.
Thoſe treſſes, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Deſtroy the face, which once they deck'd.
Whence this forgetfulneſs of dreſs?
Pray, madam, are you marry'd? Yes.
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceaſes,
No matter now how looſe your dreſs is;
The end is won, your fortune's made,
Your ſiſter now may take the trade.
Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed averſion, ſtrife,
And all that ſours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatneſs guides it to the heart;
Let neatneſs then, and beauty ſtrive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.
'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conqueſt, than ſubdue;
Admit us once behind the ſcreen,
What is there farther to be ſeen?
A newer face may raiſe the flame,
But every woman is the ſame.
Then ſtudy chiefly to improve
The charm, that fix'd your huſband's love.
Weigh well his humour. Was it dreſs
That gave your beauty power to bleſs?
Purſue it ſtill; be neater ſeen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So ſhall you keep alive deſire,
And time's ſwift wing ſhall fan the fire.

IN garret high (as ſtories ſay)
A Poet ſung his tuneful lay;
So ſoft, ſo ſmooth his verſe, you'd ſwear
Apollo, and the muſes there.
Through all the town his praiſes rung,
His ſonnets at the playhouſe ſung;
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
The goddeſs Want her pinions ſpread,
And with poetic fury fir'd,
What Phœbus faintly had inſpir'd.
A noble Youth, of taſte and wit,
Approv'd the ſprightly things he writ,
And ſought him in his cobweb dome,
Diſcharg'd his rent, and brought him home.
Behold him at the ſtately board,
Who, but the Poet, and my Lord!
Each day deliciouſly he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;
His ſides were plump, his ſkin was ſleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
Aſtoniſh'd at the change ſo new,
Away th' inſpiring goddeſs flew.
Now, dropt for politics, and news,
Neglected lay the drooping muſe;
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He ſtifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale, nor ſonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram was ready.
With juſt contempt his Patron ſaw,
(Reſolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late-repenting fool beſpoke.
Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the ſun of favour ſhone?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Eſteem was growing in my heart;
But idly thou reject'ſt the charm,
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.
Unthinking fools alone deſpiſe
The arts, that taught them firſt to riſe.

FABLE VI.

THE WOLF, THE SHEEP, AND THE LAM

DUTY demands, the parent's voice
Should ſanctify the daughter's choice;
In that, is due obedience ſhown;
To chuſe, belongs to her alone.
May horror ſeize his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims, by purchaſe vile and baſe,
The loathing maid for his embrace;
Hence virtue ſickens; and the breaſt,
Where peace had built her downy neſt,
Becomes the troubled ſeat of care,
And pines with anguiſh and deſpair.

A WOLF, rapacious, rough and bold,
Whoſe nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,
Contemplating his ill-ſpent life,
And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.
His purpoſe known, the ſavage race,
In num'rous crowds, attend the place;
For why, a mighty Wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.
Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance ſought;
But cold by age, or elſe too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.
It happen'd, as at early dawn,
He ſolitary croſs'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, a ſportive Lamb
Skip'd wanton by her fleecy Dam;
When Cupid, foe to man and beaſt,
Diſcharg'd an arrow at his breaſt.
The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew;
Their nimbleſt ſpeed the Wolf o'ertook,
And courteous, thus the Dam beſpoke.
Stay, faireſt, and ſuſpend your fear,
Truſt me, no enemy is near;

aughter oft imbru'd,
nown enough of blood;
ıeſs brings me now,
ıeauty's feet to bow.
hter——Sweet, forgive
s—In her I live;
ves like lightning came,
row all on flame;
confirm my choice,
uptial joys.
ılth, and pow'r attend,
ains my realms extend;
obber dare invade
ıe guard am made?
pherd's cur may ſleep,
ıis maſter's ſheep.
this, attention claim'd;
ather's breaſt inflam'd;
ıis ſide ſhe walk'd,
and jointures talk'd;
oubled her demands
s, and turnip-lands.
s. Her boſom ſwells;
py fate ſhe tells;
d alliance vain,
indred of the plain.
Lamb with horror hears,
t her Dam with pray'rs;
mamma beſt knew
ıc'd girls ſhould do;
ıb'ring meadow carry'd,
ıe couple marry'd.
e tyrant-mother's ſide,
ıes, a victim-bride,
ts the rude embrace,
ng the howling race.
her eyes behold
indred of the fold;
r-lamb is ſerv'd,
ton's table carv'd;
ones he grinds for food,
thirſt with ſtreaming blood.
he cruel mind deteſts,
in gentle breaſts,
ore. Enjoyment paſt,
ger'd for the feaſt;
l in human race,
ls the villain's face)
ithorize the treat;
g'd, but durſt not eat.
walk'd, in queſt of prey,
et him on the way;
flight; the marſh he ſought;
ogs are ſet at fault.
ulk'd, now hunger gnaws,
grinds his empty jaws;
had, and lamb is nigh;
kes the fraudful lie.
ling rage, he cry'd)
tue of a bride?
with man's deſtroying race,
ıſband for the chace?
rompts the noiſy hound
otſteps on the ground?
s vile! for this thy blood
rage, and dye the wood!
on the Lamb he flies,
ews the victim dies.

FABLE VII.

THE GOOSE, AND THE SWANS.

I HATE the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air;
The liſping tone, the ſhape conſtrain'd,
The ſtudy'd look, the paſſion feign'd,
Are fopperies, which only tend
To injure what they ſtrive to mend.
With what ſuperior grace enchants
The face, which Nature's pencil paints!
Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
Glow with the meaning of the heart!
Where freedom, and good-humour ſit,
And eaſy gaiety, and wit!
Though perfect beauty be not there,
The maſter lines, the finiſh'd air,
We catch from every look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the ſight:
For beauty, though we all approve,
Excites our wonder more than love,
While the agreeable ſtrikes ſure,
And gives the wounds, we cannot cure.
Why then, my Amoret, this care,
That forms you, in effect, leſs fair?
If nature on your cheek beſtows
A bloom, that emulates the roſe,
Or from ſome heav'nly image drew
A form, Apelles never knew,
Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
And ſpoil by meretricious art?
Or had you, nature's error, come
Abortive from the mother's womb,
Your forming care ſhe ſtill rejects,
Which only heightens her defects.
When ſuch, of glitt'ring jewels proud,
Still preſs the foremoſt in the crowd,
At every public ſhow are ſeen,
With look awry, and aukward mien,
The gaudy dreſs attracts the eye,
And magnifies deformity.
Nature may under-do her part,
But ſeldom wants the help of art;
Truſt Her; ſhe is your ſureſt friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend.

A GOOSE, affected, empty, vain,
The ſhrilleſt of the cackling train,
With proud, and elevated creſt,
Precedence claim'd above the reſt.
Says ſhe, I laugh at human race,
Who ſay, geeſe hobble in their pace;
Look here! the ſland'rous lie deteſt;
Not haughty man is ſo erect.
That peacock yonder! lord, how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train!
If both were ſtript, I'd pawn my word,
A gooſe would be the finer bird.
Nature, to hide her own defects,
Her bungled work with finery decks;
Were geeſe ſet off with half that ſhow,
Would men admire the peacock? No.
Thus vaunting, croſs the mead ſhe ſtalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks;
The ſun ſhot down his noon-tide beams,
The Swans were ſporting in the ſtreams;
Their ſnowy plumes, and ſtately pride
Provok'd her ſpleen. Why there, ſhe cry'd,

Again, what arrogance we ſee!
Thoſe creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall every fowl the waters ſkim,
Becauſe we geeſe are known to ſwim?
Humility they ſoon ſhall learn,
And their own emptineſs diſcern.
So ſaying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave ſhe ſprings;
Her boſom ſwells, ſhe ſpreads her plumes,
And the ſwan's ſtately creſt aſſumes.
Contempt, and Mockery enſu'd,
And burſts of laughter ſhook the flood.
A Swan, ſuperior to the reſt,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool addreſs'd,
Conceited thing, elate with pride!
Thy affectation all deride;
Theſe airs thy awkwardneſs impart,
And ſhew thee plainly, as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock,
Thou hadſt eſcap'd the public mock,
And as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deem'd an honeſt hobbling gooſe.
Learn hence, to ſtudy wiſdom's rules;
Know, foppery's the pride of fools;
And ſtriving nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.

FABLE VIII.

THE LAWYER, AND JUSTICE.

LOVE! thou divineſt good below,
Thy pure delights few mortals know!
Our rebel hearts thy ſway diſown,
While tyrant luſt uſurps thy throne.
The bounteous God of nature made
The ſexes for each other's aid,
Their mutual talents to employ,
To leſſen ills, and heighten joy.
To weaker woman he aſſign'd
That ſoft'ning gentleneſs of mind,
That can, by ſympathy, impart
Its likeneſs to the rougheſt heart.
Her eyes with magic pow'r endu'd,
To fire the dull, and awe the rude.
His roſy fingers on her face
Shed laviſh every blooming grace,
And ſtamp'd (perfection to diſplay)
His mildeſt image on her clay.
Man, active, reſolute, and bold,
He faſhion'd in a different mould,
With uſeful arts his mind inform'd,
His breaſt with nobler paſſions warm'd;
He gave him knowledge, taſte and ſenſe,
And courage, for the fair's defence.
Her frame, reſiſtleſs to each wrong,
Demands protection from the ſtrong;
To man ſhe flies, when fear alarms,
And claims the temple of his arms.
By nature's author thus declar'd
The woman's ſov'reign, and her guard,
Shall man, by treach'rous wiles, invade
The weakneſs, he was meant to aid?
While beauty, given to inſpire
Protecting love, and ſoft deſire,
Lights up a wild-fire in the heart,
And to its own breaſt points the dart,
Becomes the ſpoiler's baſe pretence
To triumph over innocence?
The wolf, that tears the tim'rous ſheep,
Was never ſet the fold to keep;
Nor was the tyger, or the pard
Meant the benighted trav'ler's guard;
But man, the wildeſt beaſt of prey,
Wears friendſhip's ſemblance, to betray;
His ſtrength againſt the weak employs,
And where he ſhould protect, deſtroys.

PAST twelve o'clock, the watchman cry'd,
His brief the ſtudious lawyer ply'd;
The all-prevailing ſee lay nigh,
The earneſt of to-morrow's lie.
Sudden the furious winds ariſe,
The jarring caſement ſhatter'd flies;
The doors admit a hollow ſound,
And rattling from their hinges bound;
When Juſtice, in a blaze of light,
Reveal'd her radiant form to ſight.
The wretch with thrilling horror ſhook,
Looſe every joint, and pale his look;
Not having ſeen her in the courts,
Or found her mention'd in Reports,
He aſk'd, with falt'ring tongue, her name,
Her errand there, and whence ſhe came?
Sternly the white-rob'd Shade reply'd,
(A crimſon glow her viſage dy'd)
Canſt thou be doubtful who I am?
Is Juſtice grown ſo ſtrange a name?
Were not your courts for Juſtice rais'd?
'Twas there, of old, my altars blaz'd.
My guardian thee did I elect,
My ſacred temple to protect,
That thou, and all thy venal tribe
Should ſpurn the goddeſs for the bribe?
Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
Juſtice has neither ears, nor eyes;
In foul alliance with the bar,
'Gainſt me the judge denounces war,
And rarely iſſues his decree,
But with intent to baffle me.
She paus'd. Her breaſt with fury burn'd.
The trembling Lawyer thus return'd.
I own the charge is juſtly laid,
And weak th' excuſe that can be made;
Yet ſearch the ſpacious globe, and ſee
If all mankind are not like me.
The gown-man, ſkill'd in Romiſh lies,
By faith's falſe glaſs deludes our eyes;
O'er conſcience rides without controul,
And robs the man to ſave his ſoul.
The doctor, with important face,
By ſly deſign, miſtakes the caſe;
Preſcribes, and ſpins out the diſeaſe,
To trick the patient of his fees.
The ſoldier, rough with many a ſcar,
And red with ſlaughter, leads the war;
If he a nation's truſt betray,
The foe has offer'd double pay.
When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
And weighty int'reſt turns the ſcales,
Muſt I be better than the reſt,
And harbour Juſtice in my breaſt?
On one ſide only take the fee,
Content with poverty and thee?

d to ſenſe, and vile of mind,
ted Shade rejoin'd,
n the world is flown,
fraud's excuſe thy own?
ils the prieſt was made;
or the body's aid;
uarded liberty;
, and the lawyer me.
hleſs to their truſt,
ot thee the leſs unjuſt.
our pleadings I diſclaim,
ſanction of my name;
courts it ſhall be read,
from the law is fled.
; and hid in ſhades her face,
WICKE ſooth'd her into grace.

FABLE IX.

IER, THE SPANIEL, AND THE CAT.

knits my dear her angry brow?
at rude offence alarms you now?
Delia's fair, 'tis true,
y ſhe equall'd you?
her's face commend,
rtues be a friend,
r your forehead lours,
rit leſſen'd yours?
: envy never free,
blind, becauſe you ſee.
e gardens, fields, and bow'rs,
he bloſſoms, and the flow'rs,
e where the woodbine grows,
ſweetneſs with the roſe?
e lily's ſnowy white,
ſuch beauties on the ſight?
t to declare,
re neither ſweet, nor fair.
hines with fainter rays,
i'mond's brighter blaze;
ill ſay, the di'mond dies,
iſtre of your eyes:
deal in truth, deny
: ſhine when you are by.
ohirs o'er the bloſſoms ſtray,
along the air convey,
: fragrant breeze inhale,
i breathe a ſweeter gale?
the flow'rs, that deck the field;
ſmell the bloſſoms yield;
ſummer gale that blows;
tho' ſweeter you, the roſe.
y then torment your breaſt,
ovelier than the reſt?
give to each her due,
them I flatter you;
g moſt, I ſtill declare
where the reſt are fair.

board a farmer ſate,
by his homely treat,
Spaniel near him ſtood,
is maſter ſhar'd the food;
ng bones his jaws devour'd,
tongue the trenchers ſcour'd;
ow, ſupine he lay,
the riſing fumes away.

The hungry cat in turn, drew near,
And humbly crav'd a ſervant's ſhare;
Her modeſt worth the Maſter knew,
And ſtraight the fatt'ning morſel threw:
Enrag'd the ſnarling Cur awoke,
And thus, with ſpiteful envy, ſpoke.
They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by ſervices their meat.
Me, zeal and induſtry inflame
To ſcour the fields, and ſpring the game;
Or, plunging in the wintry wave,
For man the wounded bird to ſave.
With watchful diligence I keep,
From prowling wolves, his fleecy ſheep;
At home his midnight hours ſecure,
And drive the robber from the door.
For this, his breaſt with kindneſs glows;
For this, his hand the food beſtows;
And ſhall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendſhip to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper ſuch vile things as you?
I own (with meekneſs Puſs reply'd)
Superior merit on your ſide;
Nor does my breaſt with envy ſwell,
To find it recompens'd ſo well;
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whoſe claws deſtroy the pilf'ring mouſe?
Who drives the vermin from the houſe?
Or, watchful for the lab'ring ſwain,
From lurking rats ſecures the grain?
From hence, if he rewards beſtow,
Why ſhould your heart with gall o'erflow?
Why pine my happineſs to ſee,
Since there's enough for you and me?
Thy words are juſt, the Farmer cry'd,
And ſpurn'd the ſnarler from his ſide.

FABLE X.

THE SPIDER, AND THE BEE.

THE nymph, who walks the public ſtreets,
And ſets her cap at all ſhe meets,
May catch the fool who turns to ſtare,
But men of ſenſe avoid the ſnare.
As on the margin of the flood,
With ſilken line, my Lydia ſtood,
I ſmil'd to ſee the pains you took,
To cover o'er the fraudful hook.
Along the foreſt as we ſtray'd
You ſaw the boy his lime-twigs ſpread;
Gueſs'd you the reaſon of his fear,
Left, heedleſs, we approach'd too near?
For as behind the buſh we lay,
The linnet flutter'd on the ſpray.
Needs there ſuch caution to delude
The ſcaly fry, and feather'd brood?
And think you, with inferior art,
To captivate the human heart?
The maid, who modeſtly conceals
Her beauties, while ſhe hides, reveals.
Give but a glimpſe, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's firſt fig-leaf to brocade,
All dreſs was meant for fancy's aid,

Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the baſhful nymph conceals.
When Cælia ſtruts in man's attire,
She ſhews too much to raiſe deſire;
But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very ſhoe has power to wound.
The roving eye, the boſom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air,
May catch the ſop; for gudgeons ſtrike
At the bare hook, and bait, alike;
While ſalmon play regardleſs by,
'Till art, like nature, forms the fly.

BENEATH a peaſant's homely thatch,
A Spider long had held her watch;
From morn to night, with reſtleſs care,
She ſpun her web, and wove her ſnare.
Within the limits of her reign,
Lay many a heedleſs captive ſlain,
Or flutt'ring, ſtruggled in the toils,
To burſt the chains, and ſhun her wiles.
A ſtraying Bee, that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with diſdainful eye,
And thus began. Mean thing, give o'er,
And lay thy ſlender threads no more;
A thoughtleſs fly or two, at moſt,
Is all the conqueſt thou canſt boaſt;
For bees of ſenſe thy arts evade,
We ſee ſo plain the nets are laid.
The gaudy tulip, that diſplays
Her ſpreading foliage to the gaze;
That points her charms at all ſhe ſees,
And yields to every wanton breeze,
Attracts not me: where bluſhing grows,
Guarded with thorns, the modeſt roſe,
Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant boſom lie;
Reluctant, ſhe my ardour meets,
And baſhful, renders up her ſweets.
To wiſer heads attention lend,
And learn this leſſon from a friend.
She, who with modeſty retires,
Adds fewel to her lover's fires,
While ſuch incautious jilts as you,
By folly your own ſchemes undo.

FABLE XI.

THE YOUNG LION, AND THE APE.

'TIS true, I blame your lover's choice,
Though flatter'd by the public voice,
And peeviſh grow, and ſick, to hear
His exclamations, O how fair!
I liſten not to wild delights,
And tranſports of expected nights:
What is to me your hoard of charms?
The whiteneſs of your neck and arms?
Needs there no acquiſition more,
To keep contention from the door?
Yes; paſs a fortnight, and you'll find,
All beauty cloys, but of the mind.
Senſe and good-humour ever prove
The ſureſt cords to faſten love.
Yet, Phillis, ſimpleſt of your ſex,
You never think but to perplex,
Coquetting it with every ape,
That ſtruts abroad in human ſhape;
Not that the coxcomb is your taſte,
But that it ſtings your lover's breaſt:
To-morrow you reſign the ſway,
Prepar'd to honour, and obey,
The tyrant-miſtreſs change for life,
To the ſubmiſſion of a wife.
Your follies, if you can, ſuſpend,
And learn inſtruction from a friend.
Reluctant, hear the firſt addreſs,
Think often, ere you anſwer, yes;
But once reſolv'd, throw off diſguiſe,
And wear your wiſhes in your eyes.
With caution every look forbear,
That might create one jealous fear,
A lover's ripening hopes confound,
Or give the gen'rous breaſt a wound.
Contemn the girliſh arts to teaze,
Nor uſe your pow'r, unleſs to pleaſe;
For fools alone with rigour ſway,
When ſoon, or late, they muſt obey.

THE King of brutes, in life's decline,
Reſolv'd dominion to reſign;
The beaſts were ſummon'd to appear,
And bend before the royal heir.
They came; a day was fix'd; the crowd
Before their future monarch bow'd.
A dapper Monkey, pert and vain,
Stepp'd forth, and thus addreſs'd the train.
Why cringe my friends with ſlaviſh awe,
Before this pageant king of ſtraw?
Shall we anticipate the hour,
And ere we feel it, own his pow'r?
The counſels of experience prize,
I know the maxims of the wiſe;
Subjection let us caſt away,
And live the monarchs of to-day;
'Tis ours the vacant hand to ſpurn,
And play the tyrant each in turn.
So ſhall he right from wrong diſcern,
And mercy from oppreſſion learn;
At others' woes be taught to melt,
And loath the ills himſelf has felt.
He ſpoke; his boſom ſwell'd with pride.
The youthful Lion thus reply'd.
What madneſs prompts thee to provoke
My wrath, and dare th' impending ſtroke?
Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart
Compaſſion to the feeling heart?
Or teach the grateful breaſt to glow,
The hand to give, or eye to flow?
Learn'd in the practice of their ſchools,
From women thou haſt drawn thy rules:
To them return; in ſuch a cauſe,
From only ſuch expect applauſe;
The partial ſex I not condemn,
For liking thoſe, who copy them.
Would'ſt thou the gen'rous Lion bind,
By kindneſs bribe him to be kind;
Good offices their likeneſs get,
And payment leſſens not the debt;
With multiplying hand he gives
The good, from others he receives:
Or for the bad makes fair return,
And pays with int'reſt, ſcorn for ſcorn.

FABLE XII.

COLT AND THE FARMER.

me, Corinna, if you can,
ſo averſe, ſo coy to man?
, laviſh of her care,
eſt pattern form you fair,
ungrateful to her cauſe,
ck her gifts, and ſpurn her laws?
like, with-hold that ſtore,
imparting, bleſſes more?
a gift, by heav'n aſſign'd,
n of the female kind;
yielding maid demands
at her lover's hands;
n by waſting years it fade,
nce tells him, once 'twas paid.
l you then this wealth conceal,
ruſt, or time to ſteal?
er of your youth to rove,
to the joys of love?
n life's winter haſtens on,
's fair heritage is gone,
o court ſome peaſant's arms,
our wither'd age from harms;
e to warm his breaſt,
ng beauty, once poſſeſs'd;
ou curſe that ſtubborn pride,
re your bark acroſs the tide,
before folly's wind,
nd happineſs behind?
leſt theſe whims prevail,
you, I write my tale.

, for blood, and mettled ſpeed,
t of the running breed,
ſtrength, and beauty vain,
jection to the rein.
groom's officious ſkill
pride, and check'd his will;
maſter's forming care
with threats, or ſooth'd with pray'r;
proud, and ſcorning man,
ne ſpacious plains he ran.
er luxuriant nature ſpread
carpet o'er the mead,
ſtreams ſoft-gliding paſs,
freſhen up the graſs,
ounds, he cropp'd the blade,
n'd in the ſpoil he made.
thus the ſummer paſs'd,
winter came at laſt;
o more a ſhelter yield,
withers from the field,
ows inveſt the ground,
the ſtreams are bound;
ng winds, and rattling hail,
nſhelter'd ſides aſſail.
he caſt his rueful eyes,
thatch'd-roof cottage riſe;
t touch'd his heart with cheer,
d kind deliv'rance near.
ſt his ſcorn and hate,
ecome his wiſh'd retreat;

His paſſion cool, his pride forgot,
A Farmer's welcome yard he ſought.
The Maſter ſaw his woeful plight,
His limbs, that totter'd with his weight,
And, friendly, to the ſtable led,
And ſaw him litter'd, dreſs'd, and fed.
In ſlothful eaſe, all night he lay;
The ſervants roſe at break of day;
The market calls. Along the road,
His back muſt bear the pond'rous load;
In vain he ſtruggles, or complains,
Inceſſant blows reward his pains.
To-morrow varies but his toil;
Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the ſoil;
While ſcanty meals, at night repay
The painful labours of the day.
Subdu'd by toil, with anguiſh rent,
His ſelf-upbraidings found a vent.
Wretch that I am! he ſighing ſaid,
By arrogance and folly led,
Had but my reſtive youth been brought
To learn the leſſon nature taught,
Then had I, like my ſires of yore,
The prize from every courſer bore;
While man beſtow'd rewards, and praiſe,
And females crown'd my latter days.
Now laſting ſervitude's my lot,
My birth contemn'd, my ſpeed forgot,
Doom'd am I, for my pride, to bear
A living death, from year to year.

FABLE XIII.

THE OWL, AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

TO know the miſtreſs' humour right,
See if her maids are clean, and tight;
If Betty waits without her ſtays,
She copies but her lady's ways.
When miſs comes in with boiſt'rous ſhout,
And drops no curtſy going out,
Depend upon 't, mamma is one,
Who reads, or drinks too much alone.
If bottled beer her thirſt aſſwage,
She feels enthuſiaſtic rage,
And burns with ardour to inherit
The gifts, and workings of the ſpirit.
If learning crack her giddy brains,
No remedy, but death, remains.
Sum up the various ills of life,
And all are ſweet, to ſuch a wife.
At home, ſuperior wit ſhe vaunts,
And twits her huſband with his wants;
Her ragged offspring all around,
Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground:
Impatient ever of controul,
She knows no order, but of ſoul;
With books her litter'd floor is ſpread,
Of nameleſs authors, never read;
Foul linen, petticoats, and lace
Fill up the intermediate ſpace.

No bride her words of balm impart,
And warm thee at her conſtant heart.
Freedom, reſtrain'd by reaſon's force,
Is as the ſun's unvarying courſe,
Benignly active, ſweetly bright,
Affording warmth, affording light;
But torn from virtue's ſacred rules,
Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools,
Fore-boding cares, and ſtorms, and ſtrife,
And fraught with all the plagues of life.
Thou fool! by union every creature
Subſiſts, through univerſal nature;
And this, to beings void of mind,
Is wedlock, of a meaner kind.
While womb'd in ſpace, primæval clay
A yet unfaſhion'd embryo lay,
The ſource of endleſs good above
Shot down his ſpark of kindling love;
Touch'd by the all-enliv'ning flame,
Then motion firſt exulting came;
Each atom ſought its ſep'rate claſs,
Through many a fair enamour'd maſs;
Love caſt the central charm around,
And with eternal nuptials bound.
Then form, and order o'er the ſky,
Firſt train'd their bridal pomp on high;
The ſun diſplay'd his orb to light,
And burnt with hymeneal light.
Hence nature's virgin-womb conceiv'd,
And with the genial burden heav'd;
Forth came the oak, her firſt-born heir,
And ſcal'd the breathing ſteep of air;
Then infant ſtems, of various uſe,
Imbib'd her ſoft, maternal juice;
The flow'rs, in early bloom diſclos'd,
Upon her fragrant breaſt repos'd;
Within her warm embraces grew
A race of endleſs form, and hue;
Then pour'd her leſſer offspring round,
And fondly cloath'd their parent ground.
Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd;
But thence, ſubliming, and refin'd,
Aſpir'd, and reach'd its kindred Mind.
Caught in the fond, celeſtial fire,
The Mind perceiv'd unknown deſire,
And now with kind effuſion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardours glow'd,
Beheld the ſympathetic fair,
And lov'd its own reſemblance there;
On all with circling radiance ſhone,
But cent'ring, fix'd on one alone;
There claſp'd the heav'n-appointed wife,
And doubled every joy of life.
Here ever bleſſing, ever bleſs'd,
Reſides this beauty of the breaſt;
As from his palace, here the god
Still beams effulgent bliſs abroad,
Here gems his own eternal round,
The ring, by which the world is bound,
Here bids his ſeat of empire grow,
And builds his little heav'n below.
The bridal partners thus ally'd,
And thus in ſweet accordance ty'd,
One body, heart and ſpirit live,
Enrich'd by every joy they give;
Like echo, from her vocal hold,
Return'd in muſic twenty fold.
Their union firm, and undecay'd,
Nor time can ſhake, nor pow'r invade;
But as the ſtem, and ſcion ſtand,
Ingrafted by a ſkilful hand,
They check the tempeſt's wintry rage,
And bloom and ſtrengthen into age.
A thouſand amities unknown,
And pow'rs, perceiv'd by love alone,
Endearing looks, and chaſte deſire,
Fan, and ſupport the mutual fire,
Whoſe flame, perpetual, as refin'd,
Is fed by an immortal mind.
Nor yet the nuptial ſanction ends,
Like Nile it opens, and deſcends,
Which, by apparent windings led,
We trace to its celeſtial head.
The fire, firſt ſpringing from above,
Becomes the ſource of life, and love,
And gives his filial heir to flow,
In fondneſs down on ſons below:
Thus roll'd in one continu'd tide,
To time's extremeſt verge they glide,
While kindred ſtreams, on either hand,
Branch forth in bleſſings o'er the land.
Thee, wretch! no liſping babe ſhall name,
No late-returning brother claim,
No kinſman on thy road rejoice,
No ſiſter greet thy ent'ring voice,
With partial eyes no parents ſee,
And bleſs their years reſtor'd in thee.
In age rejected, or declin'd,
An alien, e'en among thy kind,
The partner of thy ſcorn'd embrace
Shall play the wanton in thy face,
Each ſpark unplume thy little pride,
All friendſhip fly thy faithleſs ſide,
Thy name ſhall like thy carcaſe rot,
In ſickneſs ſpurn'd, in death forgot.
All-giving pow'r! great ſource of life!
O hear the parent! hear the wife!
That life, thou leadeſt from above,
Though little, make it large in love.
O bid my feeling heart expand
To every claim, on every hand;
To thoſe, from whom my days I drew,
To theſe, in whom thoſe days renew;
To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth, as blood ally'd;
To friends, with ſteely fetters twin'd,
And to the cruel, not unkind!
But chief, the lord of my deſire,
My life, myſelf, my ſoul, my fire,
Friends, children, all that wiſh can claim,
Chaſte paſſion claſp, and rapture name;
O ſpare him, ſpare him, gracious pow'r!
O give him to my lateſt hour!
Let me my length of life employ,
To give my ſole enjoyment joy.
His love, let mutual love excite,
Turn all my cares to his delight,
And every needleſs bleſſing ſpare,
Wherein my darling wants a ſhare.
When he with graceful action wooes,
And ſweetly bills, and fondly coos,
Ah! deck me, to his eyes alone,
With charms attractive as his own,
And in my circling wings careſs'd,
Give all the lover to my breaſt.

our chaſte, connubial bed,
n pillow'd for his head,
with bliſsful ſlumbers cloſe,
:h, with me, my lord's repoſe,
ice around his temples twine,
him with a love like mine.
for I know his gen'rous flame,
vhat'er my ſex can claim,
your protection take,
e me for my huſband's ſake.
unruffled, calm delight
g and belov'd unite;
defire our boſoms warm,
direct, one wiſh inform;
life, one mutual aid ſuſtain,
one peaceful grave contain.
, ſwelling with the darling theme,
nts pour'd an endleſs ſtream,
l-known wings a ſound impart,
:h'd her ear, and touch'd her heart!
opp'd the muſic of her tongue,
h, with eager joy ſhe ſprung.
her ent'ring conſort flew,
n'd, and kindled at the view;
ngs their ſouls embracing meet,
urts with anſw'ring meaſure beat;
in ſacred ſweets, and bleſs'd
tures felt, but ne'er expreſs'd,
o her humble roof ſhe led
ner of her ſpotleſs bed;
g, a flutt'ring pair, ariſe,
lcome ſparkling in their eyes;
ted, to their fire they bound,
; with ſpeechleſs action round.
re wrapt, the parents ſtand,
heir little wings expand;
his life-ſuſtaining prize
:xpecting bill applies,
idly pours the wheaten ſpoil,
nſport giv'n, though won with toil;
ll collected at the fight,
it through ſupreme delight,
high heav'n of bliſs beguiles,
ner lord, and infant ſmiles.
arrow, whoſe attention hung
Dove's enchanting tongue,
little ſlights diſarm'd,
n himſelf, by virtue, charm'd,
w he ſaw, what only ſeem'd,
o late a fable deem'd,
to envy he reſign'd,
; of folly to the wind,
wiſh'd a turtle too,
ing to himſelf, withdrew.

FABLE XV.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

; ſaid of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life;
' ſex! who only claim
in the breath of fame,

Which, tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That ſweep Sabæa's ſpicy vales,
Nor all the healing ſweets reſtore,
That breathe along Arabia's ſhore.
The trav'ler, if he chance to ſtray,
May turn uncenſur'd to his way;
Polluted ſtreams again are pure,
And deepeſt wounds admit a cure;
But woman! no redemption knows,
The wounds of honour never cloſe.
Though diſtant every hand to guide,
Nor ſkill'd on life's tempeſtuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the courſe decreed,
In vain ſhe ſeeks the friendleſs ſhore,
Her ſwifter folly flies before;
The circling ports againſt her cloſe,
And ſhut the wand'rer from repoſe;
'Till, by conflicting waves oppreſs'd,
Her ſound'ring pinnace ſinks to reſt.
Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a ſingle error? None.
Though woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celeſtial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The ſtrength angelic natures claim;
Nay more; for ſacred ſtories tell,
That ev'n immortal angels fell.
Whatever fills the teeming ſphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and riſe renew'd,
The ſtars no fix'd duration know,
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow,
The moon repletes her waneing face,
All-beauteous, from her late diſgrace,
And ſuns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent riſe with new-born light.
In vain may death, and time ſubdue,
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds ſome vital ſpark apart,
Like virtue, hid in every heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is ſeen,
To cloath a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each inſect tries his wing,
And lifts freſh pinions on the ſpring;
Again from every latent root
The bladed ſtem, and tendril ſhoot,
Exhaling incenſe to the ſkies,
Again to periſh, and to riſe.
And muſt weak woman then diſown
The change, to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightneſs ſhine,
And ne'er, like ev'ning ſuns, decline?
Reſolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
What we demand of woman?—Yes.
But ſhould the ſpark of veſtal fire
In ſome unguarded hour expire,
Or ſhould the nightly thief invade
Heſperia's chaſte, and ſacred ſhade,
Of all the blooming ſpoil poſſeſs'd,
The dragon honour charm'd to reſt,
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin ſplendor burn?

No more the ravag'd garden blow
With ſpring's ſucceeding bloſſom?—No.
Pity may mourn, but not reſtore,
And woman falls, to riſe no more.

WITHIN this ſublunary ſphere,
A country lies—no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all, who tread poetic ground.
A ſtream, call'd Life, acroſs it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here, of vice the province lies,
And there, the hills of virtue riſe.
Upon a mountain's airy ſtand,
Whoſe ſummit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling choſe,
As well for proſpect, as repoſe;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance, and Religion, nam'd.
A num'rous progeny divine
Confeſs'd the honours of their line;
But in a little daughter fair,
Was center'd more than half their care;
For heav'n to gratulate her birth,
Gave ſigns of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chaſtity the name ſhe bore.
As now the maid in ſtature grew,
(A flow'r juſt op'ning to the view)
Oft through her native lawns ſhe ſtray'd,
And wreſtling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffuſive ſweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as ſhe breath'd,
The morn her radiant bluſh aſſum'd,
The ſpring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
And nature, yearly, took delight,
Like her, to dreſs the world in white.
But when her riſing form was ſeen
To reach the criſis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head,
With anxious ſtep their darling led;
By turns they ſnatch'd her to their breaſt,
And thus the fears of age expreſs'd.
O joyful cauſe of many a care!
O daughter, too divinely fair!
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dangerous way;
A painful journey, all muſt go,
Whoſe doubtful period none can know,
Whoſe due direction who can find,
Where Reaſon's mute, and Senſe is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders theſe,
Through ſuch a wide, perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wiſe,
And learn what love, and years adviſe.
Far to the right thy proſpect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills aſcend;
Lo, there the arduous path's in view,
Which Virtue, and her ſons purſue!
With toil o'er leſs'ning earth they riſe,
And gain, and gain upon the ſkies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk, for pleaſure ſmoothly ſpread,
But rough, and difficult, and ſteep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
Fruits immature thoſe lands diſpenſe,
A food indelicate to ſenſe,
Of taſte unpleaſant; yet from thoſe
Pure health, with cheerful vigour flows,
And ſtrength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long, laborious way.
Hence, as they ſcale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From earth refining ſtill they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then ſpreads the ſtrait, the doubtful clears,
And ſmooth the rugged path appears;
For cuſtom turns fatigue to eaſe,
And, taught by virtue, pain can pleaſe.
At length, the toilſome journey o'er,
And near the bright, celeſtial ſhore,
A gulph, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkneſs, leading up to light:
Senſe backwards ſhrinks, and ſhuns the ſight;
For there the tranſitory train,
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
And matter's groſs, incumb'ring maſs,
Man's late aſſociates, cannot paſs,
But ſinking, quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wand'ring ſoul at large;
Lightly ſhe wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.
Thither, O! thither wing thy ſpeed,
Though pleaſure charm, or pain impede!
To ſuch th' all-bounteous pow'r has giv'n,
For preſent earth, a future heav'n;
For trivial loſs, unmeaſur'd gain,
And endleſs bliſs, for tranſient pain.
Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy ſight,
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;
Wide on the left the path-way bends,
And with pernicious eaſe deſcends;
There ſweet to ſenſe, and fair to ſhow,
New-planted Edens ſeem to blow,
Trees, that delicious poiſon bear,
For death is vegetable there.
Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each ſinew ſlack'ning at the taſte;
The ſoul to paſſion yields her throne,
And ſees with organs not her own;
While, like the ſlumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the ſhadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The ſcenes of fairy-land ariſe;
The puppet world's amuſing ſhow,
Dipt in the gayly-colour'd bow;
Scepters, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants, and of kings,
That tempt, along the baneful plain,
The idly wiſe, and lightly vain,
'Till verging on the gulphy ſhore,
Sudden they ſink, and riſe no more.
But liſt to what thy fates declare;
Though thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy ſliding foot ſhould ſtray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
For thee, loſt maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs ſhall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, ſcorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning ſteps ſhall wait,
Thy form be loath'd by every eye,
And every foot thy preſence fly.
Thus arm'd with words of potent ſound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,

by truth divinely caſt,
ur young advent'rer paſs'd.
i her ſacred eye-lids ſent,
, fore-running radiance went,
our, hand-maid, late aſſign'd,
r lucid train behind.
ruck, the much admiring crowd
virgin viſion how'd,
h an ever-new delight,
ht freſh virtues at the ſight:
earth's unequal frame
n'd the heav'n-compounded Dame,
ſure the moſt refin'd,
ught, and temper'd into mind,
ing daughter of the day,
'd by her native ray.
-e'er ſhe paſſes, thouſands bend,
ſands, where ſhe moves, attend;
obſervant eyes confeſs,
purſuing praiſes bleſs;
the elevated Maid
, as to heav'n, are paid.
on an ever-blithſome day,
l birth of roſy May,
nial warmth, no more ſuppreſs'd,
ts the froſt in every breaſt,
k with ſecret flushing dyes,
s kind things from chaſteſt eyes;
with healthier viſage glows,
clouded kerchief throws,
es up th' etherial plain,
e he us'd to climb with pain,
ture, as from bonds ſet free,
ut, and gives a looſe to glee.
w, for momentary reſt,
ph her travel'd ſtep repreſs'd,
'd to view the ſtage attain'd,
'd in the height ſhe gain'd.
etch'd before her wide ſurvey,
ns of ſweet perdition lay,
touch'd her ſoul with woe,
world ſo loſt below;
ait the breeze began to breathe
dly wafted from beneath,
commiſſion'd witchcraft thence,
'd her ſympathy of ſenſe;
s of diſcord, that diſcloſe
ſunk, and loſt in woes,
preſent good poſſeſs'd,
triumph of the bleſs'd.
d in wrapt attention hung,
us approaching Sirens ſung.

ier, faireſt, hither haſte,
eſt beauty, come and taſte
the pow'rs of bliſs unfold,
too mighty to be told;
what extaſies they give,
raptures taſte, and live.
hy lap, diſdaining meaſure,
e empties all her treaſure,
efires, that ſweetly languiſh,
delights that riſe to anguiſh;
, doſt thou yet delay?
eſt beauty, come away.
not, when the froward chide,
f pedantry, and pride,
Snarlers, to whoſe feeble ſenſe
April ſunſhine is offence;
Age and envy will adviſe
Ev'n againſt the joy they prize.
Come, in pleaſure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirſtings of thy ſoul,
'Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
With enjoyment, paſt the painting;
Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
Brighteſt beauty, come away.

So ſung the Sirens, as of yore,
Upon the falſe Auſonian ſhore;
And, O! for that preventing chain,
That bound Ulyſſes on the main,
That ſo our Fair-One might withſtand
The covert ruin, now at hand.
The ſong her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters ſtood in view;
Curioſity with prying eyes,
And hands of buſy, bold empriſe;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
And, like fore-running fancy, fleet.
By ſearch untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty ſhe ſtill aſpir'd,
Taſteleſs of every good poſſeſs'd,
And but in expectation bleſs'd.
With her, aſſociate, Pleaſure came,
Gay Pleaſure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mien, all ſwimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to ſight;
Looſe flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kiſſing winds around.
As erſt Meduſa's looks were known
To turn beholders into ſtone,
A dire reverſion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleaſure melt.
Her glance with ſweet perſuaſion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the ſtrong, the ſteel'd diſarm'd;
No ſafety ev'n the flying find,
Who vent'rous, look but once behind.
Thus was the much-admiring Maid,
While diſtant, more than half betray'd:
With ſmiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her ſide, and ſeiz'd her hand:
Their touch envenom'd ſweets inſtill'd,
Her frame with new pulſations thrill'd,
While half conſenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidſt a war of hopes, and fears,
Of trembling wiſhes, ſmiling tears,
Still down, and down, the winning Pair
Compell'd the ſtruggling, yielding Fair.
As when ſome ſtately veſſel, bound
To bleſt Arabia's diſtant ground,
Borne from her courſes, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whoſe treach'rous land,
Lurk the dire rock, and dangerous ſand;
The pilot warns with ſail and oar,
To ſhun the much-ſuſpected ſhore,
In vain; the tide, too ſubtly ſtrong,
Still bears the wreſtling bark along,
'Till ſound'ring, ſhe reſigns to fate,
And ſinks o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight,
So baffling every bar to ſin,
And heaven's own pilot, plac'd within,

Along the devious, ſmooth deſcent,
With pow'rs increaſing as they went,
The Dames, accuſtom'd to ſubdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The loſt, the long-reluctant Maid.
Here ſtop, ye fair-ones, and beware,
Nor ſend your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you, and heav'n, reſtor'd;
'Till then, with weeping honour wait,
The ſervant of her better fate;
With honour, left upon the ſhore,
Her friend, and handmaid now no more;
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch, betray'd;
But o'er her failing caſt the veil,
Rememb'ring, you yourſelves are frail.
And now, from all-enquiring light
Faſt fled the conſcious ſhades of night;
The Damſel, from a ſhort repoſe,
Confounded at her plight, aroſe.
As when, with ſlumb'rous weight oppreſs'd
Some wealthy miſer ſinks to reſt,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And ſteal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus ſtreams,
Of pearl, and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
Like Midas, turns the globe to ore,
And ſtands all wrapt amidſt his ſtore,
But wakens, naked, and deſpoil'd
Of that, for which his years had toil'd.
So far'd the Nymph, her treaſure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to ſtone;
Within, without, obſcure, and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all deſtroy'd.
And, O thou curs'd, inſidious coaſt!
Are theſe the bleſſings thou canſt boaſt?
Theſe, virtue! theſe the joys they find,
Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me, ſhe cry'd!
Her trumpet ſlander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the ſky;
Contempt diſcharg'd a living dart,
A ſide-long viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poiſons o'er her face,
And foil'd, and blaſted every grace;
Officious ſhame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
While thoſe, in crimes the deepeſt dy'd,
Approach'd, to whiten at her ſide,
And every lewd, inſulting dame
Upon her folly roſe to fame.
What ſhould ſhe do? Attempt once more
To gain the late-deſerted ſhore?
So truſting, back the Mourner flew,
As faſt the train of fiends purſue.
Again the farther ſhore's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And ſhows her inſtant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong ſpeed ſhe tends,
Where late ſhe left a hoſt of friends:
Alas! thoſe ſhrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine;
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely Trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coaſt,
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour loſt.
From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To heav'n not daring to complain,
No truce by hoſtile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendſhip driv'n,
The Nymph ſunk proſtrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.
Enthron'd within a circling ſky,
Upon a mount o'er mountains high,
All radiant fate, as in a ſhrine,
Virtue, firſt effluence divine;
Far, far above the ſcenes of woe,
That ſhut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddeſs, eſſence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom ſhould mortality ſurvey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty muſt expire,
The world diſſolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n, and ſolar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To riſe a new-born phœnix, die.
Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form ſhe threw,
Which three ſad ſiſters of the ſhade,
Pain, care, and melancholy, made.
Through this her all-enquiring eye,
Attentive from her ſtation high,
Beheld, abandon'd to deſpair,
The ruins of her fav'rite Fair;
And with a voice, whoſe awful ſound
Appal'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be ſtill;
To numbers bow'd each liſt'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the ſurging of the main,
And ſmooth'd the thorny bed of pain;
The golden harp of heav'n ſhe ſtrung,
And thus the tuneful goddeſs ſung.

Lovely Penitent, ariſe,
Come, and claim thy kindred ſkies;
Come, thy ſiſter-angels ſay,
Thou haſt wept thy ſtains away.
Let experience now decide,
'Twixt the good and evil try'd;
In the ſmooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treaſures found.
Structures, rais'd by mourning dreams,
Sands, that trip the flitting ſtreams,
Down, that anchors on the air,
Clouds, that paint their changes there.
Seas, that ſmoothly dimpling lie,
While the ſtorm impends on high,
Showing, in an obvious glaſs,
Joys, that in poſſeſſion paſs;
Tranſient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring, only to betray;
What, alas, can life contain!
Life, like all its circles, vain!
Will the ſtork, intending reſt,
On the billow build her neſt?
Will the bee demand his ſtore
From the bleak, and bladeleſs ſhore?
Man alone, intent to ſtray,
Ever turns from wiſdom's way,

Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the ſea, and plows the ſand.
Soon this elemental maſs,
Soon th' incumb'ring world ſhall paſs;
Form be wrapt in waſting fire,
Time be ſpent, and life expire.
Then, ye boaſted works of men;
Where is your aſylum then?
Sons of pleaſure, ſons of care;
Tell me, mortals; tell me where?
Gone, like traces on the deep;
Like a ſcepter, graſp'd in ſleep,
Dews, exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting ſnows, and gliding ſhades.
Paſs the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From an univerſe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature ſav'd.
Like the life-ſupporting grain,
Fruit of patience, and of pain,
On the ſwain's autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away
Little trembler, fear no more,
Thou haſt plenteous crops in ſtore;
Sced, by genial ſorrows ſown,
More than all thy ſcorners own.
What though hoſtile earth deſpiſe,
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
Heav'n thy friendleſs ſteps ſhall guide,
Chear thy hours, and guard thy ſide.
When the fatal trump ſhall ſound,
When th' immortals pour around,
Heav'n ſhall thy return atteſt.
Hail'd by myriads of the bleſs'd.
Little native of the ſkies,
Lovely penitent, ariſe;
Calm thy boſom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy ſiſter now.
More delightful are my woes,
Than the rapture, pleaſure knows;
Richer far the weeds I bring,
Than the robes, that grace a king.
On my wars, of ſhorteſt date,
Crowns of endleſs triumphs wait;
On my cares, a period bleſs'd;
On my toils, eternal reſt.
Come, with virtue at thy ſide,
Come, be every bar defy'd,
'Till we gain our native ſhore;
Siſter, come, and turn no more.

FABLE XVI.

LOVE AND VANITY.

THE breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their bloom,
Up with the ſun, from ſhort repoſe,
Gay health, and luſty labour roſe,
The milkmaid carol'd at her pail,
And ſhepherds whiſtled o'er the dale;
When Love, who led a rural life,
Remote from buſtle, ſtate, and ſtrife,
Forth from his thatch'd-roof cottage ſtray'd,
And ſtroll'd along the dewy glade.
A Nymph, who lightly tript it by,
To quick attention turn'd his eye;
He mark'd the geſture of the Fair,
Her ſelf-ſufficient grace, and air,
Her ſteps, that mincing meant to pleaſe,
Her ſtudy'd negligence, and eaſe;
And, curious to enquire what meant
This thing of prettineſs, and paint,
Approaching ſpoke, and bow'd obſervant;
The Lady, ſlightly,—Sir, your ſervant.
Such beauty in ſo rude a place!
Fair-one, you do the country grace:
At court, no doubt, the public care,
But Love has ſmall acquaintance there.
Yes, Sir, reply'd the flutt'ring Dame,
This form confeſſes whence it came;
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride, and pomp forego.
My name is Vanity. I ſway
The utmoſt iſlands of the ſea;
Within my court all honour centers,
I raiſe the meaneſt ſoul that enters,
Endow with latent gifts, and graces,
And model fools for poſts and places.
As Vanity appoints at pleaſure,
The world receives its weight, and meaſure;
Hence all the grand concerns of life,
Joys, cares, plagues, paſſions, peace and ſtrife.
R flect how far my pow'r prevails,
W' n I ſtep in, where nature fails,
A ·i eve y breach of ſenſe repairing,
Am bounteous ſtill, where heav'n is ſparing.
But chief in all their arts, and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs,
Their various habits, and complexions,
Fits, frolics, foibles, and perfections,
Their robeing, curling, and adorning,
From noon to night, from night to morning,
From ſix to ſixty, ſick, or ſound,
I rule the female world around.
Hold there a moment, Cupid cry'd,
Nor boaſt dominion quite ſo wide;
Was there no province to invade,
But that by love, and meekneſs ſway'd?
All other empire I reſign,
But be the ſphere of beauty mine.
For in the downy lawn of reſt,
That opens on a woman's breaſt,
Attended by my peaceful train,
I chuſe to live, and chuſe to reign.
Far-ſighted faith I bring along,
And truth, above an army ſtrong,
And chaſtity, of icy mould,
Within the burning tropics cold,
And lowlineſs, to whoſe mild brow
The pow'r and pride of nations bow,
And modeſty, with downcaſt eye,
That lends the morn her virgin dye,
And innocence, array'd in light,
And honour, as a tow'r upright;
With ſweetly winning graces, more
Than poets ever dreamt of yore,
In unaffected conduct free,
All ſmiling ſiſters, three times three,
And roſy peace, the cherub bleſs'd,
That nightly ſings us all to reſt.

Hence, from the bud of nature's prime,
From the firſt ſtep of infant time,
Woman, the world's appointed light,
Has ſkirted every ſhade with white;
Has ſtood for imitation high,
To every heart, and every eye;
From ancient deeds of fair renown,
Has brought her bright memorials down;
To time affix'd perpetual youth,
And form'd each tale of love and truth.
Upon a new Promethean plan,
She moulds the eſſence of a man,
Tempers his maſs, his genius fires,
And, as a better ſoul, inſpires.
The rude ſhe ſoftens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold,
Calls ſloth from his ſupine repoſe,
Within the coward's boſom glows,
Of pride unplumes the lofty creſt,
Bids baſhful merit ſtand confeſs'd,
And like coarſe metal from the mines,
Collects, irradiates, and refines.
The gentle ſcience, ſhe imparts,
All manners ſmooths, informs all hearts;
From her ſweet influence are felt
Paſſions that pleaſe, and thoughts that melt;
To ſtormy rage ſhe bids controul,
And ſinks ſerenely on the ſoul;
Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.
Thus arm'd to all that's light, and vain,
And freed from thy fantaſtic chain,
She fills the ſphere, by heav'n aſſign'd,
And rul'd by me, o'er-rules mankind.
He ſpoke. The nymph impatient ſtood,
And laughing, thus her ſpeech renew'd.
And pray, Sir, may I be ſo bold
To hope your pretty tale is told?
And next demand, without a cavil,
What new Utopia do you travel?
Upon my word, theſe high-flown fancies
Shew depth of learning—in romances.
Why, what unfaſhion'd ſtuff you tell us,
Of buckram dames, and tiptoe fellows!
Go, child; and when you're grown maturer,
You'll ſhoot your next opinion ſurer.
O ſuch a pretty knack at painting!
And all for ſoft'ning, and for ſainting!
Gueſs now, who can, a ſingle feature,
Through the whole piece of female nature!
Then mark! my looſer hand may fit
The lines, too coarſe for Love to hit.
'Tis ſaid that woman, prone to changing,
Through all the rounds of folly ranging,
On life's uncertain ocean riding,
No reaſon, rule, or rudder guiding,
Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright,
Trackleſs, and ſhifting as the wind,
A ſea, whoſe fathom none can find,
A moon, ſtill changing, and revolving,
A riddle, paſt all human ſolving,
A bliſs, a plague, a heav'n, a hell,
A——ſomething, which no man can tell.
Now learn a ſecret from a friend,
But keep your counſel, and attend.
Though in their tempers thought ſo diſtant,
Nor with their ſex, nor ſelves conſiſtent,
'Tis but the diff'rence of a name,
And every woman is the ſame.
For as the world, however vary'd,
And through unnumber'd changes carry'd,
Of elemental modes, and forms,
Clouds, meteors, colours, calms, and ſtorms,
Though in a thouſand ſuits array'd,
Is of one ſubject matter made;
So, Sir, a woman's conſtitution,
The world's enigma, finds ſolution,
And let her form be what you will,
I am the ſubject eſſence ſtill.
With the firſt ſpark of female ſenſe,
The ſpeck of being, I commence,
Within the womb make freſh advances,
And dictate future qualms, and fancies;
Thence in the growing form expand,
With childhood travel hand in hand,
And give a taſte to all their joys,
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noiſe.
And now, familiar, and unaw'd,
I ſend the flutt'ring ſoul abroad;
Prais'd for her ſhape, her face, her mien,
The little goddeſs, and the queen
Takes at her infant ſhrine oblation,
And drinks ſweet draughts of adulation.
Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
To dreſs, becomes her darling care;
The realms of beauty then I bound,
I ſwell the hoop's enchanted round,
Shrink in the waiſt's deſcending ſize,
Heav'd in the ſnowy boſom, riſe,
High on the floating lappet ſail,
Or curl'd in treſſes, kiſs the gale.
Then to her glaſs I lead the fair,
And ſhow the lovely idol there,
Where, ſtruck as by divine emotion,
She bows with moſt ſincere devotion,
And numb'ring every beauty o'er,
In ſecret bids the world adore.
Then all for parking, and parading,
Coquetting, dancing, maſquerading,
For balls, plays, courts, and crowds what pa
And churches, ſometimes—if the faſhion;
For woman's ſenſe of right, and wrong,
Is rul'd by the almighty throng;
Still turns to each meander tame,
And ſwims the ſtraw of every ſtream.
Her ſoul intrinſic worth rejects,
Accompliſh'd only in defects,
Such excellence is her ambition,
Folly, her wiſeſt acquiſition,
And ev'n from pity, and diſdain,
She'll cull ſome reaſon to be vain.
Thus, Sir, from every form and feature,
The wealth, and wants of female nature,
And ev'n from vice, which you'd admire,
I gather fewel to my fire,
And on the very baſe of ſhame
Erect my monument of fame.
Let me another truth attempt,
Of which your godſhip has not dreamt.
Thoſe ſhining virtues, which you muſter,
Whence think you they derive their luſtre?
From native honour, and devotion?
O yes, a mighty likely notion!
Truſt me, from titled dames to ſpinners,
'Tis I make ſaints, whoe'er makes ſinners;

truct them to withdraw,
preſumptuous man in awe;
e worth, as I inſpire,
grees, ſtill mounts the higher,
ie, ſo extremely nice,
long toil, and mighty price;
ipſon's pillars, fix'd elate,
: ſex's tott'ring ſtate;
, and in a moment's ſpace,
ks the fabric to its baſe.
from trifles, and from toys,
the fount of female joys;
widow, wife, and miſs,
artificer of bliſs.
i each tropic I explore;
the ſand of every ſhore;
i uniting Indias ſail,
eathes her fartheſt gale;
i the bullion I refine,
: and Virtue from the mine,
n the bowels of invention,
the various arts you mention.
liſs alone my pow'rs beſtow,
ld the ſov'reign balm of woe;
he Stoic's boaſted art,
the heavings of the heart;
give ſplendor, and relief,
l the pallid face of grief.
the palace, and the plain
he glories of my reign;
i every age, in every nation,
alents, tempers, ſtate, and ſtation,
:r a woman ſays, I ſay;
:r a woman ſpends, I pay;
fill, and empty bags,
n finery, and rags,
ht coquets through folly range,
h the prude diſdain to change.
ow you'd think, 'twixt you and I,
ngs were ripe for a reply—
, and while I'm in the mood,
permit me to conclude,
moſt mazes to unravel,
ich the fartheſt ſtep they travel.
very pleaſure's run a-ground,
ly tir'd through many a round;
mph, conceiving diſcontent hence,
en to an hour's repentance,
pours, ſhed in pious moiſture,
her to a church, or cloyſter;
n I lead her with devotion
uous in her dreſs, and motion,
the heav'nly-breathing air,
the lucid eye in pray'r,
he voice, and in the face
elting harmony, and grace.
i far extends my friendly pow'r,
its her in her lateſt hour;
uch of decent pain I ſpread,
i recline her languid head,
oughts I methodize in death,
art not, with her parting breath;
lo I ſet, in order bright,
th of funeral pomp to fight,
itt'ring tapers, and attire,
umes, that whiten o'er her bier;
ſt, preſenting to her eye
e fineries on high,

To ſcenes of painted bliſs I waft her,
And form the heav'n ſhe hopes hereafter.
In truth, rejoin'd Love's gentle God,
You've gone a tedious length of road,
And ſtrange, in all the toilſome way,
No houſe of kind refreſhment lay,
No nymph, whoſe virtues might have tempted
To hold her from her ſex exempted.
For one, we'll never quarrel, man;
Take her, and keep her, if you can;
And pleas'd I yield to your petition,
Since every fair, by ſuch permiſſion,
Will hold herſelf the one ſelected,
And ſo my ſyſtem ſtands protected.
O, deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
To truths divinely vouch'd in ſtory!
The Godhead in his zeal return'd,
And kindling at her malice burn'd.
Then ſweetly rais'd his voice, and told
Of heav'nly nymphs, rever'd of old;
Hypſipile, who ſav'd her ſire;
And Portia's love, approv'd by fire.
Alike Penelope was quoted,
Nor laurel'd Daphne paſs' unnoted,
Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,
Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr,
Alceſte's voluntary ſteel,
And Catherine, ſmiling on the wheel.
But who can hope to plant conviction
Where cavil grows on contradiction?
Some ſhe evades or diſavows,
Demurs to all, and none allows;
A kind of ancient things, call'd fables!
And thus the Goddeſs turn'd the tables.
Now both in argument grew high,
And choler flaſh'd from either eye;
Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
The conqueſt of ſo fair a field.
When happily arriv'd in view
A Goddeſs, whom our grandames knew,
Of aſpect grave, and ſober gaite,
Majeſtic, awful, and ſedate,
As heav'n's autumnal eve ſerene,
When not a cloud o'ercaſts the ſcene;
Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
And in old Rome, Cornelia nam'd.
Quick at a venture, both agree
To leave their ſtrife to her decree.
And now by each the facts were ſtated,
In form and manner as related;
The caſe was ſhort. They crav'd opinion,
Which held o'er females chief dominion?
When thus the Goddeſs, anſwering mild,
Firſt ſhook her gracious head, and ſmil'd.
Alas, how willing to comply,
Yet how unfit a judge am I!
In times of golden date, 'tis true,
I ſhar'd the fickle ſex with you,
But from their preſence long precluded,
Or held as one, whoſe form intruded,
Full fifty annual ſuns can tell,
Prudence has bid the ſex farewell.
In this dilemma what to do,
Or who to think of neither knew;
For both, ſtill biaſs'd in opinion,
And arrogant of ſole dominion,
Were forc'd to hold the caſe compounded,
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.

When in the nick, a rural fair,
Of inexperienc'd gaite, and air,
Who ne'er had croſs'd the neighb'ring lake,
Nor ſeen the world beyond a wake,
With cambrick coif, and kerchief clean,
Tript lightly by them o'er the green.
Now, row! cry'd Love's triumphant Child,
And at approaching conqueſt ſmil'd,
If Vanity will once be guided,
Our diff'rence may be ſoon decided:
Behold yon wench; a fit occaſion
To try your force of gay perſuaſion.
Go you, while I retire aloof,
Go, put thoſe boaſted pow'rs to proof;
And if your prevalence of art
Tranſcends my yet unerring dart,
I give the fav'rite conteſt o'er,
And ne'er will boaſt my empire more.
At once, ſo ſaid, and ſo conſented;
And well our Goddeſs ſeem'd contented;
Nor pauſing, made a moment's ſtand,
But tript, and took the girl in hand.

Mean while the Godhead, unalarm'd,
As one to each occaſion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
That erſt had wounded many a heart;
Then, bending, drew it to the head;
The bow-ſtring twang'd, the arrow fled,
And, to her ſecret ſoul addreſs'd,
Tranſfix'd the whiteneſs of her breaſt.
But here the Dame whoſe guardian care
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
At once her pocket mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view;
As quickly, rang'd in order bright,
A thouſand beauties ruſh to fight;
A world of charms, till now unknown,
A world, reveal'd to her alone:
Enraptur'd ſtands the love-ſick maid,
Suſpended o'er the darling ſhade,
Here only fixes to admire,
And centers every fond deſire.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

A HYMN TO POVERTY.

O POVERTY! thou ſource of human art,
Thou great inſpirer of the poet's ſong!
In vain Apollo dictates, and the Nine
Attend in vain, unleſs thy mighty hand
Direct the tuneful lyre. Without thy aid
The canvas breathes no longer. Muſic's charms,
Uninfluenc'd by thee, forget to pleaſe:
Thou giv'ſt the organ ſound; by thee the flute
Breathes harmony; the tuneful viol owns
Thy pow'rful touch. The warbling voice is thine;
Thou gav'ſt to Nicolini every grace,
And every charm to Farinelli's ſong.
By thee the lawyer pleads. The ſoldier's arm
Is nerv'd by thee. Thy pow'r the gown-man feels,
And, urg'd by thee, unfolds heav'n's myſtic truths.
The haughty fair, that ſwells with proud diſdain,
And ſmiles at miſchiefs, which her eyes have made,
Thou humbleſt to ſubmit and bleſs mankind.
Hail, Pow'r omnipotent! Me uninvok'd
Thou deign'ſt to viſit, far, alas! unfit
To bear thy awful preſence. O, retire!
At diſtance let me view thee; leſt too nigh,
I ſink beneath the terrors of thy face!

THE LOVER AND THE FRIEND.

O THOU, for whom my lyre I ſtring,
Of whom I ſpeak, and think, and ſing!
Thou conſtant object of my joys,
Whoſe ſweetneſs every wiſh employs!
Thou deareſt of thy ſex attend,
And hear the Lover and the Friend.

Fear not the poet's flatt'ring ſtrain;
No idle praiſe my verſe ſhall ſtain;
The lowly numbers ſhall impart
The faithful dictates of my heart,
Nor humble modeſty offend,
And part the Lover from the Friend.

Not diſtant is the cruel day,
That tears me from my hopes away;
Then frown not, faireſt, if I try
To ſteal the moiſture from your eye,
Or force your heart a ſigh to ſend,
To mourn the Lover and the Friend.

No perfect joy my life e'er knew,
But what aroſe from love and you;
Nor can I fear another pain
Than your unkindneſs, or diſdain:
Then let your looks their pity lend,
To cheer the Lover and the Friend.

years I ſtrove againſt the flame,
'd ills, that want a name;
he painful ſecret kept,
yſelf in ſilence wept;
n unable to contend,
he Lover and the Friend.

ou ſtill. Your gen'rous heart
ſorrows bore a part;
your eyes with pity glow'd,
of hope your tongue beſtow'd,
y bid me ceaſe to blend
e of Lover with the Friend.

ith deſire, and mad with pain,
happineſs in vain:
ely maid, to thee I cry,
with kindneſs, or I die!
deſpair my ſoul defend,
he Lover and the Friend.

Curs'd be all wealth that can deſtroy
My utmoſt hope of earthly joy!
Thy gifts, O Fortune! I reſign,
Let her and poverty be mine!
And every year that life ſhall lend,
Shall bleſs the Lover and the Friend.

In vain, alas! in vain I ſtrive
To keep a dying hope alive;
The laſt ſad remedy remains,
'Tis abſence that muſt heal my pains,
Thy image from my boſom rend,
And force the Lover from the Friend.

Vain thought! though ſeas between us roll,
Thy love is rooted in my ſoul;
The vital blood that warms my heart
With thy idea muſt depart,
And death's deciſive ſtroke muſt end
At once the Lover and the Friend.

SONGS.

ONG THE FIRST.

I.

IS I ſaid to my heart, in a pet t'other day,
had rather be hang'd than go moping this
ray;
bings, no wiſhes your moments employ,
ſleep in my breaſt without motion or joy.

II.

loe perplex'd me 'twas ſweeter by half,
Thais's wiles I could often-times laugh;
rmings and akings I ſtrove not to cure,
one was a jilt, and the other a whore.

III.

walk'd up the Mall, or ſtroll'd through the
treet,
petticoat bruſh'd me, but then you could
eat,
ng went the hoop againſt corner or poſt,
nagical round you were ſure to be loſt.

IV.

v if a nymph goes as naked as Eve,
dam, unfallen, you never perceive;
ſeat of delight if the tippet ſhould hide,
mpt not my fingers to draw it aſide.

V.

ution, or dread, or the froſt of old age,
clines you with beauty no more to engage?
e quickly the cauſe, for it makes me quite
mad,
ſummer's gay ſeaſon to ſee you ſo ſad.

VI.

Have a care, quoth my heart, how you tempt me
to ſtray;
He that hunts down a woman, muſt run a d——d
way:
Like a hare ſhe can wind, or hold out with the fox,
And, ſecure in the chace, her purſuers ſhe mocks.

VII.

For Cloe I burnt with an innocent flame,
And beat to the muſic that breath'd out her name;
Three ſummers flew over the caſtles I built,
And beheld me a fool, and my goddeſs a jilt.

VIII.

Next Thais, the wanton, my wiſhes employ'd,
And the kind one repair'd what the cruel deſtroy'd:
Like Shadrach, I liv'd in a furnace of fire,
But, unlike him, was ſcorch'd, and compell'd to
retire.

IX.

Recruited once more, I forgot all my pain,
And was jilted, and burnt, and bedevil'd again:
Not a petticoat fring'd, or the heel of a ſhoe,
Ever paſs'd you by day-light, but at it I flew.

X.

Thus jilted, and wounded, and burnt to a coal,
For reſt I retreated again to be whole;
But your eyes, ever open, to lead me aſtray,
Have beheld a new face, and command me away.

XI.

But remember, in whatever flames I may burn,
'Twill be folly to aſk for, or wiſh my return:
Neither Thais, nor Cloe, again ſhall inflame,
But a nymph more provoking than all you can
name.

XII.

This ſaid, with a bound from my boſom he flew;
O, Phillis! theſe eyes ſaw him poſting to you;
Enſlav'd by your wit, he grows fond of his chain,
And vows I ſhall never poſſeſs him again.

SONG THE SECOND.

COLLIN.

BE ſtill, O ye winds, and attentive, ye ſwains,
'Tis Phebe invites, and replies to my ſtrains;
The ſun never roſe on, ſearch all the world through,
A ſhepherd ſo bleſt, or a fair one ſo true.

PHEBE.

Glide ſoftly, ye ſtreams, O ye nymphs, round me throng,
'Tis Collin commands, and attends to my ſong;
Search all the world over, you never can find
A maiden ſo bleſt, or a ſhepherd ſo kind.

BOTH.

'Tis love, like the ſun, that gives light to the year,
The ſweeteſt of bleſſings that life can endear;
Our pleaſures it brightens, drives ſorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

COLLIN.

With Phebe beſide me, the ſeaſons how gay!
Then Winter's bleak months ſeem as pleaſant as May;
The Summer's gay verdure ſprings ſtill as ſhe treads,
And linnets and nightingales ſing through the meads.

PHEBE.

When Collin is abſent 'tis Winter all round,
How faint is the ſunſhine, how barren the ground!
Inſtead of the linnet and nightingale's ſong,
I hear the hoarſe raven croak all the day long.

BOTH.

'Tis love, like the ſun, &c.

COLLIN.

O'er hill, dale and valley my Phebe and I
Together will wander, and love ſhall be by:
Her Collin ſhall guard her ſafe all the long day,
And Phebe at night all his pains ſhall repay.

PHEBE.

By moonlight, when ſhadows glide over the plain,
His kiſſes ſhall chear me, his arm ſhall ſuſtain;
The dark haunted grove I can trace without fear,
Or ſleep in a church-yard, if Collin is near.

BOTH.

'Tis love, like the ſun, &c.

COLLIN.

Ye ſhepherds that wanton it over the plain,
How fleeting your tranſports, how laſting your pain,
Inconſtancy ſhun, and reward the kind ſhe,
And learn to be happy of Phebe and me.

PHEBE.

Ye nymphs, who the pleaſures of love never try'd,
Attend to my ſtrains, and take me for your guide;
Your hearts keep from pride and inconſtancy free,
And learn to be happy of Collin and me.

BOTH.

'Tis love, like the ſun, that gives light to the year
The ſweeteſt of bleſſings that life can endear;
Our pleaſures it brightens, drives ſorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

SONG THE THIRD.

I.

AS Phillis the gay, at the break of the day,
Went forth to the meadows a maying,
A clown lay aſleep by a river ſo deep,
That round in meanders was ſtraying.

II.

His boſom was bare, and for whiteneſs ſo rare,
Her heart it was gone without warning,
With cheeks of ſuch hue, that the roſe wet with dew,
Ne'er look'd half ſo freſh in a morning.

III.

She cull'd the new hay, and down by him ſhe lay,
Her wiſhes too warm for diſguiſing;
She play'd with his eyes, till he walk'd in ſurprize,
And bluſh'd like the ſun at his riſing.

IV.

She ſung him a ſong, as he leant on his prong,
And reſted her arm on his ſhoulder;
She preſs'd his coy cheek to her boſom ſo ſleek,
And taught his two arms to infold her.

V.

The ruſtic grown kind, by a kiſs told his mind,
And call'd her his dear and his bleſſing:
Together they ſtray'd, and ſung, frolick'd, and play'd,
And what they did more there's no gueſſing.

SONG THE FOURTH.

HE.

LET rakes for pleaſure range the town,
Or miſers doat on golden guineas,
Let plenty ſmile, or fortune frown,
The ſweets of love are mine and Jenny's.

SHE.

Let wanton maids indulge deſire,
How ſoon the fleeting pleaſure gone is!
The joys of virtue never tire,
And ſuch ſhall ſtill be mine and Johnny's.

BOTH.

Together let us ſport and play,
And live in pleaſure where no ſin is;
The prieſt ſhall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

HE.

Let roving ſwains young hearts invade,
The pleaſure ends in ſhame and folly;
So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd
The poor, believing, ſimple Molly.

SHE.
w'd, and lightly toy'd,
igh'd at harmleſs maids who marry;
ſhe finds her ſhepherd cloy'd,
ides too late her faithleſs Harry.

BOTH.
together ſport and play,
ve in pleaſure where no ſin is;
t ſhall tie the knot to-day,
edlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

HE.
ig ſtreams our flocks we'll feed,
ave deceit to knaves and ninnies;
ſtray where love ſhall lead,
ery joy be mine and Jenny's.

SHE.
the faithleſs boſom fright,
onſtant heart is always bonny;
and peace, and ſweet delight
ve ſhall live with me and Johnny.

BOTH.
ſtill we'll ſport and play,
ve in pleaſure where no ſin is;
ſt ſhall tie the knot to-day,
edlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

ONG THE FIFTH.

I.

ID round, my brave boys, with heart and with voice,
d all in full chorus agree;
ht for our king, and as loyally ſing,
d let the world know we'll be free.

CHORUS.

ls ſhall fly, as with ſhouts we draw nigh,
d echo ſhall victory ring;
ſe from alarms, we'll reſt on our arms,
d chorus it, long live the king!

II.

mmerce once more ſhall bring wealth to our ſhore,
d plenty and peace bleſs the iſle;
ſant ſhall quaff off his bowl with a laugh,
d reap the ſweet fruits of his toil.

CHORUS.

els, &c.

III.

ve ſhall repay the fatigues of the day,
d melt us to ſoſter alarms;
llis ſhall burn at her ſoldier's return,
d bleſs the brave youth in her arms.

CHORUS.

els ſhall fly as with ſhouts we draw nigh,
d echo ſhall victory ring;
ſe from alarms, we'll reſt on our arms,
d chorus it long live the king!

SONG THE SIXTH.

I.

TO make the wife kind, and to keep the houſe ſtill,
You muſt be of her mind, let her ſay what ſhe will;
In all that ſhe does you muſt give her her way,
For tell her ſhe's wrong, and you lead her aſtray.

CHORUS.

Then, huſbands, take care, of ſuſpicion beware,
Your wives may be true, if you fancy they are;
With confidence truſt them, and be not ſuch elves,
As to make by your jealouſy horns for yourſelves.

II.

Abroad all the day if ſhe chuſes to roam,
Seem pleas'd with her abſence, ſhe'll ſigh to come home;
The man ſhe likes beſt, and longs moſt to get at,
Be ſure to commend, and ſhe'll hate him for that.

CHORUS.

Then, huſbands, &c.

III.

What virtues ſhe has, you may ſafely oppoſe,
Whatever her follies are, praiſe her for thoſe;
Applaud all her ſchemes that ſhe lays for a man,
For accuſe her of vice, and ſhe'll ſin if ſhe can.

CHORUS.

Then, huſbands, take care, of ſuſpicion beware,
Your wives may be true, if you fancy they are;
With confidence truſt them, and be not ſuch elves,
As to make by your jealouſy horns for yourſelves.

SONG THE SEVENTH.

DAMON.

HARK, hark, o'er the plains how the merry bells ring,
Aſleep while my charmer is laid!
The village is up, and the day on the wing,
And Phillis may yet die a maid.

PHILLIS.

'Tis hardly yet day, and I cannot away,
O, Damon, I'm young and afraid;
To-morrow, my dear, I'll to church without fear,
But let me to-night lie a maid.

DAMON.

The bride-maids are met, and mamma's on the fret,
All, all my coy Phillis upbraid;
Come open the door, and deny me no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid.

PHILLIS.

Dear ſhepherd, forbear, and to-morrow I ſwear,
To-morrow I'll not be afraid;
I'll open the door, and deny you no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid.

DAMON.

No, no, Phillis, no, on that boſom of ſnow
To-night ſhall your ſhepherd be laid;
By morning my dear ſhall be eas'd of her fear,
Nor grieve ſhe's no longer a maid.

PHILLIS.

Then open the door, 'twas unbolted before,
His bliſs ſilly Damon delay'd;
To church let us go, and if there I ſay no,
O then let me die an old maid.

SONG THE EIGHTH.

I.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my pride,
I always have boaſted, and ſeek not to hide;
I dwell on her praiſes wherever I go,
They ſay I'm in love, but I anſwer no, no.

II.

At ev'ning oft-times with what pleaſure I ſee
A note from her hand, "I'll be with you at tea!"
My heart how it bounds, when I hear her below!
But ſay not 'tis love, for I anſwer no, no.

III.

She ſings me a ſong, and I echo each ſtrain,
Again I cry, Jenny! ſweet Jenny, again!
I kiſs her ſoft lips, as if there I could grow,
And fear I'm in love, though I anſwer no, no.

IV.

She tells me her faults, as ſhe ſits on my knee,
I chide her, and ſwear ſhe's an angel to me:
My ſhoulder ſhe taps, and ſtill bids me think ſo;
Who knows but ſhe loves, though ſhe tells me no, no?

V.

Yet ſuch is my temper, ſo dull am I grown,
I aſk not Her heart, but would conquer my own:
Her boſom's ſoft peace ſhall I ſeek to o'erthrow,
And wiſh to perſuade, while I anſwer no, no?

VI.

From beauty, and wit, and good-humour, ah! why
Should prudence adviſe, and compel me to fly?
Thy bounties, O Fortune! make haſte to beſtow,
And let me deſerve her, or ſtill I ſay no.

SONG THE NINTH.

I.

YOU tell me I'm handſome, I know not how true,
And eaſy, and chatty, and good-humour'd too:
That my lips are as red as the roſe-bud in June,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, ſweetly in tune:
All this has been told me by twenty before,
But he that would win me, muſt flatter me more.

II.

If beauty from virtue receive no ſupply,
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I!
My eaſe and good-humour ſhort raptures will bring,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, know but a ſpring.
For charms ſuch as theſe then, your praiſes give o'er,
To love me for life, you muſt love me for more.

III.

Then talk to me not of a ſhape or an air,
For Cloe, the wanton, can rival me there:
'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
And brightens good-humour, as ſunſhine the day;
For that if you love me, your flame ſhall be true,
And I in my turn, may be taught to love too.

SONG THE TENTH.

I.

HOW bleſt has my time been, what days have I known,
Since wedlock's ſoft bondage made Jeſſe my own!
So joyful my heart is, ſo eaſy my chain,
That freedom is taſteleſs, and roving a pain.

II.

Through walks, grown with woodbines, as often we ſtray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play;
How pleaſing their ſport is the wanton ones ſee,
And borrow their looks from my Jeſſe and me.

III.

To try her ſweet temper ſometimes am I ſeen
In revels all day with the nymphs of the green;
Though painful my abſence, my doubts ſhe beguiles,
And meets me at night with compliance and ſmiles.

IV.

What though on her cheek the roſe loſes its hue,
Her eaſe and good-humour bloom all the year through;
Time ſtill as he flies brings increaſe to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he ſteals from her youth.

V.

Ye ſhepherds ſo gay, who make love to enſnare,
And cheat with falſe vows the too credulous fair,
In ſearch of true pleaſure how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you muſt find it at home.

SONG THE ELEVENTH.

I.

HARK! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb!
Come, Lucy, it cries, come away;
The grave of thy Collin has room,
To reſt thee beſide his cold clay.
I come, my dear ſhepherd, I come;
Ye friends and companions, adieu;
I haſte to my Collin's dark home,
To die on his boſom ſo true.

II.

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When Lucy, ſad Lucy, aroſe;
And forth to the green-turf ſhe ſprung,
Where Collin's pale aſhes repoſe.

with the night's chilling dew,
bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
ormy winds over her blew,
night-ravens croak'd all around.

III.

g, my lov'd Collin, she cry'd,
v long must thy Lucy complain?
g shall the grave my love hide?
v long ere it join us again?
thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
h thee o'er the world would she fly,
has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
thee would she lie down and die.

IV.

hat avails it how dear
r Lucy was once to her swain!
like the lily so fair,
l eyes that gave light to the plain!
pherd that lov'd her is gone,
t face and those eyes charm no more,
y forgot and alone,
death shall her Collin deplore.

V.

us she lay sunk in despair,
l mourn'd to the echoes around,
all at once grew the air,
l thunder shook dreadful the ground:
e kind call, and obey,
Collin receive me, she cry'd!
athing a groan o'er his clay,
hung on his tomb-stone and dy'd.

NG THE TWELFTH.

I.

a shape and a bloom, and an air and a
nien,
was brightest of all the gay green;
illy wild, and affectedly coy,
r beauties invited, her pride would destroy.

II.

locks as she stray'd with the nymphs of the
ale,
epherd but woo'd her to hear his soft tale;
fatal the passion, she laugh'd at the swain,
urn'd with neglect, what she heard with
disdain.

III.

ity has wings and too hastily flies,
e unrewarded, soon sickens and dies.
nph cur'd by time of her folly and pride,
hs in her turn for the bliss she denied.

IV.

er she frolicks it wide o'er the plain,
with her coynels the languishing swain;
oled her pride is, so softened her mind,
hough courted by many, she to all would be
kind.

VII.

SONG THE THIRTEENTH.

I.

WHEN Damon languish'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The moments of delight how sweet!
But ah! how swift they flew!
The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale!
The garden and the grove,
Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
And vows of endless love.

II.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize
He left her to complain;
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And measure time by pain.
But heaven will take the mourner's part,
In pity to despair;
And the last sigh that rends the heart,
Shall waft the spirit there.

THE NUN;

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

OF Constance holy legends tell,
The softest sister of the cell;
None sent to heav'n so sweet a cry,
Or roll'd at mass so bright an eye.
No wanton taint her bosom knew,
Her hours in heav'nly vision flew,
Her knees were worn with midnight pray'rs,
And thus she breath'd divinest airs.

AIR.

In hallow'd walks, and awful cells,
Secluded from the light and vain,
The chaste-ey'd maid with virtue dwells,
And solitude, and silence reign.

The wanton's voice is heard not here,
To heav'n the sacred pile belongs;
Each wall returns the whisper'd pray'r,
And echoes but to holy songs.

RECITATIVE.

Alas, that pamper'd monks should dare
Intrude where painted vestals are!
Ah, Francis! Francis! well I weet
Those holy looks all are deceit.
With shame the muse prolongs her tale,
The Priest was young, the Nun was frail,
Devotion faulter'd on her tongue,
Love tun'd her voice, and thus she sung.

AIR.

Alas, how deluded was I,
To fancy delights as I did!
With maidens at midnight to sigh,
And love, the sweet passion, forbid!

O, father! my follies forgive,
And ſtill to abſolve me be nigh;
Your leſſons have taught me to live,
Come teach me, O! teach me to die!
To her arms in a rapture he ſprung,
Her boſom, half-naked, met his;
Tranſported in ſilence ſhe hung,
And melted away at each kiſs.
Ah! father, expiring ſhe cry'd,
With rapture I yield up my breath!
Ah, daughter! he fondly reply'd,
The righteous find comfort in death.

SOLOMON,

A SERENATA:

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BOYCE.

PART I.

CHORUS.

BEHOLD, Jeruſalem, thy king,
Whoſe praiſes all the nations ſing!
To Solomon the Lord has giv'n
All arts and wiſdom under heav'n:
For him the tuneful virgin throng
Of Zion's daughter's ſwell the ſong:
While young and old their voices raiſe,
And wake the echoes with his praiſe.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. From the mountains, lo! he comes,
Breathing from his lips perfumes;
While zephyrs on his garments play,
And ſweets through all the air convey.

AIR.

Tell me, lovely ſhepherd, where
Thou feed'ſt at noon thy fleecy care?
Direct me to the ſweet retreat,
That guards thee from the mid-day heat:
Leſt by the flocks I lonely ſtray,
Without a guide, and loſe my way:
Where reſt, at noon, thy bleating care,
Gentle ſhepherd, tell me where?

AIR.

HE. Faireſt of the virgin throng,
Doſt thou ſeek thy ſwain's abode?
See yon fertile vale along
The new-worn path the flocks have trod:
Purſue the prints their feet have made,
And they ſhall guide thee to the ſhade.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. As the rich apple, on whoſe boughs
Ripe fruit with ſtreaky beauty glows,
Excels the trees that ſhade the grove,
So ſhines, among his ſex, my love.

AIR.

Beneath his ample ſhade I lay,
Defended from the ſultry day;
His cooling fruit my thirſt aſſuag'd,
And quench'd the fires that in me rag'd;
'Till fated with the luſcious taſte,
I roſe and bleſt the ſweet repaſt.

RECITATIVE.

HE. Who quits the lily's fleecy white,
To fix on meaner flow'rs the ſight?
Or leaves the roſe's ſtem untorn,
To crop the bloſſom from the thorn?
Unrival'd thus thy beauties are;
So ſhines my love among the fair.

AIR.

Balmy ſweetneſs, ever flowing,
From her dropping lips diſtills;
Flowers on her cheeks are blowing,
And her voice with muſic thrills.
Zephyrs o'er the ſpices flying,
Waſting ſweets from every tree,
Sick'ning ſenſe with odours cloying,
Breathe not half ſo ſweet as ſhe.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Let not my prince his ſlave deſpiſe,
Or paſs me with unheeding eyes,
Becauſe the ſun's diſcolouring rays
Have chac'd the lily from my face.
My envious ſiſters ſaw my bloom,
And drove me from my mother's home;
Unſhelter'd all the ſcorching day
They made me in their vineyard ſtay.

AIR.

Ah ſimple me! my own, more dear,
My own, alas; was not my care:
Invading love the fences broke,
And tore the cluſters from the ſtock.
With eager graſp the fruit deſtroy'd,
Nor reſted, till the ravage cloy'd.

AIR.

HE. Fair and comely is my love,
And ſofter than the blue-ey'd dove;
Down her neck the wanton locks
Bound like the kids on Gilead's rocks;
Her teeth like flocks in beauty ſeem,
New ſhorn, and dropping from the ſtream;
Her glowing lips by far outvie
The plaited threads of ſcarlet dye;
Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks the accents wound,
And muſic floats upon the ſound.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Forbear, O charming ſwain, forbear!
Thy voice enchants my liſt'ning ear;
And while I gaze my boſom glows,
My flutt'ring heart with love o'erflows.
The ſhades of night hang o'er my eyes,
And every ſenſe within me dies.

AIR.

O fill with cooling juice the bowl!
Aſſuage the fever in my ſoul!
With copious draughts my thirſt remove,
And ſooth the heart that's ſick of love.

PART II.

RECITATIVE.

HE. The chearful ſpring begins to-day;
Ariſe, my fair-one, come away!

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Sweet muſic ſteals along the air——
Hark!——my beloved's voice I hear!

AIR.

iſe, my fair, and come away,
ful ſpring begins to-day:
ter's gone with all his train
s froſts, and drpping rain.
e verdure of the mead
oſe lifts her velvet head:
ling birds, the woods among,
ſeaſon with a ſong:
g turtle in the grove
is tender tale of love:
their infant tendrils ſhoot:
ree bends with early fruit:
me in the genial ray:
y fair, and come away!

CHORUS.

me in the genial ray,
fair-one, come away!

DUET.

let us range the fields,
rled with the morning dew;
the fruits the vineyard yields,
apple's cluſt'ring bough:
cloſe-embower'd ſhades,
vious to the noon-tide ray,
ng rills, on roſy beds,
love the ſultry hours away.

RECITATIVE.

How lovely art thou to the ſight,
ſure form'd, and ſweet delight!
he palm-tree is thy ſhape,
aſts are like the cluſt'ring grape.

AIR.

love, thy bole aſcending,
e ſwelling cluſters feed:
y graſp the vine-tree bending,
cloſe embrace ſhall bleed.
with delicious kiſſes,
thy honey-dropping mouth;
than the ſummer breezes
ing from the genial ſouth.

RECITATIVE.

O that a ſiſter's ſpecious name
'd from prying eyes my flame!
ar'd then I'd own my love,
ſteſt virgins ſhould approve:
arleſs to my mother's bed
ning brother would I lead:
nſports ſhould the hours employ,
: deceit ſhould crown the joy.

AIR.

adjure you, by the fawns
ound acroſs the flow'ry lawns,
ins, that ye lightly move,
th your whiſpers wake my love!

RECITATIVE.

My fair's a garden of delight,
'd and hid from vulgar ſight;
ſtreams from bubbling fountains ſtray,
ſes deck the verdant way.

AIR.

ariſe, O ſouthern breeze!
indly fan the blooming trees;
my ſpicy garden blow,
ſweets from every part may flow.

CHORUS.

Ye ſouthern breezes, gently blow,
That ſweets from every part may flow.

PART III.

AIR.

He. Ariſe, my fair, the doors unfold,
Receive me ſhivering with the cold.

RECITATIVE.

She. My heart amidſt my ſlumbers wakes,
And tells me my beloved ſpeaks.

AIR.

He. Ariſe, my fair, the doors unfold,
Receive me, ſhivering with the cold:
The chill-drops hang upon my head,
And night's cold dews my cheeks o'erſpread:
Receive me, dropping, to thy breaſt,
And lull me in thy arms to reſt.

RECITATIVE.

She. Obedient to thy voice I hie;
The willing doors wide open fly.

AIR.

Ah! whither, whither art thou gone?
Where is my lovely wand'rer flown?
Ye blooming virgins, as you rove,
If chance you meet my ſtraying love,
I charge you tell him how I mourn,
And pant, and die for his return.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Who is thy love, O charming maid!
That from thy arms ſo late has ſtray'd?
Say what diſtinguiſh'd charms adorn,
And finiſh out his radiant form?

AIR.

She. On his face the vernal roſe,
Blended with the lilly, glows;
His locks are as the raven black,
In ringlets waving down his back;
His eyes with milder beauties beam,
Than billing doves beſide the ſtream;
His youthful cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreſhing ſhow'rs;
His lips are of the roſe's hue,
Dropping with a fragrant dew;
Tall as the cedar he appears,
And as erect his form he bears.
This, O ye virgins, is the ſwain,
Whoſe abſence cauſes all my pain.

RECITATIVE.

He. Sweet nymph, whom ruddier charms adorn,
Than open with the roſy morn;
Fair as the moon's unclouded light,
And as the ſun in ſplendour bright;
Thy beauties dazzle from a-far,
Like glitt'ring arms that gild the war.

RECITATIVE.

She. O take me! ſtamp me on thy breaſt!
Deep let the image be impreſt!
For love, like arm'd death, is ſtrong,
Rudely he drags his ſlaves along:
If once to jealouſy he turns,
With never-dy.ng rage he burns.

DUET.

Thou ſoft invader of the ſoul!
O love, who ſhall thy pow'r controul!
To quench thy fires whole rivers drain,
Thy burning heat ſhall ſtill remain.
In vain we trace the globe to try,
If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy:
The treaſures of the world will prove
Too poor a bribe to purchaſe love.

CHORUS.

In vain we trace the globe to try,
If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy;
The treaſures of the world will prove
Too poor a bribe to purchaſe love.

PROLOGUE TO GIL BLAS,

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODWARD

IN THE CHARACTER OF A CRITIC, WITH A CATCALL IN HIS HAND.

ARE you all ready? Here's your muſick here!*
Author, ſneak off, we'll tickle you, my dear.
The fellow ſtopped me in a helliſh fright——
Pray ſir, ſays he, muſt I be damn'd to-night?
Damn'd! ſurely, friend—Don't hope for our compliance,
Zounds, ſir!—a ſecond play's downright defiance.
Tho' once, poor rogue, we pitied your condition,
Here's the true recipe—for repetition.
Well, ſir, ſays he, e'en as you pleaſe, ſo then
I'll never trouble you with plays again.
But harkee, poet!—won't you tho'? ſays I.
'Pon honour.—Then we'll damn you, let me die.
Sha'n't we, my Bucks? Let's take him at his word—
Damn him—or by my ſoul, he'll write a third.
The man wants money, I ſuppoſe—but mind ye——
Tell him you've left your charity behind ye.
A pretty plea, his wants to our regard!
As if we Bloods had bowels for a bard!
Beſides, what men of ſpirit, now-a-days,
Come to give ſober judgments of new plays?
It argues ſome good-nature to be quiet——
Good-nature! Ay—but then we loſe a riot.
The ſcribbling fool may beg and make a fuſs,
'Tis death to him—What then?—'Tis ſport to us.
Don't mind me tho'—for all my fun and jokes,
The bard may find us Bloods good-natur'd folks;
Not crabbed critics—foes to riſing merit——
Write but with fire—and we'll applaud with ſpirit—
Our author aims at no diſhoneſt ends,
He knows no enemies, and boaſts ſome friends;
He takes no methods down your throats to cram it;
So if you like it, ſave it; if not——damn it.

* Blowing his catcall.

END OF MOORE'S POEMS.

THE

OEMS OF MR. CAWTHORN.

TO

MISS ——————,

IORSEMANDEN, IN KENT.

EN Wit and Science trimm'd their wither'd
ays,
ch's voice, and beam'd with half their
re.
r'n-born genius, panting to explore
s oblivion wiſh'd to live no more,
elard in grief's ſad pomp array'd,
l the melting mourner from the ſhade.
y his woes, and kindling at his rage,
nations glow'd from age to age;
to age the ſoft infection ran,
lament the hermit in the man;
t her creſt, Ambition learn'd to ſigh,
-like pity ſtream'd in every eye.
the world's applauſe, yet fond to warm
l that knows with Eloiſe to charm,
verſe to aid his native fire,
ınd wildly lives along the lyre;
e various paſſions throb anew,
s, my fair, to ſteal a tear from you.
with temper, bleſt with ſkill to pour
y comfort on each ſocial hour;
thy bluſhes, gentle as thy mien,
for folly, and too gay for ſpleen;
e win, to ſoften, to inſpire,
vith muſic, and with wit to fire;
as judgment tells thee how to pleaſe,
vith ſmiles, and majeſty with eaſe;
irtue as the Graces known,
d to love all merit but thy own!
re thy honours, theſe will charms ſupply,
ſe dear ſuns ſhall ſet in either eye;
, who, fond of dreſs, of paint, and place,
to be a goddeſs in the face;
y ſex illumines to deſpiſe,
for thought, too pretty to be wiſe,
a year fantaſtically vain,
our Fribbles dying in her train;
s, as beauty fades and paſſion cools,
of coxcombs, and the jeſt of fools.

ABELARD TO EDOISA.

FIRST PUBLISHED 1747.

ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloiſa flouriſhed in the twelfth century: they were two of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate paſſion. After a long courſe of calamities, they retired each to a ſeveral convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeparation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the hiſtory of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloiſa: this occaſioned theſe celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give ſo lively a picture of the ſtruggles of Grace and Nature, Virtue and Paſſion.

MR. POPE.

AH! why this boding ſtart? this ſudden pain,
That wings my pulſe, and ſhoots from vein to vein!
What mean, regardleſs of yon midnight bell,
Theſe earthborn viſions ſaddening o'er my cell!
What ſtrange diſorder prompts theſe thoughts to glow,
Theſe ſighs to murmur, and theſe tears to flow?
'Tis ſhe, 'tis Eloiſa's form reſtor'd,
Once a pure ſaint, and more than ſaints ador'd:
She comes in all her killing charms confeſs'd,
Glares thro' the gloom, and pours upon my breaſt,
Bids heaven's bright guard from Paraclete remove,
And drags me back to miſery and love.
Enjoy thy triumphs, dear illuſion! ſee
This ſad apoſtate from his God to thee;
See at thy call, my guilty warmths return,
Flame thro' my blood, and ſteal me from my urn.
Yet, yet, frail Abelard! one effort try,
Ere the laſt lingering ſpark of virtue die;
The deadly charming ſorcereſs controul,
And, ſpite of nature, tear her from thy ſoul.
Long has that ſoul, in theſe unſocial woods,
Where anguiſh muſes, and where ſorrow broods,
From love's wild viſionary wiſhes ſtray'd,
And ſought to loſe thy beauties in the ſhade.
Faith deepp'd a ſmile, devotion lent her fire,
Wove the keen pangs, and ſanctified deſire;
Led me enraptur'd to the bleſt abode,
And taught my heart to glow with all its God.

But, O! how weak fair faith and virtue prove
When Eloiſa melts away in love!
When her fond ſoul, impaſſion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
No joy forgotten, and no wiſh conceal'd,
Flows thro' her pen as infant-ſoftneſs free,
And fiercely ſprings in eſtacies to me!
Ye heav'ns! as walking in yon ſacred fane,
With every ſeraph warm in every vein,
Juſt as remorſe had rous'd an aching ſigh,
And my torn ſoul hung trembling in my eye,
In that kind hour thy fatal letter came,
I ſaw, I gaz'd, I ſhiver'd at the name;
The conſcious lamps at once forgot to ſhine,
Prophetic tremors ſhook the hallow'd ſhrine;
Prieſts, cenſers, altars from thy genius fled,
And heav'n itſelf ſhut on me while I read.
Dear ſmiling miſchief; art thou ſtill the ſame,
The ſtill pale victim of too ſoft a flame?
Warm as when firſt, with more than mortal ſhine,
Each melting eye-ball mix'd thy ſoul with mine?
Have not thy tears, for ever taught to flow,
The glooms of abſence, and the pangs of woe,
The pomp of ſacrifice, the whiſper'd tale,
The dreadful vow yet hov'ring o'er thy veil,
Drove this bewitching fondneſs from thy breaſt,
Curb'd the looſe wiſh, and form'd each pulſe to reſt?
And canſt thou ſtill, ſtill bend the ſuppliant knee
To love's dread ſhrine, and weep and ſigh for me?
Then take me, take me, lock me in thy arms,
Spring to my lips, and give me all thy charms.
No—fly me, fly me, ſpread th' impatient ſail,
Steal the lark's wing, and mount the ſwifteſt gale;
Skim the vaſt ocean, freeze beneath the pole,
Renounce me, curſe me, root me from thy ſoul;
Fly, fly, for juſtice bears the arm of God,
And the graſp'd vengeance only waits his nod.
'Are theſe thy wiſhes? can they thus aſpire?
Does phrenzy form them, or does grace inſpire?
Can Abelard, in hurricanes of zeal,
Betray his heart, and teach thee not to feel?
Teach thy enamour'd ſpirit to diſown
Each human warmth, and chill thee into ſtone?
Ah! rather let my tendereſt accents move
The laſt wild accents of unholy love;
On that dear boſom trembling let me lie,
Pour out my ſoul, and in fierce raptures die,
Rouſe all my paſſions, act my joys new.
Farewell, ye cells! ye martyr'd ſaints! adieu!
Sleep, conſcience! ſleep, each awful thought be drown'd,
And ſeven-fold darkneſs veil the ſcene around.
What means this pauſe, this agonizing ſtart,
This glimpſe of heav'n quick ruſhing thro' my heart?
Methinks I ſee a radiant croſs diſplay'd——
A wounded Saviour bleeds along the ſhade:
Around th' expiring God bright angels fly,
Swell the loud hymn, and open all the ſky.
O ſave me, ſave me, ere the thunders roll,
And hell's black caverns ſwallow up my ſoul.
Return, ye hours! when, guiltleſs of a ſtain,
My ſtrong-plum'd genius throbb'd in every vein;
When, warm'd with all th' Egyptian ſanes inſpir'd,
All Athens boaſted, and all Rome admir'd;
My merit in its full meridian ſhone,
Each rival bluſhing, and each heart my own.
Return, ye ſcenes!—Ah, no, from fancy fly,
On time's ſtretch'd wing, till each idea die,
Eternal fly; ſince all that learning gave,
Too weak to conquer, and too fond to ſave,
To love's ſoft empire every wiſh betray'd,
And left my laurels with'ring in the ſhade.
Let me forget that, while deceitful fame
Graſp'd her ſhrill trump, and fill'd it with my name,
Thy ſtronger charms, impower'd by heav'n to move
Each ſaint, each bleſt inſenſible to love,
At once my ſoul from bright ambition won,
I hugg'd the dart, I wiſh'd to be undone:
No more pale ſcience durſt my thoughts engage,
Inſipid dulneſs hung on every page;
The midnight-lamp no more enjoy'd its blaze,
No more my ſpirit flew from maze to maze:
Thy glances bade philoſophy reſign
Her throne to thee, and every ſenſe was thine.
But what could all the froſts of wiſdom do,
Oppos'd to beauty, when it melts in you?
Since theſe dark, cheerleſs, ſolitary caves,
Death-breathing woods, and daily-opening graves,
Miſſhapen rocks, wild images of woe,
For ever howling to the deeps below;
Ungenial deſerts, where no vernal ſhow'r
Wakes the green herb, or paints th' unfolding flow'r;
Th' embrowning glooms theſe holy manſions ſhed,
The night-born horrors brooding o'er my bed,
The diſmal ſcenes black melancholy pours
O'er the ſad viſions of enanguiſh'd hours;
Lean abſtinence, wan grief, low-thoughted care,
Diſtracting guilt, and, hell's worſt fiend, deſpair,
Conſpire in vain, with all the aids of art,
To blot thy dear idea from my heart.
Deluſive, fightleſs God of warm deſire!
Why would'ſt thou wiſh to ſet a wretch on fire?
Why lives thy ſoft divinity where woe
Heaves the pale ſigh, and anguiſh loves to glow!
Fly to the mead, the daiſy-painted vale,
Breathe in its ſweets, and melt along the gale;
Fly where gay ſcenes luxurious youths employ,
Where ev'ry moment ſteals the wing of joy:
There may'ſt thou ſee, low proſtrate at thy throne,
Devoted ſlaves, and victims all thy own;
Each village-ſwain the turf-built ſhrine ſhall raiſe,
And kings command whole hecatombs to blaze.
O memory! ingenious to revive
Each fleeting hour, and teach the paſt to live,
Witneſs what conflicts this frail boſom tore!
What griefs I ſuffer'd; and what pangs I bore!
How long I ſtruggled, labour'd, ſtrove to ſave
An heart that panted to be ſtill a ſlave!
When youth, warmth, rapture, ſpirit, love and flame,
Seiz'd every ſenſe, and burnt thro' all my frame;
From youth, warmth, rapture, to theſe wilds I fled,
My food the herbage, and the rock my bed.
There, while theſe venerable cloiſters riſe
O'er the bleak ſurge, and gain upon the ſkies,
My wounded ſoul indulg'd the tear to flow
O'er all her ſad viciſſitudes of woe;
Proſuſe of life, and yet afraid to die,
Guilt in my heart, and horror in my eye,
With ceaſeleſs pray'rs, the whole artill'ry giv'n
To win the mercies of offended heav'n,
Each hill, made vocal, echoed all around,
While my torn breaſt knock'd bleeding on the ground.

alas! though all my moments fly,
a tear, and darken'd in a ſigh,
gre faſts have on my cheeks diſplay'd
of death, and ſunk me to a ſhade,
nyſelf the ſtill-empoiſoning dart
ro' my blood, and drinks up all my heart:
; and wiſhes wildly diſagree,
e itſelf miſtakes my God for thee.
rt the glooms that wrap the midnight-ſky,
a ſteals upon my eye;
riſes on the ſolar ray,
ɔn brighter than the blaze of day.
:'er I go, the viſionary gueſt
my lip, or ſinks upon my breaſt;
her ſweets, and, throbbing to deſtroy,
ound my heart in luxury of joy;
ud Hoſannas ſhake the ſhrines around,
er ſofter accents in the ſound;
-beauties on each altar glare,
v'n much-injur'd has but half my pray'r:
can drive her hence, no pangs controul,
y object brings her to my ſoul.
ight, reclining on yon airy ſteep,
eyes hung brooding o'er the deep;
ithleſs whirlwinds ſlept in ev'ry cave,
ſoft moon-beam danc'd from wave to wave;
mer bliſs in this bright mirror ſeen,
my glories, dawn'd upon the ſcene,
the dear auſpicious hour anew,
ıy fond ſoul to Eloiſa flew;
with keen ſpeechleſs agonies oppreſt,
ntic lover ſnatch'd thee to his breaſt,
n thy bluſhes, arm'd with ev'ry grace,
v the goddeſs beaming in thy face;
wild, trembling, ardent wiſhes move
lſe to rapture, and each glance to love.
! the winds deſcend, the billows roar,
the clouds, and burſt upon the ſhore,
als of thunder o'er the ocean roll,
me-wing'd lightning gleams from pole to pole.
the pleaſing images withdrew,
re than horrors crouded in my view:
cle's form, in all his ire array'd,
dreadful, ſtalk'd along the ſhade:
by his ſword I ſunk upon the ground,
tre ghaſtly ſmil'd upon the wound;
of black infernals round me hung,
s'd my infamy from tongue to tongue.
led wretch! how impotent thy age!
eak thy malice! and how kind thy rage!
thyſelf, inhuman as thou art,
ardering hand has left me all my heart;
each tender, fond affection warm,
to tremble, and an eye to charm.
uel, cruel, exquiſite in ill!
hought'ſt it dull barbarity to kill;
th had robb'd loſt vengeance of her toil,
arcely warm'd a Scythian to a ſmile:
er furies taught thy ſoul to glow
ll their ſavage myſteries of woe;
thy unfeeling poniard to deſtroy
wers of nature, and the ſource of joy;
tch me on the racks of vain deſire,
aſſion throbbing, and each wiſh on fire;
enjoy, unable to be bleſt,
in my veins, and hell within my breaſt.

Aid me, fair faith! aſſiſt me, grace divine!
Ye martyrs! bleſs me, and, ye ſaints! refine:
Ye ſacred groves! ye heav'n-devoted walls!
Where ſolly ſickens, and where virtue calls;
Ye vows! ye altars! from this boſom tear
Voluptuous love, and leave no anguiſh there:
Oblivion! be thy blackeſt plume diſplay'd
O'er all my griefs, and hide me in the ſhade;
And thou, too fondly idoliz'd! attend
While awful reaſon whiſpers in the friend.
Friend, did I ſay! Immortals! what a name!
Can dull, cold friendſhip own ſo wild a flame?
No; let thy lover, whoſe enkindling eye
Shot all his ſoul between thee and the ſky,
Whoſe warmth bewitch'd thee, whoſe unhallow'd ſong
Call'd thy rapt ear to die upon his tongue,
Now ſtrongly rouze, while heav'n his zeal inſpires,
Diviner tranſports, and more holy fires;
Calm all thy paſſions, all thy peace reſtore,
And teach that ſnowy breaſt to heave no more.
Torn from the world, within dark cells immur'd,
By angels guarded, and by vows ſecur'd,
To all that once awoke thy fondneſs dead,
And hope, pale ſorrow's laſt ſad refuge, fled;
Why wilt thou weep, and ſigh, and melt in vain,
Brood o'er falſe joys, and hug th' ideal chain?
Say, canſt thou wiſh that madly wild to fly
From yon bright portal opening in the ſky,
Thy Abelard ſhould bid his God adieu,
Pant at thy feet, and taſte thy charms anew?
Ye heav'ns! if, to this tender boſom woo'd,
Thy mere idea harrows up my blood;
If one faint glimpſe of Eloiſe can move
The fierceſt, wildeſt agonies of love;
What ſhall I be, when, dazzling as the light,
Thy whole effulgence flows upon my ſight?
Look on thyſelf, conſider who thou art,
And learn to be an abbeſs in thy heart.
See, while devotion's ever melting ſtrain
Pours the loud organ thro' the trembling fane,
Yon pious maids each earthly wiſh diſown,
Kiſs the dread croſs, and croud upon the throne:
O let thy ſoul the ſacred charge attend,
Their warmths inſpirit, and their virtues mend:
Teach every breaſt from every hymn to ſteal
The cherub's meekneſs, and the ſeraph's zeal;
To riſe to rapture, to diſſolve away
In dreams of heav'n, and lead thyſelf the way;
Till all the glories of the bleſt abode
Blaze on the ſcene, and every thought is God.
While thus thy exemplary cares prevail,
And make each veſtal ſpotleſs as her veil,
Th' eternal ſpirit o'er thy cell ſhall move
In the ſoft image of the myſtic dove;
The longeſt gleams of heavenly comfort bring,
Peace in his ſmile, and healing on his wing;
At once remove affliction from thy breaſt,
Melt o'er thy ſoul, and huſh her pangs to reſt.
O that my ſoul, from love's curſt bondage free,
Could catch the tranſports that I urge to thee!
O that ſome angel's more than magic art
Would kindly tear the hermit from this heart!
Extinguiſh every guilty ſenſe, and leave
No pulſe to riot, and no ſigh to heave.
Vain, fruitleſs wiſh! ſtill, ſtill the vig'rous flame
Burſts, like an earthquake, thro' my ſhatter'd frame;

Spite of the joys that truth and virtue prove,
I feel but thee, and breathe not but to love;
Repent in vain, ſcarce wiſh to be forgiv'n,
Thy form my idol, and thy charms my heav'n.
Yet, yet, my fair! thy nobler efforts try,
Lift me from earth and give me to the ſky;
Let my loſt ſoul thy brighter virtues feel,
Warm'd with thy hopes, and wing'd with all thy zeal.
And when, low-bending at the hallow'd ſhrine,
Thy contrite heart ſhall Abelard reſign;
When pitying heav'n, impatient to forgive,
Unbars the gates of light and bids thee live;
Seize on th' auſpicious moment ere it flee,
And aſk the ſame immortal boon for me.
That when theſe black terrific ſcenes are o'er,
And rebel nature chills the ſoul no more;
When on thy cheek th' expiring roſes fade,
And thy laſt luſtres darken in the ſhade;
When arm'd with quick varieties of pain,
Or creeping dully ſlow from vein to vein,
Pale death ſhall ſet my kindred-ſpirit free.
And theſe dead orbs forget to doat on thee;
Some pious friend, whoſe wild affections glow
Like ours in ſad ſimilitude of woe,
Shall drop one tender, ſympathizing tear,
Prepare the garland, and adorn the bier;
Our lifeleſs reliques in one tomb enſhrine,
And teach thy genial duſt to mix with mine.
Meanwhile, divinely purg'd from every ſtain,
Our active ſouls ſhall climb th' ethereal plain,
To each bright cherub's purity aſpire,
Catch all his zeal, and pant with all his fire;
There, where no face the glooms of anguiſh wears,
No uncle murders, and no paſſion tears,
Enjoy with heav'n eternity of reſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

AN

E L E G Y

TO THE

MEMORY OF CAPTAIN HUGHES,

A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

VAIN were the taſk to give the ſoul to glow,
The nerve to kindle, and the verſe to flow;
When the fond mourner, lid from ev'ry eye,
Bleeds in the anguiſh of too keen a ſigh;
And, loſt to glory, loſt to all his fire,
Forgets the port before he graſps the lyre.
Nature! 'tis thine with manly warmth to mourn
Expiring virtue, and the cloſing urn;
To teach, dear Seraph! o'er the good and wiſe
The dirge to murmur, and the buſt to riſe.
Come then, O guiltleſs of the tear of art!
Sprung from the ſky, and thron'd within the heart!
O come, in all the pomp of grief array'd,
And weep the warrior, whilſt I grace the ſhade.
'Tis o'er—the bright deluſive ſcene is o'er,
And war's proud viſions mock the ſoul no more;
The laurel fades, th' imperial car retires,
All youth ennobles, and all worth admires.
Alas! my Hughes! and muſt this mourning verſe
Reſign thy triumph to attend thy hearſe!
Was it for this that friendſhip's genial flame
Woke all my wiſhes from the trance of fame?
Was it for this I left the hallow'd page,
Where ev'ry ſcience beams of ev'ry age;
On thought's ſtrong pinion rang'd the martial ſcene,
From Rome's firſt Caeſar to the great Eugene;
Explor'd th' embattled van, the deep'ning line,
Th' enambuſh'd phalanx, and the ſpringing mine;
Then, pale with horror, bent the ſuppliant knee,
And heav'd the ſigh, and dropp'd the tear for thee!
What boots it now, that when, with hideous roar,
The gath'ring tempeſt howl'd from ev'ry ſhore,
Some pitying angel, vigilant to ſave,
Spread all his plumes, and ſnatch'd thee from the wave?
Preſerv'd thee ſacred from the fell diſeaſe,
When the blue plague had ſir'd th' autumnal breeze?
Ah! when my hero panted to engage
Where all the battle burſt in all its rage;
Where dreadful flew the miſſive deaths around,
And the mad ſaulchion bluſh'd from wound to wound;
Was he deny'd the privilege to bleed,
Sav'd on the main to fall upon the Tweed?
Ye graces! tell with what addreſs he ſtole
The liſt'ning ear, and open'd all the ſoul.
What tho' rough winter bade his whirlwinds riſe,
Hid his pale ſuns, and frown'd along his ſkies,
Pour'd the big deluge on the face of day,
My Hughes was here to ſmile the glooms away,
With all the luxuries of ſound to move
The pulſe of glory, or the ſigh of love;
And, ſpite of winter, laſſitude, or pain,
Taught life and joy to throb in ev'ry vein.
Fancy! dear artiſt of the mental pow'r!
Fly,—fetch my genius to the ſocial hour;
Give me again his glowing ſenſe to warm,
His ſong to warble, and his wit to charm.
Alas! alas! how impotently true
Th' aerial pencil forms the ſcene anew!
E'en now, when all the viſion beams around,
And my ear kindles with th' ideal ſound——
Juſt as the ſmiles, the graces live impreſt,
And all his image takes up all my breaſt——
Some gloomy phantom brings the awful bier,
And the ſhort rapture melts into a tear.
Thus in the lake's clear cryſtal we deſcry
The bright diffuſion of a radiant ſky——
Reflected nature ſheds a milder green;
While half her foreſts float into the ſcene.
Ah! as we gaze the luckleſs zephyr flies,
The ſurface trembles, and the picture dies.
O bleſt with all that youth can give to pleaſe,
The form majeſtic, and the mien of eaſe,
Alike empowr'd by nature, and by art,
To ſtorm the rampart, and to win the heart;
Correct of manners, delicate of mind,
With ſpirit humble, and with truth refin'd;
For public life's meridian ſunſhine made,
Yet known to ev'ry virtue of the ſhade;
In war, while all the trumps of fame inſpire,
Each paſſion raving, and each wiſh on fire;
At home, without or vanity, or rage;
As ſoft as pity, and as cool as age.

ere thy virtues—theſe will ſtill be juſt,
eir beams, and blaze upon thy duſt;
e in vain ſolemnity bequeaths
her ſtatues, and to guilt her wreaths:
'd by faction, impudently flings
of nations on the urns of kings.

THE
ITY OF HUMAN CONDITIONS:
A
POETICAL DIALOGUE:
N AT THE ANNUAL VISITATION OF
TUNBRIDGE SCHOOL, 1746,
MESSRS. M—— AND A——.

M—.

LE airy Belville, guiltleſs of a ſchool,
hines out a French edition of a fool,
learned taylor once a week,
ev'ry ſyllable of Greek;
think o'er all that Sparta fir'd,
ns boaſted, and that Rome admir'd.
fancy, buſied with the theme,
ry bright idea to a dream,
the charming pageantry anew,
s at once each claſſic to my view.
dly wild, I thunder in the war,
keen ſpear, and mount th' imperial car;
ng Regulus to Carthage run,
bleed with Brutus in a ſon;
ſca-like, on Cæſar's gorgeous veſt,
y plant a dagger in his breaſt.
ly-breathing all the muſe's fire,
faulchion, and I graſp the lyre;
lar's pinion ſkim the bleſt abode,
to charm Auguſtus with an ode.
hen, my Lelius! come, my joy and pride!
iendſhip ſooths me, while thy precepts
ide;
hoſe quick eye has glanc'd thro' every age,
very ſcene, and ſtudied ev'ry page;
, like thee, with ev'ry virtue bleſt,
each eye, and ſteal to ev'ry breaſt;
all that in each patriot ſhone,
e each hero's happineſs my own.
all I, with a triumph in my view,
r-dreſs'd goddeſs thro' each ſcene purſue;
s court her in the pomp of war,
ber every trophy by a ſcar?
with Solon, form the moral plan,
to mould a ſavage to a man?
'd to rival every Grecian ſage,
ito's ſenſe, and copy Homer's rage.

A—.

k me, Sir! what few would care to give,
ve inſtructions how you ought to live.
that envied bliſsful ſcene to find,
ms the taſte, and dignifies the mind;
ly mingles every art to pleaſe,
the majeſty of life to eaſe.

Hear then, my friend! the doctrine I diſcloſe,
As true as if diſplay'd in pompous proſe:
As if Locke's ſacred hand the page had wrote,
And every doctor ſtamp'd it with a vote.
All lots are equal, and all ſtates the ſame,
Alike in merit, tho' unlike in name.
In Reaſon's eye no difference lies between
Life's noon-day luſtres or her milder ſcene.
'Tis not the plate that dignifies the board,
Nor all the titles blazing round a lord;
'Tis not the ſplendid plume, the embroider'd veſt,
The gorgeous ſword-knot, or the martial creſt,
That lends to life the ſmile, the jeſt, the glee,
Or makes his honour happier than me.
When Florio's acres ſtretch'd o'er half the land,
A gilded chariot roll'd him thro' the Strand:
Reduc'd at laſt with humbler ſcenes to mix,
He ſmoak'd a ſpeculative pipe at Dick's.
The ſame great genius, in or out of pow'r—
Eaſe ſmooth'd his brow, and ſoften'd ev'ry hour;
Taught him to live as happy in a ſhed,
As when a dutcheſs grac'd his nuptial bed.
Content's the port all mortals wiſh to hail:
She points the compaſs, and ſhe guides the ſail.
To her alone our leaky veſſels roll
Thro' all the ſeas that rage from pole to pole.
What boots it then, when gath'ring ſtorms behind
Riſe black in air, and howl in ev'ry wind,
That thy rich ſhip a pomp of pride diſplay'd,
Her maſts all cedar, and her ſails brocade!
Say, canſt thou think the tempeſt will diſcern
A ſilken cable, or a painted ſtern;
Huſh the wild tumult that tornados bring,
And kindly ſpare the yacht that holds a king?
No, no, my friend! if ſkilful pilots guide,
And heav'n auſpicious calms the whirling tide,
No winds diſtreſs you, and no ſtorm deſtroys,
Whether you ſail in gondolas or hoys.

M——.

What, has juſt heav'n no ſlight diſtinction made
Betwixt a life of ſunſhine and of ſhade?
Muſt I, in ſilence, this wild ſyſtem own,
And think a cottage equal to a throne?
Sure if I did, my friends would ſoon beſtow
A few ſtout cords, and ſend me to Monro,
Your taylor, ſkill'd in faſhion's ev'ry grace,
Decks you in all the pageantry of lace,
Lives in a cell, and eats, from week to week,
An homely meal of cabbage and ox-cheek,
You walk majeſtic in a nobler ſcene,
Guiltleſs of ev'ry anguiſh, but the ſpleen;
With all the luxury of ſtateſmen dine
On daily feaſts of ortolans and wine.
Then tell me, ſir! if this deſcription's true,
Is not your taylor leſs at eaſe than you?
Hardwicke, great patriot! envy'd, lov'd, careſt,
Mark'd by each eye, and hugg'd to ev'ry breaſt;
Whoſe bright example learns us to admire
All Cowper's graces, and all Talbot's fire—
Firm to his truſt, whatever bribes aſſail,
Truth guides his ſword, and juſtice holds his ſcale.
Say, is not he more happy than the throng
Of beardleſs Templars melting o'er a ſong?
Than him, who, buried in a country-town,
Engroſſes half a folio for a crown.
Heroic glory in the martial ſcene
Spread ev'ry plume to dignify Eugene—

On Marlbro's helmet ſat, in all her pride,
And proudly frown'd at all the world betide.
And ſure, you'd think it a moſt ſad diſgrace,
If enſigns liv'd as eaſy as his grace.

A——.

Dear ſir! reſtrain the prejudice of youth,
And calmly liſten to the voice of truth.
When firſt th' Almighty fire his work began,
And ſpoke the mingling atoms into man,
To all the race with gracious hand was giv'n
One common foreſt, and one equal heav'n;
They ſhar'd alike this univerſal ball,
The ſons of freedom, and the lords of all.
The poets too this ſacred truth diſplay'd,
From cloud-topt Pindus to the Latin ſhade.
They ſung that ere Pandora, fond of ſtrife,
Let looſe each embrio-miſery of life,
All nature brighten'd in one golden age,
Each ſire a monarch, and each ſon a ſage;
Eternal bleſſings flow'd to all the race,
Alike in riches, as alike in place.
Suppoſe then, ſir! that new diſtinctions ſince
Have plac'd a ſlave ſome leagues below a prince;
Yet eaſe and joy, diſpaſſion'd reaſon owns,
As often viſit cottages as thrones.
See! in yon valley, while the mellowing grain
Embrowns the ſlope, and nods along the plain,
A croud of ruſtics, doom'd to daily toil,
Diſarm the foreſt, or enrich the ſoil:
Not in that elegance of dreſs array'd
That charm'd Arcadia's hills, and Tempe's ſhade;
Where Thyrſis, ſhelter'd in ſome happier grove,
The lonely ſcene of ſolitude and love,
His breaſt all rapture, and his ſoul on fire,
Now wove the garland, and now ſwept the lyre:
No,—'tis plain Colin, Hobbinol, and Ned,
Unſkill'd in numbers as in books unread,
Who ſcorn the winter's deadly blaſt to ſhun,
But face the ſtorm, and drudge thro' ev'ry ſun;
Then ſeek the cottage, where the homely bowl
Smooths ev'ry brow, and opens ev'ry ſoul;
Speeds the ſame ſocial warmth from breaſt to breaſt,
And bids them laugh at Verres, and his creſt.
When honeſt Colin ſees the ſhining all
That gilds the 'Change, and dignifies Whitehall;
Loſt in the ſcenes of turbulence and ſtrife
The farce of grandeur, and the pomp of life,
He ſteals impatient to his native ſhade,
And longs to graſp his waggon and his ſpade;
Heedleſs of ev'ry charm, of ev'ry grace,
That forms the godddeſs in Fitzwalter's face,
That lends to Finch her majeſty of mien—
He would not change his Suſan for a queen.
Believe me, ſir! diſtinction, pomp, and noiſe,
Corrupt our tempers, as they cloud our joys:
And ſurely, when the ſocial ſpirit's broke,
A ſtar's a gewgaw, and a lord's a joke.
Without thoſe robes, thoſe gorgeous bagatelles,
That deck our nobles, and that charm our belles;
Without a crane-neck'd chariot's ſmooth career,
Without the wealth of Indus in your ear;
Without a group of pictures dearly bought,
Where Titian's colours vie with Guido's thought;
Without the fruits of Spain, the wines of France,
Without an opera, and without a dance,
You may live happy, as grave doctors tell,
At Rome, at Tunbridge, in a grot, or cell.

From ſky to ſky th' imperial bird of Jove
Spreads his broad wing, and thund'ring graſps his love;
The mighty bull, by genial Zephyr ſway'd,
Enraptur'd courts his heifer to the ſhade;
The feather'd warblers pair on every ſpray,
The grove re-echoing with the ſprightly lay;
While the gay tribe of inſects bliſsful ſhare
The joys of love, and people all the air.
All, all that in the depths of ocean lie,
Graze on the plain, or ſkim along the ſky,
Fondly purſue the end by nature giv'n,
Life all their aim, and quiet all their heav'n.
If then no longſters grudge the bear his thigh,
The hound his noſtril, or the lynx his eye;
Nor feel a pang tho' Afric's ſhaggy brood
Majeſtic ſtalk the monarchs of the wood;
Why ſhould you think your ſolitude a tomb,
If Pulteney has a title and a plumb?

M——.

But ſoft—reſtrain this turbulence of war,
This mimic image of the wordy bar;
Leſt you ſhould ſeem to copy Henly's lore,
Who gravely kills objections by the ſcore.
Behold that wretch, by ev'ry woe diſtreſs'd,
Want in his eye, and horror in his breaſt;
A thouſand nameleſs agonies of pain
Rack ev'ry nerve, and burn thro' ev'ry vein;
He lives to ſuffer, and but ſpeaks to moan,
And numbers every minute by a groan.
Is he then happy? bleſt with every joy
That glows on Cecil's cheek, or Dorſet's eye?
Shall we proclaim him bleſt, without rebuke,
And rank a martyr'd beggar with a duke?

A——.

Believe me, ſir! each mortal has his fear,
Each ſoul an anguiſh, and each eye a tear;
Aches, pains, and fevers every breaſt aſſail,
And haunt alike the city and the vale.
What tho' in pomp your painted veſſels roll,
Fraught with the gems that glare from pole to pole,—
Tho' health auſpicious gilds your every grace,
Nerves the ſtrong limb, and bluſhes o'er the face;
Tho' grac'd with all that dignity of wit
That charm'd in Villars, and now charms in Pitt;
Poſſeſs'd of all the eloquence that hung
On Tully's lip, and drops from Murray's tongue;
Tho' all the titles, coronets, and ſtars,
That ſtateſmen aim at, and that Malton bears,
Enrich your 'ſcutcheon, dignify your creſt,
Beam on your coach, and blaze upon your breaſt;
Can they forbid the ſecret ill to glow,
The pang to torture, or the tear to flow?
Confeſs we then that all the ills of life,
Diſeaſes, grief, vexations, follies, ſtrife,
Without diſtinction every ſoul perplex,
Haunt ev'ry ſcene, and prey on all the ſex.
Yet let us own that every pleaſure too
That glads the active, and that wings the ſlow,
Alike indulgent to the rich and poor,
Glides thro' the land, and knocks at ev'ry door.
Hear then, without the ſpecious pride of art,
A truth that ſtrikes the moral to the heart;
A truth that liv'd in Cato's patriot-breaſt,
And bade a dying Socrates be bleſt;

virtue is a ſchool-boy's theme,
d phantom of a virgin's dream;
that homebred fools deſire,
bs boaſt of and that mobs admire:
aces every bliſs unfold,
ate'er ſhe touches into gold.

THE

ID EDUCATION OF GENIUS.

A TALE.

rriet! ſay whate'er you can,
lucation makes the man:
Genius we inherit,
, and lively ſpirit,
ciplin'd by rules,
ir colour from the ſchools.
ire gave that cheek to glow,
o riſe in hills of ſnow,
y-temper'd eyes to ſhine
ophires of the mine.
nore majeſtic charms,
preſides, where ſpirit warms;
which falls by juſt degrees,
to the pomp of eaſe;
whoſe motion ſeems to ſwim,
harmony of limb,
by Glover's ſkilful glance,
when you learnt to dance.
h man.—His talents reſt
ibrios in his breaſt;
n's eye explores
intellectual pow'rs,
dawn of wit and ſenſe,
iem into excellence.
nds the patriot-flame,
enious feel of fame,
pirit, brave and bold,
he taint of gold,
f infamy, the zeal
and the public weal,
e virtues which preſage
of a riſing age.
ing all theſe graver things
n, moraliſts, and kings,
eſs 'tis ſuch points to ſettle—
id Robin bring the kettle.
the muſe, whoſe ſportive ſtrain
ier voluntary vein,
ntly dares aſpire
wreath with Swift and Prior,
allegoric tale,
lies hid beneath the veil.
l-morn as Phœbus play'd
the Delphic ſhade,
call'd Fancy, blithe and free,
child of Liberty,
ie rov'd about the plain,
thuſiaſtic ſtrain;
ind led by warm deſire,
e artiſt of the lyre,
to a ſweet alcove,
imbrage of the grove,
And, peeping through the myrtle, ſaw
A handſome, young, celeſtial beau,
On nature's ſopha ſtretch'd along,
Awaking harmony, and ſong.
Struck with his fine majeſtic mien,
As certain to be lov'd as ſeen,
Long ere the melting air was o'er
She cry'd, in extacy, Encore;
And, what a prude will think but odd,
Popp'd out, and curtſey'd to the God.
Phœbus, gallant, polite, and keen as
Each earth-born votary of Venus,
Roſe up, and with a graceful air
Addreſs'd the viſionary fair;
Excus'd his morning-diſhabille,
Complain'd of late he had been ill.
In ſhort, he gaz'd, he bow'd, he ſigh'd,
He ſung, he flatter'd, preſs'd, and ly'd,
With ſuch a witchery of art,
That Fancy gave him all her heart,
Her catechiſm quite forgot,
And waited on him to his grot.
In length of time ſhe bore a ſon,
As brilliant as his fire the Sun.
Pure æther was the vital ray
That lighted up his finer clay;
The nymphs, the roſy-finger'd hours,
The dryads of the woods and bow'rs,
The graces with their looſen'd zones,
The muſes with their harps and crowns,
Young zephyrs of the ſofteſt wing,
The loves that wait upon the ſpring,
Wit, with his gay aſſociate mirth,
Attended at the infant's birth,
And ſaid, Let Genius be his name,
And his the faireſt wreath of fame.
The goſſips gone, the chriſt'ning o'er,
And Genius now 'twixt three and four,
Phœbus, according to the rule,
Reſolv'd to ſend his ſon to ſchool:
And, knowing well the tricks of youth,
Reſign'd him to the matron Truth,
Whoſe hut, unknown to pride and pelf, was
Near his own oracle at Delphos.
The rev'rend dame, who found the child
A little miſchievous, and wild,
Taught him at firſt to ſpell and read,
To ſay his prayers, and get his creed—
Wou'd often tell him of the ſky,
And what a crime it is to lye.
She chid him when he did amiſs,
When well, ſhe bleſs'd him with a kiſs.
Her ſiſter Temp'rance, ſage, and quiet,
Preſided at his meals and diet:
She watch'd him with religious care,
And fed him with the ſimpleſt fare;
Wou'd never let the urchin eat
Of pickled pork, or butcher's meat.
But what of aliment earth yields
In gardens, orchards, woods, and fields;
Whate'er of vegetable wealth
Was cultur'd by the hand of health,
She cropp'd and dreſs'd it, as ſhe knew well,
In many a meſs of ſoup and gruel;
And now and then, to chear his heart,
Indulg'd him with a Sunday's tart.
A luſty peaſant chanc'd to dwell
Hard by the ſolitary cell:

His name was Labour.—Ere the dawn
Had broke upon the upland-lawn,
He hied him to his daily toil,
To turn the glebe or mend the ſoil.
With him young Genius oft wou'd go
O'er dreary waſtes of ice and ſnow,
With rapture climb the cloud-topt hill,
Or wade acroſs the ſhallow rill;
Or thro' th' entangling wood purſue
The footſteps of a ſtraggling ewe.
By theſe fatigues he got at length
Robuſtneſs, and athletic ſtrength,
Spirits as light as flies the gale
Along the lily-ſilver'd vale.
The cherub health, of dimple ſleek,
Sat radiant on his roſy cheek,
And gave each nerve's elaſtic ſpring
The vigour of an eaglet's wing.
Time now had roll'd, with ſmooth career,
Our hero thro' his ſeventh year.
Though in a ruſtic cottage bred,
The buſy imp had thought and read:
He knew th' adventures, one by one,
Of Robin Hood and Little John;
Cou'd ſing with ſpirit, warmth, and grace,
The woeful hunt of Chevy Chace;
And how St. George, his fiery nag on,
Deſtroy'd the vaſt Egyptian dragon.
Chief he admir'd that learn'd piece
Wrote by the fabuliſt of Greece,
Where wiſdom ſpeaks in crows and cocks,
And cunning ſneaks into a fox.
In ſhort, as now his op'ning parts,
Ripe for the culture of the arts,
Became in ev'ry hour acuter,
Apollo look'd out for a tutor;
But had a world of pains to find
This artiſt of the human mind.
For, in good truth, full many an aſs was
Among the doctors of Parnaſſus,
Who ſcarce had ſkill enough to teach
Old Lilly's elements of ſpeech;
And knew as much of men and morals
As doctor Rock of ores and corals.
At length, with much of thought and care,
He found a maſter for his heir;
A learn'd man, adroit to ſpeak
Pure Latin, and your attic Greek;
Well known in all the courts of fame,
And Criticiſm was his name.
Beneath a tutor keen and fine as
Or Ariſtotle, or Longinus,
Beneath a lynx's eye that ſaw
The ſlighteſt literary flaw,
Young Genius trod the path of knowledge,
And grew the wonder of the college.
Old authors were his boſom friends—
He had them at his finger's-ends—
Became an acc'rate imitator
Of truth, propriety, and nature;
Diſplay'd in every juſt remark
The ſtrong ſagacity of Clark;
And pointed out the falſe and true
With all the ſun-beams of Boſſu.
But tho' this critic-ſage refin'd
His pupil's intellectual mind,
And gave him all that keen diſcerning
Which marks the character of learning;
Yet, as he read with much of glee
The trifles of antiquity,
And Bently-like would write epiſtles
About the origin of whiſtles;
The ſcholar took his maſter's trim,
And grew identically him;
Employ'd a world of pains to teach us
What nation firſt invented breeches;
Aſſerted that the Roman ſocks
Were broider'd with a pair of clocks;
That Capua ſerv'd up with her victuals
An olio of Venafran pickles;
That Sſygambis dreſs'd in blue,
And wore her treſſes in a queue.
In ſhort, he knew what Paulus Jovius,
Salmaſius, Grævius, and Gronovius,
Have ſaid in fifty folio volumes,
Printed by Elzevir in columns.
Apollo ſaw, with pride and joy,
The vaſt improvement of his boy;
But yet had more than ſlight ſuſpicion,
That all this load of erudition
Might overlay his parts at once,
And turn him out a letter'd dunce.
He ſaw the lad had fill'd his ſenſe
With things of little conſequence;
That tho' he read, with application,
The wits of every age and nation,
And could, with nice preciſion, reach
The boldeſt metaphors of ſpeech;
Yet warp'd too much in truth's defiance,
From real to fictitious ſcience,
He was, with all his pride and parts,
A mere mechanic in the arts,
That meaſures with a rule and line
What nature meant for great and fine.
Phœbus, who ſaw it right and wiſe was
To counteract this fatal bias,
Took home his ſon with mighty haſte,
And ſent him to the ſchool of Taſte.
This ſchool was built by wealth and peace,
Some ages ſince, in elder Greece,
Juſt when the Stagyrite had writ
His lectures on the pow'rs of wit.
Here, fluſh'd in all the bloom of youth,
Sat beauty in the ſhrine of truth.
Here, all the finer arts were ſeen
Aſſembled round their virgin queen.
Here, ſculpture on a bolder plan
Ennobled marble into man.
Here, muſic, with a ſoul on fire,
Impaſſion'd, breath'd along the lyre;
And here, the painter-muſe diſplay'd
Diviner forms of light and ſhade.
But, ſuch the fate, as Heſiod ſings,
Of all our ſublunary things,
When now the Turk, with ſword and halter,
Had drove religion from her altars,
And delug'd with a ſea of blood
The academic dome and wood;
Affrighted Taſte, with wings unfurl'd,
Took refuge in the weſtern world;
And ſettled on the Tuſcan main,
With all the muſes in his train.
In this calm ſcene, where Taſte withdrew,
And Science trimm'd her lamp anew;
Young Genius rang'd in every part
The viſionary worlds of art.

their finiſh'd forms refin'd
ongenial warmth of mind,
'd with happy ſkill to trace
: powers of eaſe and grace:
;rew delicately fine,
ers flow'd along his line,
ls many, full, and ſtrong,
ıe harmony of ſong.
his images betray'd
ıg a light, too weak a ſhade,
graceful and the grand
inelegance of hand,
: maſter, who cou'd ſpy
ıteſt fault with half an eye,
by one ethereal touch,
ım'd too little or too much;
y attitude and air
premely full and fair.
u s was now among his betters
iſh'd as a man of letters.
anted ſkill, to make him pleaſe,
ndour of addreſs and eaſe,
-enchanting mien and air,
we ſee in Groſvenor-Square,
ady Charlotte ſpeaks and moves,
d by a ſwarm of loves.
u s had got, to ſay the truth,
er awkward and uncouth;
: of all who love to dwell
ım's ſolitary cell:
ı a clown in gait, and laugh,
ted but a ſcrip and ſtaff;
h a beard as hung in candles
ı Diogenes's ſandals,
nted all his chin thick,
ke him a dirty cynic.
ø, who, to do him right,
ways perfectly polite,
'd to ſee his ſon and heir
ur'd by his gape and ſtare,
d to ſend him to Verſailles,
n a minuet of Marſeilles:
nus, who had deeper reading
ıe myſteries of breeding,
d to Phœbus, that the name
and Frenchman was the ſame.
manners, were, ſhe ſaid, a thing which
;rave miſguided fools, the Engliſh,
n deſpite of common ſenſe,
c for manly excellence;
ch their nation ſtrangely ſunk is,
lf their nobles turn'd to monkies.
ught it better, as the caſe was,
d young Genius to the graces:
ſweet divinities, ſhe ſaid,
form him in the myrtle ſhade;
:ach him more, in half an hour,
Lewis or his Pompadour.
bus agreed—the graces took
noble pupil from his book,
d him at their ſide to rove
their own domeſtic grove,
t the ſound of melting lyres,
reathing ſmiles, and young deſires;
hen confin'd by winds or ſhow'rs,
ı their amaranthine bow'rs,
taught him with addreſs and ſkill
ıe at ombre and quadrille;
Or let him read an ode or play,
To wing the gloomy hour away.
GENIUS was charm'd—divinely plac'd
'Midſt beauty, wit, politeneſs, taſte;
And, having every hour before him
The fineſt models of decorum,
His manners took a fairer ply;
Expreſſion kindled in his eye;
His geſture diſengag'd, and clean,
Set off a fine majeſtic mien;
And gave his happy pow'r to pleaſe
The nobleſt elegance of eaſe.
Thus, by the diſcipline of art,
Genius ſhone out in head and heart.
Form'd from his firſt fair bloom of youth,
By Temp'rance and her ſiſter Truth,
He knew the ſcientific page
Of every clime and every age;
And learnt with critic-ſkill to refin
The wildneſs of his native vein;
That critic-ſkill, tho' cool and chaſte,
Refin'd beneath the eye of Taſte;
His unforbidding mien and air,
His aukward gait, his haughty ſtare,
And every ſtain that wit debaſes,
Were melted off among the graces;
And Genius roſe, in form and mind,
The firſt, the greateſt of mankind.

A

LETTER TO A CLERGYMAN,

OCCASIONED BY A

REPORT OF HIS PATRON'S BEING MADE ONE OF THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF THE GREAT SEAL, 1756.

IF fame, dear Mun! the truth reveals,
Your friend, the baron, has the ſeals,
With two compeers, his reverend brothers,—
Willes and Sir Eardly are the others.
Juſtice, who long had ſeen impreſt
Her faireſt image on his breaſt,
Plac'd him her ſubſtitute, to awe
The nation on her bench of law!
And now, to make her work complete,
Has thron'd him on her mercy-ſeat.
I'll hold you, Mun! an honeſt guinea,
That peſt ambition's buſy in you;
You mind no more your little crops,
Nor ever aſk the price of hops;
Nor grieve about ſuch idle things
As half the trumps, and all the kings:
But, bleſt each night with objects brighter,
Behold a viſionary mitre;
And ſee the verger near you ſtand
Majeſtic with his ſilver wand.
Well—if, as matters now foretel it,
It is your fate to be a prelate;
Tho', loth to loſe the comic ſtrain,
The ſong, and ev'ry mirthful vein,
Which oft have made me full of glee,
And kept my ſpirits up till three;

Yet, fond to ſee, when pray'rs begin,
E——d, thy heteroclite chin,
With all that venerable buſh on,
Repoſing on a velvet cuſhion;
I would the man of humour quit,
And think the biſhop worth the wit.
But, hark you, L——r! as you mean
To be a biſhop, or a dean,
And muſt, of courſe, look grave, and big,
I'd have you get a better wig:
You know full well when, cheek by jole,
We waited on his grace at Knowl;
Tho' that trim artiſt barber Jackſon,
Spent a whole hour, about your caxon,
With irons hot, and fingers plaſtic,
To make it look eccleſiaſtic;
With all his pains, and combs, and care,
He ſcarce cou'd curl a ſingle hair.
It wou'd be right too, let me tell you,
To buy a gown of new prunella;
And bid your maid, the art who well knows,
Repair your caſſock at the elbows.
Lord! what a ſudden alteration
Will wait on your exalted ſtation!
Cawthorn, too proud a prince to flatter,
Who calls thee nought but Mun and L——r,
Will now put on a ſofter mien,
And learn to liſp out Mr. Dean;
Or, if you're made a mitred peer,
Humbly intreat your grace's ear.
Poor Adams too, will ſunk, and ſtare,
And trembling ſteal behind your chair;
Or elſe with holy zeal addreſſing,
Drop on his knees, and aſk your bleſſing.
And now, my worthy friend! ere yet
We read it in the next Gazette,
That Tueſday laſt a royal writ
Was ſent by Secretary Pitt
To all and ſingular the ſtalls
Prebendal in the church of Paul's,
Commanding them to chooſe and name
A biſhop of unſpotted fame;
And warmly recommending thee
As prelate of the vacant ſee;
It will not be amiſs to know
Before-hand what you have to do.
Firſt, as you'll want a grave divine
To wait upon you when you dine,
To guard your kitchen from diſorders,
And ſchool the youths who come for orders;
Take not an academic ſaplin,
But, for your life, make S——n chaplain.
He's tall, and ſolemn, ſoft and ſleek,
Well read in Latin, and in Greek;
A proper man to tell the clerum
About Euſebius, and St. Jerom;
And wou'd as ſoon a fiend embrace as
Give up a jot of Athanaſius.
Then as to what a biſhop fleeces,
In procurations, fines, and leaſes,
And hoarding up a world of pelf,
You'll want no ſteward but yourſelf:
For, faith! your lordſhip has great ſkill in
The virtues of a ſplendid ſhilling;
And know, as well as Child and Hoare*,
That two and two will make up four.

* Two Bankers.

THE

REGULATION OF THE PASSIONS

THE SOURCE OF

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

A MORAL ESSAY.

Dunque ne l' Uſo per cui fur conceſſe
L' impieghi il ſeggio Duce, e le governi:
Et a ſuo Senno or tepide, or ardenti,
Le faccia: et or le affretti, et or le alenti.

TASSO.

YES, yes, dear ſtoic! hide it as you can,
The ſphere of pleaſure is the ſphere of man:
This warms our wiſhes, animates our toil,
And forms alike a Newton, or an Hoyle;
Gives all the ſoul to all the ſoul regards,
Whether ſhe deal in planets, or in cards.
In every human breaſt there lives enſhrin'd
Some atom pregnant with th' ethereal mind;
Some plaſtic pow'r, Some intellectual ray,
Some genial ſun-beam from the ſource of day;
Something that, warm and reſtleſs to aſpire,
Works the young heart, and ſets the ſoul on fire.
And bids us all our inborn pow'rs employ
To catch the phantom of ideal joy.
Were it not ſo, the ſoul, all dead and loſt,
Like the tall cliff beneath th' impaſſive froſt,
Form'd for no end, and impotent to pleaſe,
Wou'd lie inactive on the couch of eaſe;
And, heedleſs of proud fame's immortal lay,
Sleep all her dull divinity away.
And yet, let but a zephyr's breath begin
To ſtir the latent excellence within—
Wak'd in that moment's elemental ſtriſe,
Impaſſion'd genius feels the breath of life;
Th' expanding heart delights to leap and glow,
The pulſe to kindle, and the tear to flow:
Strong and more ſtrong the light celeſtial ſhines,
Each thought ennobles, and each ſenſe refines,
Till all the ſoul, full op'ning to the flame,
Exalts to virtue what ſhe felt for fame.
Hence, juſt as nature points the kindred fire,
One plies the pencil, one awakes the lyre;
This, with an Halley's luxury of ſoul,
Calls the wild needle back upon the pole,
Maps half the winds, and gives the ſail to fly
In ev'ry ocean of the arctic ſky;
While he whoſe vaſt capacious mind explores
All nature's ſcenes, and nature's God adores,
Skill'd in each drug the varying world provides,
All earth emboſoms, and all ocean hides;
Expels, like Heberden, the young diſeaſe,
And ſoftens anguiſh to the ſmile of eaſe.
The paſſions then all human virtue give,
Fill up the ſoul, and lend her ſtrength to live.
To them we owe fair truth's unſpotted page,
The gen'rous patriot, and the moral ſage;
The hand that forms the geometric line,
The eye that pierces thro' th' unbowell'd mine,
The tongue that thunders eloquence along,
And the fine ear that melts it into ſong.
And yet theſe paſſions which, on nature's plan,
Call out the hero while they form the man,

rom the ſacred line that nature gave,
y ruin as they nobly ſave.
eal ſoul that heav'n itſelf inſpires
its virtues, and with all its fires,
ieſe ſyrens to ſome wild extreme,
vapour when it ought to beam;
utch ſun that in the autumnal ſky
ro' a fog, and riſes but to die.
hoſe active, unencumber'd mind
is low earth, and all its miſts behind,
a pure unclouded ſky to glow,
bright orb that riſes on the Po,
the globe with ſteady ſplendor ſhines,
ns virtues as it ripens mines.
ver thinks, muſt ſee that man was made
the ſtorm, not languiſh in the ſhade:
his ſphere, and, for that ſphere deſign'd,
leaſures open on his mind.
, fair hope leads on th' impaſſion'd ſoul
fe's wild labyrinths to her diſtant gaol;
n each dream, to fan the genial flame,
mp of riches, and the pride of fame;
ly gives reflection's cooler eye
e, an image of a future ſky.
tho' kind heav'n points out th' unerring
road,
ads thro' nature up to bliſs and God;
that God, and all his voice divine,
in the heart, or teaches from the ſhrine,
eebly vain, and impotently wiſe,
s the manna ſent him from the ſkies;
ſs of all that virtue gives to pleaſe,
ught too active, and too mad for eaſe,
riſh to wiſh in life's mad vortex toſt,
r ſtruggling, and for ever loſt;
ns religion, tho' her ſeraphs call,
es in rapture, or not lives at all.
now, let looſe to all our hopes and fears,
le inſpirits, or ambition tears,
v'ry tie, from ev'ry duty freed,
it a balance, and without a creed,
v'ry ſenſe, each particle divine,
l the man embruted in the ſwine;
drench in luxury's ambroſial bowl
's laſt ſpark, and drain off all the ſoul.
for vain wealth fly on from pole to pole,
winds can waft them, and where ſeas can
roll.
others, wearied with the farce of pow'r,
d with riot in the midnight hour,
Spain's proud monarch to a cell retire,
ero like, ſet half the globe on fire.
tch'd on high-tow'ring Dover's ſandy bed,
ut a coffin, and without a head;
y ſail-cloth o'er his body thrown,
rks of miſery almoſt unknown,
ut a friend to pity, or to ſave,
ut a dirge to conſecrate the grave,
Suffolk lies——he who for years had ſhone,
d's ſixth Henry! neareſt to thy throne,
boots it now, that liſt'ning ſenates hung
rs, all rapture, on his angel-tongue?
what avails th' enormous blaze between
wn of glory, and his cloſing ſcene!
haughty France his heav'n-born pow'rs
ador'd,
Anjou's princeſs ſheath'd Britannia's ſword!

Aſk ye what bold conſpiracy oppreſt
A chief ſo honour'd, and a chief ſo bleſt?
Why, luſt of power, that wreck'd his riſing fame
On courts' vain ſhallows, and the gulph of ſhame:
A Glo'ſter's murder, and a nation's wrongs,
Call'd loud for vengeance with ten thouſand tongues;
And haſten'd death, on Albion's chalky ſtrand,
To end the exile by a pirate's hand.
Pleaſure, my friend! on this ſide folly lies;
It may be vig'rous, but it muſt be wiſe:
And when our organs once that end attain,
Each ſtep beyond it is a ſtep to pain.
For aſk the man whoſe appetites purſue
Each looſe Roxana of the ſtew;
Who cannot eat till luxury refine
His taſte, and teach him how to dine;
Who cannot drink till Spain's rich vintage flow,
Mix'd with the coolneſs of December's ſnow:
Aſk him, if all thoſe extaſies that move
The pulſe of rapture, and the rage of love,
When wine, wit, woman, all their pow'rs employ,
And ev'ry ſenſe is loſt in ev'ry joy,
E'er fill'd his heart, and beam'd upon his breaſt
Content's full ſunſhine, with the calm of reſt?
No——virtue only gives fair peace to ſhine,
And health, O ſacred temperance! is thine.
Hence the poor peaſant, whoſe laborious ſpade
Rids the rough crag of half its heath and ſhade,
Feels in the quiet of his genial nights
A bliſs more genuine than the club at White's:
And has in full exchange for fame and wealth,
Herculean vigour, and eternal health.
Of blooming genius, judgment, wit, poſſeſs'd,
By poets envied, and by peers careſs'd;
By royal mercy ſav'd from legal doom,
With royal favour crown'd for years to come,
O hadſt thou, Savage! known thy lot to prize,
And ſacred held fair friendſhip's gen'rous ties;
Hadſt thou, ſincere to wiſdom, virtue, truth,
Curb'd the wild ſallies of impetuous youth;
Had but thy life been equal to thy lays,
In vain had envy ſtrove to blaſt thy bays;
In vain thy mother's unrelenting pride
Had ſtrove to puſh thee helpleſs from her ſide;
Fair competence had lent her genial dow'r,
And ſmiling peace adorn'd thy evening-hour;
True pleaſure would have led thee to her ſhrine,
And every friend to merit had been thine.
Bleſs'd with the choiceſt boon that heav'n can give,
Thou then hadſt learnt with dignity to live;
The ſcorn of wealth, the threats of want to brave,
Nor ſought from priſon a refuge in the grave.
Th' immortal Rembrant all his pictures made
Soft as their union into light and ſhade:
Whene'er his colours wore too bright an air,
A kindred ſhadow took off all the glare;
Whene'er that ſhadow, careleſsly embrown'd,
Stole on the tints, and breath'd a gloom around,
Th' attentive artiſt threw a warmer dye,
Or call'd a glory from a pictur'd ſky;
Till both th' oppoſing powers mix'd in one,
Cool as the night, and brilliant as the ſun.
Paſſions, like colours, have their ſtrength and eaſe,
Thoſe too inſipid, and too gaudy theſe:
Some on the heart, like Spagnoletti's, throw
Fictitious horrors, and a weight of woe;
Some, like Albano's, catch from ev'ry ray
Too ſtrong a ſunſhine, and too rich a day;

Others, with Carlo's Magdalens, require
A quicker ſpirit, and a touch of fire;
Or want, perhaps, tho' of celeſtial race,
Correggio's ſoftneſs, and a Guido's grace.
Would'ſt thou then reach what Rembrant's genius knew,
And live the model that his pencil drew,
Form all thy life with all his warmth divine,
Great as his plan, and faultleſs as his line;
Let all thy paſſions, like his colour, play,
Strong without harſhneſs, without glaring gay:
Contraſt them, curb them, ſpread them, or confine,
Ennoble theſe, and thoſe ſubdue to ſhine;
With cooler ſhades ambition's fire allay,
And mildly melt the pomp of pride away;
Her rainbow-robe from vanity remove,
And ſoften malice with the ſmile of love;
Bid o'er-revenge the charities prevail,
Nor let a grace be ſeen without a veil:
So ſhalt thou live as heav'n itſelf deſign'd,
Each pulſe congenial with th' informing mind,
Each action ſtation'd in its proper place,
Each virtue blooming with its native grace,
Each paſſion vig'rous to its juſt degree,
And the fair whole a perfect ſymmetry.

THE LOTTERY.

INSCRIBED TO MISS H——.

CAWTHORN had once a mind to fix
His careaſe in a coach and ſix,
And live, if his eſtate would bear it,
On turtle, ortolans, and claret:
For this he went, at fortune's call,
To wait upon her at Guildhall;
That is, like many other thick wits,
He bought a ſcore of Lottery Tickets,
And ſaw them riſe in dreadful ranks
Converted to a ſcore of blanks.
Amaz'd, and vex'd to find his ſcheme
Deluſive as a midnight dream,
He curs'd the goddeſs o'er and o'er,
Call'd her a mercenary whore;
Swore that her dull capricious ſenſe
Was always dup'd by impudence,
That men of wit were but her tools,
And all her favours were for fools.
He ſaid, and with an angry gripe
Snatch'd up his ſpeculative pipe;
And, that he might his grief allay,
Read half a page in Seneca.
When, lo! a phantom, tall, and thin,
Knock'd at the door, and enter'd in:
She wore a party-colour'd robe,
And ſeem'd to tread upon a globe—
Whiſk'd round the room with haughty air,
And toſs'd into an elbow chair.
Then with a bold terrific look,
Which made the doctor drop his book,
Addreſs'd him thus: Thou wicked varlet!
Art not aſham'd to call me harlot?
Why, what's thy conſequence and parts,
Thy ſkill in letters, or in arts,
That I, poor Fortune! muſt be teſt'er'd,
Kick'd, bully'd, curs'd, abus'd, and hector'd,
Becauſe, forſooth---a fever roaſt thee,—
Thou'rt not ſo wealthy as Da Coſta?
However, as thou haſt ſome virtues,
And know'ſt my fav'rite Tom Curteis,
I'll point thee out a way to be
Almoſt as rich a man as he.
Send to the bank this day and buy
Ten Tickets in the Lottery;
And bid your honeſt friend, the broker,
Endorſe the name of M— H——;
The ſacred numbers then conſign
Devoutly to the fair-one's ſhrine:
That is, in humbler rhetoric,
Preſent them by your footman Dick,
And tell her, in a billet-doux,
"My dear, theſe Tickets are for you,
"An offering from a heart that's ſplit
"Aſunder by your ſenſe and wit,
"Yet has the grace to tell you true,
"To keep its own dear ends in view,
"And therefore hopes you'll not forget
"To give me half of what you get."
My life on't, Jemmy, thou'lt be great—
Five thouſand pounds!—a good eſtate:
For be aſſur'd that, tho' the poets,
The ſmall philoſophers, and no-wits,
Pretend that I'm to worth unkind,
And impudently paint me blind,
I yet can ſee thy charmer's merit,
Her taſte, her dignity, and ſpirit;
Have often liſten'd to her ſong,
And ſtole perſuaſion from her tongue;
And am reſolv'd, tho' all the ſhrews,
Stock-jobbers, brokers, pimps, and Jews,
Frown, curſe, expoſtulate, and rally,
With all the tongues of all the Alley,
To give her out of love and zeal,
The richeſt number in the wheel.

LADY JANE GREY
TO
LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY.

AN EPISTLE.

IN THE MANNER OF OVID.

FROM theſe dark cells, in ſable pomp array'd,
Where night's black horrors breathe a deeper ſhade,
Where ev'ry hour ſome awful viſion brings
Of pale aſſaſſins, and the ſhrouds of kings,
What comforts can a wretched wife afford
The laſt ſad moments of her dying lord?
With what fond tear, what love-impaſſion'd ſigh,
Soothe the dear mourner ere he reach the ſky?
Ye pow'rs of ſong that ev'ry chord inſpire
When Rome's ſoft Ovid weeps along his lyre;
Ye angel-ſounds that Troy's great Hector mourn,
When his loſt conſort bleeds upon his urn!

e, ye warblers! teach this ſtrain of woe
to kindle and like you to flow.
in vain ye bid your warmths divine
l the ſtring, and live through all the line.
thoſe warmths, th' immortal numbers roll
n my hand, and faithleſs to my ſoul;
t a wiſh, too calm a ſigh impart,
f my grief, and tell but half my heart;
fond anguiſh of this flowing tear,
keen pang that tears and tortures there.
aid that ſouls, to love's ſoft union wrought,
e by ſilent ſympathy of thought:
a with that myſterious art divine
rce impatience of my breaſt be thine:
ien ſome tender, recollecting ſigh
ie big paſſion from each weeping eye,
wrapt, and wild, thy fond ideas roll,
thy image takes up all thy ſoul;
hat my breaſt the ſame dear tumults move,
a an anguiſh, and as ſoft a love;
that I hear thy pray'rs, explore thy fears,
thy ſighs, and weep with all thy tears;
l thy wiſhes, all thy phrenzies ſee,
:l for Guilford all he feels for me.
where are now the joys my fancy drew
r blooming, and for ever new!
the dear ſcenes that meditation aid,
l's ſoft murmur, and th' embow'ring ſhade;
all the heartfelt charities that move
armths of rapture in the pulſe of love?
oft for ever, like th' ethereal fire
ro' the ſky to glitter and expire.
it, ye pow'rs! the ſad, the ſolemn day
ave a Dudley to the houſe of Grey:
! when to the altar's foot we came,
ch fond eye confeſs'd the kindling flame;
the prieſt had join'd my hand to thine
ful tremor ſhook the hallow'd ſhrine,
en gloom the ſacred walls array'd,
und the tapers threw an azure ſhade;
nds blew hollow with the voice of pain,
:choes ſigh'd thro' all the fane:
God himſelf that, from th' empyreal ſky,
inauſpicious on the nuptial tie,
tying taught, as prophecies of woe,
rines to tremble, and the wind to blow.
ad thy blood drunk in ſome fell diſeaſe,
ach chill pinion of th' autumnal breeze,
n keen ſun, with all the rage of pain,
l every pulſe, and ſcorch'd up every vein,
iiſh'd Guilford ere he liv'd his ſpan,
een nature, and the fate of man.
s! had my cares but eas'd thy parting breath,
; laſt moment, and the gaſp of death,
'd the dear imperfect ſounds that hung
n each fibre of thy fault'ring tongue,
the fond phrenzies of thy parting ſigh,
the warm drop from each expiring eye;
ut known what many a virtuous pair
om'd to ſuffer, and are doom'd to bear:
)! in thought's wild images to ſee
aries fall, proud infamy! like thee;
nidſt the murmur of a million ſighs,
bre glitter, and the ſcaffold riſe;
my Guilford moving ſadly ſlow
ranks of warriors, and the pomps of woe;
n, while bending o'er his awful bier,
e keen anguiſh of too warm a tear,

A tear that from the warmths of love proceeds,
And melts the huſband while the hero bleeds——
Bleed, did I ſay?—Tear, tear, ye pow'rs of art!
Senſe, nature, memory, from my tortur'd heart:
And thou,—beneath the pole's black mirrage laid,
Oblivion! daughter of the midnight ſhade!
With all thy glooms, and all thy miſts, remove
Each ſweet idea of connubial love:
Hide the dear man whoſe virtues firſt impreſt
Too fond an image on my virgin breaſt;
From all the ſoftneſs of my ſoul efface
His every beauty, and his every grace;
And force that ſoul with patience to reſign
All the dear ties that bound her faſt to thine.
Alas! vain effort of miſguided zeal!
What pow'r can force affliction not to feel!
What ſaint forbid this throbbing breaſt to glow,
This ſigh to murmur, and this tear to flow?
Still honeſt nature lives her anguiſh o'er,
Still the fond woman bleeds at every pore.
Ah! when my ſoul all panting to aſpire,
Each ſenſe enraptur'd, and each wiſh on fire,
On all the wings of heav'n-born virtue flies
To yon bright ſunſhine, yon unclouded ſkies;
Spite of the joys that heav'n and bliſs impart,
A ſofter image heaves within my heart;
Impaſſions nature in the ſprings of life,
And calls the ſeraph back into the wife.
Yet ſay, my Guilford! ſay, why wilt thou move
Theſe idle viſions of deſpairing love;
Why wilt thou ſtill, with every grace and art,
Spread thro' my veins, and kindle in my heart?
O let my ſoul far other tranſports feel,
Wing'd with thy hopes, and warm'd with all thy zeal.
And thou, in yon imperial heav'n enſhrin'd,
Eternal effluence of th' eternal mind!
O grace divine! on this frail boſom ray
One gleam of comfort from the ſource of day.—
She comes, and all my opening breaſt inſpires
With holy ardours, and ſeraphic fires:
Rapt, and ſublime, my kindling withes roll,
A brighter ſunſhine breaks upon my ſoul:
Strong, and more ſtrong the light celeſtial ſhines,
Each thought ennobles, and each ſenſe refines:
Each human pang, each human bliſs retires,
All earth-born wiſhes, and all low deſires,
The pomps of empire, grandeur, wealth decay,
And all the world's vain phantoms fade away.
Riſe, ye ſad ſcenes! ye black ideas riſe,
Riſe, and diſpute the empire of the ſkies:
Ye horrors! come, and o'er my ſenſes throw
Terrific viſions, and a pomp of woe;
Call up the ſcaffold in its dread parade,
Bid the knell echo thro' the midnight ſhade;
Full in my ſight the robe funereal wave,
Swell the loud dirge, and open all my grave:
Yet ſhall my ſoul, all conſcious of her God,
Reſign'd, and ſainted for the bleſt abode,
The laſt ſad horrors of her exit eye,
Without a tremor, and without a ſigh.
Ah, no—while heav'n ſhall leave one pulſe of life,
I ſtill am woman, and am ſtill a wife;
My hov'ring ſoul, tho' rais'd to heav'n by pray'r,
Still bends to earth, and finds one ſorrow there:
There, there, alas! the voice of nature calls,
A nation trembles, and a huſband falls.

O! wou'd to heav'n, I cou'd like Zeno boaſt
A breaſt of marble, and a ſoul of froſt,
Calm as old Chaos, ere his waves begun
To know a zephyr, or to feel a ſun.
Romantic wiſh! for O, ye pow'rs divine!
Was ever miſery, ever grief, like mine;
For ever round me glares a tragic ſcene,
And now the woman bleeds, and now the queen:
Now back to Edward's recent grave convey'd,
Talk with fond phrenzy to his ſpotleſs ſhade;
Now wildly image all his ſiſter's rage,
The baleful fury of the riſing age;
Behold her ſanguinary banners fly
Looſe to the breezes of a Britiſh ſky;
See England's genius quit th' imperial dome
To Spain's proud tyrant, and the ſlaves of Rome;
See all the land the laſt ſad horrors feel
Of cruel creeds, and viſionary zeal.
Mad bigotry her ev'ry ſon inſpires,
Breathes all her plagues, and blows up all her fires,
Points the keen falchion, waves th' avenging rod,
And murders virtue in the name of God.
May He, who firſt the light of heav'n diſplay'd,
The dear redeemer of a world in ſhade,
He who to man the bliſs of angels gave,
Who bled to triumph, and who died to ſave,
Beam all his goſpel, ſacred and divine,
On ev'ry boſom, and on ev'ry ſhrine;
Relieve th' expiring eye, and gaſping breath,
And reſcue nature from the arm of death.
And now reſign'd, my boſom lighter grows,
And hope ſoft-beaming brightens all my woes.
Hark; or deluſion charms, a Seraph ſings,
And choirs to waft us ſpread their ſilver wings;
Th' immortals call, heav'n opens at the ſound,
And glories blaze, and mercy ſtreams around.
Away—ere nature wake her pangs anew,
Friend, father, lover, huſband, ſaint, adieu!
Yet when thy ſpirit, taught from earth to fly,
Spreads her full plume, and gains upon the ſky,
One moment pauſe till theſe dead orbs reſign
The laſt faint beam, and ſpeed my ſoul to thine:
Then, while the prieſt, in hallow'd robes array'd,
Pays the laſt honours to each parting ſhade;
While o'er our aſhes weeps th' attending train,
And the ſad requiem flows along the fane;
Our kindred ſouls ſhall wing th' ethereal way,
From earth and anguiſh to the ſource of day;
To all the bliſs of all the ſkies aſpire,
And add new raptures to th' angelic choir.
And, O! if aught we knew, or left behind,
Can wake one image in the fainted mind;
If yet a friend, a parent, child, can move
Departed ſpirits to a ſenſe of love;
Still ſhall our ſouls a kind connection feel
With England's ſenate, and with England's weal;
And drive from all its ſhores, with watchful care,
The flame of diſcord, and the rage of war.
Perhaps, when theſe ſad ſcenes of blood are o'er,
And Rome's proud tyrant awes the ſoul no more;
When anguiſh throws off all the veils of art,
Bares all her wounds, and opens all her heart;
Our hapleſs loves ſhall grace th' hiſtoric page,
And charm the nations of a future age:
Perhaps ſome bard, whoſe tears have learnt to flow
For injur'd nature, and to feel for woe,
Shall tell the tender melancholy tale
To the ſoft zephyrs of the weſtern vale;
Fair truth ſhall bleſs him, virtue guard his cauſe,
And every widow'd matron weep applauſe.

OF TASTE.

AN ESSAY.

WELL—tho' our paſſions riot, fret, and rave,
Wild and capricious as the wind and wave;
One common folly, ſay whate'er we can,
Has fix'd at laſt the mercury of man;
And rules, as ſacred as his father's creed,
O'er every native of the Thames and Tweed.
Aſk ye what pow'r it is that dares to claim
So vaſt an empire, and ſo wide a fame?
What God unſhrin'd in all the ages paſt?
I'll tell you, friend! in one ſhort word---'tis Taſte;
Taſte that, without or head, or ear, or heart,
One gift of nature, or one grace of art,
Ennobles riches, ſanctifies expence,
And takes the place of ſpirit, worth and ſenſe.
In elder time, ere yet our fathers knew
Rome's idle arts, or panted for Virtù,
Or ſat whole nights Italian ſongs to hear,
Without a genius, and without an ear;
Exalted ſenſe, to warmer climes unknown,
And manly wit was nature's, and our own.
But when our virtues, warp'd by wealth and peace,
Began to ſlumber in the lap of eaſe—
When Charles return'd to his paternal reign,
With more than fifty taylors in his train,
We felt for Taſte—for then obliging France
Taught the rough Briton how to dreſs, and dance;
Politely told him all were brutes, and fools,
But the gay coxcombs of her happier ſchools;
That all perfection in her language lay,
And the beſt author was her own Rabelais.
Hence by ſome ſtrange malignity of fate,
We take our faſhions from the land we hate:
Still ſlaves to her, howe'er her taſte inclines,
We wear her ribbands, and we drink her wines;
Eat as ſhe eats, no matter which or what,
A roaſted lobſter, or a roaſted cat;
And fill our houſes with an hungry train
Of more than half the ſcoundrels of the Seine.
Time was, a wealthy Engliſhman would join
A rich plumb-pudding to a fat ſirloin;
Or bake a paſty, whoſe enormous wall
Took up almoſt the area of his hall:
But now, as art improves, and life refines,
The dæmon Taſte attends him when he dines;
Serves on his board an elegant regale,
Where three ſtew'd muſhrooms flank a larded quail;
Where infant turkeys, half a month reſign'd
To the ſoft breathings of a ſouthern wind,
And ſmother'd in a rich ragout of ſnails,
Outſtink a lenten ſupper at Verſailles.
Is there a ſaint that would not laugh to ſee
The good man piddling with his fricaſſee;

the luxury of taſte to drain
f poiſon, which he calls champagne!
, poor ideot! tho' he dare not ſpeak,
the while for porter, and ox-cheek.
is enough to ſtarve for pomp and ſhow,
, and curſe the clarets of Bourdeaux:
our humour, ſuch our ſkill to hit
ſolly thro' exceſs of wit,
the garden, and we build the ſeat,
ſurdly as we drink and eat.
re aught that nature's hand has ſown
and ripen in her hotteſt zone?
ſhrub which, ere its verdures blow,
he ſuns that beam upon the Po?
flowret whoſe vermillion hue
catch its beauty in Peru?
portal, colonnade, or dome,
of Naples, or the boaſt of Rome?
it here, in ſtorms of wind and hail,
eak boſom of a ſunleſs vale;
like of climate, ſoil, and place,
of nature, and the ſmiles of grace.
all our ſtucco'd walls, Moſaic floors,
windows, and Venetian doors;
io fronts, whoſe Attic wings unfold
laſters tipp'd with leaves of gold;
y cielings, grac'd with gay feſtoons,
ping marbles of our damp ſaloons,
ing'd with citrons, amaranthine bow'rs,
myrtles, and unop'ning flow'rs.
e good Scotſman bids th' anana blow
of cryſtal, or in Alps of ſnow;
s' ſteep extends his wide arcade,
his ſcanty ſunſhine in a ſhade.
ight expect a ſanctity of ſtyle
nd manly in an holy pile,
k an architect extremely odd
a playhouſe for the church of God;
our churches, ſuch the mode that reigns,
an theatres, or Grecian fanes;
oad-arch'd windows to the eye convey
diffuſion of too ſtrong a day;
in the luxury of wanton pride,
n columns languiſh ſide by ſide,
an altar exquiſitively fine,
d laſcivious as a Cyprian ſhrine.
, 'tis true, quite ſick of Rome and Greece,
our models from the wiſe Chineſe:
artiſts are too cool and chaſte,
d'rin only is the man of taſte;
older genius, fondly wild to ſee
a foreſt, and his pond a ſea,
ut——and, whimſically great, deſigns
the ſhackles or of rules or lines.
n his plans, our farms and ſeats begin
h the boaſted villas of Pekin.
hill a ſpire-crown'd temple ſwells,
and with ſerpents, and a fringe of bells:
d balons along our waters ſail,
h a gilded cock-boat at his tail;
ce exotics to the breeze exhale
h' incloſure of a zig-zag rail;
r huts our cows and horſes lie,
are fatted in an Indian ſtye;
ſhelf a Joſs divinely ſtares,
laid on chintzes ſprawl upon our chairs;
While o'er our cabinets Confucius nods,
'Midſt porcelain elephants, and China Gods.
Peace to all ſuch—but you whoſe chaſter fires
True greatneſs kindles, and true ſenſe inſpires,
Or ere you lay a ſtone, or plant a ſhade,
Bend the proud arch, or roll the broad caſcade,
Ere all your wealth in mean profuſion waſte,
Examine nature with the eye of Taſte;
Mark where ſhe ſpreads the lawn, or pours the rill,
Falls in the vale, or breaks upon the hill,
Plan as ſhe plans, and where her genius calls,
There ſink your grottos, and there raiſe your walls.
Without this Taſte, beneath whoſe magic-wand
Truth and correctneſs guide the artiſt's hand,
Woods, lakes, and palaces are idle things,
The ſhame of nations, and the bluſh of kings.
Expence and Vanbrugh, vanity and ſhow,
May build a Blenheim, but not make a Stowe.
But what is Taſte, you aſk, this heav'n-born fire
We all pretend to, and we all admire?
Is it a caſual grace? or lucky hit?
Or the cool effort of reflecting wit?
Has it no law but mere diſguiſed will?
No juſt criterion fix'd to good and ill?
It has——True Taſte, when delicately fine,
Is the pure ſunſhine of a ſoul divine,
The full perfection of each mental pow'r—
'Tis ſenſe, 'tis nature, and 'tis ſomething more.
Twin-born with Genius of one common bed,
One parent bore them, and one maſter bred.
It gives the lyre with happier ſounds to flow,
With purer bluſhes bids fair beauty glow;
From Raphael's pencil calls a nobler line,
And warms, Correggio! every touch of thine.
And yet, tho' ſprung from one paternal flame,
Genius and Taſte are different as their name:
Genius, all ſunbeam, where he throws a ſmile
Impregnates nature faſter than the Nile;
Wild, and impetuous, high as heav'n aſpires,
All ſcience animates, all virtue fires;
Creates ideal worlds, and there convenes
Aerial forms, and viſionary ſcenes.
But Taſte corrects, by one ethereal touch,
What ſeems too little, and what ſeems too much;
Marks the fine point where each conſenting part
Slides into beauty with the eaſe of art;
This bids to riſe, and that with grace to fall,
And bounds, unites, refines, and heightens all.

LIFE UNHAPPY, BECAUSE WE USE IT IMPROPERLY.

A MORAL ESSAY.

I OWN it, Belmour! ſay whate'er we can,
The lot of ſorrow ſeems the lot of man;
Affliction feeds with all her keeneſt rage
On youth's fair bloſſoms, and the fruits of age;
And wraps alike beneath her harpy wings
The cells of peaſants, and the courts of kings.

Yet ſtrive unjuſtly we aſcribe to fate
Thoſe ills, thoſe miſchiefs, we ourſelves create;
Vainly lament that all the joys we know,
Are more than number'd by the pangs of woe;
And yet thoſe joys in mean profuſion waſte,
Without election, and without a taſte:
Careleſs of all that virtue gives to pleaſe,
For though too active, and too mad for eaſe,
We give each appetite too looſe a rein,
Puſh ev'ry pleaſure to the verge of pain;
Impetuous follow where the paſſions call,
And live in rapture, or not live at all.
Hence half the plagues that fill with pain and ſtrife
Each ſofter moment of domeſtic life;
The palſied hand, the viſionary brain,
Th' infected fluid, and the torpid vein;
The ruin'd appetite that loathing ſlights
The richeſt olio of the cook at White's;
The aching impotence of looſe deſire,
A nerveleſs body with a ſoul on fire;
Th' eternal bluſh that lights the cheek of ſhame
For waſted riches, and unheeded fame;
Unhallow'd reveries, low-thoughted cares,
The wiſh that riots, and the pang that tears;
Each awful tear that weeps the night away,
Each heartfelt ſigh of each reflecting day;
All that around the low'ring eye of ſpleen
Throws the pale phantom, and terrific ſcene;
Or, direr ſtill, calls from th' abyſs below
Deſpair's dead genius to the couch of woe,
Where, loſt to health, and hope's all-chearing ray,
As the dead eye-ball to the orb of day,
Pale riot bleeds for all his mad expence
In each rack'd organ, or acuter ſenſe;
Where ſad remorſe beholds in every ſhade
The murder'd friend, or violated maid;
And ſtung to madneſs in his inmoſt ſoul,
Graſps the keen dagger, or empoiſon'd bowl.
Impious it were to think th' Eternal Mind
Is but the ſcourge and tyrant of mankind.
Sure he who gives us ſunſhine, dew, and ſhow'r,
The vine ambroſial, and the blooming flow'r,
Whoſe own bright image lives on man impreſt,
Meant that that being ſhou'd be wiſe and bleſt,
And taught each inſtinct in his heart enſhrin'd
To feel for bliſs, to ſearch it, and to find.
But where's this bliſs, you aſk, this heaven-born fire
We all pretend to and we all admire?
Breathes it in Ceylon's aromatic iſle?
Flows it along the waters of the Nile?
Lives it in India's animated mold,
In rocks of cryſtal, or in veins of gold?
Not there alone, but, boundleſs, unconfin'd;
Spreads thro' all life, and flows to all mankind;
Waits on the winds that blow, the waves that roll,
And warms alike the Equator and the Pole.
For as kind nature thro' the globe inſpires
Her parent warmths, and elemental fires,
Forms the bright gem in earth's unfathom'd caves,
Bids the rich coral bluſh beneath the waves,
And with the ſame prolific virtue glows
In the rough bramble, as the damaſk roſe;
So, in the union of her moral plan,
The ray of bliſs ſhines on from man to man,
Whether in purple, or in ſkins array'd,
He yields the ſceptre, or he plies the ſpade,
Slaves on the Ganges, triumphs on the Rhone,
Hides in a cell, or beams upon a throne.
In vain the man whoſe ſoul ambition fires,
Whom birth ennobles, and whom wealth inſpires,
Imiſts that happineſs for courts was made,
And laughs at every genius of the ſhade.
As much miſtakes the ſage, who fain would prove
Fair pleaſure lives but in his grot and grove.
Each ſcene of life, or open or confin'd,
Alike congenial to its kindred mind,
Alike ordain'd by heav'n to charm or pleaſe
The man of ſpirit and the man of eaſe;
Juſt as our taſte is better or is worſe,
Becomes a bleſſing, or becomes a curſe.
When luſt and envy ſhare the ſoul by turns,
When fear unnerves her, or mad vengeance burns;
When luxury brutes her in the wanton bow'r,
And guilt's black phantoms haunt her midnight hour;
Not all the wealth each warmer ſun provides,
All earth emboſoms, and all ocean hides,
Not all the pomps that round proud greatneſs ſhine,
When ſuppliant nations bow before her ſhrine,
Can eaſe the heart, or ray upon the breaſt
Content's full ſunſhine, and the calm of reſt.
No—all the bliſs that nature feels, or knows,
Of heartfelt rapture, or of cool repoſe,
Howe'er improv'd by wiſdom, and by art,
Lives in ourſelves, and beams but from the heart.
Quite independent of thoſe alien things,
Applauding ſenates, and the ſmiles of kings,
Of empty purſes, or of wealthy bags,
A robe of ermines, or a coat in rags.
Conclude we then that heav'n's ſupreme decree
Gives eaſe and joy to monarchs and to me:
Yet, ſuch the fate of all that man obtains,
Our pleaſure muſt be purchas'd by our pains,
And coſt us every hour ſome ſmall expence,
A little labour, and a little ſenſe.
That heav'n-born bliſs, that ſoul-illumin'd joy,
Which madmen ſquander, and which fools deſtroy,
To half the nations of the globe unknown,
Reflecting wiſdom makes it all her own;
Coolly explores, in every ſcene and ſphere,
What nature wants, what life inherits there;
What lenient arts can teach the ſoul to know
A purer rapture, and a ſofter woe;
What melt her idle vanities away,
And make to-morrow happier than to-day.
Without this cheap, this œconomic art,
This cool philoſophy of head and heart,
A peer's proud boſom, rack'd by pangs and cares,
Feels not the ſplendor of the ſtar he wears:
With it the wretch whom want has forc'd to dwell
In the laſt corner of her chearleſs cell,
In ſpite of hunger, labour, cold, diſeaſe,
Lies, laughs, and ſlumbers on the couch of eaſe.
A coxcomb once in Handel's parlour found
A Grecian lyre, and try'd to make it ſound;
O'er the fine ſtops his aukward fiſt he flings,
And rudely preſſes on th' elaſtic ſtrings:
Awaken'd diſcord ſhrieks, and ſcolds, and raves,
Wild as the diſſonance of winds and waves,
Loud as a Wapping mob at midnight bawls,
Harſh as ten chariots rolling round St. Paul's,
And hoarſer far than all th' ecſtatic race
Whoſe drunken orgies ſtunn'd the wilds of Thrace.

! quoth the ſage, that fine machine
ntains
numbers, and diviner ſtrains;
ch as once could build the Theban wall,
the mountain torrent in its fall:
to wake them, rouze them, and inſpire,
ne finger, and a touch of fire,
ſoul, whoſe all expreſſive pow'rs
nature as ſhe ſinks or ſoars;
t alike to paſſion, time, and place,
rrectneſs into eaſe and grace.
—and, flying o'er each quiv'ring wire,
is right hand, and ſwept it on the lyre.
his touch the lyre began to glow,
d to kindle, and the air to flow,
he murmurs of the falling floods,
the warbles of the vocal woods:
ing paſſions hear, and ſink, and riſe,
ch harmony or ſwells or dies;
e of avarice forgets to move,
rapture fills the breaſt of love;
lifts to heav'n a holier eye,
ding pity heaves a ſofter ſigh.
ts eaſe, amuſement, joy, and fire,
tſelf, as muſic in the lyre;
e the lyre, will all its pow'rs impart,
uch'd and manag'd by the hand of art.
mankind, like Handel's ſool, deſtroy,
ge and ignorance, the ſtrain of joy;
ly will their paſſions roll
ture's fineſt inſtrument, the ſoul:
en of ſenſe, with Handel's happier ſkill,
he taſte, and harmonize the will;
eir affections like his notes to flow,
d too high, nor ever ſunk too low;
y virtue, meaſur'd and refin'd,
e concert of the maſter-mind,
its kindred ſounds, and pours along
rding muſic of the moral ſong.

PRUSSIA.

A POEM.

AKE, Voltaire! with warmth, with rapture raiſe
auding pœan, and the ſong of praiſe:
y Fred'ric mounts the victor's car,
thunders in the front of war?
he defert flies the routed Gaul,
d Vienna ſhakes from wall to wall.
irs me not—thy genius, France! prevails,
: feels but for his own Verſailles!
ret curſes eyes the hero's ſword,
s that virtue which he once ador'd.
all a king whoſe triumphs far exceed
led glories of the Greek and Swede;
e than Cæſar, with a brighter ray
and ſhines imperial Rome away—
hro' ages ſpread his mighty name
a verſe to wait upon his fame?
in loſt her ſpirit, ſoul, and fire?
o patriot who dare touch the lyre?
Yes ——→while I live, thy virtues, prince! ſhall be
For ever ſacred to the muſe, and me.
What tho' I heard but with the vulgar throng,
The laſt, the loweſt of the ſons of ſong,
Thy bold exploits ſhall give my ſoul to glow,
My pulſe to kindle, and my vein to flow;
Exalt my ſpirit, animate my line,
And lend my numbers all the ſtrength of thine.
Now had pale fury drove her iron car
From fields of ſlaughter, and from waſtes of war;
Returning peace led on the vernal year,
Sheath'd the keen ſword, and broke the lifted ſpear,
Wide o'er the world her olive branch diſplay'd,
And call'd the nations to its hallow'd ſhade.
And now the arts, inflam'd with gen'rous ſtrife,
Roſe in the ſoftneſs of domeſtic life;
Exulting labour tam'd the ſtubborn plain,
The ſail of commerce took up all the main,
With bolder wings th' immortal muſes flew,
And ſcience trimm'd her faded wreath anew.
Ambition ſigh'd—for now ſhe heard no more
The war's loud thunder break from ſhore to ſhore;
No more beheld proud monarchs, meanly vain,
Rank'd in her files, or number'd in her train;
Loſt to the glare of life, ſhe lay unbleſt
In the lone cell of ſolitary reſt,
Where ſpleen's pale viſions round her ſlumbers throw
Eternal ſadneſs, and a pomp of woe.
In vain kind nature pours upon her eye
A ſofter ſunſhine, and a richer ſky,
Spreads the wild foreſt, heaves the cloud-topt hill,
Waves in the wood, and flows along the rill:
Woods, wilds, and waters, to her ſenſe decay,
The warblers languiſh on the vocal ſpray;
Unclouded ſuns in heav'n's clear azure ſhde,
And night's black horrors wear a deeper ſhade.
At length arous'd ſhe feels her wonted flame,
Revives, and opens to the voice of fame:
She ſees new triumphs riſing to her view,
And wing'd by rapture, to Vienna flew.
'Twas night—lull'd ſoftly by the weſtern breeze,
Fair Auſtria ſlumber'd on the couch of eaſe:
When as of old the firſt infernal pow'r,
Stole on the ſweets of Eden's nuptial bow'r,
And ſkill'd alike to flatter and deceive,
Crept in a reptile to the ear of Eve;
So now ambition, with a nobler mien,
Approach'd, and whiſper'd thus the ſleeping queen.
"Can'ſt thou, O princeſs! thou, whoſe glory ſpings
From heav'n-born heroes, and a race of kings,
Reſign'd and cool, to yonder Pruſſian yield
Sileſia's ſceptre, and her fruitful field?
Riſe to thy wrongs, aſſert thy injur'd reign,
And bid the ſword of vengeance rage again;
Tear from his hand the empire he has won,
This moment cruſh him, or thou art undone.
Secret and ſtrong, beneath his native fires,
The haughty genius of his ſoul aſpires;
His realms enlarge, his ſails begin to fly
O'er ev'ry ocean of the Polar ſky.
Rich harveſts riſe upon his barren waſte,
His crowded cities are the ſeats of taſte;
Another year's autumnal nſun ſhall ſee
His broad dominions ſtretch from ſea to ſea;

Perhaps ſhall ſee him on th' imperial throne,
Europe enſlav'd, and half the world his own."
Thus ſpoke the fiend, and, with deluſive art,
Breath'd her black ſpirit through Tereſa's heart:
Rapt into future ſcenes ſhe minds no more
The faith ſhe plighted, and the oath ſhe ſwore;
Strong, and more ſtrong, the viſion lives impreſt,
Conqueſt's dread genius takes up all her breaſt;
Paints on her ſoul, in luxury of thought,
Th' ideal glories of a war unfought,
The laurel-wreath, the military ſhow,
The car of triumph, and the captive foe.
And now the queen, unfeeling, falſe, and vain,
Plans the wide ruin of a bold campaign;
Thro' all the North with all her ſpirit raves,
And wakes the nations in their huts, and caves;
With wild barbarians crouds her wanton war;
The ſavage croat, and the fierce huſſar;
Fire's the proud Saxon's ſanguinary vein;
And rouſes all the dæmons of the Seine;
Leagues kings with kings, fills Europe with alarms,
Shakes heav'n and earth, and ſets the world in arms.
O curſt ambition! to each vice allied,
Bégot by miſchief in the womb of pride,
What ills, dread fury! from thy genius flow!
What awful ſcenes of unimagin'd woe!
Before thy footſteps, wrap'd in flames of fire,
Sinks the tall column, and majeſtic ſpire.
Cloſe at thy ſide her ſword fell ſlaughter waves,
'Midſt bleeding piles, and ever-op'ning graves:
The plague behind thee, with her tainted breath,
Sweeps thro' the nations on the wing of death;
Neglected genius in his cell expires,
To other worlds fair liberty retires,
The patriot muſe forgets her voice divine,
Religion leaves her violated ſhrine;
And ev'ry meek-ey'd virtue pines and mourns,
'Midſt falling temples, and ſepulchral urns.
The Pruſſian ſaw at one keen glance from far
The gath'ring tempeſt, and impending war:
He ſaw, and inſtant bids his armies form,
Heads the bold march, and bears upon the ſtorm.
In vain the foreſt big with death extends,
The rampart thunders, and the flood deſcends;
In vain the ſire each open field declines,
Hides in the trench, or lurks within his lines;
He ſtorms the rampart, fords the rapid flood,
Leaps the broad trench, and clears th' enambuſh'd wood;
Now preſſes on, now reins his dread career,
Pours on the van, or ſteals upon the rear;
Marks ev'ry criſis, ſhines in ev'ry ſcene,
And is at once a Marlbro', and Eugene.
At length, in all the pomp of war, advance
Th' imperial eagles with the arms of France;
A mighty hoſt, whoſe awful files contain
The vet'ran warriors of the Marne and Maine.
And will he yet, when nations round him cloſe,
And his thin ranks ſcarce number half his foes;
Will he, ye heav'ns! th' unequal conflict try,
And brave his fate when glory bids him fly?
Ah! aught avails it that immortal fame
Fill'd her fond clarion with her Fred'ric's name?
Avails it aught that juſtice learnt to awe
Miſguided nature from his code of law?
That warm'd, and foſter'd by his genial eye,
Tranſplanted ſcience own'd the Polar ſky?
That Greece and Taſte upon the Baltic ſmil'd,
And new Lyceums open'd in the wild?
Alas! one moment——the bright ſcene is o'er—
He falls——he dies——and Pruſſia is no more.
Yet ſhall not France, in this her bliſsful hour,
Her dream of empire, and her pride of pow'r,
An eaſy, cheap, unbleeding conqueſt know,
Or rear her trophies o'er a flying foe:
For now the monarch, ere he gives the ſign,
Serenely dreadful moves along the line:
The legions, far as each keen glance can fly,
Mark his firm ſtep, and hang upon his eye;
That eye whoſe lightning terror round him flings;
That ſtep which ſeems to thread on thrones, and kings.
At every look thro' all th' embattled van
The pulſe of glory beats from man to man:
The ſoldier kindling at his prince aſpires,
Swells with his hopes, and burns with all his fires;
Yet, 'midſt his ardours, owns a ſofter flame,
And feels for Fred'ric while he feels for fame.
And now the ſun, whoſe orb ſhall ſet in blood,
Faints on the umbrage of the weſtern wood;
The diſtant hills in each horizon fade,
And night comes on in all her gloom and ſhade:
And now the trumpet's animating ſound
Peals on the ear, and ſhakes the field around,
When, as the whirlwind tears its rapid way,
Roots up the rock, and ſweeps the plain away;
Fierce on his foe th' intrepid Pruſſian ſprings,
Drives thro' his van, and breaks into his wings;
Wraps his whole war in one tremendous fire,
And ſees the proweſs of his hoſt expire.
Th' Imperial chiefs no more the ſhock ſuſtain,
Their fainting battle bleeds in ev'ry vein;
France flies impetuous on the wings of fear,
And hungry ſlaughter feeds upon his rear.
Yet, ſtay thee, prince! all-conqueror as thou art,
Indulge the milder virtues of thy heart;
Reſtrain fierce vengeance in her rage of ire,
And let us love the monarch we admire.
All that on earth proud conqueſt gives to ſhine,
All the dread glories of the ſword are thine:
The victor-wreath applauding ſtates decree,
The ſacred pœan only ſwells for thee.
Another toil remains ere yet thy name
Bears the full ſplendor of unclouded fame.
Enjoy that nobler fame—bid diſcord ceaſe,
And lay pale Europe in the lap of peace:
Then ſhall the muſe, who now thy triumph ſings
O'er routed nations, and repenting kings,
With rapture wait thee to thy ſylvan bow'r,
And watch the glories of thy ſofter hour,
When Rome's fine arts beneath thy ſhield ſhall win
A fairer laurel in thy own Berlin;
There fix the ſchool of beauty, and adorn
Worlds unexplor'd, and empires yet unborn.

B I L I T Y,

A MORAL ESSAY.

AT THE VISITATION OF TUNBRIDGE-SCHOOL, MDCCLII.

aid that ere fair virtue learnt to ſigh,
e creſt to libel, and the ſtar to lye,
low'd with all his ſacred fire,
each virtue live along the lyre;
le ſcience to the bleſt abode,
the hero till he ſhone a god.
dern bards, by ſome unhappy fate,
d to flatter ev'ry fool of ſtate,
regardleſs of their heav'n-born flame,
proud greatneſs in the ſhrine of fame;
on vice the wreaths that virtue wove,
to Nero what was due to Jove.
r, ye great! whom birth and titles crown
worth, and glories not your own;
affirm, that all the vain can ſhow,
boaſts of, and all kings beſtow,
wiſhes, all ambition hails,
pports St. James's, and Verſailles,
give diſtinction to a knave,
a lord whom vice has made a ſlave.
times, ere heralds yet enroll'd
ling ruby in a field of gold,
language pain'd the tender ear
, bend, argent, chev'ron, and ſaltier;
alone the bay's bright verdure wore,
ength ſubdu'd the lion or the boar;
rt from rocks could call the mellowing

the vine to laugh along the plain;
ng nature in her moral plan,
the ſavage till he found the man.
he ruſtic hind, and village maid,
he gay ſpring of half its bloom and ſhade;
ual dances grac'd the daiſy-mead,
his triumphs on the oaten reed;
o think him ſprung from yonder ſky,
e turf ſane, and bade the victim die.
key, ſacred as the Koran's page,
ple manners live thro' ev'ry age:
bleſt ſwain, if virtue warms the man,
the genius of the grave Divan;
ut Othman's race, the only proud,
their ſires, and mingle with the croud.
ee champaigns Caprouli's hand diſplay'd
kiſh creſcent on thy walls, Belgrade!
Egypt own'd him for her lord,
bria trembled if he touch'd the ſword:
is glories ſet within his grave,
a Janizary, one a ſlave.
arts, ingenious to extend
r's glories, bid his pomps deſcend;
nge good-nature give his worthleſs ſon
laurels that his virtue won;
the ſame appellatives adorn
hero, and a ſot unborn.
, without bluſhing (ſay whate'er we can)
regard th' eſcutcheon than the man;
to nature and her inſtincts, prize
d or ſpaniel as his talent lies:
rom what paternal blood he roſe,
Bowman only for his noſe.

Say, ſhould you ſee a generous ſteed outfly
The ſwifteſt zephyr of th' autumnal ſky,
Would you at once his ardent wiſhes kill,
Give him the dogs, or chain him to a mill,
Becauſe his humbler fathers, grave, and ſlow,
Clean'd half the jakes of Houndſditch or Soho?
In ſpite of all that in his grandſire ſhone,
An horſe's worth is, like a king's, his own.
If in the race, when length'ning ſhouts inſpire
His bold compeers, and ſet their hearts on fire,
He ſeems regardleſs of th' exulting ſound,
And ſcarcely drags his legs along the ground;
What will 't avail that, ſprung from heav'nly ſeed,
His great foreſathers ſwept th' Arabian mead;
Or dreſs'd in half an empire's purple, bore
The weight of Xerxes on the Caſpian ſhore?
I grant, my lord! your anceſtors outſhine
All that ere grac'd the Ganges, or the Rhine;
Born to protect, to rouſe thoſe godlike fires
That genius kindles, or fair fame inſpires;
O'er humble life to ſpread indulgent eaſe,
To give the veins to flow without diſeaſe;
From proud oppreſſion injur'd worth to ſcreen,
And ſhake alike the ſenate and the ſcene.
And ſee, to ſave them from the wrecks of age,
Exulting ſcience fills her every page,
Fame graſps her trump, the Epic muſe attends,
The lyre re-ecchoes, and the ſong aſcends,
The ſculptor's chiſſel with the pencil vies,
Rocks leap, and animated marbles riſe:
All arts, all pow'rs, the virtuous chiefs adorn,
And ſpread their pomps to ages yet unborn.
All this we own—but if, amidſt the ſhine,
Th' enormous blaze that beams along the line,
Some ſcoundrel peer, regardleſs of his fires,
Purſues each folly, and each vice admires;
Shall we enrol his proſtituted name
In honour's zenith, and the liſts of fame?
Exalted titles, like a beacon, riſe
To tell the wretched where protection lies.
He then who hears unmov'd affliction's cry,
His birth's a phantom, and his name's a lye.
The Egyptians thus on Cairo's ſacred plain,
Saw half their marbles move into a ſane;
The glorious work unnumber'd artiſts ply,
Now turn the dome, now lift it to the ſky?
But when they enter'd the ſublime abode,
They found a ſerpent where they hop'd a god.
Anſtis obſerves, that when a thouſand years
Roll thro' a race of princes, or of peers,
Obliging virtue ſheds her every beam
From ſon to ſon, and waits upon the ſtream.
Yet ſay, ye great! who boaſt another's ſcars,
And think your lineage ends but in the ſtars,
What is this boon of heav'n? Dependent ſtill
On woman's weakneſs, and on woman's will;
Dare ye affirm that no exotic blood
Has ſtain'd your glories ever ſince the Flood?
Might not ſome brawny ſlave, from Afric ſled,
Stamp his baſe image in the nuptial bed?
Might not, in pagan days, your mothers prove
The fire of Phœbus, and the ſtrength of Jove?
Or, more politely to their vows untrue,
Love, and elope, as modern ladies do?
But, grant that all your gentle grandames ſhone
Clear, and unſullied as the noon-day ſun;
Tho' nature form'd them of her chaſteſt mold,
Say, was their birth illuſtrious as their gold?

Full many a lord, we know, has chose to range
Among the wealthy beauties of the 'Change;
Or sigh'd, still humbler, to the midnight gale
For some fair peasant of th' Arcadian vale.
Then blame us not, if backward to adore
A name pollated by a slave or whore;
Since spite of patents, and of king's decrees,
And blooming coronets on parchment-trees,
Some alien stain may darken all the line,
And Norfolk's blood descend as mean as mine.
You boast, my lord! a race with laurels crown'd,
By senates honour'd, and in war renown'd;
Shew then the martial soul to danger bred,
When Poitiers thunder'd, and when Cressy bled;
Shew us those deeds, those heav'n-directed fires,
That ages past saw beaming on your sires,
That freeborn pride no tyrant durst enslave,
That godlike zeal that only liv'd to save.
Dare you, tho' faction bawl thro' all her tribe,
Tho' monarchs threaten, and tho' statesmen bribe,
Feel for mankind, and gallantly approve
All virtue teaches, and all angels love?
Know you the tear that flows o'er worth distrest,
The joy that rises when a people's blest?
Then, if you please, immortalize your line,
With all that's great, heroic and divine;
Explore with curious eye th' historic page,
The rolls of fame, the monuments of age;
Adopt each chief immortal Homer sings,
All Greece's heroes, and all Asia's kings:
If earth's too scanty, search the blest abode,
And make your first progenitor a god:
We grant your claim, whate'er you wish to prove,
The son of Priam, or the son of Jove.
Statesmen and patriots thus to glory rise,
The self born sun that gilds them never dies:
While he ennobled by those gewgaw things,
The pride of patents, and the breath of kings,
Glares the pale meteor of a little hour,
Fed by court sunshine, and poetic show'r;
Then sinks at once, unpitied, and unblest,
A nation's scandal, and a nation's jest.
Nobility had something in her blood,
When to be great was only to be good:
Sublime she sat in virtue's sacred fane,
With all the sister graces in her train.
She still exists, 'tis true, in Grosvenor-Square,
And leads a life, a kind of—as it were————.
And see! self-shelter'd from the world's alarms,
The dying goddess sleeps in Fortune's arms;
Fond luxury attends her soft retreats,
The modest Frazi warbles while she eats;
Arabia's sweets distil at ev'ry pore,
Her flatt'rers soothe her, and her slaves adore;
Indulg'd by all our senates to forget,
Those worst of plagues, a promise and a debt.
Not but there are, amidst the titled crew,
Unknown to all but Collins, and the stew,
Men who improve their heav'n-descended fires,
Rise on their blood, and beam upon their sires;
Men who, like diamonds from Golconda's mine,
Call from themselves the ray that makes them shine.
Pleas'd let me view a Cecil's soul array'd
With all that Plato gather'd in the shade;
Reflect how nobly Radnor can descend
To lose his title in the name of friend;
At Dorset look, and bid Hibernia own
Her viceroy form'd to sit upon a throne;
Admire how innocence can lend to truth
Each grace of virtue, and each charm of youth,
And then enraptur'd bend the suppliant knee
To heav'n's high throne, O Rockingham! for thee.
Let then vain fools their proud escutcheons view,
Allied to half the Incas of Peru;
With every vice those lineal glories stain
That rose in Pharamond, or Charlemagne:
But ye, dear youths! whom chance or genius calls
To court pale wisdom in these hallow'd walls,
Scorn ye to hang upon a blasted name
Another's virtue, and another's fame:
In two short precepts all your business lies—
Wou'd you be great?—Be Virtuous and be Wise.

THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN.

A TALE.

IN elder time when men were chaste,
And women had not got a taste,
It was ordain'd to ease their cares,
The sexes should be link'd in pairs,
And pass the various scenes of life
Known by the names of Man and Wife.
To aid this scheme, so just and wise,
The male had vigour, strength and size:
Undaunted, active, bold, and brave,
And fearless or of wind or wave,
He scal'd the cliff's enormous steep,
He plung'd into the pathless deep,
And dar'd in open war engage
The lion's sanguinary rage.
Woman, as form'd to charm, and please,
Had more of elegance and ease,
A finer shape, a softer mien,
A heart more gentle and serene.
Her smile was sunshine—in her face
Sat sweetness on the throne of grace:
The accents melted from her tongue
In all the harmony of song;
And every glance that left her eye
Was milder than a vernal sky.
As nature now had done her best,
She left to accident the rest.
To accident!—you cry—Why, yes,
Yet think not that she acts by guess.
Events may baffle man's endeavour,
But nature is extremely clever,
And works with so exact a care,
She ne'er miscarries in a hair.
For now, when on a festal day
The sexes met, alert and gay,
And, in their pastimes, sports, and dances,
Had interchang'd some tender glances,
Th' impassion'd heart began to own
A set of instincts yet unknown;
To throb with momentary fires,
And melt away in young desires.
In short, the men began to bow,
To soothe, to ogle, whine, and vow;
To haunt the solitary shade,
And whisper to the village maid.
The village maid, who knew not yet
The breeding of a sly coquette;

ld not, with an artful ſigh,
lern ladies, ſmile, and lye;
t heard her lover's flame,
conſeſt ſhe felt the ſame,
the roſy-finger'd morn
the pearls upon the thorn,
th him, 'midſt her virgin train,
ets dreſt, to Hymen's fane.
ild divinity, ſo ſung
he poets old and young,
on of connubial truth,
r in all the bloom of youth.
ſh gather'd from the buſh,
iblems of the female bluſh,
a wreath ſupremely fair,
ful on his auburn hair;
d ſuſtain'd a torch on fire,
nt of ſoft deſire;
r held in myſtic ſhew
r'd veil of ſaffron line:
flow'd his azure veſt,
ies bled upon his breaſt.
eek-ey'd God an age or ſo
d, and had much to do;
ls his eager vot'ries came,
s never ceas'd to flame:
n off'ring, frank and free,
d him as the marriage fee,
etty toys of ſhells and corals,
rigs of ever blooming laurels,
vls of conſecrated wine,
arly plac'd upon his ſhrine,
s of many a grateful pair
ppy by his guardian care.
nc'd three daemons, fiends, or witches,
n, vanity, and riches,
out one ev'ning bright, and fair,
he a little country air;
old Nick would have it, found
il-enchanting ſpot of ground,
appy huſbands, happy wives,
the moſt delicious lives;
ight reſolv'd to buy, or hire,
t cottage of the 'ſquire.
eame, they ſettled; ſooth'd, careſt,
treated every gueſt,
ith a world of pains and labours,
their ſimple-minded neighbours.
orthy friends! ſays Wealth, behold
ndour of almighty gold!
ineas here, theſe brilliant things,
ear the images of kings,
their little orbs contain
ſure's ever-ſmiling train,
to ev'ry ſwain diſpenſe
irit, virtue, taſte, and ſenſe.
t a fool wou'd wed a Phillis,
nly portion is her lillies?
doom'd, in life's low ſhade,
he mercenary ſpade,
e diſeaſe, whoſe nature ſuch is
s on a pair of crutches,
u to plunder, beg, or ſteal
arity an humble meal;
d your age, for want of victle,
r alms-houſe, or the ſpittle.

VII.

Be wiſe, and, when you mean to wed,
Scorn the fair forms of white and red!
And court the nymph whoſe genial charms,
Rich as the fruits upon her farms,
Will pour upon your daily toil
Abundant floods of wine and oil."
He ſaid—Ambition then began
About the dignity of man;
He rallied all their groves, and ſprings,
And finely talk'd of queens, and kings:
It was, he thought, a want of grace
To mingle with the vulgar race;
For ſouls made up of heav'nly fire
Are form'd by nature to aſpire.
He told them that a well-born wife
Ennobled every joy of life,
Wthout a patent gave her dear
Th' importance of a Britiſh peer;
Perhaps might to a prince ally him,
And make him couſin to old Priam.
While thus the fiends, with wily art,
Adroitly ſtole upon the heart,
And with their complaiſance, and tales,
Had ruin'd more than half the males,
Gay Vanity, with ſmiles, and kiſſes,
Was buſy 'mongſt the maids and miſſes.
"My dears! ſays ſhe, thoſe pretty faces
Speak you the ſiſters of the graces:
Immortal Venus wou'd be vain
To have you in her court, and train.
But ſure, methinks, it ſomething odd is,
That beauties who can match a goddeſs
Shou'd give their more than mortal charms
To a dull ruſtic's joyleſs arms,
A mere unanimated clod,
As much a lover as a God.
O let thoſe eyes, which far outſhine
The brighteſt ſaphires of the mine,
Their precious orbs no longer roll
On fellows without wealth, or ſoul:
But fly, my charmers! fly the wretches,
Dame nature's firſt miſhapen ſketches,
Fly to the world where lords and 'ſquires
Are warm'd with more ethereal fires;
Where pleaſure each gay moment wings,
Where the divine Mingotti ſings:
So ſhall each all-commanding fair
Have her two pages, and a chair,
Fine Indian tiſſues, Mechlin laces,
Rich eſſences in china vaſes,
And riſe on life's exalted ſcene
With all the ſplendor of a queen."
She ſpoke, and in a trice poſſeſt
The empire of the female breaſt:
And now the viſionary maids
Diſdain'd their ſhepherds, and their ſhades;
In every dream with rapture ſaw
Three footmen, and a gilt landau;
Aſſum'd a fine majeſtic air,
And learnt to ogle, ſwim, and ſtare.
No longer beam'd the modeſt eye,
No longer heav'd the melting ſigh.
Neglected Love, whoſe blunted dart
Scarce once a year could wound a heart,
Hung up his quiver on a yew,
And, ſighing, from the world withdrew.

However as the wheel of life
Subſiſted ſtill in man and wife,
Th' aforeſaid fiends, for reaſons good,
Coupled the ſexes as they cou'd.
For inſtance—Women made for thrones
Were match'd with ideots, ſots, and drones;
And wits were every day diſgrac'd
By honeys without ſenſe, or taſte:
Gay libertines of ſixty-five,
With ſcarce a ſingle limb alive,
Had young coquettes juſt in their teens,
As wanton as Circaſſia's queens;
And youths, whoſe years were ſcarce a ſcore,
Were pair'd with nymps of ſixty-four.
Matters, in ſhort, were ſo contriv'd,
The men were moſt divinely wiv'd;
The women too, to grace their houſes,
Were bleſt with moſt accompliſh'd ſpouſes.
In two ſhort months, perhaps in one,
Both ſexes found themſelves undone,
And came in crouds, with each an halter,
To hang poor Hymen on his altar.
The God, tho' arm'd but with his torch,
Intrepid met them in the porch:
And, while they hector, brawl, and bully,
Harangu'd them with the eaſe of Tully.
"Good folks! ſays he, it gives me pain
To hear you murmur, and complain,
When every barber in the town
Knows that the fault is all your own.
Seduc'd by ſhow, miſled by wealth,
Regardleſs of your peace, and health,
Panting for feathers, whims, and faſhions,
You left plain nature's genuine paſſions,
And gave up all your real joys,
As Indians ſell their gold for toys.
You, madam! who was pleas'd to fix
Your wiſhes on a coach and fix,
Obtain'd your end, and now you find
Your huſband ought to ride behind;
You might have had, without offence,
A man of ſpirit, ſoul, and ſenſe,
Wou'd you have ſtoop'd to take the air
In a plain chariot and a pair.
You too, my venerable ſage!
Had you reflected on your age,
Wou'd ſcarce have took, to be undone,
A ſprightly girl of twenty-one.
Your ladyſhip diſdain'd to hear
Of any huſband but a peer;
Was pleas'd your angel-form to barter
For a blue ribbon and a garter:
And now, magnificently great,
You feel the wretchedneſs of ſtate;
Neglected, injur'd, ſpurn'd, and poor,
The victim of an opera whore.
Your neighbour there, the wealthy cit,
Like you is miſerably bit:
Too proud too drag the nuptial chain
With the grave nymphs of Foſter-lane,
He married, ſuch his fatal aim was,
A lady Charlotte, from St. James's;
And now ſupports, by ſcores, and dozens,
His very honourable couſins,
And entertains, with wine and cards,
Half the gay colonels of the guards!
Away, ye trifiers! bear, endure
Afflictions which ye cannot cure;
At leaſt with decency conceal
The pangs your follies make you feel,
In hopes that ſome obliging fever
Will eaſe you of your dears for ever."
The crowd diſmiſs'd—the God began
To muſe upon a better plan:
He ſaw that things grew worſe and worſe,
That marriage was become a curſe;
And therefore thought it juſt and wiſe was
To rectify this fatal bias,
And in a taſteleſs world excite
Due rev'rence for his holy rite.
Full of his ſcheme he went one day
To a lone cottage in a ſhaw,
Where dwelt a nymph of ſtrong and ſhrewd ſenſe,
Known by the name of Gammar Prudence,
Whom Hymen, with a bow and buſs,
Addreſs'd moſt eloquently thus.
"Goody! I've order'd Love to go
This evening to the world below;
He travels in a coach and ſparrows,
With a new ſet of bows and arrows:
But yet the rogue's ſo much a child,
So very whimſical, and wild,
His head has ſuch ſtrange fancies in it,
I cannot truſt him half a minute.
Were I to let the little wanton
Rove as he lifts thro' every canton,
Without a check, without a rein,
The world would be undone again—
We ſoon ſhou'd ſee the lawns and groves
Quite fill'd with zephyrs, ſighs, and doves,
With am'rous ditties, fairy dances,
Such as we read of in romances;
Where princes haunt the lonely rocks,
And dutcheſſes are feeding flocks.
Go then, my venerable dame!
And qualify his idle flame;
Inſtruct thoſe hearts his arrows hit,
To pauſe, and have a little wit:
Bid them reflect, amidſt their heat,
'Tis neceſſary Love ſhould eat;
That in his moſt ecſtatic billing
He poſſibly may want a ſhilling.
Perſuade them, ere they firſt engage,
To ſtudy temper, rank, and age,
To march beneath my holy banners,
Congenial in their taſtes and manners,
Completing, juſt as heav'n deſign'd,
An union both of ſex and mind."
He ſaid—he preſs'd—the matron maid,
Benevolent of heart, obey'd;
Forſook her ſolitary grove,
And, waiting in the train of Love,
Watch'd with the ſober eye of truth
The workings of miſguided youth:
And when the heart began to ſigh,
To melt, to heave, to bleed, to die,
She whiſper'd many a wiſe remark,
With all the dignity of Clark—
She hop'd the ladies, in their choice,
Would liſten to her awful voice:
She begg'd the men, while yet their lives
Were free from fevers, plagues, and wives,
Ere yet the chariot was beſpoke,
To pauſe before they took the yoke.—
In ſhort, when Cupid's lucky darts
Had pierc'd a pair of kindred hearts,

ody Prudence lik'd the houses,
and minds, of both the spouses,
nd, exact to form and law,
lement without a flaw,
kly gave them leave to wed,
ctify'd the nuptial bed.
vent was such, the God became
ul in his trade, and fame;
the parties, on their marriage,
d in temper, sense, and carriage;
ndship ray'd on either breast
shine of content, and rest.
each other's will to please,
s'd with affluence and ease,
t vexation, words or strife,
lmly walk'd the road of life;
appy in their fondest joys,
ne group of girls and boys,
ng, lively, cool, and sage,
upon a future age.

THE

ITY OF HUMAN ENJOYMENTS:

AN ETHIC EPISTLE

TO THE

HON. GEORGE LYTTELTON, ESQ. ERWARDS LORD LYTTELTON, ONE OF LORDS OF HIS MAJESTY'S TREASURY, CXLIX.

NT it, Lyttelton! that ease, or joy,
ns ev'ry wish that glows beneath the sky;
hen, 'mid nature's elemental strife,
nighty spoke the Chaos into life,
nt that man, of ev'ry good possest,
like his Seraphs, live but to be blest.
spite of heav'n, and heav'n's supreme de-
cree,
dly wander, truth! from bliss, and thee;
s of all that virtue gives to please,
ught too active, and too mad for ease;
ng exquisite, alive all o'er,
'ry passion wing'd at ev'ry pore;
soft breeze, or vig'rous blast resign'd,
eeps the ocean of the human mind,
our anchors, spread the impatient sail,
our oars, and drive before the gale.
e, as opinion wakes our hopes or fears,
e inspirits, or as anger tears,
n the wings of moonstruck madness fly
h the meteors of ambition's sky;
in pale wisdom's humbler garb array'd,
he soft genius of the myrtle shade;
others, as the plastic atoms pour
illiant visions on each killing hour,
epter'd life and all its pomps retire,
like Phaeton, the world on fire.
he same man, in one revolving sun,
aims at, all he longs to shun;
y delusion shares his breast by turns,
r'rice chills him, or with grandeur burns:
To-day the gilded shrines of honour move,
To-morrow yields his ev'ry pulse to love;
Now mad for wisdom, now for wit, and sport,
This hour at Oxford, and the next at court:
Then, all for purity, he bids adieu
To each loose goddess of the midnight stew,
Enraptur'd hangs o'er Sherlock's labour'd page,
Drinks all his sense, and glows with all his rage,
Till some enormous crimes, unknown before,
From Rome imported, or the Caspian shore,
Nurs'd by thy hand, great Heidegger! attend,
And sink him to a mohock, or a fiend.
In one short space thus wanton, sober, grave,
A friend to virtue, yet to vice a slave,
From wish to wish, in life's mad vortex tost,
For ever struggling, yet for ever lost,
The fickle wand'rer lives in ev'ry scene,
A Clark, a Chartres, or an Aretine.
There are, 'tis true, plebeian souls array'd
In one thick crust of apathy, and shade,
Whose dull sensoriums feel not once an age
A spirit brighten, or a passion rage.
As the swift arrow skims the viewless wind,
No path indented, and no mark behind,
So these, without or infamy or praise,
Tread the dull circle of a length of days,
To some poor sepulchre in silence glide,
And scarcely tell us that they liv'd, or died.
Peace to all such—but he whose warm desires
Or genius kindles, or ambition fires;
Who, like a comet, sweeps th' aerial void
Of wit and fame, too fine to be enjoy'd;
For him the muse shall wake her ev'ry art,
Exhibit truth, and open all the heart,
Display th' unnumber'd ills that hourly wait
The cells of wisdom, or the rooms of state:
Then, as o'er life's unfolding scenes we fly,
Bid all his wishes pant but for the sky.
Heroic glory in the martial scene,
From Rome's first Cæsar to the great Eugene,
Has long engross'd the poet's heav'n-born flame,
And pour'd her triumphs thro' that trump of fame:
She mounts the neighing steed, th' imperial car,
Grasps the pale spear, and rushes to the war;
Beneath her steps earth's trembling orb recedes,
A Poitiers thunders, and a Cressy bleeds;
The battle raves——around her sabre flow
Terrific Pleasures, and a pomp of woe;
Pomps ever lost in Peace, and but ador'd
When half a nation smokes upon her sword.
Fly then, ye Genii! from the tumult fly,
To all that opens in a rural sky:
There, as the vale, the grove, the zephyrs pour
Each purer rapture on the guiltless hour,
From ev'ry shrub content's soft foliage glean,
And rise the Platos of the vernal scene.
And is it so? Does science then possess
Alone the godlike privilege to bless?
Will fame her wreaths to moral wisdom yield,
And give the pen to blaze above the shield?
Say, does fair bliss delight in Maudlin's grove,
In Stanhope's villa, or in Young's alcove?
Deigns she on Secker's modest page to shine?
Or beams the goddess, Lyttelton! on thine?
Ask at yon tomb, where Cudworth's mighty name
Weeps o'er the ruins of his wit, and fame;

Cudworth, whoſe ſpirit flew, with ſails unfurl'd,
Thro' each vaſt empire of th' ideal world,
Pierc'd thro' the myſtic ſhades o'er nature thrown,
And made the ſoul's immenſity his own.
Yet tho' his ſyſtem wit and ſcience fir'd,
Tho' Wilmot trembled, and tho' Hobbes expir'd,
Miſtaken zeal, mad bigotry conſpire,
All Turner's dulneſs, and all Oxford's fire,
All envy's poiſons, all a nation's rage,
And all hell's imps to blaſt th' unfiniſh'd page.
Much-injur'd ſhade, to truth, to virtue dear,—
Be calm, ye witlings! and, ye zealots! hear:
And, while this bright intelligence pervades
Th' ideal world, and riſes o'er the ſhades,
His mines of wiſdom; if you can, explore;
Then ſhut the volume, and be vain no more.
Genius, and Taſte, alas! too often prove
The worſt of miſchiefs to the wretch they love;
Born but to vex, to torture, to deſtroy,
Too wild for uſe, too exquiſite for joy;
By ſome myſterious curſe ordain'd to know
Each wit a rival, and each fool a foe.
For 'tis a crime too great to be forgiv'n,
A giant ſin that bars the gate of heav'n,
If theſe meridian ſuns but dare to ſhine
In the ſame orb with Cibber's muſe and mine.
Yet, ſpite of envy, ſcience might be great;
Could ſcience but allow her ſons to eat:
Could he, whoſe name along the ſtream of time
Expanded flies, and lives, in ev'ry clime,
Exalt his ſpirits with ſome nobler fare
Than the thin breezes of St. James's air.
Immortal Halley! thy unwearied ſoul
On wiſdom's pinion flew from pole to pole,
Th' uncertain compaſs to its taſk reſtor'd,
Each ocean fathom'd, and each wind explor'd,
Commanded trade with ev'ry breeze to fly,
And gave to Britain half the Zemblian ſky.
And ſee, he comes, diſtinguiſh'd, lov'd, careſt,
Mark'd by each eye, and hugg'd to ev'ry breaſt;
His godlike labours wit and ſcience fire,
All factions court him, and all ſects admire:
While Britain with a gratitude unknown
To ev'ry age but Nero's and our own,
A gratitude that will for ever ſhame
The Spartan glory, and th' Athenian name—
Tell it, ye winds! that all the world may hear—
Bleſt his old age with—ninety pounds a year.
Are theſe our triumphs? theſe the ſums we give
To ripen genius, and to bid it live?
Can Britain, in her fits of madneſs pour
One half her Indies on a Roman whore,
And ſhall permit the weeping muſe to tell
How poor neglected Deſaguliers fell?
How he, who taught two gracious kings to view
All Boyle ennobled, and all Bacon knew,
Died in a cell, without a friend to ſave,
Without a guinea, and without a grave?
Poſterity, perhaps, may pay the debt
That ſenates cancel, and that courts forget:
Yet, ah! what boots it when our bards expire,
That earth's laſt ages hang upon the lyre?
Can Middleton the duſt of Tully raiſe?
Does Pompey liſten in his urn to praiſe?
Tell me if Philip's ſon enjoy to-day
Th' applauding pæan or the loud huzza,
That ſhook pale Aſia thro' her ev'ry ſhore
When Porus fell, and freedom was no more?

Yet tho' content's fantaſtic image flies
From the bright mirrors of the learn'd and wiſe;
Perhaps the fair, too partial to the great,
Lives but amidſt the luxuries of ſtate:
Fond to inſtruct ambition how to pleaſe,
She joins the pomps of majeſty with eaſe,
Forſakes the cottage to adorn the court,
Alike at Rome, Vienna, or the Porte.
Tell me, O Viſier! if th' imperial robe
That gives a ſlave to nod o'er half the globe,
Say, if yon creſcent, by each Turk ador'd,
The plume's proud fables, and the hallow'd ſword,
Expand the heart, the gleams of bliſs refine,
And make the virtues of the boſom thine?
Ill-fated wretch! to ev'ry ſtorm a ſlave
That caprice wings, or madneſs bids to rave;
For ever jealous of a woman's pow'r,
For ever trembling at the midnight hour,
Thro' life's wild eddies toſs'd by hope and fear,
Rais'd by a ſmile, and murder'd by a tear!
At length, each wiſh deſtroy'd, each viſion fled,
The black ſeraglio ſteals upon his bed:
And he, whoſe glories mingled with the ſkies,
Adores the bowſtring, licks the duſt, and dies.
O! could a king in heav'ns bright pomps appear,
And make an angel as he makes a peer;
Could he command the heart to beam as far
As the ſoft radiance of the ducal ſtar;
Forbid one ſad anxiety to glow,
One pang to torture, and one tear to flow:
Fly then on all the whirlwinds rapid wing,
To ſteal a title, or to bribe a ſtring;
In the full blaze of glory be diſplay'd,
And leave affliction to the vale and ſhade.
Yet, ere you go, ere proud ambition call
Each yielding wiſh to Marli, or Whitehall,
O pauſe—left virtue ev'ry guard reſign,
And the ſad fate of Ripperda be thine.
This glorious wretch, indulg'd at once to move
A nation's wonder, and a monarch's love,
Bleſt with each charm politer courts admire,
The grace to ſoften, and the ſoul to fire,
Forſook his native bogs with proud diſdain,
And, tho' a Dutchman, roſe the pride of Spain.
This hour the pageant waves th' imperial rod,
All Philip's empire trembling at his nod;
The next diſgrac'd he flies to Britain's iſle,
And courts the ſunſhine of a Walpole's ſmile:
Unheard, deſpiſ'd, to ſouthern climes he ſteers,
And ſhines again at Sallé, and Algiers,
Bids pale Morocco all his ſchemes adore,
And pours her thunder on th' Heſperian ſhore:
All nature's ties, all virtue's creeds belied,
Each church abandon'd, and each God denied,
Without a friend, a ſepulchre to ſhield
His carcaſe from the vultures of the field,
He dies, of all ambition's ſons the worſt,
By Afric hated, and by Europe curſt.
"He earns his fate who will for phantoms toil,"
Exclaims the goddeſs of the mirthful ſmile.
"From wild ambition, with her every care,
The ſcenes of grandeur, and the pomps of war,
From all a court's proud pageantry admires,
All ſcience wiſhes, and all glory fires,
Fly to my arms, from fame, from anguiſh free,
And taſte a luxury of bliſs with me.
For me the genial ſpring, the vernal ſhow'r,
Wake the bright verdure, and th' unfolding flow'r;

'weets in all thy moments fly,
ıyr's plumage, and the wing of joy,
er viand that the air provides,
:h unboſoms, or that ocean hides,
:an nature's finer organs move,
'rs of muſic, and the folds of love,
een ſenſes are indulgent giv'n,
ild extaſy of life and heav'n
, yet, dear youth! the fair enchantreſs
ıun,
a moment is to be undone:
's poiſons mingle with her breath,
s of ſickneſs, and the gales of death,
to ruin, lives but to beguile,
ell's horrors brood beneath her ſmile."
hus, my Lyttelton! that men purſue
ied mode of pleaſure but the true;
vice, each luxury a prey,
ırders bliſs, and hurries life away,
adſtrong paſſions after phantoms run,
miſtake a meteor for a ſun.
:ar, ye wand'rers! hear, while we impart
hat ſheds fair peace on ev'ry heart;
Ariſtides! beam'd on thy exile;
le a Regulus 'mid tort'res ſmile.
, immortal virtue! born to pleaſe,
ı of heaven, and the ſource of eaſe,
y bliſs on human life attend,
rank a kind, a faithful friend;
nature 'midſt the ſcenes of toil,
; languor's cheek, and bids fell want
:coil;
om the mitre with unſullied rays,
the creſt, and gives the ſtar to blaze;
diſtinction, ſpreads ambition's wings,
ints of queens, and demigods of kings;
, oppreſſion, envy, ſcorn prevails,
:es a cottage greater than Verſailles.

T AND LEARNING:

AN ALLEGORY.

IOEVER looks on life will ſee
How ſtrangely mortals diſagree:
obates what That approves,
n diſlikes what Harry loves;
ier's witty on the ſailor,
er drolls upon the taylor;
who make the nation's wills;
at the doctor and his pills.
iis antipathy we find
e ſons of earth confin'd;
ool-boy ſees, with half an eye,
rels of the Pagan ſky:
ıe poets fairly tell us,
s themſelves are proud and jealous;
l, like mortals, ſwear, and hector,
ellow'd with a cup of nectar.
aving theſe, and ſuch like fancies,
t with in th' Greek romances,
ll th' hiſtoric muſe retail
allegoric tale.

Nor ſtole from Plato's myſtic tome, nor
Tranſlated from the verſe of Homer;
But copied, in a modern age,
From nature, and her faireſt page.
Olympian Jove, whoſe idle trade is
Employ'd too much among the ladies,
Tho' not of manners mighty chaſte;
Was certainly a god of taſte;
Would often to his feaſts admit
A deity, whoſe name was Wit;
And, to amuſe the more diſcerning;
Would aſk the company of Learning.
Learning was born, as all agree;
Of Truth's half-ſiſter, Memory;
A nymph who rounded in her ſhape was
By that great artiſt Eſculapius.
Euphroſine, the younger grace;
Matchleſs in feature, mien, and face,
Who like the beauties of theſe late days,
Was fond of operas, and cantatas,
Would often to a grot retire
To liſten to Apollo's lyre;
And thence became, ſo Ovid writ,
A mother to the god of wit.
Wit was a ſtrange unlucky child,
Exceeding ſly, and very wild;
Too volatile for truth, or law,
He minded but his top, or taw;
And, ere he reach'd the age of ſix;
He play'd a thouſand waggiſh tricks. ——
He drill'd a hole in Vulcan's kettles,
He ſtrew'd Minerva's bed with nettles,
Climb'd up the ſolar car to ride in't,
Broke off a prong from Neptune's trident,
Stole Amphitrite's fav'rite ſea-knot,
And urin'd in Aſtrea's tea-pot.
Learning, a lad of ſober mien,
And half a pedant at fifteen,
Had early thrown away his corals,
To ſtudy nature and her morals;
Was always, let who would oppoſe it,
Faſt by Minerva in her cloſet;
And while gay Wit, as black as ſoot all,
Was kicking up and down a foot-ball,
Learning, with philoſophic eye;
Rang'd ev'ry corner of the ſky;
Spent many a play-day to unriddle
The muſic of Apollo's fiddle;
And, if he ever chanc'd to meet
His uncle Merc'ry in the ſtreet,
Or on his flight, the audacious brat
Stopp'd him to aſk of this or that:
As how the moon was evaneſcent,
Was now an orb, and now a creſcent?
Why of the graces each undreſt was?
Why Pallas never wore a ceſtus?
Why Ceres reign'd o'er corn and ballads?
And why the muſes dealt in ballads?
With theſe diſcordant taſtes and manners,
And liſted under diff'rent banners,
Learning and Wit, as ſays the fable,
Appear'd at Jove's imperial table,
And threw out all their force and fire,
Obedient to th' etherial ſire.
Wit, with his ſly ſatyric vein,
Was always ſure to entertain:
He rallied with a tongue as keen
As Rab'lais, or the Iriſh Dean;

And told his tale with ſuch a grace,
With ſuch an eye, and ſuch a face,
As made the nectar flow each cup o'er,
And ſet the Synod in an uproar.
Learning had not the ſkill to hit
The comic caſt, and life of Wit:
With look moroſe, and aukward air,
He ſat ungraceful in his chair;
With diffidence and bluſhes ſpoke,
And had no reliſh for a joke;
So that the little urchin Cupid
Thought him inſenſible, and ſtupid;
And Hebe, tho' a well-bred laſs,
Would ſcarcely offer him his glaſs.
However, when the ſprightly bowl
Had thaw'd the ice about his ſoul,
He then, with majeſty, began
To talk of letters and of man;
Correct, ſententious, cool, ſevere,
He gain'd upon the attentive ear,
Charm'd all the Gods, but Wit, and Comus,
And that abuſive cynic, Momus.
In length of time, as oft the caſe is
In many ſublunary places,
Theſe demigods with jealous eye
Began to look a little ſhy;
And oft, to wound each other's breaſt,
Let off a keen ſarcaſtic jeſt.
Learning, with many a ſtroke, would hit
The pert vivacity of Wit;
And Wit threw all his keeneſt ſatire
On Learning's ſlow, pedantic nature.
It happen'd once when Jove had made
A feaſt in Ida's holy ſhade,
And all the Gods, whoſe heads could bear it,
Had emptied each a flaſk of claret;
Wit, who from his celeſtial liquor
Wagg'd his free tongue a little quicker,
Began, with many a bitter ſcoff,
To play his brother Learning off;
Aſk'd him if yet his pains and care
Had learned to make the circle ſquare?
If all his viſionary ravings
Cou'd weave brocade from walnut ſhavings?
If his mechanic ſkill cou'd catch
Perpetual motion in a watch?
Or forge a pendulum endued
With power to tell the longitude?
Learning had much ado to ſit,
And hear the petulance of Wit:
A gaſtly paleneſs ſpread his look,
His nerves with quick convulſions ſhook:
At length, in accents loud and high,
Veſuvius flaming in his eye,
He burſt——"And dar'ſt thou, wayward chit!
Thou ideot God of ideot Wit!
Untaught as yet to know thy letters,
Affront, thou inſolent! thy betters?
Here, puppy! with this penny get
A horn-book, or an alphabet;
And ſee if that licentious eye
Can tell a great A from an I?
Throw but another jeſt on me,
I'll lay thee, miſcreant! on my knee,
And print ſuch welks thy naked ſeat on,
As never truant felt at Eton.
Wit, with reſentment raving wild,
Thus call'd an ideot and a child,
Without preambles, or excuſes,
Seiz'd upon Mercury's caduceus,
And with ſuch force the weapon throws,
It flattened half his rival's noſe:
While he, Minerva's boaſt, and care,
Pluck'd a large bodkin from her hair,
And aim'd the ſteely pointed dart
With ſuch dexterity of art,
That, had not beauty's lovely queen,
Fair Venus, ſpread her fan between,
And taught the flying death to fix
Guiltleſs among the iv'ry ſticks,
Wit's future triumphs had been o'er,
And Europe heard his name no more.
Jove, who had no ſupreme delight in
Domeſtic brawls, or civil fighting,
Since firſt he heard the nuptial tune flow
So ſweetly from the tongue of Juno,
Vex'd that theſe two illiberal gueſts
Should dare to violate his feaſts,
In a tremendous fit of choler,
Seiz'd both their worſhips by the collar,
And, minding not their meek ſubmitting,
Kick'd them from Ida down to Britain.
Poor Learning had the luck to fall
Plump in the area of Clare-hall,
Juſt as old Wilcox, from a ſlope,
Was gazing thro' his teleſcope,
To find a comet whoſe bright tail is
Eccentric from the time of Thales.
Pleas'd with his ſcientific look,
He ſent him firſt to Sam the cook;
And having fill'd his empty belly
With mutton-broth, and meagre jelly,
Gave him a robe of ſleek prunella,
And very wiſely made him fellow.
Wit, as his deſtiny decrees,
Dropp'd in the court of Common-Pleas,
Upon a truſs of briefs and bills,
And took the ſhape of juſtice-Willes:
But ſoon obſerving round the columns
Reports in half a thouſand volumes;
And, finding all thoſe earth-worm ſouls
Who hold th' exchequer, or the rolls,
He left the law, and all its drudges,
With curſes, to my lords the judges,
Call'd for a coach, and went to dwell
At Robin Dodſley's in Pall-Mall.
'Twas right—for now where-e'er he came
He buſied all the tongues of fame;
Was welcome to the feſtal board,
And had his footman, and his lord;
Would often viſit in a chair
The noble Stanhope in May-fair;
Or dine, when buſineſs would permit,
With that great ſtateſman William Pitt.
'Tis ſaid too he was ſometimes ſeen
On Garrick's viſionary ſcene:
But Garrick, who prefers a guinea
To all the eloquence of Pliny,
Obſerving this unlucky railer
Was neither mechaniſt nor taylor;
That half the audience of the day
Came not to hear, but ſee, a play;
That many a ſquire, and many a cit,
Were pleas'd with any thing but Wit;
Shut out, with much indecent rage,
The genius of the comic ſtage,

his theatric inn
ouch, and Harlequin.
would ſometimes drop his gown,
winter-jaunt to town;
d in at Hitch's ſhop,
at Dolly's on a chop;
lay met the grave reſort
erchants in Crane-court,
cockle, or to ſee
ifection of a flea:
never chanc'd to wear
or a ſolitaire,
g in a kerſey, thicker
which cloaths a Corniſh vicar,
had the luck to eat
y-ſquare, or Groſvenor-ſtreet.
written in the book of fate,
s ſhould each other hate;
r then that each proud imp was
rd here as on Olympus.
d on Learning, as he grew great,
lon looks on Newgate:
rning, who could never hide
y academic pride,
keen contempt for Wit,
im nothing but the chit;
e met him at noon-day,
n his face another way.
r on ſome feſtal nights
they both dropp'd in at White's
'd lords, and noble bards,
no appetite for cards,
decide whene'er they met
s truths without a bet.
rivacity of tongue
admiring ear along;
active, wild, and free as
when ſhe breeds ideas,
each undiſcover'd part
and the worlds of art,
ght with ſuch a nice decorum
f images before him,
, yet ſo uncommon,
a glow of tints upon 'em,
as ſpirit, force, and ſenſe,
he zone of negligence;
truth's fair handmaid nature,
y as the ſting of ſatire.
earning ſat oppreſs'd;
m flew the taunt and jeſt:
juſt remarks he made,
onſtrate, or perſuade,
ome ſly malicious comment,
or routed in a moment.
when a pauſe appear'd,
reaſon could be hear'd,
all his thunder riſes,
is rival's thin diſguiſes;
ere his miſconceiving ſenſe
roundleſs conſequence,
error for a wonder,
ration for a blunder,
; a deluſive ſcent got,
e very thing he meant not.
er all, ſince mirth and drinking
above ſedater thinking,
ing got a world of praiſe,
ſplendour to his bays,

Their lordſhips, frighten'd at th' expence
Of liſt'ning to exalted ſenſe,
And deeming that the taint of knowledge
Would make the coffee-houſe a college,
Determin'd in a full committee,
That man's great end was to be witty:
And therefore order'd, every ſoul,
Wit ſhou'd be enter'd on the roll,
And be allow'd, to raiſe his vein,
A weekly preſent of champaigne;
That if proud Learning ſhould preſume
To ſet his foot within the room,
Arthur ſhould ſhew him to the door,
And bid the pedant come no more.
Learning thus kick'd from ev'ry palace,
And left a victim to the gallows,
Began to ſee that ſkill in letters
Would ne'er advance him with his betters;
That tho' he led them thro' the dark
With all the lights of Locke and Clarke,
And made his heart, and head, and eyes ach
With reading nature, and Sir Iſaac,
Yet all that wiſdom could not be
Priz'd like a lively repartee:
He therefore, in a gloomy fit,
Reſolv'd to ſet up for a Wit;
But found, alas! howe'er he dreſt her,
That ſcience was a wretched jeſter;
That tho' he jok'd from moon to moon,
He made a very dull buffoon;
For all his jocular narrations
Smelt of his algebra equations,
And came upon the tortur'd ear
Stiff as the periods of Dacier.
Wit, too, whoſe excellence and merit
Was mere vivacity of ſpirit,
Obſerving that your graver folk
Had little value for a joke,
Would needs, in nature's bold defiance,
Mount the tremendous chair of ſcience;
And dar'd to argue pro and con
As gravely as the grave Sorbonne:
But wanting all that fine diſcerning
Which marks the character of Learning,
And all the elemental rules
Of erudition, and the ſchools,
The gay profeſſor oft miſtook
Alike his queſtion and his book;
Dropp'd a conundrum out of ſeaſon,
And jeſted when he ought to reaſon.
Thus on the world's wild billows toſt,
And half their moments idly loſt,
Tir'd of applauſe, and ſick of ſtrife,
They each reſolv'd to take a wife.
Learning, who often went to ſee
Lady Anne Bentinck at her tea,
Met there a maid as fair as chaſte,
In life's full bloom, whoſe name was Taſte.
'Twas then his heart began to move
With the firſt tender throb of love,
And often heav'd, it knew not why,
With ſomething ſofter than a ſigh.
He gaz'd, he bluſh'd, he courted, preſt,
And was at length completely bleſt:
For ſhe, who had not learnt to doat
On folly in a ſcarlet coat,
To learning's bliſsful arms reſign'd
Her graceful form, and lovely mind.

Wit too, when paſt the fire of youth,
Was married to the veſtal, Truth;
A nymph whoſe awful air and mien
Diſplay'd the beauty, and the queen.
Tradition tells us, Hymen ſwore
That, till this bright auſpicious hour,
There never in his holy houſe was
So fine a group of noble ſpouſes;
For both the bridegrooms, on their marriage,
Improv'd in temper, ſenſe, and carriage.
Learning, his charming wife to pleaſe,
Aſſum'd her elegance and eaſe;
And Wit, to humour Truth agreed
To pauſe, to doubt, reflect, and read.
In ſhort, they led delicious lives,
Belov'd, and honour'd by their wives;
And, happy in their nuptial duties,
Each had a progeny of beauties,
Matchleſs in feature, form, and parts,
Diſtinguiſh'd by the name of Arts.

A

FATHER'S EXTEMPORE CONSOLATION

ON THE

DEATH OF TWO DAUGHTERS,

WHO LIVED ONLY TWO DAYS.

LET vulgar ſouls endure the body's chain,
Till life's dull current ebbs in ev'ry vein,
Dream out a tedious age ere, wide diſplay'd,
Death's blackeſt pinion wraps them in the ſhade.
Theſe happy infants, early taught to ſhun
All that the world admires beneath the ſun,
Scorn'd the weak bands mortality could tie,
And fled impatient to their native ſky.
Dear precious babes!—Alas! when, fondly wild,
A mother's heart hung melting o'er her child,
When my charm'd eye a flood of joy expreſs'd,
And all the father kindled in my breaſt,
A ſudden paleneſs ſeiz'd each guiltleſs face,
And death, tho' ſmiling, crept o'er ev'ry grace.
Nature! be calm—heave not th' impaſſion'd ſigh,
Nor teach one tear to tremble in my eye.
A few unſpotted moments paſs'd between
Their dawn of being, and their cloſing ſcene:
And ſure no nobler bleſſing can be giv'n,
When one ſhort anguiſh is the price of heav'n.

THE

ANTIQUARIANS.

A TALE.

SOME Antiquarians, grave, and loyal,
Incorporate by charter royal,
Laſt winter, on a Thurſday night, were
Met in full ſenate at the Mitre.
The preſident, like Mr. Mayor,
Majeſtic took the elbow chair,
And gravely ſat in due decorum
With a fine gilded mace before him.
Upon the table were diſplay'd
A Britiſh knife without a blade,
A comb of Anglo-Saxon ſeal,
A patent with king Alfred's ſeal,
Two ruſted mutilated prongs,
Suppos'd to be St. Dunſtan's tongs,
With which he, as the ſtory goes,
Once took the devil by the noſe.
Awhile they talk'd of ancient modes,
Of manuſcripts, and Gothic codes,
Of Roman altars, lamps, and urns,
Of Caledonian ſhields, and churns:
Whether the druid ſlipt or broke
The miſletoe upon the oak;
If Hector's ſpear was made of aſh?
Or Agamemnon wore a ſaſh?
If Cleopatra dreſs'd in blue,
And wore her treſſes in a queue?
At length a dean who underſtood
All that had paſs'd before the Flood,
And could in half a minute ſhew ye
A pedigree as high as Noah,
Got up, and with a ſolemn air
(Firſt humbly bowing to the chair)
"If aught, ſays he, deſerves a name
Immortal as the roll of fame,
This venerable group of ſages
Shall flouriſh in the lateſt ages,
And wear an amaranthine crown
When kings and empires are unknown.
Perhaps e'en I, whoſe humbler knowledge
Ranks me the loweſt of your college,
May catch from your meridian day
At leaſt a tranſitory ray:
For I, like you, thro' ev'ry clime,
Have trac'd the ſtep of hoary Time,
And gather'd up his ſacred ſpoils
With more than half a century's toils.
Whatever virtue, deed, or name,
Antiquity has left to fame,
In every age, and every zone,
In copper, marble, wood, or ſtone,
In vaſes, flow'r-pots, lamps, and ſconces,
Intaglios, cameos, gems, and bronzes,
Theſe eyes have read thro' many a cruſt
Of lacker, varniſh, greaſe, and duſt;
And now, as glory fondly draws
My ſoul to win your juſt applauſe,
I here exhibit to your view
A medal fairly worth Peru,
Found, as tradition ſays, at Rome,
Near the Quirinal Catacomb."
He ſaid, and from a purſe of ſatin,
Wrapp'd in a leaf of monkiſh Latin,
And taught by many a claſp to join,
Drew out a dirty copper coin.
Still as pale midnight when ſhe throws
On heav'n and earth a deep repoſe,
Loſt in a trance too big to ſpeak,
The Synod ey'd the fine antique;
Examin'd ev'ry point, and part,
With all the critic ſkill of art;
Rung it alternate on the ground
In hopes to know it by the ſound;
Applied the tongue's acuter ſenſe
To taſte its genuine excellence,

h an animated guſt
p the conſecrated ruſt:
content with what the eye
wn ſun-beams cou'd deſcry,
corner of the braſs
ipp'd a microſcopic glaſs;
w'd in raptures o'er and o'er
is of the learned ore.
goras, the learned ſage,
may read in Pliny's page,
uch of thought, and pains, and care,
he proportions of a ſquare,
hrew him in ſuch frantic fits
ſt robb'd him of his wits,
ide him, awful as his name was,
ked thro' the ſtreets of Samos.
e ſame ſpirits doctor Romans,
civilian of the Commons,
Pythagoras to claim
eath of literary fame,
in a phrenzy from his place
the table and the mace,
ore by Varro's ſhade that he
'd the medal to a T.
igs, ſays he, ſo pure, and chaſte,
s ſo claſſical a taſte,
e may fix its native home
y in imperial Rome.
ſcal, Time, whoſe hand purloins
cience half her kings and coins,
t, you ſee, one half the tale,
d the other in a veil:
thro' cankers, ruſt, and fetters,
en forms, and broken letters,
itic's eye may dare to trace
neſcent name, and face,
ajur'd medal will appear,
d-day ſunſhine, bright and clear.
male figure on a throne
lic work in Tibur' ſtone,
ut a ſandal, zone, or boddice,
rty's immortal goddeſs;
ſacred fingers ſeem to hold
r wand perhaps of gold:
has, if I miſtake not, on it
ſleus, or Roman bonnet:
s the medaliſt would mean
int that fine domeſtic ſcene,
the firſt Brutus nobly gave
eedom to the worthy ſlave."
en a ſpectator 'as got the jaundice,
bject, or by ſea, or land, is
our'd by a yellow hue,
naturally red, or blue.
was the caſe with ſquire Thynne,
riſter of Lincoln's Inn,
never lov'd to think or ſpeak
y thing but ancient Greek.
diſputes his ſacred guide was
ery venerable Suidas;
tho' he never deign'd to look
lkeld, Littleton, or Coke,
liv'd a ſtranger to the fees
practice of the Common-Pleas;
udied with ſuch warmth, and awe,
volumes of Athenian law,
Solon's ſelf not better knew
legiſlative plan he drew;

Nor cou'd Demoſthenes withſtand
The rhet'ric of his wig, and band;
When, full of zeal, and Ariſtotle,
And fluſter'd by a ſecond bottle,
He taught his orator to ſpeak
His periods in correcter Greek.
"Methinks, quoth he, this little piece
Is certainly a child of Greece:
Th' Ærugo has a tinge of blue
Exactly of the Attic hue;
And if the taſte's acuter feel
May judge of medals as of veal,
I'll take my oath the mould and ruſt
Are made of Attic dew and duſt.
Critics may talk, and rave, and foam,
Of Brutus and imperial Rome;
But Rome, in all her pomp and bliſs,
Ne'er ſtruck ſo fine a coin as this.
Beſides, tho' Time, as is his way,
Has eat th' inſcription quite away,
My eye can trace divinely true,
In this dark curve a little Mu:
And here, you ſee, there ſeems to lie
The ruins of a Doric Xi.
Perhaps, as Athens thought, and writ
With all the pow'rs of ſtyle, and wit,
The nymph upon a couch of mallows
Was meant to repreſent a Pallas;
And the baton upon the ore
Is but the olive-branch ſhe bore."
He ſaid—but Swinton full of fire,
Aſſerted that it came from Tyre:
A moſt divine antique he thought it,
And with an empire wou'd have bought it.
He ſwore the head in full profile was
Undoubtedly the head of Belus;
And the reverſe, tho' hid in ſhade,
Appear'd a young Sidonian maid,
Whoſe treſſes, buſkins, ſhape, and mien,
Mark'd her for Dido at ſixteen;
Perhaps the very year when ſhe was
Firſt married to the rich Sichæus,
The rod, as he cou'd make it clear,
Was nothing but a hunting-ſpear,
Which all the Tyrian ladies bore,
To guard them when they chac'd the boar.
A learned friend, he could confide on,
Who liv'd full thirty years at Sidon,
Once ſhew'd him, 'midſt the ſeals and rings
Of more than thirty Syrian kings,
A copper piece, in ſhape, and ſize,
Exactly that before their eyes,
On which, in high relief, was ſeen
The image of a Tyrian queen;
Which made him think this other dame
A true Phœnician, and the ſame.
The next, a critic, grave, and big,
Hid in a moſt enormous wig,
Who in his manner, mien, and ſhape was
A genuine ſon of Eſculapius,
Wonder'd that men of ſuch diſcerning
In all the abſtruſer parts of learning,
Cou'd err, thro' want of wit, or grace,
So ſtrangely in ſo plain a caſe.
"It came, ſays he, or I will be whipt,
From Memphis in the Lower Egypt.
Soon as the Nile's prolific flood
Has fill'd the plains with ſlime and mud,

All Egypt in a moment ſwarms
With myriads of abortive worms,
Whoſe appetites would ſoon devour
Each cabbage, artichoke, and flow'r,
Did not ſome birds, with active zeal,
Eat up whole millions at a meal,
And check the peſt while yet the year
Is ripening into ſtalk, and ear.
This bleſſing, viſibly divine,
Is finely pourtray'd on the coin;
For here this line, ſo faint and weak,
Is certainly a bill, or beak;
Which bill, or beak, upon my word,
In Hieroglyphics mean a bird,
The very bird whoſe num'rous tribe is
Diſtinguiſh'd by the name of Ibis.
Beſides, the figure with the wand,
Mark'd by a ſiſtrum in her hand,
Appears, the moment ſhe is ſeen,
An Iſis, Egypt's boaſted queen.
Sir, I'm as ſure, as if my eye
Had ſeen the artiſt cut the die,
That theſe two curves, which wave, and float thus,
Are but the tendrils of the Lotus,
Which, as Herodotus has ſaid,
Th' Egyptians always eat for bread."
He ſpoke, and heard, without a pauſe,
The riſing murmur of applauſe;
The voice of admiration rung
On ev'ry ear from ev'ry tongue:
Aſtoniſh'd at the lucky hit,
They ſtar'd, they deify'd his wit.
But ah! what arts by fate are tried
To vex, and humble human pride!
To pull down poets from Parnaſſus,
And turn grave doctors into aſſes!
For whilſt the band their voices raiſe
To celebrate the Sage's praiſe,
And echo thro' the houſe convey'd
Their pæans loud to man and maid;
Tom, a pert waiter, ſmart, and clever,
A droit pretence who wanted never,
Curious to ſee what caus'd this rout,
And what the doctors were about,
Slyly ſtepp'd in to ſnuff the candles,
And aſk whate'er they pleas'd to want elſe.
Soon as the Synod he came near,
Loud diſſonance aſſail'd his ear;
Strange mingled ſounds, in pompous ſtyle,
Of Iſis, Ibis, Lotus, Nile:
And ſoon in Romans' hand he ſpies
The coin, the cauſe of all their noiſe.
Quick to his ſide he flies amain,
And peeps, and ſnuffs, and peeps again.
And tho' antiques he had no ſkill in,
He knew a ſixpence from a ſhilling;
And, ſpite of ruſt, or rub, cou'd trace
On humble braſs Britannia's face.
Soon her fair image he deſcries,
And, big with laughter, and ſurpriſe,
He burſt——"And is this group of learning
So ſhort of ſenſe, and plain diſcerning,
That a mere halfpenny can be
To them a curioſity?
If this is your beſt proof of ſcience,
With wiſdom Tom claims no alliance?
Content with nature's artleſs knowledge,
He ſcorns alike both ſchool and college."
More had he ſaid—but, lo! around
A ſtorm in ev'ry face he found:
On Romans' brow black thunders hung,
And whirlwinds ruſh'd from Swinton's tongue;
Thynne lightning flaſh'd from ev'ry pore,
And reaſon's voice was heard no more.
The tempeſt ey'd, Tom ſpeeds his flight,
And, ſneering, bids 'em all good night;
Convinc'd that pedantry's allies
May be too learn'd to be wiſe.

END OF CAWTHORN'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS OF WILLIAM COLLINS.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

Selim; or the Shepherd's Moral. Scene, a Valley near Bagdat. Time, the Morning.

YE Perſian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how ſhepherds paſs their golden days.
Not all are bleſt, whom fortune's hand ſuſtains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell!
'Tis virtue makes the bliſs, where'er we dwell.
Thus Selim ſung, by ſacred truth inſpir'd;
Nor praiſe, but ſuch as truth beſtow'd, deſir'd:
Wiſe in himſelf, his meaning ſongs convey'd
Informing morals to the ſhepherd maid;
Or taught the ſwains that ſureſt bliſs to find,
What groves nor ſtreams beſtow, a virtuous mind.
When ſweet and bluſhing, like a virgin bride
The radiant morn reſum'd her orient pride,
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on their flowers, and bears their ſweets away:
By Tigris' wandering waves he ſat, and ſung
This uſeful leſſon for the fair and young.
Ye Perſian dames, he ſaid, to you belong,
Well may they pleaſe, the morals of my ſong:
No fairer maids, I truſt, than you are found,
Grac'd with ſoft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your loves ſupplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you thoſe flowers her fragrant hands beſtow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not theſe, all beauteous as they are,
The beſt kind bleſſings heav'n can grant the fair!
Who truſt alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boaſt but the worth Baſſora's pearls diſplay;
Drawn from the deep we own their ſurface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no luſtrous light:
Such are the maids, and ſuch the charms they boaſt,
By ſenſe unaided, or to virtue loſt.
Self-flattering ſex! your hearts believe in vain
That love ſhall blind, when once he fires the ſwain;
Or hope your lover by your faults to win,
As ſpots on ermin beautify the ſkin:
Who ſeeks ſecure to rule, be firſt her care
Each ſofter virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender paſſion man delights to find,
The lov'd perfections of a female mind!
Bleſt were the days, when wiſdom held her reign,
And ſhepherds ſought her on the ſilent plain;
With Truth ſhe wedded in the ſecret grove,
Immortal Truth, and daughters bleſs'd their love.
O haſte, fair maids! ye Virtues come away,
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy ſhrub for you ſhall love our ſhore,
By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.
Loſt to our fields, for ſo the Fates ordain,
The dear deſerters ſhall return again.
Come thou, whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprings are clear,
To lead the train, ſweet Modeſty, appear:
Here make thy court amidſt our rural ſcene,
And ſhepherd-girls ſhall own thee for their queen.
With thee be Chaſtity, of all afraid,
Diſtruſting all, a wife ſuſpicious maid;
But man the moſt—not more the mountain doe
Holds the ſwift faulcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breaſt, like flowers that drink the dew,
A ſilken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild deſires amidſt thy train be known,
But Faith, whoſe heart is fix'd on one alone:
Deſponding Meekneſs with her downcaſt eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender ſighs;
And Love the laſt: by theſe your hearts approve,
Theſe are the virtues that muſt lead to love.
Thus ſung the ſwain; and ancient legends ſay,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
The ſhepherds lov'd, and Selim bleſs'd his ſong.

ECLOGUE II.

Haſſan: or the Camel-driver. Scene, the Deſert. Time, Mid-day.

IN ſilent horror o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt:

One cruiſe of water on his back he bore,
And his light ſcrip contain'd a ſcanty ſtore:
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his ſhaded face from ſcorching ſand.
The ſultry ſun had gain'd the middle ſky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beaſts, with pain, their dusty way purſue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With deſperate ſorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice ſigh'd, thrice ſtruck his breaſt, and thus began:
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
Ah! little thought I of the blaſting wind,
The thirſt, or pinching hunger, that I find!
Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall Thirſt aſſuage,
When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage?
Soon ſhall this ſcrip its precious load reſign;
Then what but tears and hunger ſhall be thine?
Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more bleſt, or verdant vales beſtow:
Here rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands are found,
And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around.
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
Curſt be the gold and ſilver which perſuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outſhines the ſilver ſtore,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the deſert brown,
To every diſtant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the ſea:
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin ſo attractive made,
Or why fond man ſo eaſily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleaſure's ſong?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold,
Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
O ceaſe, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd ſcenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the duſt I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rouz'd, he ſcours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tigers in his train:
Before them death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
At that dead hour the ſilent aſp ſhall creep,
If aught of reſt I find, upon my ſleep:
Or ſome ſwoln ſerpent twiſt his ſcales around,
And wake to anguiſh with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wiſe contented poor,
From luſt of wealth, and dread of death ſecure!
They tempt no deſerts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reaſon rules the mind.
"Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
"When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
O, hapleſs youth! for ſhe thy love hath won,
The tender Zara will be moſt undone!
Big ſwell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When faſt ſhe dropt her tears, as thus ſhe ſaid:
"Farewell the youth whom ſighs could not detain,
"Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
"Yet as thou go'ſt, may every blaſt ariſe
"Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!
"Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'ſt thou ſee,
"No griefs endure, nor weep, falſe youth, like me."
O, let me ſafely to the fair return,
Say with a kiſs, ſhe muſt not, ſhall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to loſe its fears,
Recall'd by Wiſdom's voice, and Zara's tears.
He ſaid, and call'd on heaven to bleſs the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

Abra; or, the Georgian Sultana. Scene, a Foreſt. Time, the Evening.

IN Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are ſeen,
In diſtant view along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall foreſts caſt a longer ſhade,
What time 'tis ſweet o'er fields of rice to ſtray,
Or ſcent the breathing maize at ſetting day;
Amidſt the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra ſung the pleaſing cares of love.
Of Abra firſt began the tender ſtrain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn ſhe came thoſe willing flocks to lead,
Where lillies rear them in the watery mead;
From early dawn the live-long hours ſhe told,
Till late at ſilent eve ſhe penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the ſecret ſhade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers ſhe made:
* Gay-motley'd pinks and ſweet jonquils ſhe choſe,
The violet blue that on the moſs-bank grows;
All-ſweet to ſenſe, the flaunting roſe was there:
The finiſh'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.
Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to ſtray,
By love conducted from the chace away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her ſong,
And ſought the vales and echoing groves among:
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet ſtill her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as ſhe went, ſhe backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other ſcenes remove,
To richer ſcenes of golden power and love!

* That theſe flowers are found in very great abundance in ſome of the provinces of Perſia, ſee the modern hiſtory of Mr. Salmon.

Go leave the ſimple pipe, and ſhepherd's ſtrain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
Yet midſt the blaze of courts ſhe fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the ſhady grove:
Still with the ſhepherd's innocence her mind
To the ſweet vale, and flowery mead inclin'd;
And oft as ſpring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his ſoft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With ſure return ſhe ſought the ſylvan ſcene,
The breezy mountains, and the foreſts green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all rural in her hand:
Some ſimple lay, of flocks and herds they ſung;
With joy the mountain and the foreſt rung.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of ſtate, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the ſhades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or ſought the vale where firſt his heart was fir'd:
A ruſſet mantle, like a ſwain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and buſy courts no more.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
Bleſt was the life, that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
The ſimple ſhepherd-girl can love as well.
Let thoſe who rule on Perſia's jewel'd throne,
Be fam'd for love, and gentleſt love alone;
Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
O happy days! the maids around her ſay;
O haſte, profuſe of bleſſings, haſte away!
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

ECLOGUE IV.

Agib and Secander; or, the Fugitives. Scene, a Mountain in Circaſſia. Time, Midnight.

IN fair Circaſſia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each ſwain was bleſt, for every maid was kind;
At that ſtill hour, when aweful midnight reigns,
And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And paſt in radiance through the cloudleſs ſky;
Sad o'er the dews, two brother ſhepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and deſperate ſorrow led:
Faſt as they preſt their flight, behind them lay
Wild ravag'd plains, and vallies ſtole away.
Along the mountain's bending ſides they ran,
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

O ſtay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and ſurvey,
Trace our ſad flight through all its length of way!
And firſt review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already paſt with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whoſe dangerous path we try'd!
And laſt this lofty mountain's weary ſide!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapleſs muſt thou know
The toils of flight, or ſome ſeverer woe!
Still as I haſte, the Tartar's ſhouts behind,
And ſhrieks and ſorrows load the ſaddening wind:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blaſts our harveſts, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence firſt in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
Far fly the ſwains, like us, in deep deſpair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whoſe bleſſings tempt the ſword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'ſt thy Perſian lord!
In vain thou court'ſt him, helpleſs, to thine aid,
To ſhield the ſhepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtleſs indolence reſign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleaſure ſoothe his mind,
'Midſt fair ſultanas loſt in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet theſe green hills, in ſummer's ſultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the ſight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by maids and ſhepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins ſhall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's ſhady grove,
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the ſweets of Aly's flowery vale:
Fair ſcenes! but, ah! no more with peace poſſeſt,
With eaſe alluring, and with plenty bleſt.
No more the ſhepherd's whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind product of a bounteous year!
No more the date, with ſnowy bloſſoms crown'd!
But ruin ſpreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circaſſia boaſts her ſpicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain ſhe boaſts her faireſt of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languiſh, and their golden hair!
Thoſe eyes in tears their fruitleſs grief muſt ſend;
Thoſe hairs the Tartar's cruel hand ſhall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian ſwains, that piteous learn from far
Circaſſia's ruin, and the waſte of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and ſtaffs prepare,
To ſhield your harveſts, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like deſigns purſue,
Fix'd to deſtroy, and ſtedfaſt to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deſerts bred,
By luſt incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and waſting flames the way;
Yet none ſo cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurſt in ſcenes of woe.
He ſaid; when loud along the vale was heard
A ſhriller ſhriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
Th' affrighted ſhepherds, through the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

ODES,

DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

ODE TO PITY.

O Thou, the friend of man aſſign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When firſt Diſtreſs, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waſte his deſtin'd ſcene,
His wild unfated foe!

By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy ſky-worn robes of tendereſt blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Iliſſus' diſtant ſide,
Deſerted ſtream, and mute?
Wild * Arun too has heard thy ſtrains,
And Echo, 'midſt my native plains,
Been ſooth'd by Pity's lute.

There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed
On gentleſt Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was ſhewn;
And while he ſung the female heart,
With youth's ſoft notes unſpoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, my fancy's aid,
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride deſign:
Its ſouthern ſite, its truth complete
Shall raiſe a wild enthuſiaſt heat,
In all who view the ſhrine.

There pictur's toil ſhall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliſs prevail:
The buſkin'd Muſe ſhall near her ſtand,
And ſighing prompt her tender hand,
With each diſaſtrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of paſſion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waſte the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a Britiſh ſhell!

* A river in Suſſex.

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
With all its ſhadowy ſhapes is ſhewn;
Who ſeeſt appall'd th' unreal ſcene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near.
I know thy hurried ſtep, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I ſtart, like thee diſorder'd fly,
For, lo, what monſters in thy train appear!
Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mold
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm,
Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep:
And with him thouſand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And thoſe, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preſide;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghaſtly train can ſee,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earlieſt Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muſe addreſt her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her aweful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard * who firſt invok'd thy name,
Diſdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's ſteel.

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
Who left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary ſteps to trace,
Where thou and furies ſhar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' inceſtuous Queen †
Sigh'd the ſad call her ſon and huſband heard,
When once alone it broke the ſilent ſcene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy withering power inſpir'd each mournful line,

* Æſchylus. † Jocaſta.

Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the ſcene are thine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who ſuch weary lengths haſt paſt,
Where wilt thou reſt, mad nymph, at laſt?
Say, wilt thou ſhroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in ſome hollow'd ſeat,
'Gainſt which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning ſeamen's cries in tempeſts brought!
Dark power, with ſhuddering meek ſubmitted thought,
Be mine to read the viſions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told.
And, leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghoſts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou, whoſe ſpirit moſt poſſeſt
The ſacred ſeat of Shakeſpeare's breaſt!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions ſpoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypreſs wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

O Thou, by Nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and ſweetly ſtrong:
Who firſt on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliеſt child,
Thy babe, and Pleaſure's, nurs'd the powers of ſong!
Thou, who with hermit heart
Diſdain'ſt the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
But com'ſt a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaſte, unboaſtful nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd ſtore
On Hybla's thymy ſhore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her, whoſe love-lorn woe,
In evening muſings flow,
Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephiſus deep,
Who ſpread his wavy ſweep,
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,
On whoſe enamel'd ſide,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O ſiſter meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy ſober aid and native charms infuſe!
The flowers that ſweeteſt breathe,
Though beauty cull'd the wreathe,
Still aſk thy hand to range their order'd hues.
While Rome could none eſteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureate band;
But ſtaid to ſing alone
To one diſtinguiſh'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The paſſions own thy power,
Love, only Love, her forceleſs numbers mean:
For thou haſt left her ſhrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bleſs the ſervile ſcene.

Though taſte, though genius bleſs
To ſome divine exceſs,
Faint's the cold work till thou inſpire the whole;
What each, what all ſupply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canſt raiſe the meeting ſoul!

Of theſe let others aſk,
To aid ſome mighty taſk,
I only ſeek to find thy temperate vale:
Where oft my reed might ſound
To maids and ſhepherds round,
And all thy ſons, O Nature, learn my tale.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

AS once, if not with light regard,
I read aright the gifted Bard,
(Him whoſe ſchool above the reſt
His loveliеſt Elfin queen has bleſt)
One, only one unrival'd fair *,
Might hope the magic girdle wear,
At ſolemn tournay hung on high,
The wiſh of each love-darting eye;
Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unſeen, ſome hovering hand,
Some chaſte and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
With whiſper'd ſpell had burſt the ſtarting band,
It left unbleſt her loath'd diſhonour'd ſide;
Happier hopeleſs fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divineſt name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The ceſt of ampleſt power is given,
To few the god-like gift aſſigns,
To gird their bleſt prophetic loins,
And gaze her viſions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.
The band, as fairy legends ſay,
Was wove on that creating day,
When he who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented ſky, this laughing earth,
And dreſt with ſprings, and foreſts tall,
And pour'd the main engirting all,

* Florimel. See Spenſer, Leg. 4.

Long by the lov'd enthuſiaſt woo'd,
Himſelf in ſome diviner mood,
Retiring, ſate with her alone,
And plac'd her on his ſapphire throne,
The whiles, the vaulted ſhrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to ſound,
Now ſublimeſt triumph ſwelling;
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And ſhe, from out the veiling cloud,
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy ſubject life was born!
The dangerous paſſions kept aloof,
Far from the ſainted growing woof:
But near it ſate ecſtatic Wonder,
Liſtening the deep applauding thunder:
And Truth, in ſunny veſt array'd,
By whoſe the Tarſol's eyes were made;
All the ſhadowy tribes of Mind,
In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted powers,
Who feed on heaven's ambroſial flowers.
Where is the Bard, whoſe ſoul can now
Its high preſuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him deſign'd?
High on ſome cliff, to heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude acceſs, of proſpect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous ſteep,
Strange ſhades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its ſprings unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
An Eden, like his own, lies ſpread.
I view that oak, the fancied glades among.
By which a Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh ſpher'd in heaven its native ſtrains could hear:
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung;
Thither oft his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle ſhades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aſpiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding ſteps purſue;
In vain—Such bliſs to one alone,
Of all the ſons of ſoul was known,
And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturn'd th' inſpiring bowers,
Or curtain'd cloſe ſuch ſcene from every future view.

ODE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

HOW ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt,
By all their country's wiſhes bleſt!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom ſhall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O Thou, who ſit'ſt a ſmiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and aweful ſide,
Gentleſt of ſky-born forms, and beſt ador'd:
Who oft with ſongs, divine to hear,
Win'ſt from his fatal graſp the ſpear,
And hid'ſt in wreaths of flowers his bloodleſs ſw
Thou who, amidſt the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy boſom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who ſinks to groun
See Mercy, ſee, with pure and loaded hands
Before thy ſhrine my country's genius ſtands,
And decks thy altar ſtill, though pierc'd with a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,
And ruſh'd in wrath to make our iſle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy ſweet abode,
O'er took him on his blaſted road,
And ſtopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage a
I ſee recoil his ſable ſteeds,
That bore him ſwift to ſavage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O Maid, for all thy love to Britain ſhown,
Where Juſtice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roſeate bower.
Thou, thou ſhalt rule our queen, and ſhare monarch's throne!

ODE TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

WHO ſhall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in ſolemn ſounds to life,
The youths, whoſe locks divinely ſpreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in ſullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue ſhedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
What new Alceus, fancy bleſt,
Shall ſing the ſword in myrtles dreſt,
At Wiſdom's ſhrine a while its flame conce
(What place ſo fit to ſeal a deed renown'd?)
Till ſhe her brighteſt lightnings round reveal
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her pron wound!

oddeſs, in that feeling hour,
moſt its ſounds would court thy ears,
not my ſhell's miſguided power,
aw thy ſad, thy mindful tears.
:dom, no, I will not tell,
me, before thy face,
vieſt ſound, a giant-ſtatue, fell,
y a wild and artleſs race,
its wide ambitious baſe,
ime his northern ſons of ſpoil awoke,
l the blended work of ſtrength and grace,
nany a rude repeated ſtroke,
y a barbarous yell, to thouſand fragments
te.

EPODE.

2.

n where'er the leaſt appear'd,
iring world thy hand rever'd;
idſt the ſcatter'd ſtates around,
nnants of her ſtrength were ſound;
v by what eſcap'd the ſtorm,
ndrous roſe her perfect form;
the great, the labour'd whole,
ghty maſter pour'd his ſoul;
y Florence, ſeat of art,
her vines preſerv'd a part,
', whom ſcience lov'd to name,
o could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
, an humbler relic laid
is Piſa's olive ſhade!
ll Marino joins the theme,
leaſt, not laſt in thy eſteem;
louder ſtrike th' ennobling ſtrings
:, whoſe merchants ſons were kings:
, who, deck'd with pearly pride,
a weds his green-hair'd bride:
t of glory, wealth, and pleaſure,
t me change this Lydian meaſure:
r her former pride relate,
Liguria's bleeding ſtate.
! more pleas'd thy haunts I ſeek,
l Helvetia's mountains bleak:
, when the favour'd of thy choice,
ing archer heard thy voice;
om his eyrie rouz'd in dread,
'ening eagle northward fled.)
ll in willow'd meads more near,
oſe * to whom thy ſtork is dear:
vhom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
crown a Britiſh queen refus'd!
gick works, thou feel'ſt the ſtrains,
lier name alone remains;
rfect ſpell ſhall then avail,
lymph, ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

the meaſure vaſt of thought,
rks, the wizard Time has wrought!

The Gaul, 'tis held of antique ſtory,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverſe ſtrand, *
No ſea between, nor cliff ſublime and hoary,
He paſs'd with unwet feet through all our land.
To the blown Baltic then, they ſay,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfiſh mountains round-
ing;
Till all the banded weſt at once 'gan riſe,
A wild wide ſtorm ev'n Nature's ſelf confounding,
Withering her giant ſons with ſtrange uncouth
ſurprize.
This pillar'd earth ſo firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was puſh'd aſide,
And down the ſhouldering billows borne.
And ſee, like gems, her laughing train,
The little iſles on every ſide,
Mona †, once hid from thoſe who ſearch the main,
Where thouſand elfin ſhapes abide,
And Wight who checks the weſtering tide,
For thee conſenting heav'n has each beſtow'd,
A fair attendant on her ſovereign pride:
To thee this bleſt divorce ſhe ow'd,
For thou haſt made her vales thy lov'd, thy laſt
abode!

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis ſaid, an hoary pile,
'Midſt the green navel of our iſle,
Thy ſhrine in ſome religious wood,
O ſoul-enforcing Goddeſs, ſtood!
There of the painted natives' feet
Were wont thy form celeſtial meet:
Though now with hopeleſs toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place;
Whether the fiery-treſſed Dane,
Or Roman's ſelf o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what heav'n-left age it fell,
'T were hard for modern ſong to tell.
Yet ſtill, if truth thoſe beams infuſe,
Which guide at once, and charm the Muſe,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light embroider'd ſky:
Amidſt the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous model ſtill remains.
There happier than in iſlands bleſt,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe dreſt,

e Dutch, amongſt whom there are very ſe-
nalties for thoſe who are convicted of killing
d. They are kept tame in all their towns,
ticularly at the Hague, of the arms of which
ake a part. The common people of Holland
to entertain a ſuperſtitious ſentiment, that if
ole ſpecies of them ſhould become extinct,
ould loſe their liberties.

* This tradition is mention'd by ſeveral of our old hiſtorians. Some naturaliſts too have endeavour'd to ſupport the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correſpondent diſpoſition of the two oppoſite coaſts. I do not remember that any poetical uſe has been hitherto made of it.

† There is a tradition in the Iſle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamour'd of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walk'd on the ſhore, and opened her paſſion to him, but was receiv'd with a coldneſs, occaſioned by his horror and ſurprize at her appearance. This however was ſo miſconſtrued by the ſea-lady, that, in revenge for his treatment of her, ſhe puniſh'd the whole iſland, by covering it with a miſt, ſo that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arriv'd at it, but wandered up and down the ſea, or were on a ſudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

The chiefs who fill our Albion's ſtory,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear that conſorted Druids ſing
Their triumphs to th' immortal ſtring.
How may the poet now unfold,
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?
Ev'n now, before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride it ſeems to riſe!
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
Majeſtic, through the mix'd deſign;
The ſecret builder knew to chuſe,
Each ſphere-found gem of richeſt hues:
Whate'er heaven's purer mold contains,
When nearer ſuns emblaze its veins;
There on the walls the Patriot's ſight
May ever hang with freſh delight,
And, grav'd with ſome prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame through every age.
Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,
That near her inmoſt altar ſtand!
Now ſoothe her, to her bliſsful train
Blithe Concord's ſocial form to gain:
Concord, whoſe myrtle wand can ſteep
Ev'n Anger's blood-ſhot eyes in ſleep:
Before whoſe breathing boſom's balm,
Rage drops his ſteel, and ſtorms grow calm;
Her let our ſires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd ſhore,
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
Till, in one loud applauding ſound,
The nations ſhout to her around,
O, how ſupremely art thou bleſt,
Thou, Lady, thou ſhalt rule the weſt!

O D E

To a Lady, on the Death of Colonel CHARLES ROSS, in the Action at Fontenoy. Written May, 1745.

WHILE, loſt to all his former mirth,
Britannia's genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day:
While ſtain'd with blood he ſtrives to tear
Unſeemly from his ſea-green hair
The wreaths of chearful May:

The thoughts which muſing pity pays,
And fond remembrance loves to raiſe,
Your faithful hours attend:
Still Fancy, to herſelf unkind,
Awakes to grief the ſoften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheld's deſcending wave
His country's vows ſhall bleſs the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid:
That ſacred ſpot the village hind
With every ſweeteſt turf ſhall bind,
And Peace protect the ſhade.

O'er him, whoſe doom thy virtues grieve,
Aërial forms ſhall ſit at eve,
And bend the pentive head;
And, fall'n to ſave his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed!

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their ſainted reſt:
And, half-reclining on his ſpear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming gueſt.

Old Edward's ſons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Creſſy's laurel'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight:
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they ſnatch the gleamy ſteel,
And wiſh th' avenging fight.

But, lo! where, ſunk in deep deſpair,
Her garments torn, her boſom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies!
Her matted treſſes madly ſpread,
To every ſod which wraps the dead,
She turns her joyleſs eyes.

Ne'er ſhall ſhe leave that lowly ground,
Till notes of triumph burſting round
Proclaim her reign reſtor'd:
Till William ſeek the ſad retreat,
And, bleeding at her ſacred feet,
Preſent the fatal ſword.

If, weak to ſoothe ſo ſoft an heart,
Theſe pictur'd glories nought impart,
To dry thy conſtant tear:
If yet, in Sorrow's diſtant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou ſee'ſt him lie,
Wild war inſulting near;

Wheree'er from time thou court'ſt relief,
The Muſe ſhall ſtill, with ſocial grief,
Her gentleſt promiſe keep:
Even humble Harting's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the ſad repeated tale,
And bid her ſhepherds weep.

ODE TO EVENIN(

IF aught of oaten ſtop, or paſtoral ſong,
May hope, chaſte Eve, to ſoothe thy modeſt
Like thy own ſolemn ſprings,
Thy ſprings, and dying gales;

O nymph reſerv'd, while now the bright-hair'd
Sits on yon weſtern tent, whoſe cloudy ſkirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is huſh'd, ſave where the weak-ey'd b
With ſhort ſhrill ſhriek flits by on leathern wing,

Or where the beetle winds
His ſmall but ſullen horn,

As oft he riſes 'midſt the twilight path,
Againſt the pilgrim born in heedleſs hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome ſofter'd ſtrain,

Whoſe numbers, ſtealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
As, muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-ſtar ariſing ſhows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who ſlept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſhening dew, and lovelier ſtill,
The penſive pleaſures ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car.

Then let me rove ſome wild and heathy ſcene,
Or find ſome ruin 'midſt its dreary dells,
Whoſe walls more aweful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill bluſtering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's ſide,
Views wilds, and ſwelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-diſcover'd ſpires,
And hears their ſimple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil.

While Spring ſhall pour his ſhowers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing treſſes, meekeſt Eve!
While Summer loves to ſport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While ſallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy ſhrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendſhip, Science, ſmiling Peace,
Thy gentleſt influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

ODE TO PEACE.

O Thou, who bad'ſt thy turtles bear
Swift from his graſp thy golden hair,
And ſought'ſt thy native ſkies:
When war, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his ſtorms ariſe!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic ſway,
Our youth ſhall fix ſome feſtive day,
His ſullen ſhrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'ſt the turning ſpheres,
What ſounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy bleſt return!

O Peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind!
O riſe, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train:
The Britiſh lion, Goddeſs ſweet,
Lies ſtretch'd on earth to kiſs thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy tranſient ſmile,
But come to grace thy weſtern iſle,
By warlike Honour led!
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her ſons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

FAREWELL, for clearer ken deſign'd;
The dim-diſcover'd tracts of mind:
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My ſilent ſearch in vain requir'd!
No more my ſail that deep explores,
No more I ſearch thoſe magic ſhores,
What regions part the world of ſoul,
Or whence thy ſtreams, Opinion, roll:
If e'er I round ſuch fairy field,
Some power impart the ſpear and ſhield,
At which the wizard paſſions fly,
By which the giant follies die!
Farewell the porch, whoſe roof is ſeen,
Arch'd with tri' enlivening olive's green;
Where Science, prank'd in tiſſued veſt,
By Reaſon, Pride, and Fancy dreſt,
Comes like a bride, ſo trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's ſhade!
Youth of the quick uncheated ſight,
Thy walks, Obſervance, more invite!
O thou, who lov'ſt that ampler range,
Where life's wide proſpects round thee change,
And, with her mingled ſons ally'd,
Throw'ſt the prattling page aſide:
To me in converſe ſweet impart,
To read in man the native heart,
To learn, where Science ſure is found,
From Nature as ſhe lives around:
And gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each ſhifting image view!
Till meddling Art's officious lore
Reverſe the leſſons taught before,
Alluring from a ſafer rule,
To dream in her enchanted ſchool;
Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boaſt,
Haſt bleſt this ſocial ſcience moſt.
Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent ſpell,
Not vain ſhe finds the charmful taſk,
In pageant quaint, in motley maſk,
Behold, before her muſing eyes,
The countleſs Manners round her riſe;

While, ever varying as they paſs,
To ſome Contempt applies her glaſs:
With theſe the white-rob'd maid combine,
And thoſe the laughing ſatyrs join!
But who is he whom now ſhe views,
In robe of wild contending hues?
Thou by the paſſions nurs'd; I greet
The comic ſock that binds thy feet!
O Humour, thou whoſe name is known
To Britain's favour'd iſle alone:
Me too amidſt thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
(Whoſe jewels in his criſped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to ſhare,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy ſide!
By old Miletus, * who ſo long
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven ſong,
By all you taught the Tuſcan maids,
In chang'd Italia's modern ſhades:
By him †, whoſe knight's diſtinguiſh'd name
Refin'd a nation's luſt of fame;
Whoſe tales ev'n now, with echoes ſweet,
Caſtilia's Mooriſh hills repeat:
Or him ‡, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet weeds on Gallia's ſhore,
Who drew the ſad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her ſire betray'd;
O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy ſeal!
Let ſome retreating Cynic find
Thoſe oft-turn'd ſcrolls I leave behind,
The Sports and I this hour agree
To rove thy ſcene-full world with thee!

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Muſic, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece ſhe ſung,
The Paſſions oft, to hear her ſhell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Poſſeſt beyond the Muſe's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Diſturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis ſaid, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inſpir'd,
From the ſupporting myrtles round
They ſnatch'd her inſtruments of ſound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet leſſons of her forceful art,
Each, for madneſs rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expreſſive power.

First Fear his hand, its ſkill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the ſound himſelf had made.

Next Anger ruſh'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his ſecret ſtings,
In one rude claſh he ſtruck the lyre,
And ſwept with hurried hand the ſtrings.

With woeful meaſures wan Deſpair—
Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd,
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingled air,
'Twas ſad by fits, by ſtarts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure?
Still it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bade the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo ſtill through all the ſong;
And where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every cloſe,
And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
And longer had ſhe ſung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient roſe,
He threw his blood-ſtain'd ſword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blaſt ſo loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic ſounds ſo full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though ſometimes, each dreary pauſe between,
Dejected Pity at his ſide
Her ſoul-ſubduing voice applied,
Yet ſtill he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each ſtrain'd ball of ſight ſeem'd burſting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealouſy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy diſtreſsful ſtate,
Of differing themes the veering ſong was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.
With eyes up-raiſed, as one inſpir'd,
Pale Melancholy ſat retir'd,
And from her wild ſequeſter'd ſeat,
In notes by diſtance made more ſweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her penſive ſoul:
And dashing ſoft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the ſound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled meaſure ſtole,
Or o'er ſome haunted ſtreams with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace, and lonely muſing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O, how alter'd was its ſprightlier tone!
When Chearfulneſs, a nymph of healthieſt hue,
Her bow acroſs her ſhoulder flung,
Her buſkins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inſpiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd ſiſters, and their chaſte-ey'd queen,

* Alluding to the Mileſian Tales, ſome of the earlieſt romances.

† Cervantes.

‡ Monſieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

and ſylvan boys were ſeen,
g from forth their alleys green;
xerciſe rejoic'd to hear,
port leapt up, and ſeiz'd his beechen ſpear.
e Joy's ecſtatic trial,
a vany crown advancing,
o the lively pipe his hand addreſt,
he ſaw the briſk-awakening viol,
: ſweet entrancing voice he lov'd the beſt.
y would have thought, who heard the
ſtrain,
y ſaw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
idſt the feſtal ſounding ſhades,
a wearied minſtrel dancing,
, as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings,
ram'd with Mirth a gay fantaſtic round,
were her treſſes ſeen, her zone unbound,
ıe, amidſt his frolic play,
: would the charming air repay,
ıouſand odours from his dewy wings.
:, ſphere-deſcended maid,
if pleaſure, wiſdom's aid,
ioddeſs, why to us denied?
ıou thy ancient lyre aſide?
at Jov'd Athenian bower,
m'd an all-commanding power,
nic ſoul, O nymph endear'd,
l recal what then it heard.
is thy native ſimple heart,
to virtue, fancy, art?
ıs in that elder time,
energetic, chaſte, ſublime!
nders, in that god-like age,
recording ſiſter's page—
d, and I believe the tale,
nbleſt reed could more prevail,
ire of ſtrength, diviner rage,
ll which charms this laggard age,
l at once together found
's mingled world of ſound—
our vain endeavours ceaſe,
: the juſt deſigns of Greece,
in all thy ſimple ſtate!
n the tales her ſons relate!

AN EPISTLE

ſed to Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edition of Shakeſpeare's Works.

'HILE, born to bring the Muſe's happier days,
iot's hand protects a poet's lays;
, nurs'd by you, ſhe ſees her myrtles bloom,
and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb:
: her doubts, if yet ſhe fears to tell
ſecret tranſports in her boſom ſwell:
conſcious awe ſhe hears the critic's fame,
bluſhing hides her wreath at Shakeſpeare's name.
was the lot thoſe injur'd ſtrains endur'd,
n'd by ſcience, and by years obſcur'd:
Fair Fancy wept; and echoing ſighs confeſs'd
A fixt deſpair in every tuneful breaſt.
Not with more grief th' afflicted ſwains appear,
When wintery winds deform the plenteous year;
When lingering froſts the ruin'd ſeats invade
Where Peace reſorted, and the Graces play'd.
Each riſing art by juſt gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:
The Muſe alone unequal dealt her rage,
And grac'd with nobleſt pomp her earlieſt ſtage.
Preſerv'd through time, the ſpeaking ſcenes impart
Each changeful wiſh of Phædra's tortur'd heart:
Or paint the curſe that mark'd the * Theban's reign,
A bed inceſtuous, and a father ſlain.
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the ſad tale, and own another's woe.
To Rome remov'd, with wit ſecure to pleaſe,
The comic ſiſters keep their native eaſe.
With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almoſt excell'd!
But every Muſe eſſay'd to raiſe in vain
Some labour'd rival of her tragic ſtrain;
Ilyſſus' laurels, though transferr'd with toil,
Drop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly ſoil.
As arts expir'd, reſiſtleſs Dulneſs roſe;
Goths, Prieſts, or Vandals,—all were learning's foes.
Till † Julius firſt recall'd each exil'd maid,
And Coſmo own'd them in th' Etrurian ſhade:
Then, deeply ſkill'd in love's engaging theme,
The ſoft Provencial paſs'd to Arno's ſtream:
With graceful eaſe the wanton lyre he ſtrung,
Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he ſung.
The gay deſcription could not fail to move;
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.
But heaven, ſtill various in its works, decreed
The perfect boaſt of time ſhould laſt ſucceed.
The beauteous union muſt appear at length,
Of Tuſcan fancy, and Athenian ſtrength:
One greater Muſe Eliza's reign adorn,
And ev'n a Shakeſpear to her fame be born!
Yet, ah! ſo bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
No ſecond growth the weſtern iſle could bear,
At once exhauſted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Jonſon knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almoſt loſt in Art.
Of ſofter mould the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name.
With pleas'd attention 'midſt his ſcenes we find
Each glowing thought, that warms the female mind;
Each melting ſigh, and every tender tear,
The lover's wiſhes, and the virgin's fear.
His ‡ every ſtrain the Smiles and Graces own;
But ſtronger Shakeſpeare felt for man alone:
Drawn by his pen, our ruder paſſions ſtand
Th' unrival'd picture of his early hand.

* The Oedipus of Sophocles.
† Julius II. the immediate predeceſſor of Leo X.
‡ Their characters are thus diſtinguiſhed by Mr. Dryden.

* With gradual ſteps, and ſlow, exacter France
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her ſhores advance:
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and juſt in all ſhe drew.
Till late Corneille, with † Lucan's ſpirit fir'd
Breath'd the free ſtrain, as Rome and he inſpir'd:
And claſſic judgment gain'd to ſweet Racine
The temperate ſtrength of Maro's chaſter line.
But wilder far the Britiſh laurel ſpread,
And wreaths leſs artful crown our poet's head.
Yet he alone to every ſcene could give
Th' hiſtorian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Wak'd at his call I view, with glad ſurprize,
Majeſtic forms of mighty monarchs riſe.
There Henry's trumpets ſpread their loud alarms,
And laurel'd Conqueſt waits her hero's arms.
Her gentler Edward claims a pitying ſigh,
Scarce born to honours, and ſo ſoon to die!
Yet ſhall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king:
The time ſhall come when Glo'ſter's heart ſhall bleed
In life's laſt hours, with horror of the deed:
When dreary viſions ſhall at laſt preſent
The vengeful image in the midnight tent:
Thy hand unſeen the ſecret death ſhall bear,
Blunt the weak ſword, and break th' oppreſſive ſpear.
Wheree'er we turn, by fancy charm'd, we find
Some ſweet illuſions of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, ſhe calls the ſoul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove;
Where ſwains contented own the quiet ſcene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green:
Dreſs'd by her hand, the woods and vallies ſmile,
And Spring diffuſive decks th' inchanted iſle.
O, more than all in powerful genius bleſt,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breaſt!
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart ſhall feel,
Thy ſongs ſupport me, and thy morals heal!
There every thought the poet's warmth may raiſe,
Their native muſic dwells in all the lays.
O, might ſome verſe with happieſt ſkill perſuade
Expreſſive Picture to adopt thine aid!
What wondrous draughts might riſe from every page!
What other Raphael charm a diſtant age!
Methinks ev'n now I view ſome free deſign,
Where breathing Nature lives in every line:
Chaſte and ſubdued the modeſt lights decay,
Steal into ſhades, and mildly melt away.
—And ſee, where ‡ Anthony, in tears approv'd,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd:
O'er the cold corſe the warrior ſeems to bend,
Deep ſunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend!
Still as they preſs, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.

But * who is he, whoſe brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging ſteel.
Yet ſhall not war's inſatiate fury fall,
(So heaven ordains it) on the deſtin'd wall.
See the fond mother, 'midſt the plaintive train,
Hung on his knees, and proſtrate on the plain!
Touch'd to the ſoul, in vain he ſtrives to hide
The ſon's affection, in the Roman's pride:
O'er all the man conflicting paſſions riſe,
Rage graſps the ſword, while pity melts the eyes.
Thus, generous Critic, as thy bard inſpires,
The Siſter Arts ſhall nurſe their drooping fires:
Each from his ſcenes her ſtores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal ſtring:
Thoſe Sibyl-leaves, the ſport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careleſs kind)
By thee diſpos'd, no farther toil demand,
But, juſt to nature, own thy forming hand.
So ſpread o'er Greece, th' harmonious whole known,
Ev'n Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.
Their own Ulyſſes ſcarce had wander'd more,
By winds and waters caſt on every ſhore:
When rais'd by fate, ſome former Hanmer join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundleſs mind;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

* About the time of Shakeſpeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, ſix hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themſelves in general to the correct improvement of the ſtage, which was almoſt totally diſregarded by thoſe of our own country, Jonſon excepted.

† The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

‡ See the tragedy of Julius Cæſar.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,

Sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fid ſuppoſed to be dead.

TO fair Fidele's graſſy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds ſhall bring
Each opening ſweet, of earlieſt bloom,
And riſe all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove,
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays ſhall haunt the green,
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew;

The red-breaſt oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempeſts ſhake thy ſylvan cell;
Or 'midſt the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.

* Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's dialogue on Odyſſey.

ɔely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
thee the tear be duly ſhed;
ł, till life can charm no more;
mourn'd, till Pity's ſelf be dead.

O D E

I THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

ɔene of the following Stanzas is ſuppoſed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

I.

onder grave a Druid lies
here ſlowly winds the ſtealing wave!
ear's beſt ſweets ſhall duteous riſe,
deck its Poet's ſylvan grave!

II.

deep bed of whiſpering reeds
airy harp * ſhall now be laid,
ıe, whoſe heart in ſorrow bleeds,
/ love through life the ſoothing ſhade.

III.

maids and youths ſhall linger here,
ł, while its ſounds at diſtance ſwell,
ädly ſeem in Pity's ear
hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

IV.

mbrance oft ſhall haunt the ſhore
ɛn Thames in ſummer wreaths is dreſt,
ft ſuſpend the daſhing oar
bid his gentle ſpirit reſt!

V.

ſt as Eaſe and Health retire
breezy lawn, or foreſt deep,
riend ſhall view yon whitening † ſpire,
d 'mid the varied landſcape weep.

VI.

ıou, who own'ſt that earthly bed,
! what will every dirge avail?
ırs, which Love and Pity ſhed
at mourn beneath the gliding ſail!

VII.

ves there one, whoſe heedleſs eye
ll ſcorn thy pale ſhrine glimmering near?
him, ſweet bard, may Fancy die,
d joy deſert the blooming year.

VIII.

ıou, lorn ſtream, whoſe ſullen tide
ſedge-crown'd ſiſters now attend,
waft me from the green hill's ſide
ıoſe cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

ſee, the fairy vallies fade,
n night has veil'd the ſolemn view!
ınce again, dear parted ſhade,
ɛk nature's child, again adieu!

* The harp of Æolus, of which ſee a deſcription Caſtle of Indolence.

† Mr. Thomſon was buried in Richmond church.

X.

The genial meads * aſſign'd to bleſs
Thy life, ſhall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and ſhepherd girls ſhall dreſs
With ſimple hands thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy ſtone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the muſing Briton's eyes,
O! vales, and wild woods, ſhall he ſay,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

* Mr. Thomſon reſided in the neighbourhood of Richmond ſome time before his death.

V E R S E S

Written on a Paper, which contain'd a Piece of Bride-Cake.

YE curious hands, that, hid from vulgar eyes,
By ſearch profane ſhall find this hallow'd cake,
With virtue's awe forbear the ſacred prize,
Nor dare a theft for love and pity's ſake!

This precious relick, form'd by magic power,
Beneath the ſhepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by love to charm the ſilent hour,
The ſecret preſent of a matchleſs maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond requeſt,
Each nice ingredient choſe with happieſt art;
Fears, ſighs, and wiſhes of th' enamour'd breaſt,
And pains that pleaſe are mixt in every part.

With roſy hand the ſpicy fruit ſhe brought,
From Paphian hills, and fair Cytherea's iſle;
And temper'd ſweet with theſe the melting thought,
The kiſs ambroſial, and the yielding ſmile.

Ambiguous looks, that ſcorn and yet relent,
Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth,
Reluctant pride, and amorous faint conſent,
And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward God! hath ſworn, while theſe remain,
With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear,
And chearful hope, ſo oft invok'd in vain,
With fairy ſongs ſhall ſooth his penſive ear.

If, bound by vows to friendſhip's gentle ſide,
And fond of ſoul, thou hop'ſt an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
O, much intreated leave this fatal place.

Sweet Peace, who long hath ſhunn'd my plaintive day,
Conſents at length to bring me ſhort delight,
Thy careleſs ſteps may ſcare her doves away,
And Grief with raven note uſurp the night.

AN

ODE

ON THE

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

OF THE

HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND;

CONSIDERED AS THE

SUBJECT OF POETRY.

INSCRIBED TO MR. JOHN HOME.

I.

HOME, thou return'ſt from Thames, whoſe Naiads long
Have ſeen thee lingering with a fond delay,
Mid thoſe ſoft friends, whoſe hearts ſome future day,
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic ſong *
Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth †
Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'ſt by Lavant's ſide;
Together let us wiſh him laſting truth,
And joy untainted with his deſtin'd bride.
Go! nor regardleſs, while theſe numbers boaſt
My ſhort-liv'd bliſs, forget my ſocial name;
But think, far off, how, on the ſouthern coaſt,
I met thy friendſhip with an equal flame!
Freſh to that ſoil thou turn'ſt, where every vale
Shall prompt the poet, and his ſong demand:
To thee thy copious ſubjects ne'er ſhall fail;
Thou need'ſt but take thy pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe, who own thy genial land.

II.

There, muſt thou wake perforce thy Doric quill;
'Tis Fancy's land to which thou ſett'ſt thy feet;
Where ſtill, 'tis ſaid, the fairy people meet,
Beneath each birken ſhade, on mead or hill.
There, each trim laſs, that ſkims the milky ſtore
To the ſwart tribes, their creamy bowls allots;
By night they ſip it round the cottage-door,
While airy minſtrels warble jocund notes.
There, every herd, by ſad experience, knows
How, wing'd with Fate, their elf-ſhot arrows fly,
When the ſick ewe her ſummer food foregoes,
Or, ſtretch'd on earth, the heart-ſmit heifers lie.
Such airy beings awe th' untutor'd ſwain:
Nor thou, tho' learn'd, his homelier thoughts neglect;
Let thy ſweet Muſe the rural faith ſuſtain;
Theſe are the themes of ſimple, ſure effect,
That add new conqueſt to her boundleſs reign,
And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding ſtrain.

III.

Ev'n yet preſerv'd, how often may'ſt thou hear,
Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,
Taught by the father, to his liſtening ſon;
Strange lays, whoſe power had charm'd a Spenſer's ear.
At every pauſe, before thy mind poſſeſt,
Old Runic bards ſhall ſeem to riſe around,
With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd veſt,
Their matted hair with boughs fantaſtic crown'd:
Whether thou bid'ſt the well-taught hind repeat
The choral dirge, that mourns ſome chieftain brave,
When every ſhrieking maid her boſom beat,
And ſtrew'd with choiceſt herbs his ſcented grave;
Or whether, ſitting in the ſhepherd's ſhiel *,
Thou hear'ſt ſome ſounding tale of war's alarms;
When at the bugle's call, with fire and ſteel,
The ſturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny ſwarms,
And hoſtile brothers met, to prove each other's arms.

IV.

'Tis thine to ſing, how, framing hideous ſpells,
In Sky's lone iſle, the gifted wizzard-ſeer,
Lodg'd in the wintery cave with Fate's fell ſpear,
Or in the depth of Uiſt's dark foreſt dwells:
How they, whoſe ſight ſuch dreary dreams engroſs,
With their own viſion oft aſtoniſh'd droop,
When, o'er the watry ſtrath, or quaggy moſs
They ſee the gliding ghoſts unbodied troop.
Or, if in ſports, or in the feſtive green,
Their deſtin'd glance ſome fated youth deſcry,
Who now, perhaps, in luſty vigour ſeen,
And roſy health, ſhall ſoon lamented die.
For them the viewleſs forms of air obey;
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair.
They know what ſpirit brews the ſtormful day,
And heartleſs, oft, like moody madneſs, ſtare
To ſee the phantom train their ſecret work prepare.

V.

To monarchs dear †, ſome hundred miles aſtray,
Oft have they ſeen Fate give the fatal blow!
The Seer, in Sky, ſhriek'd as the blood did flow,
When headleſs Charles warm on the ſcaffold lay!

* How truly did Collins predict Home's tragic powers!

† A Gentleman of the name of Barrow, who introduced Home to Collins.

* A ſummer hut, built in the high part of the mountains, to tend their flocks in the warm ſeaſon, when the paſture is fine.

† By the public prints we are informed, that a Scotch clergyman lately diſcovered Collin's rude draught of this poem. It is however ſaid to be very imperfect. The Vth ſtanza, and the half of the VIth, ſay thoſe prints, being deficient, has been ſupplied by Mr. Mackenzie; whoſe lines are here annexed, for the purpoſe of compariſon, and to do juſtice to the elegant author of the Man of Feeling.

" Or on ſome bellying rock that ſhades the deep,
" They view the lurid ſigns that croſs the ſky,
" Where in the weſt, the brooding tempeſts lie;
" And here their firſt, faint, ruſtling pennons ſweep.
" Or in the arched cave, where deep and dark
" The broad, unbroken billows heave and ſwell,
" In horrid muſings rapt, they ſit to mark
" The lab'ring moon; or liſt the nightly yell

As Boreas threw his young Aurora * forth,
In the firſt year of the firſt George's reign,
And battles rag'd in welkin of the North,
They mourn'd in air, fell, fell Rebellion ſlain!
And as, of late, they joyn'd in Preſton's fight,
Saw at ſad Falkirk, all their hopes near crown'd!
They rav'd! divining, thro' their Second Sight †,
Pale, red Culloden, where theſe hopes were drown'd!
Illuſtrious William ‡! Britain's guardian name!
One William ſav'd us from a tyrant's ſtroke;
He, for a ſceptre, gain'd heroic fame,
But thou, more glorious, ſlavery's chain haſt broke,
To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's yoke!

VI.

Theſe too, thou'lt ſing! for well thy magic Muſe
Can to the topmoſt heaven of grandeur ſoar;
Or ſtoop to wail the ſwain that is no more!
Ah, homely ſwains! your homeward ſteps ne'er loſe;
Let not dank Will § miſlead you to the heath:
Dancing in murky night, o'er fen and lake,
He glows, to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marſhy, willow brake!

"Of that dread ſpirit, whoſe gigantic form
"The ſeer's entranced eye can well ſurvey,
"Through the dim air who guides the driving ſtorm,
"And points the wretched bark its deſtin'd prey.
"Or him who hovers on his flagging wing,
"O'er the dire whirlpool, that, in ocean's waſte,
"Draws inſtant down whate'er devoted thing
"The falling breeze within its reach hath plac'd—
"The diſtant ſeaman hears, and flies with trembling haſte.
"Or, if on land the fiend exerts his ſway,
"Silent he broods o'er quickſand, bog or fen,
"Far from the ſheltering roof and haunts of men,
"When witched darkneſs ſhuts the eye of day,
"And ſhrouds each ſtar that wont to cheer the night;
"Or, if the drifted ſnow perplex the way,
"With treacherous gleam he lures the fated wight,
"And leads him floundering on and quite aſtray."

* By young Aurora, Collins undoubtedly meant the firſt appearance of the northern lights, which happened about the year 1715; at leaſt, it is moſt highly probable from this peculiar circumſtance, that no ancient writer whatever has taken any notice of them, nor even any one modern, previous to the above period.

† Second ſight is the term that is uſed for the divination of the Highlanders.

‡ The late Duke of Cumberland, who defeated the Pretender at the battle of Culloden.

§ A fiery meteor, called by various names, ſuch as Will with the Wiſp, Jack with the Lanthorn, &c. It hovers in the air over marſhy and fenny places.

What though far off, from ſome dark dell eſpied,
His glimmering mazes chear th' excurſive ſight,
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your ſteps aſide,
Nor truſt the guidance of that faithleſs light;
For watchful, lurking, 'mid th' unruſtling reed,
At thoſe mirk hours the wily monſter lies,
And liſtens oft to hear the paſſing ſteed,
And frequent round him rolls his ſullen eyes,
If chance his ſavage wrath may ſome weak wretch ſurprize.

VII.

Ah, luckleſs ſwain, o'er all unbleſt, indeed!
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
Far from his flocks, and ſmoaking hamlet, then!
To that ſad ſpot where hums the ſedgy weed:
On him, enrag'd, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
But inſtant, furious, raiſe the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return!
Or, if he meditate his wiſh'd eſcape,
To ſome dim hill that ſeems upriſing near,
To his faint eye, the grim and griſly ſhape,
In all its terrors clad, ſhall wild appear.
Meantime the watery ſurge ſhall round him riſe,
Pour'd ſudden forth from every ſwelling ſource!
What now remains but tears and hopeleſs ſighs?
His fear-ſhook limbs have loſt their youthly force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathleſs corſe!

VIII.

For him in vain his anxious wife ſhall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way;
For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
His babes ſhall linger at th' uncloſing gate!
Ah, ne'er ſhall he return! Alone, if night,
Her travel'd limbs in broken ſlumbers ſteep!
With drooping willows dreſt, his mournful ſprite
Shall viſit ſad, perchance, her ſilent ſleep:
Then he, perhaps, with moiſt and watery hand,
Shall fondly ſeem to preſs her ſhuddering cheek,
And with his blue-ſwoln face before her ſtand,
And ſhivering cold, theſe piteous accents ſpeak:
"Purſue, dear wife, thy daily toils, purſue,
"At dawn or duſk, induſtrious as before;
"Nor e'er of me one helpleſs thought renew,
"While I lie weltering on the ozier'd ſhore,
"Drown'd by the Kelpie's * wrath, nor e'er ſhall aid thee more!"

IX.

Unbounded is thy range; with varied ſkill
Thy Muſe may, like thoſe feathery tribes which ſpring
From their rude rocks, extend her ſkirting wing
Round the moiſt marge of each cold Hebrid iſle,
To that hoar pile † which ſtill its ruin ſhows:
In whoſe ſmall vaults a pigmy-folk is found,
Whoſe bones the delver with his ſpade upthrows,
And culls them, wond'ring, from the hallow'd ground!

* The water fiend.

† One of the Hebrides is called The Iſle of Pigmies; where it is reported, that ſeveral miniature bones of the human ſpecies have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel there.

Or thither *, where beneath the ſhow'ry weſt,
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid:
Once foes, perhaps, together now they reſt,
No ſlaves revere them, and no wars invade:
Yet frequent now, at midnight ſolemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the Monarchs ſtalk with ſovereign power,
In pageant robes; and, wreath'd with ſheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold.

X.

But, oh, o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
On whoſe bleak rocks, which brave the waſting tides,
Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
Go! juſt, as they, their blameleſs manners trace!
Then to my ear tranſmit ſome gentle ſong,
Of thoſe whoſe lives are yet ſincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their proſpect but the wintery main.
With ſparing temperance at the needful time,
They drain the ſcented ſpring; or, hunger-preſt,
Along th' Atlantic rock, undreading, climb,
And of its eggs deſpoil the Solan's † neſt.
Thus, bleſt in primal innocence they live,
Suffic'd, and happy with that frugal fare
Which taſteful toil and hourly danger give.
Hard is their ſhallow ſoil, and blake and bare;
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

XI.

Nor need'ſt thou bluſh that ſuch falſe themes engage
Thy gentle mind, of fairer ſhores poſſeſt;
For not alone they touch the village breaſt,
But fill'd in elder time, th' hiſtoric page.
There, Shakeſpeare's ſelf, with ev'ry garland crown'd,
Flew to thoſe fairy climes his fancy ſheen,
In muſing hour; his wayward ſiſters found,
And with their terrors dreſt the magic ſcene.
From them he ſung, when, 'mid his bold deſign,
Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghaſt!
The ſhadowy kings of Banquo's fated line,
Thro' the dark cave in gleamy pageant paſt.
Proceed! nor quit the tales which, ſimply told,
Could once ſo well my anſwering boſom pierce;
Proceed, in forceful ſounds, and colour bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearſe;
To ſuch adapt thy lyre, and ſuit thy powerful verſe.

XII.

In ſcenes like theſe, which, daring to depart
From ſober truth, are ſtill to Nature true,
And call forth freſh delight to Fancy's view,
Th' heroic Muſe employ'd her Taſſo's art!
How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's ſtroke,
Its cruſhing blood the gaping cypreſs pour'd!
When each live plant with mortal accents ſpoke,
And the wild blaſt upheav'd the vanquiſh'd ſword!
How have I ſat, when pip'd the penſive wind,
To hear his harp by Britiſh Fairfax ſtrung!
Prevailing poet! whoſe undoubting mind,
Believ'd the magic wonders which he ſung!

Hence, at each ſound, imagination glows!
Hence, at each picture, vivid life ſtarts here!
Hence his warm lay with ſofteſt ſweetneſs flows!
Melting it flows, pure murmuring, ſtrong and clear,
And fills th' impaſſion'd heart, and wins th' harmonious ear!

XIII.

All hail, ye ſcenes that o'er my ſoul prevail!
Ye ſplendid friths and lakes, which, far away,
Are by ſmooth Annan * fill'd or paſt'ral Tay †,
Or Don's ‡ romantic ſprings, at diſtance, hail!
The time ſhall come, when I, perhaps, may tread
Your lowly glens *, o'erhung with ſpreading broom;
Or o'er your ſtretching heaths, by Fancy led;
Or o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom!
Then will I dreſs once more the faded bower,
Where Jonſon † ſat in Drummond's claſſic ſhade;
Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each lyric flower,
And mourn, on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's laid!
Meantime, ye powers that on the plains which bore
The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains ‡, attend!—
Where'er Home dwells, on hill, or lowly moor,
To him I loſe, your kind protection lend,
And, touch'd with love like mine, preſerve my abſent friend!

S O N G.

The Sentiments borrowed from SHAKESPEARE.

YOUNG Damon of the vale is dead,
Ye lowland hamlets moan:
A dewy turf lies o'er his head,
And at his feet a ſtone.

His ſhroud, which death's cold damps deſtroy,
Of ſnow-white threads was made:
All mourn'd to ſee ſo ſweet a boy
In earth for ever laid.

Pale panſies o'er his corpſe were plac'd,
Which, pluck'd before their time,
Beſtrew'd the boy, like him to waſte,
And wither in their prime.

But will he ne'er return, whoſe tongue
Could tune the rural lay?
Ah, no! his bell of peace is rung,
His lips are cold as clay.

They bore him out at twilight hour,
The youth who lov'd ſo well:
Ah me! how many a true-love ſhower
Of kind remembrance fell!
Each maid was woe—but Lucy chief,
Her grief o'er all was tried,
Within his grave ſhe dropp'd in grief,
And o'er her lov'd-one died.

* † ‡ Three rivers in Scotland.

* Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near ſixty of the ancient Scottiſh, Iriſh, and Norwegian kings are interred.

† An aquatic bird like a gooſe, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides, chiefly ſubſiſt.

* Vallies.

† Ben Jonſon paid a viſit on foot, in 1619, to the Scotch poet Drummond, at his ſeat of Hawthornden, within four miles of Edinburgh.

‡ Barrow, it ſeems, was at the Edinburgh univerſity, which is in the county of Lothian.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

THE genius of the paſtoral, as well as of every other reſpectable ſpecies of poetry, had its origin in the Eaſt, and from thence was tranſplanted by the Muſes of Greece; but whether from the continent of the leſſer Aſia, or from Egypt, which, about the æra of the Grecian paſtoral, was the hoſpitable nurſe of letters, it is not eaſy to determine. From the ſubject, and the manner of Theocritus, one would incline to the latter opinion, while the hiſtory of Bion is in favour of the former.

However, though it ſhould ſtill remain a doubt through what channel the paſtoral travelled weſtward, there is not the leaſt ſhadow of uncertainty concerning its oriental origin.

In thoſe ages, which, guided by ſacred chronology, from a comparative view of time, we call the early ages, it appears from the moſt authentic hiſtorians, that the chiefs of the people employed themſelves in rural exerciſes, and that aſtronomers and legiſlators were at the ſame time ſhepherds. Thus Strabo informs us, that the hiſtory of the creation was communicated to the Egyptians by a Chaldean ſhepherd.

From theſe circumſtances it is evident not only that ſuch ſhepherds were capable of all the dignity and elegance peculiar to poetry, but that whatever poetry they attempted would be of the paſtoral kind; would take its ſubjects from thoſe ſcenes of rural ſimplicity in which they were converſant, and, as it was the offspring of Harmony and Nature, would employ the powers it derived from the former to celebrate the beauty and benevolence of the latter.

Accordingly we find that the moſt ancient poems treat of agriculture, aſtronomy, and other objects within the rural and natural ſyſtems.

What conſtitutes the difference between the Georgic and the Paſtoral, is love and the colloquial or dramatic form of compoſition peculiar to the latter: this form of compoſition is ſometimes diſpenſed with, and love and rural imagery alone are thought ſufficient to diſtinguiſh the paſtoral. The tender paſſion, however, ſeems to be eſſential to this ſpecies of poetry, and is hardly ever excluded from thoſe pieces that were intended to come under this denomination: even in thoſe eclogues of the Amœbean kind, whoſe only purport is a trial of ſkill between contending ſhepherds, love has its uſual ſhare, and the praiſes of their reſpective miſtreſſes are the general ſubjects of the competitors.

It is to be lamented that ſcarce any oriental compoſitions of this kind have ſurvived the ravages of ignorance, tyranny, and time; we cannot doubt that many ſuch have been extant, poſſibly as far down as that fatal period, never to be mentioned in the world of letters without horror, when the glorious monuments of human ingenuity periſhed in the aſhes of the Alexandrian library.

Thoſe ingenious Greeks whom we call the parents of paſtoral poetry were, probably, no more than imitators, that derived their harmony from higher and remoter ſources, and kindled their poetical fires at thoſe then unextinguiſhed lamps which burned within the tombs of oriental genius.

It is evident that Homer has availed himſelf of thoſe magnificent images and deſcriptions ſo frequently to be met with in the books of the Old Teſtament; and why may

not Theocritus, Moſchus, and Bion, have found their archetypes in other eaſtern writers, whoſe names have periſhed with their works? yet, though it may not be illiberal to admit ſuch a ſuppoſition, it would certainly be invidious to conclude, what the malignity of cavillers alone could ſuggeſt with regard to Homer, that they deſtroyed the ſources from which they borrowed, and, as it is fabled of the young of the pelican, drained their ſupporters to death.

As the Septuagint-tranſlation of the Old Teſtament was performed at the requeſt, and under the patronage, of Ptolemy Philadelphus, it were not to be wondered if Theocritus, who was entertained at that prince's court, had borrowed ſome of his paſtoral imagery from the poetical paſſages of thoſe books.—I think it can hardly be doubted that the Sicilian poet had in his eye certain expreſſions of the prophet Iſaiah, when he wrote the following lines:

Νυν ια μεν φορεοιτε βατοι, φορεοιτε δ' ακανθαι.
'Α δε καλα ναρκισσος επ' αρκευθοισι κομασαι·
Παντα δ' εναλλα γενοιτο, και ἁ πιτυς οχνας ενεικαι.
————και τως κυνας ὡλαφος ἑλκοι.

Let vexing brambles the blue violet bear,
On the rude thorn Narciſſus dreſs his hair—
All, all revers'd—The pine with pears be crown'd,
And the bold deer ſhall drag the trembling hound.

The cauſe, indeed, of theſe phænomena is very different in the Greek from what it is in the Hebrew poet; the former employing them on the death, the latter on the birth, of an important perſon: but the marks of imitation are nevertheleſs obvious.

It might, however, be expected, that if Theocritus had borrowed at all from the ſacred writers, the celebrated Epithalamium of Solomon, ſo much within his own walk of poetry, would not certainly have eſcaped his notice. His Epithalamium on the marriage of Helena, moreover, gave him an open field for imitation; therefore, if he has any obligations to the royal bard, we may expect to find them there. The very opening of the poem is in the ſpirit of the Hebrew ſong:

Ουτω δη πρωϊζα κατεδραθες, ω φιλε γαμβρε;

The colour of imitation is ſtill ſtronger in the following paſſage:

Αως αν ελλοισα καλον διεφαινε πρόσωπον,
Ποτνια νυξ ἁτε, λευκον εαρ χειμενος ανεντος·
'Ωδε και ἁ χρυσεα 'Ελενα διεφαινετ' εν ἡμῖν,
Πιειρη μεγαλη. ἁτ' ανεδραμεν ογμος αρουρα,
Η καπῳ κυπαρισσος, η ἁρματι Θεσσαλος ἱππος.

This deſcription of Helen is infinitely above the ſtyle and figure of the Sicilian paſtoral—"She is like the riſing of the golden morning, when the night departeth, and "when the winter is over and gone. She reſembleth the cypreſs in the garden, the "horſe in the chariots of Theſſaly." Theſe figures plainly declare their origin; and others, equally imitative, might be pointed out in the ſame Idyllium.

This beautiful and luxuriant marriage paſtoral of Solomon is the only perfect form of the oriental eclogue that has ſurvived the ruins of time, a happineſs for which it is, probably, more indebted to its ſacred character than to its intrinſic merit. Not that it is by any means deſtitute of poetical excellence: like all the eaſtern poetry, it is bold, wild, and unconnected in its figures, alluſions, and parts, and has all that graceful and magnificent daring which characteriſes its metaphorical and comparative imagery.

In conſequence of theſe peculiarities, ſo ill adapted to the frigid genius of the North, Mr. Collins could make but little uſe of it as a precedent for his oriental eclogues; and even in his third eclogue, where the ſubject is of a ſimilar nature, he has choſen rather to follow the mode of the Doric and the Latin paſtoral.

The ſcenery and ſubjects then of the following eclogues alone are oriental; the ſtyle and colour are purely European; and, for this reaſon, the author's preface, in which he intimates that he had the originals from a merchant who traded to the Eaſt, is omitted, as being now altogether ſuperfluous.

With regard to the merit of theſe eclogues, it may juſtly be aſſerted, that in ſimplicity of deſcription and expreſſion, in delicacy and ſoftneſs of numbers, and in natural and unaffected tenderneſs, they are not to be equalled by any thing of the paſtoral kind in the Engliſh language.

ECLOGUE I.

THIS eclogue, which is entitled Selim, or the Shepherd's Moral, as there is nothing dramatic in the ſubject, may be thought the leaſt entertaining of the four: but it is by no means the leaſt valuable. The moral precepts which the intelligent ſhepherd delivers to his fellow-ſwains and the virgins, their companions, are ſuch as would infallibly promote the happineſs of the paſtoral life.

In perſonating the private *virtues*, the poet has obſerved great propriety, and has formed their genealogy with the moſt perfect judgment, when he repreſents them as the daughters of Truth and Wiſdom.

The characteriſtics of Modeſty and Chaſtity are extremely happy and *peinturesque*:

" Come thou *whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprings are clear,*
To lead the train, ſweet Modeſty appear;
With thee be Chaſtity, of all afraid,
Diſtruſting all, a wiſe, ſuſpicious maid;
Cold is her breaſt, *like flowers that drink the dew,*
A ſilken veil conceals her from the view."

The two ſimilies borrowed from rural objects are not only much in character, but perfectly natural and expreſſive. There is, notwithſtanding, this defect in the former, that it wants a peculiar propriety; for purity of thought may as well be applied to Chaſtity as to Modeſty; and from this inſtance, as well as from a thouſand more, we may ſee the neceſſity of diſtinguiſhing, in characteriſtic poetry, every object by marks and attributes peculiarly its own.

It cannot be objected to this eclogue, that it wants both thoſe eſſential *criteria* of the paſtoral, love and the drama; for though it partakes not of the latter, the former ſtill retains an intereſt in it, and that too very material, as it profeſſedly conſults the virtue and happineſs of the lover, while it informs what are the qualities

—that muſt lead to love.

ECLOGUE II.

ALL the advantages that any ſpecies of poetry can derive from the novelty of the ſubject and ſcenery, this eclogue poſſeſſes. The rout of a camel-driver is a ſcene that ſcarce could exiſt in the imagination of an European, and of its attendant diſtreſſes he could have no idea.—Theſe are very happily and minutely painted by our deſcriptive poet. What ſublime ſimplicity of expreſſion! what nervous plainneſs in the opening of the poem!

" In ſilent horror o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt."

The magic pencil of the poet brings the whole ſcene before us at once, as it were by enchantment, and in this ſingle couplet we feel all the effect that ariſes from the terrible wildneſs of a region unenlivened by the habitations of men. The verſes that deſcribe ſo minutely the camel-driver's little proviſions, have a touching influence on the

imagination, and prepare the reader to enter more feelingly into his future apprehenſions of diſtreſs:

" Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall Thirſt aſſuage,
When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage!"

It is difficult to ſay whether his apoſtrophe to the " mute companions of his toils," is more to be admired for the elegance and beauty of the poetical imagery, or for the tenderneſs and humanity of the ſentiment. He who can read it without being affected, will do his heart no injuſtice, if he concludes it to be deſtitute of ſenſibility:

" Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more bleſt, or verdant vales beſtow:
Here rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands are found,
And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around."

Yet in theſe beautiful lines there is a ſlight error, which writers of the greateſt genius very frequently fall into—It will be needleſs to obſerve to the accurate reader, that in the fifth and ſixth verſes there is a verbal pleonaſm where the poet ſpeaks of the *green* delights of *verdant* vales. There is an overſight of the ſame kind in the Manners, an Ode; where the poet ſays

" —— Seine's *blue* nymphs deplore
In *watchet* weeds ——"

This fault is indeed a common one, but to a reader of taſte it is nevertheleſs diſguſtful; and it is mentioned here as the error of a man of genius and judgment, that men of genius and judgment may guard againſt it.

Mr. Collins ſpeaks like a true poet, as well in ſentiment as expreſſion, when, with regard to the thirſt of wealth, he ſays,

" Why heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleaſure's ſong?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold,
Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?"

But however juſt theſe ſentiments may appear to thoſe who have not revolted from nature and ſimplicity, had the author proclaimed them in Lombard-ſtreet, or Cheapſide, he would not have been complimented with the underſtanding of the bellman.—A ſtriking proof, that our own particular ideas of happineſs regulate our opinions concerning the ſenſe and wiſdom of others!

It is impoſſible to take leave of this moſt beautiful eclogue, without paying the tribute of admiration ſo juſtly due to the following nervous lines.

" What if the lion in his rage I meet!——
Oft in the duſt I view his printed feet:
And fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rouz'd, he ſcours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tigers in his train:
Before them death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey."

This, amongſt many other paſſages to be met with in the writings of Collins, ſhews that his genius was perfectly capable of the grand and magnificent in deſcription, not-

withſtanding what a learned writer has advanced to the contrary. Nothing, certainly, could be more greatly conceived, or more adequately expreſſed, than the image in the laſt couplet.

That deception, ſometimes uſed in rhetoric and poetry, which preſents us with an object or ſentiment contrary to what we expected, is here introduced to the greateſt advantage:

" Farewel the youth, whom ſighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
Yet, as thou go'ſt, may every blaſt ariſe——
Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!

But this, perhaps, is rather an artificial prettineſs, than a real, or natural beauty.

ECLOGUE III.

THAT innocent and native ſimplicity of manners, which, in the firſt eclogue, was allowed to conſtitute the happineſs of love, is here beautifully deſcribed in its effects. The ſultan of Perſia marries a Georgian ſhepherdeſs, and finds in her embraces that genuine felicity which unperverted nature alone can beſtow. The moſt natural and beautiful parts of this eclogue are thoſe where the fair ſultana refers with ſo much pleaſure to her paſtoral amuſements, and thoſe ſcenes of happy innocence in which ſhe had paſſed her early years; particularly when, upon her firſt departure,

" Of as ſhe went, ſhe backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu."

This picture of amiable ſimplicity reminds one of that paſſage, where Proſerpine, when carried off by Pluto, regrets the loſs of the flowers ſhe has been gathering.

" Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remiſſis:
Tantaque ſimplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis,
Hæc quoque virgineum movit jactura dolorem."

ECLOGUE IV.

THE beautiful, but unfortunate country, where the ſcene of this pathetic eclogue is laid, had been recently torn in pieces by the depredations of its ſavage neighbours, when, Mr. Collins ſo affectingly deſcribed its misfortunes. This ingenious man had not only a pencil to pourtray, but a heart to feel for the miſeries of mankind, and it is with the utmoſt tenderneſs and humanity he enters into the narrative of Circaſſia's ruin, while he realizes the ſcene, and brings the preſent drama before us. Of every circumſtance that could poſſibly contribute to the tender effect this paſtoral was deſigned to produce, the poet has availed himſelf with the utmoſt art and addreſs. Thus he prepares the heart to pity the diſtreſſes of Circaſſia, by repreſenting it as the ſcene of the happieſt love.

" In fair Circaſſia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each ſwain was bleſt, for every maid was kind."

To give the circumſtances of the dialogue a more affecting ſolemnity, he makes the time midnight, and deſcribes the two ſhepherds in the very act of flight from the deſtruction that ſwept over their country:

" Sad o'er the dews, two brother ſhepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and deſperate ſorrow led:"

There is a beauty and propriety in the epithet *wildering*, which ſtrikes us more forcibly, the more we conſider it.

The opening of the dialogue is equally happy, natural, and unaffected; when one of the ſhepherds, weary and overcome with the fatigue of flight, calls upon his companion to review the length of way they had paſſed. This is, certainly, painting from nature, and the thoughts, however obvious, or deſtitute of refinement, are perfectly in character. But, as the cloſeſt purſuit of nature is the ſureſt way to excellence in general, and to ſublimity in particular, in poetical deſcription, ſo we find that this ſimple ſuggeſtion of the ſhepherd is not unattended with magnificence. There is grandeur and variety in the landſkip he deſcribes:

" And firſt review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already paſt with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whoſe dangerous path we try'd!
And laſt this lofty mountain's weary ſide!"

There is, in imitative harmony, an art of expreſſing a ſlow and difficult movement by adding to the uſual number of pauſes in a verſe. This is obſervable in the line that deſcribes the aſcent of the mountain:

And laſt || this lofty mountain's || weary ſide ||.

Here we find the number of pauſes, or muſical bars, which, in an heroic verſe, is commonly two, increaſed to three.

The liquid melody, and the numerous ſweetneſs of expreſſion in the following deſcriptive lines is almoſt inimitably beautiful:

" Sweet to the ſight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by nymphs and ſhepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins ſhall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's ſhady grove,
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the ſweets of Aly's flowery vale.

Nevertheleſs in this delightful landſkip there is an obvious fault: there is no diſtinction between the plain of Zabran, and the vale of Aly: they are both flowery, and conſequently undiverſified. This could not proceed from the poet's want of judgment, but from inattention: it had not occurred to him that he had employed the epithet *flowery* twice within ſo ſhort a compaſs; an overſight which thoſe who are accuſtomed to poetical, or, indeed, to any other ſpecies of compoſition, know to be very poſſible.

Nothing can be more beautifully conceived, or more pathetically expreſſed, than the ſhepherd's apprehenſions for his fair country-women, expoſed to the ravages of the invaders.

" In vain Circaſſia boaſts her ſpicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain ſhe boaſts her faireſt of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languiſh, and their golden hair!
Thoſe eyes in tears their fruitleſs grief ſhall ſend;
Thoſe hairs the Tartar's cruel hand ſhall rend."

There is, certainly, ſome very powerful charm in the liquid melody of ſounds. The editor of theſe poems could never read or hear the following verſe repeated, without a degree of pleaſure otherwiſe entirely unaccountable:

" Their eyes' *blue languiſh*, and their *golden hair*"

Such are the Oriental Eclogues, which we leave with the ſame kind of anxious pleaſure, we feel upon a temporary parting with a beloved friend.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ODES, DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

THE genius of Collins was capable of every degree of excellence in lyric poetry, and perfectly qualified for that high province of the Muſe. Poſſeſſed of a native ear for all the varieties of harmony and modulation, ſuſceptible of the fineſt feelings of tenderneſs and humanity, but, above all, carried away by that high enthuſiaſm, which gives to imagination its ſtrongeſt colouring, he was, at once, capable of ſoothing the ear with the melody of his numbers, of influencing the paſſions by the force of his *pathos*, and of gratifying the fancy by the luxury of his deſcription.

In conſequence of theſe powers, but more particularly, in conſideration of the laſt, he choſe ſuch ſubjects for his lyric eſſays as were moſt favourable for the indulgence of deſcription and allegory; where he could exerciſe his powers in moral and perſonal painting; where he could exert his invention in conferring attributes on images or objects already new known, and deſcribed by a determinate number of characteriſtics; where he might give an uncommon eclat to his figures, by placing them in happier attitudes, or in more advantageous lights, and introduce new forms from the moral and intellectual world into the ſociety of imperſonated beings.

Such, no doubt, were the privileges which the poet expected, and ſuch were the advantages he derived from the deſcriptive and allegorical nature of his themes.

It ſeems to have been the whole induſtry of our author (and it is, at the ſame time, almoſt all the claim to moral excellence his writings can boaſt) to promote the influence of the ſocial virtues, by painting them in the faireſt and happieſt lights.

"Melior fieri tuendo,"

would be no improper motto to his poems in general, but of his lyric poems it ſeems to be the whole moral tendency and effect. If therefore, it ſhould appear to ſome readers that he has been more induſtrious to cultivate deſcription than ſentiment; it may be obſerved, that his deſcriptions themſelves are ſentimental, and anſwer the whole end of that ſpecies of writing, by embelliſhing every feature of virtue, and by conveying, through the effects of the pencil, the fineſt moral leſſons to the mind.

Horace ſpeaks of the fidelity of the ear in preference to the uncertainty of the eye; but if the mind receives conviction, it is, certainly, of very little importance through what medium, or by which of the ſenſes, it is conveyed. The impreſſions left on the imagination may, poſſibly, be thought leſs durable than the depoſits of memory, but it may very well admit of a queſtion, whether a concluſion of reaſon, or an impreſſion of imagination, will ſooneſt make its way to the heart. A moral precept, conveyed in words, is only an account of truth in its effects; a moral picture is truth exemplified; and which is moſt likely to gain upon the affections, it may not be difficult to determine.

This, however, muſt be allowed, that thoſe works approach the neareſt to perfection which unite theſe powers and advantages; which at once influence the imagination, and engage the memory; the former by the force of animated and ſtriking deſcription, the latter by a brief, but harmonious conveyance of precept: thus, while the heart is

influenced through the operation of the paſſions, or the fancy, the effect, which might otherwiſe have been tranſient, is ſecured by the co-operating power of the memory, which treaſures up in a ſhort aphoriſm the moral ſcene.

This is a good reaſon, and this, perhaps, is the only reaſon that can be given, why our dramatic performances ſhould generally end with a chain of couplets. In theſe the moral of the whole piece is uſually conveyed; and that aſſiſtance which the memory borrows from rhyme, as it was probably the original cauſe of it, gives it uſefulneſs and propriety even there.

After theſe apologies for the *deſcriptive* turn of the following odes, ſomething remains to be ſaid on the origin and uſe of *allegory* in poetical compoſition.

By this we are not to underſtand the trope in the ſchools, which is defined "aliud "verbis, aliud ſenſu oſtendere," and of which Quintilian ſays, "uſus eſt, ut triſtia "dicamus melioribus verbis, aut bonæ rei quædam contrariis ſignificemus, &c." It is not the verbal, but the ſentimental allegory, not allegorical expreſſion (which, indeed, might come under the term of *metaphor*) but allegorical imagery, that is here in queſtion.

When we endeavour to trace this ſpecies of figurative ſentiment to its origin, we find it coeval with literature itſelf. It is generally agreed that the moſt ancient productions are poetical, and it is certain that the moſt ancient poems abound with allegorical imagery.

If, then, it be allowed that the firſt literary productions were poetical, we ſhall have little or no difficulty in diſcovering the origin of allegory.

At the birth of letters, in the tranſition from hieroglyphical to literal expreſſion, it is not to be wondered if the cuſtom of expreſſing ideas by perſonal images, which had ſo long prevailed, ſhould ſtill retain its influence on the mind, though the uſe of letters had rendered the practical application of it ſuperfluous. Thoſe who had been accuſtomed to expreſs ſtrength by the image of an elephant, ſwiftneſs by that of a panther, and courage by that of a lion, would make no ſcruple of ſubſtituting, in letters, the ſymbols for the ideas they had been uſed to repreſent.

Here we plainly ſee the origin of *allegorical expreſſion*, that it aroſe from the *aſhes* of hieroglyphics; and if to the ſame cauſe we ſhould refer that figurative boldneſs of ſtyle and imagery which diſtinguiſh the oriental writings, we ſhall, perhaps, conclude more juſtly than if we ſhould impute it to the ſuperior grandeur of eaſtern genius.

From the ſame ſource with the *verbal*, we are to derive the *ſentimental* allegory, which is nothing more than a continuation of the metaphorical or ſymbolical expreſſion of the ſeveral agents in an action, or the different objects in a ſcene.

The latter moſt peculiarly comes under the denomination of allegorical imagery; and in this ſpecies of allegory we include the imperſonation of paſſions, affections, virtues and vices, &c. on account of which, principally, the following odes were properly termed by their author, allegorical.

With reſpect to the utility of this figurative writing, the ſame arguments that have been advanced in favour of deſcriptive poetry, will be of weight likewiſe here. It is, indeed, from imperſonation, or, as it is commonly termed, perſonification, that poetical deſcription borrows its chief powers and graces. Without the aid of this, moral and intellectual painting would be flat and unanimated, and even the ſcenery of material objects would be dull without the introduction of fictitious life.

Theſe obſervations will be moſt effectually illuſtrated by the ſublime and beautiful odes that occaſioned them; in thoſe it will appear how happily this allegorical painting may be executed by the genuine powers of poetical genius, and they will not fail to prove its force and utility by paſſing through the imagination to the heart.

ODE TO PITY.

" By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy ſky-worn robes of tendereſt blue,
And eyes of dewy light!"

The propriety of invoking Pity through the mediation of Euripides is obvious.—That admirable poet had the keys of all the tender paſſions, and, therefore, could not but ſtand in the higheſt eſteem with a writer of Mr. Collins's ſenſibility.—He did, indeed, admire him as much as Milton, profeſſedly did, and probably for the ſame reaſon; but we do not find that he has copied him ſo cloſely as the laſt mentioned poet has ſometimes done, and particularly in the opening of Samſon-Agoniſtes, which is an evident imitation of the following paſſage in the Phœniſſæ.

Ηϛω προπαροιθε, θυγατερ, ὡς τυφλω ποδι
Οφθαλμος ει συ, ναυβαταισιν αϛρον ὡς
Δευρ' εις το λευρον πεδιον ιχνος τιθεισ' εμον,
Προβαινε.——— Act. III. Sc. I.

The " eyes of dewy light" is one of the happieſt ſtrokes of imagination, and may be ranked among thoſe expreſſions which

" —give us back the image of the mind."
" Wild Arun too has heard thy ſtrains,
And Echo, 'midſt my native plains,
Been ſooth'd with Pity's lute."
There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed
On gentleſt Otway's infant head."

Suſſex, in which county the Arun is a ſmall river, had the honour of giving birth to Otway as well as to Collins: both theſe poets, unhappily, became the objects of that pity by which their writings are diſtinguiſhed. There was a ſimilitude in their genius and in their ſufferings. There was a reſemblance in the misfortunes and in the diſſipation of their lives; and the circumſtances of their death cannot be remembered without pain.

The thought of painting in the temple of Pity the hiſtory of human misfortunes, and of drawing the ſcenes from the tragic Muſe, is very happy, and in every reſpect worthy the imagination of Collins.

ODE TO FEAR.

Mr. Collins, who had often determined to apply himſelf to dramatic poetry, ſeems here, with the ſame view, to have addreſſed one of the principal powers of the drama, and to implore that mighty influence ſhe had given to the genius of Shakeſpeare:

" Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypreſs wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!"

In conſtruction of this nervous ode the author has ſhewn equal power of judgment and imagination. Nothing can be more ſtriking than the violent and abrupt abbreviation of the meaſure in the fifth and ſixth verſes, when he feels the ſtrong influence of the power he invokes:

" Ah, Fear, ah, frantic Fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near."

The editor of theſe poems has met with nothing in the ſame ſpecies of poetry, either in his own, or any other language, equal, in all reſpects, to the following deſcription of Danger:

" Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mold,
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amiſt the midnight ſtorm,
Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep."

It is impoſſible to contemplate the image conveyed in the two laſt verſes without thoſe emotions of terror it was intended to excite. It has, moreover, the entire advantage of novelty to recommend it, for there is too much originality in all the circumſtances, to ſuppoſe that the author had in his eye that deſcription of the penal ſituation of Catiline in the ninth Æneid:

" ——Te, Catilina, minaci
Pendentem ſcopulo"

The archetype of the Engliſh poet's ideas was in nature, and probably to her alone he was indebted for the thought. From her, likewiſe, he derived that magnificence of conception, that horrible grandeur of imagery, diſplayed in the following lines:

" And thoſe, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preſide;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow wait."

That nutritive enthuſiaſm, which cheriſhes the ſeeds of poetry, and which is, indeed, the only ſoil wherein they will grow to perfection, lays open the mind to all the influences of fiction. A paſſion for whatever is greatly wild, or magnificent in the works of nature, ſeduces the imagination to attend to all that is extravagant, however unnatural. Milton was notoriouſly fond of high romance and Gothic *diableries*; and Collins, who in genius and enthuſiaſm bore no very diſtant reſemblance to Milton, was wholly carried away by the ſame attachments.

" Be mine, to read the viſions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true."
" On that thrice hallow'd eve, &c."

There is an old traditionary ſuperſtition, that on St. Mark's eve the forms of all ſuch perſons as ſhall die within the enſuing year, make their ſolemn entry into the churches of their reſpective pariſhes, as St. Patrick ſwam over the channel, without their heads.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

THE meaſure of the ancient ballad ſeems to have been made choice of for this ode, on account of the ſubject, and it has, indeed, an air of ſimplicity not altogether unaffecting:

" By all the honey'd ſtore
On Hybla's thymy ſhore,

By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her whoſe love-lorn woe,
In evening muſings ſlow,
Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's poet's ear."

This allegorical imagery of the honey'd ſtore, the blooms, and mingled murmurs of Hybla, alluding to the ſweetneſs and beauty of the Attic poetry, has the fineſt and the happieſt effect: yet, poſſibly, it will bear a queſtion, whether the ancient Greek tragedians had a general claim to ſimplicity in any thing more than the plans of their drama. Their language, at leaſt, was infinitely metaphorical; yet it muſt be owned that they juſtly copied nature and the paſſions, and ſo far, certainly, they were entitled to the palm of true ſimplicity: the following moſt beautiful ſpeech of Polynices, will be a monument of this ſo long as poetry ſhall laſt.

————πολυδακρυς δ' αφικομην
Χορους ιδων μιλαθρα, και βωμους θεων,
Γυμνασια θ' οισιν ενιτραφην, Διρκης θ' υδωρ.
Ων η δικαιως απιλαθεις, ξενης πολιν
Ναιω, δι' οσσων ομμ' εχων δακρυρροον.
Αλλ' (ει γαρ αλγυς αλγος) αυ σε δερκομα,
Καρα ξυρηκις, και πτερλις μιλαγχιμυς
Εχουσαν. EURIP. Phœniſſ. ver. 369.

" But ſtaid to ſing alone
To one diſtinguiſh'd throne."

The poet cuts off the prevalence of ſimplicity among the Romans with the reign of Auguſtus, and indeed, it did not continue much longer, moſt of the compoſitions, after that date, giving into falſe and artificial ornament.

" No more, in hall or bower,
The paſſions own thy power,
Love, only Love, her forceleſs numbers mean."

In theſe lines the writing of the Provençal poets are principally alluded to, in which, ſimplicity is generally ſacrificed to the rhapſodies of romantic love.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

Procul! O! procul eſte profani!

THIS ode is ſo infinitely abſtracted and replete with high enthuſiaſm, that it will find few readers capable of entering into the beauty of it, or of reliſhing its beauties. There is a ſtyle of ſentiment as utterly unintelligible to common capacities, as if the ſubject were treated in an unknown language; and it is on the ſame account that abſtracted poetry will never have many admirers. The authors of ſuch poems muſt be content with the approbation of thoſe heaven-favoured geniuſes, who, by a ſimilarity of taſte and ſentiment, are enabled to penetrate the high myſteries of inſpired fancy, and to purſue the loftieſt flights of enthuſiaſtic imagination. Nevertheleſs, the praiſe of the diſtinguiſhed few is certainly preferable to the applauſe of the undiſcerning million; for all praiſe is valuable in proportion to the judgment of thoſe who confer it.

As the ſubject of this ode is uncommon, ſo are the ſtyle and expreſſion highly metaphorical and abſtracted; thus the ſun is called " the rich-hair'd youth of morn," the ideas are termed " the ſhadowy tribes of mind," &c. We are ſtruck with the propriety of this mode of expreſſion here, and it affords us new proofs of the analogy that ſubſiſts between language and ſentiment.

Nothing can be more loftily imagined than the creation of the Ceſtus of Fancy in this ode: the allegorical imagery is rich and ſublime: and the obſervation that, the

dangerous paſſions kept aloof, during the operation, is founded on the ſtricteſt philoſophical truth; for poetical fancy can exiſt only in minds that are perfectly ſerene, and in ſome meaſure abſtracted from the influences of ſenſe.

The ſcene of Milton's "inſpiring hour" is perfectly in character, and deſcribed with all thoſe wild-wood-appearances of which the great poet was ſo enthuſiaſtically fond:

"I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
Nigh ſpher'd in heaven, its native ſtrains could hear."

ODE. Written in the year 1746.

ODE TO MERCY.

THE Ode written in 1746, and the Ode to Mercy, ſeem to have been written on the ſame occaſion, viz. the late rebellion; the former in memory of thoſe heroes who fell in the defence of their country, the latter to excite ſentiments of compaſſion in favour of thoſe unhappy and deluded wretches who became a ſacrifice to public juſtice.

The language and imagery of both are very beautiful; but the ſcene and figures deſcribed in the ſtrophe of the Ode to Mercy are exquiſitely ſtriking, and would afford a painter one of the fineſt ſubjects in the world.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

THE ancient ſtates of Greece, perhaps the only ones in which a perfect model of liberty ever exiſted, are naturally brought to view in the opening of the poem.

"Who ſhall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in ſolemn ſounds to life,
The youths, whoſe locks divinely ſpreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in ſullen hue."

There is ſomething extremely bold in this imagery of the locks of the Spartan youths, and greatly ſuperior to that deſcription Jocaſta gives us of the hair of Polynices.

Βοτρυχων τι κυανοχρωτα χαιτας
Πλοκαμων.———

"What new Alceus, fancy-bleſt,
Shall ſing the ſword, in myrtles dreſt, &c."

This alludes to a fragment of Alcæus ſtill remaining, in which the poet celebrates Harmodius and Ariſtogiton, who ſlew the tyrant Hipparchus, and thereby reſtored the liberty of Athens.

The fall of Rome is here moſt nervouſly deſcribed in one line:

"With heavieſt ſound, a giant-ſtatue, fell."

The thought ſeems altogether new, and the imitative harmony in the ſtructure of the verſe is admirable.

After bewailing the ruin of ancient liberty, the poet conſiders the influence it has retained, or ſtill retains among the moderns; and here the free republics of Italy naturally engage his attention—Florence, indeed, only to be lamented on account of loſing its liberty under thoſe patrons of letters, the Medicean family; the *jealous* Piſa, juſtly ſo called in reſpect to its long impatience and regret under the ſame yoke; and

the *ſmall* Marino, which, however unreſpectable with regard to power or extent of territory, has, at leaſt, this diſtinction to boaſt, that it has preſerved its liberty longer than any other ſtate, ancient or modern, having, without any revolution, retained its preſent mode of government near 1400 years. Moreover the patron ſaint who founded it, and from whom it takes its name, deſerves this poetical record, as he is, perhaps, the only ſaint that ever contributed to the eſtabliſhment of freedom.

" Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To ſad Liguria's bleeding ſtate."

In theſe lines the poet alludes to thoſe ravages in the ſtate of Genoa, occaſioned by the unhappy diviſions of the Guelphs and Gibelines.

" ——When the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice."

For an account of the celebrated event referred to in theſe verſes, ſee Voltaire's Epiſtle to the King of Pruſſia.

" Thoſe whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whoſe crown a Britiſh queen refus'd!"

The Flemings were ſo dreadfully oppreſſed by this ſanguinary general of Philip the Second, that they offered their ſovereignty to Elizabeth, but, happily for her ſubjects, ſhe had policy and magnanimity enough to refuſe it. Deſormeaux, in his Abrégé Chronologique de l'Hiſtoire d'Eſpagne, thus deſcribes the ſufferings of the Flemings: " Le Duc d'Albe achevoit de réduire les Flamands au déſeſpoir. Après avoir inondé " les echafauts du ſang le plus noble et le plus précieux, il faiſoit conſtruire des cita- " delles en divers endroits, et vouloit établir l'Alcavala, ce tribute onéreux qui avoit " été longtems en uſage parmi les Eſpagnols." Agreg. Chron. Tom. IV.

" ——Mona,
Where thouſand elfin ſhapes abide."

Mona is properly the Roman name of the Iſle of Angleſey, anciently ſo famous for its Druids; but ſometimes, as in this place, it is given to the Iſle of Man. Both thoſe iſles ſtill retain much of the genius of ſuperſtition, and are now the only places where there is the leaſt chance of finding a fairy.

O D E,

To a Lady on the Death of Colonel Charles Roſs, in the Action at Fontenoy. Written May, 1745.

THE iambic kind of numbers in which this ode is conceived, ſeems as well calculated for tender and plaintive ſubjects, as for thoſe where ſtrength or rapidity is required.—This, perhaps, is owing to the repetition of the ſtrain in the ſame ſtanza; for ſorrow rejects variety, and affects an uniformity of complaint. It is needleſs to obſerve that this ode is replete with harmony, ſpirit, and pathos; and there, ſurely, appears no reaſon why the ſeventh and eighth ſtanzas ſhould be omitted in that copy printed in Dodſley's Collection of Poems.

ODE TO EVENING.

THE blank ode has for ſome time ſolicited admiſſion into the Engliſh poetry; but its efforts, hitherto, ſeem to have been vain, at leaſt its reception has been no more than partial. It remains a queſtion, then, whether there is not ſomething in the nature of blank verſe leſs adapted to the lyric than to the heroic meaſure, ſince, though it has

been generally received in the latter, it is yet unadopted in the former. In order to diſcover this, we are to conſider the different modes of theſe different ſpecies of poetry. That of the heroic is uniform; that of the lyric is various; and in theſe circumſtances of uniformity and variety, probably, lies the cauſe why blank verſe has been ſucceſsful in the one, and unacceptable in the other. While it preſented itſelf only in one form, it was familiarized to the ear by cuſtom; but where it was obliged to aſſume the different ſhapes of the lyric Muſe, it ſeemed ſtill a ſtranger of uncouth figure, was received rather with curioſity than pleaſure, and entertained without that eaſe, or ſatisfaction, which acquaintance and familiarity produce—Moreover, the heroic blank verſe obtained a ſanction of infinite importance to its general reception, when it was adopted by one of the greateſt poets the world ever produced, and was made the vehicle of the nobleſt poem that ever was written. When this poem at length extorted that applauſe which ignorance and prejudice had united to withhold, the verſification ſoon found its imitators, and became more generally ſucceſsful than even in thoſe countries from whence it was imported. But lyric blank verſe had met with no ſuch advantages; for Mr. Collins, whoſe genius and judgment in harmony might have given it ſo powerful an effect, hath left us but one ſpecimen of it in the Ode to Evening.

In the choice of his meaſure he ſeems to have had in his eye Horace's Ode to Pyrrha; for this ode bears the neareſt reſemblance to that mixt kind of the aſclepiad and phereratic verſe; and that reſemblance in ſome degree reconciles us to the want of rhyme, while it reminds us of thoſe great maſters of antiquity, whoſe works had no need of this whimſical jingle of ſounds.

From the following paſſage one might be induced to think that the poet had it in view to render his ſubject and his verſification ſuitable to each other on this occaſion, and that, when he addreſſed himſelf to the ſober power of Evening, he had thought proper to lay aſide the foppery of rhyme;

" Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,
Whoſe numbers, ſtealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
As, muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!"

But whatever were the numbers, or the verſification of this ode, the imagery and enthuſiaſm it contains could not fail of rendering it delightful. No other of Mr. Collins's odes is more generally characteriſtic of his genius. In one place we diſcover his paſſion for viſionary beings:

" For when thy folding-ſtar ariſing ſhows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who ſlept in buds the day,
And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſhning dew, and lovelier ſtill,
The penſive pleaſures ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car."

In another we behold his ſtrong bias to melancholy:

" Then let me rove ſome wild and heathy ſcene,
Or find ſome ruin 'midſt its dreary dells,
Whoſe walls more aweful nod
By thy religious gleams."

Then appears his taſte for what is wildly grand and magnificent in nature; when, prevented by ſtorms from enjoying his evening walk, he wiſhes for a ſituation,

" That from the mountain's ſides,
Views wild and ſwelling floods;"

And through the whole, his invariable attachment to the expreſſion of painting:

" ——and marks o'er all
The dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil."

It might be a ſufficient encomium on this beautiful ode to obſerve, that it has been particularly admired by a lady to whom nature has given the moſt perfect principles of taſte. She has not even complained of the want of rhyme in it, a circumſtance by no means unfavourable to the cauſe of lyric blank verſe; for ſurely, if a fair reader can endure an ode without bells and chimes, the maſculine genius may diſpenſe with them.

THE MANNERS.

AN ODE.

FROM the ſubject and ſentiments of this ode, it ſeems not improbable that the author wrote it about the time when he left the Univerſity; when, weary with the purſuit of academical ſtudies, he no longer confined himſelf to the ſearch of theoretical knowledge, but commenced the ſcholar of humanity, to ſtudy nature in her works, and man in ſociety.

The following farewell to Science exhibits a very juſt as well as ſtriking picture; for however exalted in theory the Platonic doctrines may appear, it is certain that Platoniſm and Pyrrhoniſm are allied:

" Farewell the porch, whoſe roof is ſeen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green:
Where Science, prank'd in tiſſued veſt,
By Reaſon, Pride, and Fancy dreſt,
Comes like a bride, ſo trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's ſhade!"

When the mind goes in purſuit of viſionary ſyſtems, it is not far from the regions of doubt; and the greater its capacity to think abſtractedly, to reaſon and refine, the more it will be expoſed to, and bewildered in, uncertainty.—From an enthuſiaſtic warmth of temper, indeed, we may for a while be encouraged to perſiſt in ſome favourite doctrine, or to adhere to ſome adopted ſyſtem; but when that enthuſiaſm, which is founded on the vivacity of the paſſions, gradually cools and dies away with them, the opinions it ſupported drop from us, and we are thrown upon the inhoſpitable ſhore of doubt.—A ſtriking proof of the neceſſity of ſome moral rule of wiſdom and virtue, and ſome ſyſtem of happineſs eſtabliſhed by unerring knowledge and unlimited power.

In the poet's addreſs to Humour in this ode, there is one image of ſingular beauty and propriety. The ornaments in the hair of Wit are of ſuch a nature, and diſpoſed in ſuch a manner, as to be perfectly ſymbolical and characteriſtic:

" Me too amidſt thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
(Whoſe jewels in his criſped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to ſhare,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy ſide."

Nothing could be more expreſſive of wit, which conſiſts in a happy colliſion of comparative and relative images, than this reciprocal reflection of lights from the diſpoſition of the jewels.

" O Humour, thou whoſe name is known
To Britain's favour'd iſle alone."

The author could only mean to apply this to the time when he wrote, ſince other nations had produced works of great humour, as he himſelf acknowledges afterwards.

" By old Miletus, &c.
By all you taught the Tuſcan maids, &c."

The Mileſian and Tuſcan romances were by no means diſtinguiſhed for humour; but as they were the models of that ſpecies of writing in which humour was afterwards employed, they are, probably for that reaſon only mentioned here.

THE PASSIONS.

An ODE for Muſic.

IF the muſic which was compoſed for this ode, had equal merit with the ode itſelf, it muſt have been the moſt excellent performance of the kind, in which poetry and muſic have, in modern times, united. Other pieces of the ſame nature have derived their greateſt reputation from the perfection of the muſic that accompanied them, having in themſelves little more merit than that of an ordinary ballad: but in this we have the whole ſoul and power of poetry—Expreſſion that, even without the aid of muſic, ſtrikes to the heart; and imagery of power enough to tranſport the attention, without the forceful alliance of correſponding ſounds! what, then, muſt have been the effects of theſe united!

It is very obſervable that though the meaſure is the ſame, in which the muſical efforts of fear, anger, and deſpair, are deſcribed, yet by the variation of the cadence, the character and operation of each is ſtrongly expreſſed: thus particularly of Deſpair:

" With woeful meaſure wan Deſpair—
Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd,
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingled air,
'Twas ſad by fits, by ſtarts 'twas wild."

He muſt be a very unſkilful compoſer who could not catch the power of imitative harmony from theſe lines!

The picture of Hope that follows this is beautiful almoſt beyond imitation. By the united powers of imagery and harmony, that delightful being is exhibited with all the charms and graces that pleaſure and fancy have appropriated to her.

Relegat, qui ſemel percurrit;
Qui nunquam legit, legat.
" But thou, O Hope, with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure!
Still it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bade the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo ſtill through all the ſong;

And where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every cloſe,
And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair."

In what an exalted light does the above ſtanza place this great maſter of poetical imagery and harmony! what varied ſweetneſs of numbers! what delicacy of judgment and expreſſion! how characteriſtically does Hope prolong her ſtrain, repeat her ſoothing cloſes, call upon her aſſociate Echo for the ſame purpoſe, and diſplay every pleaſing grace peculiar to her!

"And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair."

Legat, qui nunquam legit;
Qui ſemel percurrit, relegat.

The deſcriptions of Joy, Jealouſy, and Revenge, are excellent; though not equally ſo; thoſe of Melancholy and chearfulneſs are ſuperior to every thing of the kind; and, upon the whole, there may be very little hazard in aſſerting that this is the fineſt ode in the Engliſh language.

AN EPISTLE

To Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edition of Shakeſpeare's Works.

THIS poem was written by our author at the univerſity, about the time when Sir Thomas Hanmer's pompous edition of Shakeſpeare was printed at Oxford. If it has not ſo much merit as the reſt of his poems, it has ſtill more than the ſubject deſerves. The verſification is eaſy and genteel, and the alluſions always poetical. The character of the poet Fletcher in particular is very juſtly drawn in this epiſtle.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

ODE

On the Death of Mr. THOMSON.

Mr. Collins had *ſkill to complain.* Of that mournful melody, and thoſe tender images, which are the diſtinguiſhing excellencies of ſuch pieces as bewail departed friendſhip, or beauty, he was an almoſt unequalled maſter. He knew perfectly to exhibit ſuch circumſtances, peculiar to the objects, as awaken the influences of pity; and while, from his own great ſenſibility, he felt what he wrote, he naturally addreſſed himſelf to the feelings of others.

To read ſuch lines as the following, all beautiful and tender as they are, without correſponding emotions of pity, is ſurely impoſſible:

" The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell,
Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's ſelf be dead."

The Ode on the Death of Thomſon ſeems to have been written in an excurſion to Richmond by water. The rural ſcenery has a proper effect in an ode to the memory of a poet, much of whoſe merit lay in deſcriptions of the ſame kind, and the appellations of "Druid," and "meek Nature's child," are happily characteriſtic. For the better underſtanding of this ode, it is neceſſary to remember, that Mr. Thomſon lies buried in the church of Richmond.

THE

EMS OF JOHN DYER.

ONGAR HILL.

Nymph, with curious eye!
the purple evening, lie
ountain's lonely van,
e noiſe of buſy man;
ir the form of things,
yellow linnet ſings;
eful nightingale
e foreſt with her tale;
ith all thy various dues,
d aid thy ſiſter Muſe;
ile Phœbus riding high,
re to the land and ſky!
ill invites my ſong,
landſkip bright and ſtrong;
in whoſe moſſy cells,
uſing, Quiet dwells;
in whoſe ſilent ſhade,
odeſt Muſes made,
ve, the evening ſtill,
ntain of a rill,
a flowery bed,
hand beneath my head;
y'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
l, and over wood,
e to houſe, from hill to hill,
mplation had her fill.

is chequer'd ſides I wind,
his brooks and meads behind,
s, and grottoes where I lay,
s ſhooting beams of day:
wider ſpreads the vale;
n a ſmooth canal:
tains round, unhappy fate!
ater, of all height,
their ſummits from the ſkies,
as the others riſe:
ɔſpect wider ſpreads,
ıland woods and meads;
ns, widens ſtill,
he newly-riſen hill.

ain the mountain's brow,
ſkip lies below!
no vapours intervene;
, the open ſcene,
Does the face of Nature ſhow,
In all the hues of Heaven's bow!
And, ſwelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the ſight.

Old caſtles on the cliffs ariſe,
Proudly towering in the ſkies!
Ruſhing from the woods, the ſpires
Seem from hence aſcending fires!
Half his beams Apollo ſheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumber'd riſe,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the ſable yew,
The ſlender fir, that taper grows,
The ſturdy oak with broad-ſpread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, Queen of Love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, ſteep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His ſides are cloath'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That caſt an aweful look below;
Whoſe ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a ſafety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox ſecurely feeds;
And there the poiſonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moſs, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has ſeen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has ſeen this broken pile compleat,
Big with the vanity of ſtate;
But tranſient is the ſmile of Fate!
A little rule, a little ſway,
A ſun-beam in a winter's-day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And ſee the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in ſhade and ſun,
Sometimes ſwift, ſometimes ſlow,
Wave ſucceeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endleſs ſleep!
Thus is Nature's veſture wrought,
To inſtruct our wandering thought;
Thus ſhe dreſſes green and gay,
To diſperſe our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landſkip tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy ſummit, wild and high,
Roughly ruſhing on the ſky!
The pleaſant ſeat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the ſhady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See on the mountain's ſouthern ſide,
Where the proſpect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How cloſe and ſmall the hedges lie!
What ſtreaks of meadows croſs the eye!
A ſtep methinks may paſs the ſtream,
So little diſtant dangers ſeem;
So we miſtake the future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glaſs;
As yon ſummits ſoft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to thoſe who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the ſame coarſe way,
The preſent's ſtill a cloudy day.

O may I with myſelf agree,
And never covet what I ſee:
Content me with an humble ſhade,
My paſſions tam'd, my wiſhes laid;
For, while our wiſhes wildly roll,
We baniſh quiet from the ſoul:
'Tis thus the buſy beat the air,
And miſers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr ſings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the ſhepherd charms his ſheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with muſic fill the ſky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your ſkill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you ſearch, ſhe is not there;
In vain ye ſearch the domes of care!
Graſs and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleaſure, cloſe ally'd,
Ever by each other's ſide:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thruſh, while all is ſtill,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THE

RUINS OF ROME.

" Aſpice murorum moles, præruptaque ſaxa,
" Obrutaque horrenti veſta theatra ſitu:
" Hæc ſunt Roma. Viden' velut ipſa cadavera tantæ
" Urbis adhuc ſpirent imperioſa minas?"

JANUS VITALIS.

ENOUGH of Grongar, and the ſhady dales
Of winding Towy, Merlin's feebled haunt
I ſing inglorious. Now the love of arts,
And what in metal or in ſtone remains
Of proud antiquity, through various realms
And various languages and ages fam'd,
Bears me remote, o'er Gallia's woody bounds,
O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote; beyond
The vale of Arno purpled with the vine,
Beyond the Umbrian and Etruſcan hills,
To Latium's wide Champain, forlorn and waſte,
Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muſe,
Yet once again, and ſoar a loftier flight;
Lo the reſiſtleſs theme, imperial Rome.
Fall'n, fall'n, a ſilent heap; her heroes all
Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations fall'n; obſcur'd in duſt;
Ev'n yet majeſtical: the ſolemn ſcene
Elates the ſoul, while now the riſing Sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft, upon the glittering plain,
Like broken rocks, a vaſt circumference;
Rent palaces, cruſh'd columns, rifled moles,
Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs.
Deep lies in duſt the Theban obeliſk
Immenſe along the waſte; minuter art,
Gliconian forms, or Phidian, ſubtly fair,
O'erwhelming; as th' immenſe Leviathan
The finny brood, when near Ierne's ſhore
Out-ſtretch'd, unwieldy, his iſland length appears
Above the foamy flood. Globoſe and huge,
Grey-mouldering temples ſwell, and wide o'ercaſt
The ſolitary landſcape, hills and woods,
And bounDleſs wilds; while the vine-mantled brows
The pendent goats unveil, regardleſs they
Of hourly peril, though the clifted domes
Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his oraiſon hears
Aghaſt the voice of time, diſparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down-daſh'd,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the Moon;
While murmurs ſooth each aweful interval

ling waters; ſhrouded Nile*,
and Tiber with his twins,
Euphrates; they with dropping locks,
their urns, and mournfully among
ive-echoing ruins pour their ſtreams.
, adventurous in the ſacred ſearch
arts, the delicate of mind,
d modeſt, from all climes reſort.
ciety! with theſe I raiſe
ne ſtep up the proud Palatia,
airy cypreſs groves, and towering pine,
oft o'er the big ruins brows,
ous arches rear'd: and frequent ſtopp'd,
ground ſtartles me with dreadful chaſm,
orth darkneſs from the vaſt profound
d halls, within the mountain's womb.
he nether works; all theſe beneath,
neath the vales and hills around,
cavern'd ſewers, maſſy, firm,
ylline grot beſide the dead
vernus; ſuch the ſewers huge,
e great Tarquinian genius dooms
impure; and proud with added rains,
the mighty billows laſh their vaults,
ler; how they heave their rocks in vain!
ow inceſſant time has roll'd around
l winters o'er the changeful world,
thouſand ſince, th' indignant floods
in their firm bounds, and daſh and ſwell,
onvey'd to Tiber's loweſt wave.
ver airy plains, by cryſtal founts,
e their glittering waves with tuneful lapſe,
ſleeky pebbles, agate clear,
phite, and the flowery vein
ſper, pleas'd I move along,
oſs'd, and huge inſcriptive ſtones,
ingling vines; and figur'd nymphs,
Chloe's of delicious mould,
he darkneſs; and deep empty tombs,
and mouldering ſhrines, with old decay
green, and wide-embowering ſhades,
he crooked cleſts of nodding towers.
wilderneſs! with error ſweet,
lingering ſtep, where-e'er the path
uets me, which the vulgar foot
ures maim'd has made; Anubis, Sphinx,
tique guiſe, and horned Pan,
nonſtrous ſhapes! prepoſterous Gods,
d Ignorance, by the ſculptor's hand
form, and worſhipp'd; as ev'n now
y worſhip at their breathleſs mouths †
ppellations: men to theſe
p to depth in darkening error fall'n)
ſcrib'd th' Inapplicable Name.
h it pleaſe and fill the memory
of brave renown, while on each hand
ns and breathing ſtatues riſe,
ng buſts! Sweet Scipio, Marius ſtern,
perb, the ſpirit-ſtirring form
aptur'd with the charm of rule
leſs fame; impatient for exploits,
yes upcaſt, he ſoars in thought
eight: and his own Brutus ſee,

ains at Rome adorned with the ſtatues of

ſtatues of the Pagan gods have been con-
images of ſaints.

Deſponding Brutus, dubious of the right,
In evil days, of faith, of public weal,
Solicitous and ſad. Thy next regard
Be Tully's graceful attitude: unprais'd,
His out-ſtretch'd arm he waves, in act to ſpeak
Before the ſilent maſters of the world,
And eloquence arrays him. There behold
Prepar'd for combat in the front of war
The pious brothers; jealous Alba ſtands
In fearful expectation of the ſtrife,
And youthful Rome intent: the kindred foes
Fall on each other's neck in ſilent tears;
In ſorrowful benevolence embrace—
Howe'er, they ſoon unſheath the flaſhing ſword,
Their country calls to arms; now all in vain
The mother claſps the knee, and ev'n the fair
Now weeps in vain; their country calls to arms.
Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, roux'd;
Such were the Fabii, Decii; ſo inſpir'd,
The Scipios battled, and the Gracchi ſpoke:
So roſe the Roman ſtate. Me now, of theſe
Deep-muſing, high ambitious thoughts inflame
Greatly to ſerve my country, diſtant land,
And build me virtuous fame; nor ſhall the duſt
Of theſe fall'n piles with ſhew of ſad decay
Avert the good reſolve, mean argument,
The fate alone of matter.—Now the brow
We gain enraptur'd; beauteouſly diſtinct *
The numerous portico's and domes upſwell,
With obeliſks and columns interpos'd,
And pine, and fir, and oak: ſo fair a ſcene
Sees not the derviſe from the ſpiral tomb
Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
Proud Memphis' reliques o'er th' Ægyptian plains
Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
Though graceful Athens, in the vale beneath
Along the windings of the Muſe's ſtream,
Lucid Ilyſſus weeps her ſilent ſchools,
And groves, unviſited by bard or ſage.
Amid the towery ruins, huge, ſupreme,
Th' enormous amphitheatre behold,
Mountainous pile! o'er whoſe capacious womb
Pours the broad firmament its varied light;
While from the central floor the ſeats aſcend
Round above round, ſlow-widening to the verge
A circuit vaſt and high; nor leſs had held
Imperial Rome, and her attendant realms,
When drunk with rule ſhe will'd the fierce delight.
And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out-ruſh'd
Before th' innumerable ſhouting crowd
The fiery, madded, tyrants of the wilds,
Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,
And deſperate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent!
By frequent converſe with familiar death,
To kindle brutal daring apt for war;
To lock the breaſt, and ſteal th' obdurate heart
Amid the piercing cries of ſore diſtreſs
Impenetrable.—But away thine eye;
Behold yon ſteepy cliff; the modern pile
Perchance may now delight, while that, rever'd†
In ancient days, the page alone declares,
Or narrow coin through dim cærulean ruſt.
The fane was Jove's, its ſpacious golden roof,
O'er thick-ſurrounding temples beaming wide,

* From the Palatin hill one ſees moſt of the remarkable antiquities.

† The Capitol.

Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
Half the round ſun aſcends; and tower'd aloft
Suſtain'd by columns huge, innumerous
As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights
Darkening their idols, when Aſtarte lur'd
Too-proſperous Iſrael from his living ſtrength.
And next regard yon venerable dome,
Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,
Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd
Pantheon; plain and round; of this our world
Majeſtic emblem; with peculiar grace
Before its ample orb, projected ſtands
The many-pillar'd portal: nobleſt work
Of human ſkill: here, curious architect,
If thou eſſay'ſt, ambitious, to ſurpaſs
Palladius, Angelus, or Britiſh Jones,
On theſe fair walls extend the certain ſcale,
And turn th' inſtructive compaſs: careful mark
How far in hidden art, the noble plain
Extends, and where the lovely forms commence
Of flowing ſculpture: nor neglect to note
How range the taper columns, and what weight
Their leafy brows ſuſtain: fair Corinth firſt
Boaſted their order, which Callimachus
(Reclining ſtudious on Aſopus' banks
Beneath an urn of ſome lamented nymph)
Haply compos'd; the urn with foilage curl'd
Thinly conceal'd, the chapiter inform'd.
See the tall obeliſks from Memphis old,
One ſtone enormous each, or Thebes convey'd;
Like Albion's ſpires they ruſh into the ſkies.
And there the temple, where the ſummon'd ſtate *
In deep of night conven'd: ev'n yet methinks
The vehement orator in rent attire
Perſuaſion pours, ambition ſinks her creſt;
And lo the villain, like a troubled ſea,
That toſſes up her mire! Ever diſguis'd,
Shall treaſon walk? ſhall proud opreſſion yoke
The neck of virtue? Lo the wretch, abaſh'd,
Self-betray'd Catiline! O Liberty,
Parent of happineſs, celeſtial-born;
When the firſt man became a living ſoul,
His ſacred genius thou; be Britain's care;
With her ſecure, prolong thy lov'd retreat;
Thence bleſs mankind; while yet among her ſons,
Ev'n yet there are, to ſhield thine equal laws,
Whoſe boſoms kindle at the ſacred names
Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walſingham, and Drake.
May others more delight in tuneful airs;
In maſque and dance excel; to ſculptur'd ſtone
Give with ſuperior ſkill the living look;
More pompous piles erect, or pencil ſoft
With warmer touch the viſionary board:
But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule;
To check the ravage of tyrannic ſway;
To quell the proud; to ſpread the joys of peace,
And various bleſſings of ingenious trade.
Be theſe our arts; and ever may we guard,
Ever defend thee with undaunted heart.
Ineſtimable good! who giv'ſt us Truth,
Whoſe hand uplreads to light, divineſt Truth,
Array'd in every charm: whoſe hand benign
Teaches unwearied toil to cloath the fields,
And on his various fruits inſcribes the name
Of Property: O nobly hail'd of old

* The Temple of Concord, where the ſenate met on Catiline's conſpiracy.

By thy majeſtic daughters, Judah fair,
And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
And Libya bright, and all-enchanting Greece,
Whoſe numerous towns and iſles, and peopled ſeas,
Rejoic'd around her lyre; th' heroic note
(Smit with ſublime delight) Auſonia caught,
And plann'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
Rear'd up her towery battlements in ſtrength;
Bent her wide bridges o'er the ſwelling ſtream
Of Tuſcan Tiber; thine thoſe ſolemn domes
Devoted to the voice of humbler prayer;
And thine thoſe piles * undeck'd, capacious, vaſt,
In days of dearth where tender Charity
Diſpens'd her timely ſuccours to the poor.
Thine too thoſe muſically-falling founts,
To ſlake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
Muſical ever; while from yon blue hills,
Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
Turn their innumerable arches o'er
The ſpacious deſert, brightening in the ſun,
Proud and more proud in their auguſt approach:
High o'er irriguous vales and woods and towns,
Glide the ſoft whiſpering waters in the wind,
And here united pour their ſilver ſtreams
Among the figur'd rocks, in murmuring falls,
Muſical ever. Theſe thy beauteous works:
And what beſide felicity could tell
Of human benefit: more late the reſt;
At various times their turrets chanc'd to riſe,
When impious tyranny vouchſaf'd to ſmile,
Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome †
Couches beneath the ruins: there of old
With arms and trophies gleam'd the field of Mars:
There to their daily ſports the noble youth
Ruſh'd emulous; to fling the pointed lance:
To vault the ſteed; or with the kindling wheel
In duſty whirlwinds ſweep the trembling goal;
Or wreſtling, cope with adverſe ſwelling breaſts,
Strong grappling arms, cloſe heads, and diſtant feet;
Or claſh the lifted gauntlets: there they form'd
Their ardent virtues: in the boſſy piles,
The proud triumphal arches; all their wars,
Their conqueſts, honours, in the ſculptures live.
And ſee from every gate thoſe ancient roads,
With tombs high verg'd, the ſolemn paths of Fame:
Deſerve they not regard? O'er whoſe broad flints
Such crowds have roll'd, ſo many ſtorms of war;
So many pomps; ſo many wondering realms:
Yet ſtill through mountains pierc'd, o'er vallies
rais'd,
In even ſtate, to diſtant ſeas around,
They ſtretch their pavements. Lo, the fane of Peace,
Built by that prince, who to the truſt of power ‡
Was honeſt, the delight of human-kind.
Three nodding iſles remain; the reſt an heap
Of ſand and weeds; her ſhrines, her radiant roofs,
And columns proud, that from her ſpacious floor,
As from a ſhining ſea, majeſtic roſe
An hundred foot aloft, like ſtately beech
Around the brim of Dion's glaſſy lake,
Charming the mimic painter: on the walls
Hung Salem's ſacred ſpoils; the golden board,
And golden trumpets, now conceal'd entomb'd

* The public granaries.

† Modern Rome ſtands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.

‡ Begun by Veſpaſian, and finiſhed by Titus.

By the ſunk roof.—O'er which in diſtant view
Th' Etruſian mountains ſwell, with ruins crown'd
Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte ſpires,
Wrapping his ſides in tempeſts. Eaſtward hence,
Nigh where the Ceſtian pyramid divides *
The mouldering wall, beyond yon fabrick huge,
Whoſe duſt the ſolemn antiquarian turns,
And thence, in broken ſculptures caſt abroad,
Like Sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's name
Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found
Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:
The ſtately pines, that ſpread their branches wide
In the dun ruins of its ample halls, †
Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high
Sink in compariſon, minute and vile.
Theſe, and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,
Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks
On Merlin's mount, or Snowden's rugged ſides,
Stand in the clouds, their branches ſcatter'd round,
After the tempeſt; Mauſoleums, Cirques,
Naumachios, Forums; Trajan's column tall,
From whoſe low baſe the ſculptures wind aloft,
And lead through various toils, up the rough ſteep,
Its hero to the ſkies: and his dark tower ‡
Whoſe execrable hand the city fir'd,
And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd,
Play'd to the flames; and Phœbus' letter'd dome; §
And the rough reliques of Carinæ's ſtreet,
Where now the ſhepherd to his nibbling ſheep
Sits piping with his oaten reed; as erſt
There pip'd the ſhepherd to his nibbling ſheep,
When th' humble roof Anchiſes' ſon explor'd
Of good Evander, wealth-deſpiſing king,
Amid the thickets: ſo revolves the ſcene;
So time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From duſt again to duſt. Behold that heap
Of mouldering urns (their aſhes blown away,
Duſt of the mighty) the fame ſtory tell;
And at its baſe, from whence the ſerpent glides
Down the green deſert ſtreet, yon hoary monk
Laments the fame, the viſion as he views,
The ſolitary, ſilent, ſolemn ſcene,
Where Cæſars, heroes, peaſants, hermits lie,
Blended in duſt together; where the ſlave
Reſts from his labours; where th' inſulting proud
Reſigns his power; the miſer drops his hoard;
Where human folly ſleeps.—There is a mood,
(I ſing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the ſoul, and points her to the ſkies;
When tribulation cloaths the child of man,
When age deſcends with ſorrow to the grave,
'Tis ſweetly-ſoothing ſympathy to pain,
A gentle-wakening call to health and eaſe.
How muſical! when all-devouring Time,
Here ſitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempeſts ſweep his various lyre,
How ſweet thy diapaſon, Melancholy!
Cool evening comes; the ſetting ſun diſplays
His viſible great round between yon towers,
As through two ſhady cliffs; away, my Muſe,

* The tomb of Ceſtius, partly within and partly without the walls.

† The baths of Caracalla, a vaſt ruin.

‡ Nero's.

§ The Palatin library.

Though yet the proſpect pleaſes, ever new
In vaſt variety, and yet delight
The many-figur'd ſculptures of the path
Half beauteous, half effac'd; the traveller
Such antique marbles to his native land
Oft hence conveys; and every realm and ſtate
With Rome's auguſt remains, heroes and gods,
Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
Yet miſs we not th' innumerable theſts,
Yet ſtill profuſe of graces teems the waſte.
Suffice it now th' Eſquilian mount to reach
With weary wing, and ſeek the ſacred reſts
Of Maro's humble tenement; a low
Plain wall remains; a little ſun-gilt heap,
Groteſque and wild; the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof: the gourd and olive fan
Their amorous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple cluſters through the green.
Here let me lie, with pleaſing fancy ſooth'd:
Here flow'd his fountain; here his laurels grew;
Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard
Fram'd the celeſtial ſong, or ſocial walk'd
With Horace and the ruler of the world:
Happy Auguſtus! who ſo well inſpir'd
Could'ſt throw thy pomps and royalties aſide,
Attentive to the wiſe, the great of ſoul,
And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
Auſpicious to the Muſes! then rever'd,
Then hallow'd was the fount, or ſecret ſhade,
Or open mountain, or whatever ſcene
The Poet choſe, to tune th' ennobling rhime
Melodious; ev'n the rugged ſons of war,
Ev'n the rude hinds rever'd the Poet's name:
But now—another age, alas! is ours—
Yet will the Muſe a little longer ſoar,
Unleſs the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
Since nature's ſtores are ſhut with cruel hand,
And each aggrieves his brother; ſince in vain
The thirſty pilgrim at the fountain aſks
Th' o'erflowing wave—Enough—the plaint diſdain.—
See'ſt thou yon fane? ev'n now inceſſant time *
Sweeps her low mouldering marbles to the duſt;
And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
Threatens huge ruin o'er the ſmall rotund.
'Twas there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
Th' aſtoniſh'd ſwains with reverend awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
Preſſing the teat within a monſter's graſp
Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
Turn'd her ſtretch'd neck and form'd your tender limbs;
So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell ſavage fed
Your ſacred infancies, your virtues, toils,
The conqueſts, glories, of th' Auſonian ſtate,
Wrap'd in their ſecret ſeeds. Each kindred ſoul,
Robuſt and ſtout, ye grapple to your hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots ariſe,
Green twigs of oſier weave the ſlender walls,
Green ruſhes ſpread the roofs; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
Elate with joy Etruſcan Tiber views
Her ſpreading ſcenes enamelling his waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gathering ſwains; and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majeſtic train.

* The temple of Romulus and Remus under Mount Palatin.

Her ſpeedy growth alarm'd the ſtates around,
Jealous; yet, ſoon by wondrous virtue won,
They ſink into her boſom. From the plough
Roſe her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd,
Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers;
For then no private pomp, no houſhold ſtate,
The public only ſwell'd the generous breaſt.
Who has not heard the Fabian heroes ſung?
Dentatus' ſcars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
How Manlius ſav'd the capitol? the choice
Of ſteady Regulus? As yet they ſtood,
Simple of life; as yet ſeducing wealth
Was unexplor'd, and ſhame of poverty
Yet unimagin'd—Shine not all the fields
With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks
Along the flowery vallies? They, content,
Feaſted at nature's hand, indelicate,
Blithe, in their eaſy taſte; and only ſought
To know their duties; that their only ſtrife,
Their generous ſtrife, and greatly to perform.
They through all ſhapes of peril and of pain,
Intent on honour, dar'd in thickeſt death
To ſnatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
Nor Thraſymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
Their dauntleſs courage; ſtorming Hannibal
In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,
The Thunder of the battle they return'd
Back on his Punick ſhores; till Carthage fell,
And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
With precious ſpoils: alas, proſperity!
Ah, baneful ſtate! yet ebb'd not all their ſtrength
In ſoft luxurious pleaſures; proud deſire
Of boundleſs ſway, and feveriſh thirſt of gold,
Rouz'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
Half rais'd her ruſty ſhield; nor could avail
The ſword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart;
Nor yet the car of that fam'd Britiſh chief,
Which ſeven brave years beneath the doubtleſs wing
Of victory, dreadful roll'd its griding wheels
Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
Triumph'd, till Fame was ſilent to their foes.
And now the world unrival'd they enjoy'd
In proud ſecurity: the creſted helm,
The plated greave and corſelet hung unbrac'd;
Nor clank'd their arms, the ſpear and ſounding ſhield,
But on the glittering trophy to the wind.
Diſſolv'd in eaſe and ſoft delights they lie,
Till every ſun annoys, and every wind
Has chilling force, and every rain offends:
For now the frame no more is girt with ſtrength
Maſculine, nor in luſtineſs of heart
Laughs at the winter ſtorm, and ſummer-beam,
Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice
Withers each nerve, and opens every pore
To painful feeling: flowery bowers they ſeek
(As æther prompts, as the ſick ſenſe approves)
Or cool Nymphean grots; or tepid baths
(Taught by the ſoft Ionians) they, along
The lawny vale, of every beauteous ſtone,
Pile in the roſeat air with fond expence:
Through ſilver channels glide the vagrant waves,
And fall on ſilver beds cryſtalline down,
Melodious murmuring; while luxury
Over their naked limbs with wanton hand,
Sheds roſes, odours, ſheds unheeded bane.
Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumber'd wants,
Brood of voluptuouſneſs, cry out aloud
Neceſſity, and ſeek the ſplendid bribe.
The citron board, the bowl emboſs'd with gems,
And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of ſeeming ivy, by that artful hand,
Corinthian Thericles; whate'er is known
Of rareſt acquiſition; Tyrian garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high teſtaceous food,
And flavour'd Chian wines with incenſe fum'd
To ſlake Patrician thirſt; for theſe, their rights
In the vile ſtreets they proſtitute to ſale;
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
Is there no villain, that will bind the neck
Stretch'd to the yoke? they come; the market throngs.
But who has moſt by fraud or force amaſs'd?
Who moſt can charm corruption with his doles?
He be the monarch of the ſtate; and lo!
Didius, vile uſurer, though the crowd he mounts *,
Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cowers,
And the red arrows fill his graſp uncouth.
O Britons, O my countrymen, beware;
Gird, gird your hearts; the Romans once were free,
Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er
Deign'd to walk forth a while in pageant ſtate,
And with licentious pleaſures fed the rout,
The thoughtleſs many: to the wanton ſound
Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the ſhade
Sung Cæſar, great and terrible in war,
Immortal Cæſar! Lo, a God, a God,
He cleaves the yielding ſkies! Cæſar meanwhile
Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat
Enrag'd purſues; or at his lonely meal
Starves a wide province; taſtes, diſlikes, and flings
To dogs and ſycophants. A God, a God!
The flowery ſhades and ſhrines obſcene return.
But ſee along the North the tempeſts ſwell
O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their ſnows!
Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
Ruſh as the breach of waters, whelming all
Their domes, their villas; down the feſtive piles,
Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the ſtorm in clouds of duſt.
Vain end of human ſtrength, of human ſkill,
Conqueſt, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
And eaſe, and luxury! O luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent ſtates,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the ſoft entrance of thy roſy cave
How doſt thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulph where Aſher lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten; and high-boaſting Cham;
And Elam's haughty pomp; and beauteous Greece;
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.

* Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.

THE

FLEECE:

A

POEM.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

" Poſt majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris ſecunda
" ratio eſt, quæ prima fit, ſi ad utilitatis mag-
" nitudinem referas: nam id præcipuè nos contra
" frigoris violentiam protegit, corporibuſque
" noſtris liberaliora præbet velamina."

COLUMELLA.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

THE ſubject propoſed. Dedicatory addreſs. Of paſtures in general, fit for ſheep; for fine-wool'd ſheep: for long-wool'd ſheep. Defects of paſtures, and their remedies. Of climates. The moiſture of the Engliſh climate vindicated. Particular beauties of England. Different kinds of Engliſh ſheep: the two common ſorts of rams deſcribed. Different kinds of foreign ſheep. The ſeveral ſorts of food. The diſtempers ariſing from thence, with their remedies. Sheep led by inſtinct to their proper food and phyſic. Of the ſhepherd's ſcrip, and its furniture. Care of ſheep in tupping time. Of the caſtration of lambs, and the folding of ſheep. Various precepts relative to changes of weather and ſeaſons. Particular care of new-fallen lambs. The advantages and ſecurity of the Engliſh ſhepherd above thoſe in hotter or colder climates; exemplified with reſpect to Lapland, Italy, Greece, and Arabia. Of ſheep-ſhearing. Song on that occaſion. Cuſtom in Wales of ſprinkling the rivers with flowers. Sheep-ſhearing feaſt and merriments on the banks of the Severn.

THE care of ſheep, the labours of the loom,
And arts of trade, I ſing. Ye rural nymphs,
Ye ſwains, and princely merchants, aid the verſe.
And ye, high-truſted guardians of our iſle,
Whom public voice approves, or lot of birth
To the great charge aſſigns: ye good, of all
Degrees, all ſects, be preſent to my ſong.
So may diſtreſs, and wretchedneſs, and want,
The wide felicities of labour learn:
So may the proud attempts of reſtleſs Gaul
From our ſtrong borders, like a broken wave,
In empty foam retire. But chiefly Thou,
The people's ſhepherd, eminently plac'd
Over the numerous ſwains of every vale,
With well-permitted power, and watchful eye,
On each gay field to ſhed beneficence,
Celeſtial office! Thou proteſt the ſong.
On ſpacious airy downs, and gentle hills,
With graſs and thyme o'erſpread, and clover wild,
Where ſmiling Phœbus tempers every breeze,
The faireſt flocks rejoice! they, nor of halt,
Hydropic tumours, nor of rot, complain;
Evils deform'd and foul: nor with hoarſe cough
Diſturb the muſic of the paſtoral pipe;
But, crouding to the note, with ſilence ſoft
The cloſe-woven carpet graze; where Nature blends
Flowrets and herbage of minuteſt ſize,
Innoxious luxury. Wide airy downs
Are Health's gay walks to ſhepherd and to ſheep.
All arid ſoils, with ſand, or chalky flint,
Or ſhelves deluvian mingled; and the turf,
That mantles over rocks of brittle ſtone,
Be thy regard: and where low-tufted broom,
Or box, or berry'd juniper ariſe;
Or the tall growth of gloſſy-rinded beech;
And where the burrowing rabbit turns the duſt;
And where the dappled deer delights to bound.
Such are the downs of Banſtead, edg'd with woods,
And towery villas; ſuch Dorceſtrian fields,
Whoſe flocks innumerous whiten all the land:
Such thoſe ſlow-climbing wilds, that lead the ſtep
Inſenſibly to Dover's windy cliff,
Tremendous height! and ſuch the clover'd lawns
And ſunny mounts of beauteous Normanton *,
Health's chearful haunt, and the ſelected walk
Of Heathcote's leiſure: ſuch the ſpacious plain
Of Sarum, ſpread like Ocean's boundleſs round,
Where ſolitary Stonehenge, grey with moſs,
Ruin of ages, nods: ſuch too the leas
And ruddy tilth, which ſpiry Roſs beholds,
From a green hillock, o'er her lofty elms;
And Lemſter's brooky tract, and airy Croft †,
And ſuch Harleian Eywood's ‡ ſwelling turf,
Wav'd as the billows of a rolling ſea:
And Shobden §, for its lofty terrace fam'd,
Which from a mountain's ridge, elate o'er woods
And girt with all Siluria ‖, ſees around
Regions on regions blended in the clouds.
Pleaſant Siluria, land of various views,
Hills, rivers, woods, and lawns, and purple groves
Pomaceous, mingled with the curling growth
Of tendril hops, that flaunt upon their poles,
More airy wild than vines along the ſides
Of treacherous Falernum ¶, or that hill
Veſuvius, where the bowers of Bacchus roſe,
And Herculanean and Pompeian domes.
But if thy prudent care would cultivate
Leiceſtrian fleeces, what the mowy arm
Combs through the ſpilly fleet in lengthen'd flakes;
Rich ſaponaceous loam, that ſlowly drinks
The blackening ſhower, and fattens with the draught,
Or marle with clay deep-mix'd, be then thy choice,

* A ſeat of Sir John Heathcote in Rutlandſhire.
† A ſeat of Sir Archer Croft.
‡ Of the Earl of Oxford.
§ A ſeat of Lord Bateman.
‖ Siluria, the part of England which lies weſt of the Severns, viz. Herefordſhire, Monmouthſhire, &c.
¶ Treacherous Falernum, becauſe part of the hills of Falernum was many years ago overturned by an eruption of fire, and is now an high and barren mount of cinders, called Monte Novo.

Of one conſiſtence, one complexion, ſpread
Through all thy glebe; where no deceitful veins
Of envious gravel lurk beneath the turf,
To looſe the creeping waters from their ſprings,
Tainting the paſturage: and let thy fields
In ſlopes deſcend and mount, that chilling rains
May trickle off, and haſten to the brooks.
Yet ſome defect in all on earth appears;
All ſeek for help, all preſs for ſocial aid.
Too cold the graſſy mantle of the marl,
In ſtormy winter's long and dreary nights,
For cumbent ſheep; from broken ſlumber oft
They riſe benumb'd, and vainly ſhift the couch;
Their waſted ſides their evil plight declare.
Hence, tender in his care, the ſhepherd ſwain
Seeks each contrivance. Here it would avail,
At a meet diſtance from the upland ridge,
To ſink a trench, and on the hedge-long bank
Sow frequent ſand, with lime, and dark manure;
Which to the liquid element will yield
A porous way, a paſſage to the ſoe.
Plow not ſuch paſtures: deep in ſpungy graſs
The oldeſt carpet is the warmeſt lair,
And ſoundeſt; in new herbage coughs are heard.
Nor love too frequent ſhelter: ſuch as decks
The vale of Severn, Nature's garden wide,
By the blue ſteeps of diſtant Malvern * wall'd
Solemnly vaſt. The trees of various ſhade,
Scene behind ſcene, with fair deluſive pomp
Enrich the proſpect, but they rob the lawns.
Nor prickly bramble, white with woolly theft,
Should tuft thy fields. Applaud not the remiſs
Dimetians †, who, along their moſſy dales,
Conſume, like graſshoppers, the ſummer hour;
While round them ſtubborn thorns and furze increaſe,
And creeping briars. I knew a careful ſwain,
Who gave them to the crackling flames, and ſpread
Their duſt ſaline upon the deepening graſs:
And oft with labor-ſtrengthen'd arm he delv'd
The draining trench acroſs his verdant ſlopes,
To intercept the ſmall meandring rills
Of upper hamlets: haughty trees, that ſour
The ſhaded graſs, that weaken thorn-ſet mounds,
And harbour villain crows, he rare allow'd:
Only a ſlender tuft of uſeful aſh,
And mingled beech and elm, ſecurely tall,
The little ſmiling cottage, warm embower'd;
The little ſmiling cottage, where at eve
He meets his roſy children at the door,
Prattling their welcomes, and his honeſt wife,
With good brown cake and bacon ſlice, intent
To cheer his hunger after labour hard.
Nor only ſoil, there alſo muſt be found
Felicity of clime, and aſpect bland,
Where gentle ſheep may nouriſh locks of price.
In vain the ſilken fleece on windy brows,
And northern ſlopes of cloud-dividing hills
Is ſought, though ſoft Iberia ſpreads her lap
Beneath their rugged feet, and names their heights
Biſcaian or Segovian. Bothnic realms,
And dark Norwegian, with their choiceſt fields,
Dingles, and dells, by lofty fir embower'd,
In vain the bleaters court. Alike they ſhun
Libya's hot plains: what taſte have they for groves
Of palm, or yellow duſt of gold? no more
Food to the flock, than to the miſer wealth,
Who kneels upon the glittering heap, and ſtarves.
Ev'n Gallic Abbeville the ſhining fleece,
That richly decorates her loom, acquires
Safely from Albion, by th' enſnaring bribe,
The bait of avarice, which with felon fraud,
For its own wanton mouth, from thouſands ſteals.
How erring oft the judgment in its hate,
Or fond deſire! Thoſe ſlow-deſcending ſhowers,
Thoſe hovering fogs, that bathe our growing vales
In deep November (loath'd by trifling Gaul,
Effeminate), are gifts the Pleiads ſhed,
Britannia's handmaids. As the beverage falls,
Her hills rejoice, her vallies laugh and ſing.
Hail, noble Albion; where no golden mines,
No ſoft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bowers,
The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate: round whoſe ſtern cerulean brows
White-winged ſnow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with ſolemn majeſty:
Rich Queen of Miſts and Vapours! Theſe thy ſons
With their cool arms compreſs; and twiſt their nerves
For deeds of excellence and high renown.
Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henrys, Churchills, Blakes,
Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons, roſe.
See the ſun gleams; the living paſtures riſe,
After the nurture of the fallen ſhower,
How beautiful! how blue th' ethereal vault,
How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike ſteeds, ſuch herds of kine,
So ſleek, ſo vaſt; ſuch ſpacious flocks of ſheep,
Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
What other paradiſe adorn but thine,
Britannia? happy, if thy ſons would know
Their happineſs. To theſe thy naval ſtreams,
Thy frequent towns ſuperb of buſy trade,
And ports magnific add, and ſtately ſhips,
Innumerous. But whither ſtrays my Muſe?
Pleas'd, like a traveller upon the ſtrand
Arriv'd of bright Auguſta: wild he roves,
From deck to deck, through groves immenſe of maſts;
'Mong crouds, bales, cars, the wealth of either Ind;
Through wharfs, and ſquares, and palaces, and domes,
In ſweet ſurprize; unable yet to fix
His raptur'd mind, or ſcan in order'd courſe
Each object ſingly; with diſcoveries new
His native country ſtudious to enrich.
Ye ſhepherds, if your labours hope ſucceſs,
Be firſt your purpoſe to procure a breed,
To ſoil and clime adapted. Every ſoil
And clime, ev'n every tree and herb, receives
Its habitant peculiar: each to each,
The Great Inviſible, and each to all,
Through earth, and ſea, and air, harmonious ſuits.
Tempeſtuous regions, Darwent's * naked peaks,

* Malvern, a high ridge of hills near Worceſter.
† Dimetia, Caermarthenſhire in South Wales.

* Darwent's naked peaks, the peaks of Derbyſhire.

en * and blue Plynlymmon *, and the wide
ſides of Cader-yddris huge;
are beſtow'd on goat-horn'd ſheep, of fleece
and coarſe, of long and nimble ſhank,
ove o'er bog or heath, and graze or brouze
ate, to collect, with due diſpatch,
e bleak wild, the thinly-ſcatter'd meal.
ls of milder air, that gently riſe
ewy dales, a fairer ſpecies boaſt,
ter limb, and frontlet more ornate;
he Silurian. If thy farm extends
otſwold downs, or the delicious groves
monds, honour'd through the ſandy ſoil
y Roſs †, or Devon's myrtle vales,
rink clear rivers near the glaſſy ſea;
l this ſort, and hence thy ſire of lambs
his tawny fleece in ringlets curls;
wings his ſlender tail; his front is fenc'd
orns Ammonian, circulating twice
d each open ear, like thoſe fair ſcrolls
grace the columns of th' Ionic dome.
ſhould thy fertile glebe be marly clay,
felton paſtures, or Tripontian fields ‡,
ever-gliding Avon's limpid wave
ts the long courſe of duſty Watling-ſtreet;
arger ſort, of head defenceleſs, ſeek,
fleece is deep and clammy, cloſe and plain:
ram ſhort-limb'd, whoſe form compact
deſcribes
vel line along his ſpacious back;
and ruddy eye, large ears, ſtretch'd head,
s dilated, breaſt and ſhoulders broad,
acious haunches, and a lofty dock.
s to their kindred ſoil and air induc'd,
riving herd will bleſs thy ſkilful care,
opies Nature: who, in every change,
variety, with Wiſdom works,
owers diverſify'd of air and ſoil,
h materials. Hence Sabæa's rocks,
a's marl, Ægyptus' water'd loam,
y Cyrene's ſand, in climes alike,
ifferent ſtores ſupply the marts of trade.
Zembla's icy tracts no bleaters hear;
re the Ruſſian herds, and harſh their fleece;
t eſteem Germanic, far remote
oft ſea-breezes, open winters mild,
mmers bath'd in dew: on Syrian ſheep
ſtly burden only loads their tails:
ts Cormandel's, none Malacca's tribe
; but ſleek of ſlix, and brown like deer,
and ſhepherdleſs, they bound along
ds. No fleeces wave in torrid climes,
verdure boaſt of trees and ſhrubs alone,
aromatic, cauſee wild, or thea,
g, or cinnamon, or fiery clove,
to feed the fleece. The food of wool
or herbage ſoft, that ever blooms
erate air, in the delicious downs
ion, on the banks of all her ſtreams.

owden, Plynlymmon, and Cader-yddris,
lls in North Wales.
town in Herefordſhire.
ripontian fields, the country between Rugby,
rwickſhire, and Lutterworth, in Leiceſter-

Of graſſes are unnumber'd kinds, and all
(Save where foul waters linger on the turf)
Salubrious. Early mark, when tepid gleams
Oft mingle with the pearls of ſummer ſhowers,
And ſwell too haſtily the tender plains:
Then ſnatch away thy ſheep; beware the rot;
And with deterſive bay-ſalt rub their mouths;
Or urge them on a barren bank to feed,
In hunger's kind diſtreſs, on tedded hay;
Or to the mariſh guide their eaſy ſteps,
If near thy tufted croſts the broad ſea ſpreads.
Sagacious care foreacts: when ſtrong diſeaſe
Breaks in, and ſtains the purple ſtreams of health,
Hard is the ſtrife of art: the coughing peſt
From their green paſture ſweeps whole flocks away.
That dire diſtemper ſometimes may the ſwain,
Though late, diſcern: when on the lifted lid,
Or viſual orb, the turgid veins are pale;
The ſwelling liver then her putrid ſtore
Begins to drink: ev'n yet thy ſkill exert,
Nor ſuffer weak deſpair to fold thy arms:
Again deterſive ſalt apply, or ſhed
The hoary medicine o'er their arid food.
In cold ſtiff ſoils the bleaters oft complain
Of gouty ails, by ſhepherds term'd the halt:
Thoſe let the neighbouring fold or ready crook
Detain; and pour into their cloven feet
Corroſive drugs, deep-ſearching arſenic,
Dry alum, verdigriſe, or vitriol keen.
But if the doubtful miſchief ſcarce appears,
'Twill ſerve to ſhift them to a dryer turf,
And ſalt again: th' utility of ſalt
Teach thy ſlow ſwains: redundant humours cold
Are the diſeaſes of the bleating kind.
Th' infectious ſcab, ariſing from extremes
Of want or ſurfeit, is by water cur'd
Of lime, or ſodden ſtave-acre, or oil
Diſperſive of Norwegian tar, renown'd
By virtuous Berkeley, whoſe benevolence
Explor'd its powers, and eaſy medicine thence
Sought for the poor: ye poor, with grateful voice,
Invoke eternal bleſſings on his head.
Sheep alſo pleuriſies and dropſies know,
Driv'n oft from Nature's path by artful man,
Who blindly turns aſide, with haughty hand,
Whom ſacred Inſtinct would ſecurely lead.
But thou, more humble ſwain, thy rural gates
Frequent unbar, and let thy flocks abroad,
From lea to croft, from mead to arid field;
Noting the fickle ſeaſons of the ſky.
Rain-fated paſtures let them ſhun, and ſeek
Changes of herbage and ſalubrious flowers.
By their All-perfect Maſter inly taught,
They beſt their food and phyſic can diſcern;
For He, Supreme Exiſtence, ever near,
Informs them. O'er the vivid green obſerve
With what a regular conſent they crop,
At every fourth collection to the mouth,
Unſavoury crow-flower; whether to awake
Langour of appetite with lively change,
Or timely to repel approaching ills,
Hard to determine. Thou, whom nature loves,
And with her ſalutary rules entruſts,
Benevolent Mackenzie *, ſay the cauſe.

* Dr. Mackenzie, late of Worceſter, now of Drumſugh, near Edinburgh.

This truth howe'er ſhines bright to human ſenſe;
Each ſtrong affection of th' unconſcious brute,
Each bent, each paſſion of the ſmalleſt mite,
Is wiſely given; harmonious they perform
The work of perfect reaſon (bluſh, vain man!)
And turn the wheels of nature's vaſt machine.
See that thy ſcrip have ſtore of healing tar,
And marking pitch and raddle; nor forget
Thy ſheers true pointed, nor th' officious dog,
Faithful to teach thy ſtragglers to return:
So may'ſt thou aid who lag along, or ſteal
Aſide into the furrows or the ſhades,
Silent to droop; or who, at every gate
Or hillock, rub their ſores and looſen'd wool.
But rather theſe, the feeble of thy flock,
Baniſh before th' autumnal months: ev'n age
Forbear too much to favour; oft renew,
And through thy fold let joyous youth appear.
Beware the ſeaſon of imperial love,
Who through the world his ardent ſpirit pours;
Ev'n ſheep are then intrepid: the proud ram
With jealous eye ſurveys the ſpacious field;
All rivals keep aloof, or deſperate war
Suddenly rages; with impetuous force,
And fury irreſiſtable, they daſh
Their hardy frontlets; the wide vale reſounds;
The flock amaz'd ſtands ſafe afar; and oft
Each to the other's might a victim falls:
As fell of old, before that engine's ſway,
Which hence ambition imitative wrought,
The beauteous towers of Salem to the duſt.
Wiſe cuſtom, at the fifth or ſixth return,
Or ere they 'ave paſt the twelfth of orient morn,
Caſtrates the lambkins; neceſſary rite,
Ere they be number'd of the peaceful herd.
But kindly watch whom thy ſharp hand has griev'd,
In thoſe rough months, that lift the turning year:
Not tedious is the office; to thy aid
Favonius haſtens; ſoon their wounds he heals,
And leads them ſkipping to the flowers of May;
May, who allows to fold, if poor the tilth,
Like that of dreary, houſeleſs, common fields,
Worn by the plough: but fold on fallows dry.
Enfeeble not thy flock to feed thy land:
Nor in too narrow bounds the priſoners croud:
Nor ope the wattled fence, while balmy morn
Lies on the reeking paſture; wait till all
The cryſtal dews, impearl'd upon the graſs,
Are touch'd by Phœbus' beams, and mount aloft,
With various clouds to paint the azure ſky.
In teizing fly-time, dank, or froſty days,
With unctuous liquids, or the lees of oil,
Rub their ſoft ſkins, between the parted locks;
Thus the Brigantes *; 'tis not idle pains:
Nor is that ſkill deſpis'd, which trims their tails,
Ere ſummer heats, of filth and tagged wool.
Coolneſs and cleanlineſs to health conduce.
To mend thy mounds, to trench, to clear, to foil
Thy grateful fields, to medicate thy ſheep,
Hurdles to weave, and chearly ſhelters raiſe,
Thy vacant hours require: and ever learn
Quick æther's motion: oft the ſcene is turn'd;
Now the blue vault, and now the murkey cloud,
Hail, rain, or radiance; theſe the moon will tell,

* The inhabitants of Yorkſhire.

Each bird and beaſt, and theſe thy fleecy tribe:
When high the ſapphire cope, ſupine they couch,
And chew the cud delighted; but, ere rain,
Eager, and at unwonted hour, they feed:
Slight not the warning; ſoon the tempeſt rolls,
Scattering them wide, cloſe ruſhing at the heels
Of th' hurrying o'ertaken ſwains: forbear
Such nights to fold; ſuch nights be theirs to ſhift
On ridge or hillock; or in homeſteads ſoft,
Or ſofter cotes, detain them. Is thy lot
A chill penurious turf, to all thy toils
Untractable? Before harſh winter drowns
The noiſy dykes, and ſtarves the ruſhy glebe,
Shift the frail breed to ſandy hamlets warm:
There let them ſojourn, till gay Procne ſkims
The thickening verdure, and the riſing flowers.
And while departing autumn all embrowns
The frequent-bitten fields; while thy free hand
Divides the tedded hay; then be their feet
Accuſtom'd to the barriers of the rick,
Or ſome warm umbrage; leſt, in erring fright,
When the broad dazzling ſnows deſcend, they run
Diſpers'd to ditches, where the ſwelling drift
Wide overwhelms: anxious the ſhepherd ſwains
Iſſue with axe and ſpade, and, all abroad,
In doubtful aim explore the glaring waſte;
And ſome, perchance, in the deep delve upraiſe,
Drooping, ev'n at the twelfth cold dreary day,
With ſtill continued feeble pulſe of life;
The glebe, their fleece, their fleſh, by hunger gnaw'd.
Ah, gentle ſhepherd, thine the lot to tend,
Of all, that feel diſtreſs, the moſt aſſail'd,
Feeble, defenceleſs: lenient be thy care:
But ſpread around thy tendereſt diligence
In flowery ſpring-time, when the new-dropt lamb,
Tottering with weakneſs by his mother's ſide,
Feels the freſh world about him; and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet:
O, guard his meek ſweet innocence from all
Th' innumerous ills that ruſh around his life;
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
Circling the ſkies to ſnatch him from the plain;
Obſerve the lurking crows; beware the brake,
There the ſly fox the careleſs minute waits;
Nor truſt thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor ſky:
Thy boſom to a thouſand cares divide.
Eurus oft flings his hail; the tardy fields
Pay not their promis'd food; and oft the dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey
Alights, and hops in many turns around,
And tires her alſo turning: to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakeſt, in thine arms,
Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft,
Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
His hungry bleating ſtill with tepid milk:
In this ſoft office may thy children join,
And charitable habits learn in ſport:
Nor yield him to himſelf, ere vernal airs
Sprinkle thy little croft with daiſy flowers.
Nor yet forget him: life has riſing ills:
Various as æther is the paſtoral care;
Through ſlow experience, by a patient breaſt,
The whole long leſſon gradual is attain'd,
By precept after precept, oft receiv'd

attention: ſuch as Nucrus * ſings
vale near Soare's † enamour'd brook,
ſilence: ſweet Hincklean ſwain!
e obſcurity ſeverely claſps:
, howe'er, will deck thy ſimple cell
le violets and primroſe flowers,
'd thy faithful leſſons to repay.
extremes can bear: both heat and cold
s cutaneous; but, more frequent, heat
own vermin, from their woolly neſt,
tortur'd ſkin, and fleſh, and bone,
s and number dreadful foes.
in miry winter cauſe the halt;
riant ſummers rot your flock;
ceſs, ev'n of ſalubrious food,
ſtroys, as famine or the wolf.
irs to man's world-roving frame,
extremes in every zone endures.
ateful heart, ye Britiſh ſwains, enjoy
le ſeaſons and indulgent clime.
ſprinkling clouds, your bleating hills
th herbage, while the horrid rage
irreſiſtable o'erwhelms
rboreal tracts: his arrowy froſts,
e through flinty rocks, the Lappian flies;
ws deep beneath the ſnowy world;
ode, from roſe-diffuſing hours,
e before the wheels of radiant day,
mote; where by the ſqualid light
il inflam'd, ſea-monſter's ſpume,
d, glaring in the weeping vault,
ee ſlow gloomy months, with various ills
ſtruggles; ſuch the love of life!
nd ſcanty herds around him preſs,
er-ſtung, to gritty meal he grinds
of fiſh or inward bark of trees,
mon ſuſtenance. While ye, O ſwains,
y at your eaſe, behold your ſheep
e open turf, or croud the tilth,
ick among the greens, with buſy mouths
p white turnips: little care is yours;
norning hour, to interpoſe
f oats, or hay, or brittle ſtraw,
y juices of the boſſy root
: or from noxious air to ſcreen
y teeming ewes, with wattled fence
r copſe-wood, in the lofty field
ak aſcends among the whiſtling winds.
r ſheep are of Silurian breed,
houſe them dry on fern or ſtraw,
their fleeces. Ye, nor rolling hut,
ful dog, require; where never roar
tears the air, where careleſs night
leep lies lull'd, and only wakes
ous peace. Alas! o'er warmer zones
r ſtrides: their ſtubborn rocks are rent;
ntains ſink; their yawning caverns flame;
torrents roll impetuous down,
s deluging; Pompeian towers,
ulanean, and what riotous ſtood
valley, where now the Dead Sea
tary hills infectious lies.

Joſeph Nutt, an eminent apothecary at
; of whom ſee the hiſtory of that time,

a river in Leiceſterſhire.

See the ſwift furies, famine, plague, and war,
In frequent thunders rage o'er neighbouring realms,
And ſpread their plains with deſolation wide:
Yet your mild homeſteads, ever-blooming ſmile
Among embracing woods; and waft on high
The breath of plenty, from the ruddy tops
Of chimnies, curling o'er the gloomy trees,
In airy azure ringlets, to the ſky.
Nor ye by need are urg'd, as Attic ſwains,
And Tarentine, with ſkins to cloath your ſheep;
Expenſive toil; howe'er expedient found
In fervid climates, while from Phœbus' beams
They fled to rugged woods and tangling brakes.
But thoſe expenſive toils are now no more,
Proud tyranny devours their flocks and herds:
Nor bleat of ſheep may now, nor ſound of pipe,
Sooth the ſad plains of once ſweet Arcady,
The ſhepherds' kingdom: dreary ſolitude
Spreads o'er Hymettus, and the ſhaggy vale
Of Athens, which, in ſolemn ſilence, ſheds
Her venerable ruins to the duſt.
The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
Guiding the languid herd in queſt of food:
And ſhift their little home's uncertain ſcene
With frequent farewell: ſtrangers, pilgrims all,
As were their fathers. No ſweet fall of rain
May there be heard; nor ſweeter liquid lapſe
Of river, o'er the pebbles gliding by
In murmurs: goaded by the rage of thirſt,
Daily they journey to the diſtant clefts
Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o'erhang
The ancient wells, deep ſunk by toil immenſe,
Toil of the patriarchs, with ſublime intent
Themſelves and long poſterity to ſerve.
There, at the public hour of ſultry noon,
They ſhare the beverage, when to watering come,
And grateful umbrage, all the tribes around,
And their lean flocks, whoſe various bleatings fill
The echoing caverns: then is abſent none,
Fair nymph or ſhepherd, each inſpiring each
To wit, and ſong, and dance, and active feats;
In the ſame ruſtic ſcene, where Jacob won
Fair Rachael's boſom, when a rock's vaſt weight
From the deep dark mouth'd well his ſtrength remov'd,
And to her circling ſheep refreſhment gave.
Such are the perils, ſuch the toils of life,
In foreign climes. But ſpeed thy flight, my Muſe;
Swift turns the year; and our unnumber'd flocks
On fleeces overgrown uneaſy lie.
Now, jolly ſwains, the harveſt of your care
Prepare to reap, and ſeek the ſounding caves
Of high Brigantium *, where, by ruddy flames,
Vulcan's ſtrong ſons, with nervous arm, around
The ſteady anvil and the glaring maſs,
Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,
Flattening the ſteel; from their rough hands receive
The ſharpen'd inſtrument, that from the flock
Severs the fleece. If verdant elder ſpreads
Her ſilver flowers; if humble daiſies yield
To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant graſs,
Gay ſhearing-time approaches. Firſt, howe'er,
Drive to the double fold, upon the brim

* The caves of Brigantium—the forges of Sheffield, in Yorkſhire, where the ſhepherds ſhears and all edge-tools are made.

Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,
And plunge them one by one into the flood:
Plung'd in the flood, not long the ſtruggler ſtinks,
With his white flakes, that gliſten through the tide;
The ſturdy ruſtic, in the middle wave
Awaits to ſeize him riſing; one arm bears
His lifted head above the limpid ſtream,
While the full clammy fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil;
And then reſigns him to the ſunny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he ſhakes his dripping locks.
Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
Leſt touch of buſy fly-blows wound their ſkin:
Thy peaceful ſubjects without murmur yield
Their yearly tribute: 'tis the prudent part
To cheriſh and be gentle, while ye ſtrip
The downy veſture from their tender ſides.
Preſs not too cloſe; with caution turn the points;
And from the head in regular rounds proceed:
But ſpeedy when ye chance to wound, with tar
Prevent the wingy ſwarm and ſcorching heat;
And careful houſe them, if the lowering clouds
Mingle their ſtores tumultuous: through the gloom
Then thunder oft with pondrous wheels rolls loud,
And breaks the cryſtal urns of heaven: adown
Falls ſtreaming rain. Sometimes among the ſteeps
Of Cambrian glades (pity the Cambrian glades)
Faſt tumbling brooks on brooks enormous ſwell,
And ſudden o'erwhelm their vaniſh'd fields:
Down with the flood away the naked ſheep,
Bleating in vain, are borne, and ſtraw-built huts,
And rifted trees, and heavy enormous ricks,
Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.
At ſhearing-time, along the lively vales,
Rural feſtivities are often heard:
Beneath each blooming arbour all is joy
And luſty merriment: while on the graſs
The mingled youth in gaudy circles ſport,
We think the golden age again return'd,
And all the fabled Dryades in dance.
Leering they bouſſd along, with laughing air,
To the ſhrill pipe, and deep remurmuring cords
Of th' ancint harp, or tabor's hollow ſound.
While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
Attend the tuneful carol, ſoftly mixt
With every murmur of the ſliding wave,
And every warble of the feather'd choir;
Muſic of paradiſe! which ſtill is heard,
When the heart liſtens; ſtill the views appear
Of the firſt happy garden, when Content
To Nature's flowery ſcenes directs the ſight.
Yet we abandon thoſe Elyſian walks,
Then idly for the loſt delight repine:
As greedy mariners, whoſe deſperate ſails
Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,
Fancy they ſee the liſtening ſhores retire,
And ſigh a farewel to the ſinking hills.
Could I recall thoſe notes, which once the Muſe
Heard at a ſhearing, near the woody ſides
Of blue-topp'd Wreakin *! Yet the carols ſweet,
Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,
Faintly remurmur. Firſt aroſe in ſong
Hoar-headed Damon, venerable ſwain,
The ſoutheſt ſhepherd of the flowery vale.
" This is no vulgar ſcene: no palace-roof
" Was e'er ſo lofty, nor ſo nobly riſe
" Their poliſh'd pillars, as theſe aged oaks,
" Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmleſs ſports
" Thus have expanded wide their ſheltering arms,
" Thrice told an hundred ſummers. Sweet Content,
" Ye gentle ſhepherds, pillow us at night."
" Yes, tuneful Damon, for our cares are ſhort,
" Riſing and falling with the chearful day,"
Colin reply'd; " and pleaſing wearineſs
" Soon our unaching head to ſleep inclines.
" Is it in cities ſo? where, poets tell,
" The cries of ſorrow ſadden all the ſtreets,
" And the diſeaſes of intemperate wealth.
" Alas, that any ills from wealth ſhould riſe!
" May the ſweet nightingale on yonder ſpray,
" May this clear ſtream, theſe lawns, thoſe ſnow-white lambs,
" Which, with a pretty innocence of look,
" Skip on the green, and race in little troops;
" May that great lamp, which ſinks behind the hills,
" And ſtreams around variety of lights,
" Recall them erring: this is Damon's wiſh.
" Huge Breaden's * ſtony ſummit once I climb'd
" After a kindling: Damon, what a ſcene!
" What various views unnumber'd ſpread beneath!
" Woods, towers, vales, caves, dells, cliffs and torrent floods;
" And here and there, between the ſpiry rocks,
" The broad flat ſea. Far nobler proſpects theſe,
" Than gardens black with ſmoke in duſky towns,
" Where ſtenchy vapours often blot the ſun:
" Yet, flying from his quiet, thither crouds
" Each greedy wretch for tardy-riſing wealth,
" Which comes too late; that courts the taſte in vain,
" Or nauſeates with diſtempers. Yes, ye rich,
" Still, ſtill be rich, if thus ye faſhion life;
" And piping, careleſs, filly ſhepherds we,
" We filly ſhepherds, all intent to feed
" Our ſnowy flocks, and wind the fleeky fleece."
" Deem not, howe'er, our occupation mean,"
Damon reply'd, " while the Supreme accounts
" Well of the faithful ſhepherd, rank'd alike
" With king and prieſt: they alſo ſhepherds are;
" For ſo th' All-ſeeing ſtyles them, to remind
" Elated man, forgetful of his charge."
" But haſte, begin the rites: ſee purple Eve
" Stretches her ſhadows: all ye nymphs and ſwains
" Hither aſſemble. Pleas'd with honours due,
" Sabrina, guardian of the cryſtal flood,
" Shall bleſs our cares, when ſhe by moonlight clear
" Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our ſleeping folds;
" Or in hoar caves around Plynlymmon's brow,
" Where precious minerals dart their purple gleams,
" Among her ſiſters ſhe reclines; the lov'd
" Vaga †, profuſe of graces, Ryddol † rough,
" Blithe Yſtwith †, and Clevedoc † ſwift of foot;
" And mingles various ſeeds of flowers and herbs,
" In the divided torrents, ere they burſt

* A high hill in Shropſhire.

* A hill on the boarders of Montgomeryſhire.

† Vaga, Ryddol, Yſtwith, and Clevedoc, rivers, the ſprings of which riſe in the ſides of Plynlymmon.

" Through the dark clouds, and down the mountain
" roll.
" Nor taint-worm ſhall infect the yeaning herds,
" Nor penny-graſs, nor ſpearwort's poiſonous
" leaf."

He ſaid: with light fantaſtic toe, the nymphs
Thither aſſembled, thither every ſwain;
And o'er the dimpled ſtream a thouſand flowers,
Pale lillies, roſes, violets, and pinks,
Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, ſprinkled with their ſportive arms.
Such cuſtom holds along th' irriguous vales,
From Wrealkin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn *,
Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet ſhe fled
The ſearch of Guendolen, her ſtepdame proud,
With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly chear,
Spread on a moſſy bank, untouch'd abides,
Till ceaſe the rites: and now the moſſy bank
Is gaily circled, and the jolly chear
Diſpers'd in copious meaſure; early fruits,
And thoſe of frugal ſtore, in huſk or rind;
Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream
Soft temper'd, in full sherrimant they quaff,
And caſt about their gibes; and ſome apace
Whiſtle to roundelays: their little-ones
Look on delighted: while the mountain-woods,
And winding vallies, with the various notes
Of pipe, ſheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes: near at hand the wide
Majeſtic wave of Severn ſlowly rolls
Along the deep-divided glebe: the flood,
And trading bark with low contracted ſail,
Linger among the reeds and copſy banks
To liſten; and to view the joyous ſcene.

THE

FLEECE.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION. Recommendation of mercifulneſs to animals. Of the winding of wool. Diverſity of wool in the fleece: ſkill in the aſſorting of it; particularly among the Dutch. The uſes of each ſort. Severe winters pernicious to the fleece. Directions to prevent their effects. Wool lighteſt in common-fields: inconveniencies of common fields. Vulgar errors concerning the wool of England: its real excellencies; and directions in the choice. No good wool in cold or wet paſtures: yet all paſtures improveable; exemplified in the drainage of Bedford Level. Britain in ancient times not eſteemed for wool. Countries eſteemed for wool before the Argonautic expedition. Of that expedition, and its conſequences. Countries afterwards eſteemed for wool. The decay of arts and ſciences in the barbarous ages: their revival, firſt at Venice. Countries noted for wool in the preſent times. Wool the beſt of all the various materials for cloathing. The wool of our iſland, peculiarly excellent, is the combing wool. Methods to prevent its exportation. Apology of the author for treating this ſubject. Biſhop Blaize the inventor of wool-combing. Of the dying of wool. Few dyes the natural product of England. Neceſſity of trade for importing them. The advantages of trade, and its utility in the moral world; exemplified in the proſperity and ruin of the elder Tyre.

NOW, of the ſever'd lock, begin the ſong,
With various numbers, though the ſimple theme
To win attention: this, ye ſhepherd ſwains,
This is a labour. Yet, O Wray, if thou
Ceaſe not with ſkilful hand to point her way,
The lark-wing'd Muſe, above the graſſy vale,
And hills, and wood, ſhall, ſinging, ſoar aloft;
And he, whom Learning, Wiſdom, Candor, Grace,
Who glows with all the virtues of his ſire,
Royſton approve, and patronize the ſtrain.
Through all the brute creation, none, as ſheep,
To lordly man ſuch ample tribute pay.
For him their udders yield nectareous ſtreams:
For him their downy veſtures they reſign;
For him they ſpread the feaſt: and! ne'er may he
Glory in wants, which doom to pain and death
His blameleſs fellow-creatures. Let diſeaſe,
Let waſted hunger, by deſtroying live;
And the permiſſion uſe with trembling thanks,
Meekly reluctant: 'tis the brute beyond:
And gluttons ever murder when they kill.
Ev'n to the reptile every cruel deed
Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,
Not of the ſanguinary tribe are all;
All are not ſavage. Come, ye gentle ſwains,
Like Brama's healthy ſons on Indus' banks,
Whom the pure ſtream and garden fruits ſuſtain,
Ye are the ſons of Nature; your mild hands
Are innocent: ye, when ye ſhear, relieve.
Come, gentle ſwains, the bright unſully'd locks
Collect: alternate ſongs ſhall ſooth your cares,
And warbling muſic break from every ſpray.
Be faithful; and the genuine locks alone
Wrap round: nor alien flake nor pitch enfold:
Stain not your ſtores with baſe deſire to add
Fallacious weight: nor yet, to mimic thoſe,
Minute and light, of ſandy Urchinfield *,
Leſſen, with ſubtle artifice, the fleece:
Equal the fraud. Nor interpoſe delay,
Leſt buſy æther through the open wool
Debilitating paſs, and every film
Ruffle and ſully with the valley's duſt.
Guard too from moiſture, and the fretting moth
Pernicious: ſhe, in gloomy ſhade conceal'd,
Her labyrinth cuts, and mocks the comber's care.
But in looſe locks of ſells ſhe moſt delights,
And feeble fleeces of diſtemper'd ſheep,
Whither ſhe haſtens, by the morbid ſcent

* Dolvoryn, a ruinous caſtle in Montgomeryſhire, on the banks of the Severn.

* The country about Roſs, in Herefordſhire.

Allur'd; as the ſwift eagle to the fields
Of ſlaughtering war or carnage: ſuch apart
Keep for their proper uſe. Our anceſtors
Selected ſuch, for hoſpitable beds
To reſt the ſtranger, or the gory chief,
From battle or the chace of wolves return'd.
When many-colour'd Evening ſinks behind
The purple woods and hills, and oppoſite
Riſes, full-orb'd, the ſilver harveſt-moon,
To light th' unwearied farmer, late afield
His ſcatter'd ſheaves collecting; then expect
The artiſts, bent on ſpeed, from populous Leeds,
Norwich, or Froome; they traverſe every plain,
And every dale, where farm or cottage ſmokes:
Reject them not; and let the ſeaſon's price
Win thy ſoft treaſures: let the bulky wain
Through duſty roads roll nodding; or the bark,
That ſilently adown the crude ſtream
Glides with white ſails, diſpenſe the downy freight
To copſy villages on either ſide,
And ſpiry towns, where ready diligence,
The grateful burden to receive, awaits,
Like ſtrong Briareus, with his hundred hands.
In the ſame fleece diverſity of wool
Grows intermingled, and excites the care
Of curious ſkill to ſort the ſeveral kinds.
But in this ſubtle ſcience none exceed
Th' induſtrious Belgians, to the work who guide
Each feeble hand of want: their ſpacious domes
With boundleſs hoſpitality receive
Each nation's outcaſts: there the tender eye
May view the maim'd, the blind, the lame, employ'd,
And unrejected age; ev'n childhood there
Its little fingers turning to the toil
Delighted: nimbly, with habitual ſpeed,
They ſever lock from lock, and long and ſhort,
And ſoft, and rigid, pile in ſeveral heaps.
This the duſk hatter aſks; another ſhines,
Tempting the clothier; that the hoſier ſeeks;
The long bright lock is apt for airy ſtuffs;
But often it deceives the artiſt's care,
Breaking unuſeful in the ſteely comb:
For this long ſpungy wool no more increaſe
Receives, while Winter petrifies the fields:
The growth of Autumn ſtops: and what though Spring
Succeeds with roſy finger, and ſpins on
The texture? yet in vain ſhe ſtrives to link
The ſilver twine to that of Autumn's hand.
Be then the ſwain adviſ'd to ſhield his flocks
From winter's deadening froſts and whelming ſnows:
Let the loud tempeſt rattle on the roof,
While they, ſecure within, warm cribs enjoy,
And ſwell their fleeces, equal to the worth
Of cloath'd Apulian *, by ſoft warmth improv'd:
Or let them inward heat and vigor find,
By food of cole or turnep, hardy plants.
Beſides, the lock of one continued growth
Imbibes a clearer and more equal dye.
But lighteſt wool is theirs, who poorly toil,
Through a dull round, in unimproving farms
Of common-fields: incloſe, incloſe, ye ſwains;
Why will you joy in common-field, where pitch,
Noxious to wool, muſt ſtain your motley flock,
To mark your property? The mark dilates,
Enters the flake depreciated, defil'd,
Unfit for beauteous tint: beſides, in fields
Promiſcuous held, all culture languiſhes;
The glebe, exhauſted, thin ſupply receives;
Dull waters reſt upon the ruſhy flats
And barren furrows: none the riſing grove
There plants for late poſterity, nor hedge
To ſhield the flock, nor copſe for chearing fire;
And, in the diſtant village, every hearth
Devours the graſſy ſword, the verdant food
Of injur'd herds and flocks, or what the plough
Should turn and moulder for the bearded grain;
Pernicious habit, drawing gradual on
Increaſing beggary, and Nature's frowns.
Add too, the idle pilferer eaſier there
Eludes detection, when a lamb or ewe
From intermingled flocks he ſteals; or when,
With looſen'd tether of his horſe or cow,
The milky ſtalk of the tall green ear'd corn,
The year's ſlow-ripening fruit, the anxious hope
Of his laborious neighbour, he deſtroys.
There are, who over-rate our ſpungy ſtores,
Who deem that Nature grants no clime, but ours,
To ſpread upon its fields the dews of heaven,
And feed the ſilky fleece; that card, nor comb,
The hairy woll of Gaul can e'er ſubdue,
To form the thread, and mingle in the loom,
Unleſs a third from Britain ſwell the heap.
Illuſion all; though of our ſun and air
Not trivial is the virtue: nor their fruit,
Upon our ſnowy flocks, of ſmall eſteem:
The grain of brighteſt tincture none ſo well
Imbibes: the wealthy Gobelins muſt to this
Bear witneſs, and the coſtlieſt of their looms.
And though, with hue of crocus or of roſe,
No power of ſubtle food, or air, or ſoil,
Can dye the living fleece; yet 'twill avail
To note their influence in the tinging vaſe.
Therefore from herbage of old-paſtur'd plains,
Chief from the matted turf of azure marle,
Where grow the whiteſt locks, collect thy ſtores.
Thoſe fields regard not, through whoſe recent turf
The miry ſoil appears; not ev'n the ſtreams
Of Yare, or ſilver Stroud, can purify
Their frequent-ſully'd fleece; nor what rough winds,
Keen-biting on tempeſtuous hills, inbrown.
Yet much may be perform'd, to check the force
Of Nature's ſtiteor: the high heath, by trees
Warm-ſhelter'd, may deſpiſe the rage of ſtorms:
Moors, bogs, and weeping fens, may learn to ſmile,
And leave in dykes their ſoon-forgotten tears.
Labor and Art will every aim atchieve
Of noble boſoms. Bedford Level *, erſt
A dreary pathleſs waſte, the coughing flock
Was wont with hairy fleeces to deform;
And, ſmiling with her lure of ſummer flowers,
The heavy ox, vain-ſtruggling, to ingulph;
Till one, of that high-honour'd patriot name,
Ruſſel, aroſe, who drain'd the ruſhy fen,

* The ſhepherds of Apulia, Tarentum, and Attica, uſed to cluath their ſheep with ſkins, to preſerve and improve their fleeces.

* In Cambridgeſhire

Onoſin'd the waves, bade groves and gardens bloom,
And through his new creation led the Ouze,
And gentle Camus, ſilver-winding ſtreams;
God-like beneficence; from chaos drear
To raiſe the garden and the ſhady grove!
But ſee Ierne's moors and hideous bogs,
Immeaſurable tract. The traveller
Slow tries his mazy ſtep on th' yielding tuft,
Shuddering with fear: ev'n ſuch perfidious wilds,
By labor won, have yielded to the comb
The faireſt length of wool. See Deeping fens,
And the long lawns of Bourn. 'Tis Art and Toil
Gives Nature value, multiplies her ſtores,
Varies, improves, creates: 'tis Art and Toil
Teaches her woody hills with fruits to ſhine,
The pear and taſteful apple; decks with flowers
And foodful pulſe the fields, that often riſe,
Admiring to behold their furrows wave
With yellow corn. What changes cannot Toil
With patient Art, effect? There was a time,
When other regions were the ſwains delight,
And ſhepherdleſs Britannia's ruſhy vales,
Inglorious, neither trade nor labor knew,
But of rude baſkets, homely ruſtic geer,
Woven of the flexile willow; till, at length,
The plains of Sarum open'd to the hand
Of patient Culture, and, o'er ſinking woods,
High Cotſwold ſhow'd her ſummits. Urchinfield,
And Lemſter's croſts, beneath the pheaſant's brake,
Long lay unnoted. Toil new paſture gives;
And, in the regions oft of active Gaul,
O'er leſſening vineyards ſpreads the growing turf.
In eldeſt times, when kings and hardy chiefs
In bleeting ſheepfolds met, for pureſt wool
Phœnicia's hilly tracts were moſt renown'd,
And fertile Syria's and Judæa's land,
Hermon, and Seir, and Hebron's brooky ſides:
Twice with the murex' crimſon hue they ting'd
The ſhining fleeces: hence their gorgeous wealth;
And hence aroſe the walls of ancient Tyre.
Next buſy Colchis, bleſs'd with frequent rains,
And lively verdure (who the lucid ſtream
Of Phaſis boaſted, and a portly race
Of fair inhabitants) improv'd the fleece;
When, o'er the deep by flying Phryxus brought,
The fam'd Theſſalian ram enrich'd her plains.
This, riſing Greece with indignation view'd,
And youthful Jaſon an attempt conceiv'd
Lofty and bold: along Peneus' banks,
Around Olympus' brow, the Muſes' haunts,
He rouz'd the brave, to re-demand the fleece.
Attend, ye Britiſh ſwains, the ancient ſong,
From every region of Ægea's ſhore
The brave aſſembled; thoſe illuſtrious twins,
Caſtor and Pollux; Orpheus, tuneful bard;
Zetes and Calais, as the wind in ſpeed;
Strong Hercules, and many a chief renown'd.
On deep Iolcos' ſandy ſhore they throng'd
Gleaming in armour, ardent of exploits;
And ſoon, the laurel cord, and the huge ſtone
Up-lifting to the deck, unmoor'd the bark;
Whoſe keel, of wondrous length, the ſkilful hand
Of Argus faſhion'd for the proud attempt;
And in th' extended keel a lofty maſt
Up-rais'd, and ſails full-ſwelling; to the chiefs
Unwonted objects: now firſt, now they learn'd
Their bolder ſteerage over ocean wave,
Led by the golden ſtars, as Chiron's art
Had mark'd the ſphere celeſtial. Wide abroad
Expands the purple deep: the cloudy iſles,
Scyros and Scopelos, and Icos, riſe,
And Haloneſos: ſoon huge Lemnos heaves
Her azure head above the level brine,
Shakes off her miſts, and brightens all her cliffs:
While they, her flattering creeks and opening bowers
Cautious approaching, in Myrina's port
Caſt out the cabled ſtone upon the ſtrand.
Next to the Myſian ſhore they ſhape their courſe,
But with too eager haſte: in the white foam
His oar Alcides breaks; howe'er, not long
The chance detains; he ſprings upon the ſhore,
And, rifting from the roofs a tapering pine,
Renews his ſtroke. Between the threatening towers
Of Helleſpont they ply the rugged ſurge,
To Hero's and Leander's ardent love
Fatal: then ſmooth Propontis' widening wave,
That like a glaſſy lake expands, with hills,
Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt.
And now the Thracian Boſphorus thy dare,
Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks,
Threaten approach; but they, unterrify'd,
Through the ſharp-pointed cliffs and thundering floods
Cleave their bold paſſage: nathleſs by the craggs
And torrents ſorely ſhatter'd: as the ſtrong
Eagle or vulture, in th' entangling net
Involv'd, breaks through, yet leaves his plumes behind.
Thus, through the wide waves, their ſlow way they force
To Thynia's hoſpitable iſle. The brave
Paſs many pearls, and to fame by ſuch
Experience riſe. Refreſh'd, again they ſpeed
From cape to cape, and view unnumber'd ſtreams;
Halys, with hoary Lycus, and the mouths
Of Aſparus and Glaucus, rolling ſwift
To the broad deep their tributary waves;
Till in the long-ſought harbour they arrive
Of golden Phaſis. Foremoſt on the ſtrand
Jaſon advanc'd: the deep capacious bay,
The crumbling terrace of the marble port,
Wondering he view'd, and ſtately palace-domes,
Pavilions proud of luxury; around,
In every glittering hall, within, without,
O'er all the timbrel-ſounding ſquares and ſtreets,
Nothing appear'd but luxury, and crowds
Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal
Attentive none he found: for he, their chief
Of ſhepherds, proud Aëtes, by the name
Sometimes of king diſtinguiſh'd, 'gan to ſlight
The ſhepherd's trade, and turn to ſong and dance:
Ev'n Hydrus ceas'd to watch; Medea's ſong,
Of joy, and roſy youth, and Beauty's charms,
With magic ſweetneſs lull'd his cares aſleep,
Till the bold heroes graſp'd the golden fleece.
Nimbly they wing'd the bark, ſurrounded ſoon
By Neptune's friendly waves: ſecure they ſpeed
O'er the known ſeas, by every guiding cape,
With proſperous return. The myrtle ſhores,
And glaſſy mirror of Iolcos' lake,

With loud acclaim receiv'd them. Every vale,
And every hillock, touch'd the tuneful ſtops
Of pipes unnumber'd, for the ram regain'd.
Thus Phaſis loſt his pride: his ſlighted nymphs
Along the withering dales and paſtures mourn'd;
The trade-ſhip left his ſtreams; the merchant ſhunn'd
His deſart borders; each ingenious art,
Trade, Liberty, and Affluence; all retir'd,
And left to Want and Servitude their ſeats:
Vile ſucceſſors! and gloomy Ignorance
Following like dreary Night, whoſe ſable hand
Hangs on the purple ſkirts of flying day.
Sithence the fleeces of Arcadian plains,
And Attic, and Theſſalian, bore eſteem;
And thoſe in Grecian colonies diſpers'd,
Caria and Doris, and Ionia's coaſt,
And fam'd Tarentum, where Galeſus' tide,
Rolling by ruins hoar of ancient towns,
Through ſolitary vallies ſeeks the ſea.
Or green Altinum, by an hundred Alps
High-crown'd, whoſe woods and ſnowy peaks aloft
Shield her low plains from the rough northern blaſt.
Thoſe too of Bœtica's delicious fields,
With golden fruitage bleſs'd of higheſt taſte,
What need I name? The Turdetanian tract,
Or rich Coraxus, whoſe wide looms unroll'd
The fineſt webs? where ſcarce a talent weigh'd
A ram's equivalent. Then only Tin
To late improv'd Britannia gave renown.
Lo the revolving courſe of mighty time,
Who loftineſs abaſes, tumbles down
Olympus' brow, and lifts the lowly vale.
Where is the majeſty of ancient Rome,
The throng of heroes in her ſplendid ſtreets,
The ſnowy veſt of peace, or purple robe,
Slow trail'd triumphal? Where the Attic fleece,
And Tarentine, in warmeſt litter'd cotes,
Or ſunny meadows, cloath'd with coſtly care?
All in the ſolitude of ruin loſt,
War's horrid carnage, vain Ambition's duſt.
Long lay the mournful realms of elder Fame
In gloomy deſolation, till appear'd
Beauteous Venetia, firſt of all the nymphs,
Who from the melancholy waſte emerg'd:
In Adria's gulph her clotted locks ſhe lav'd,
And roſe another Venus: each ſoft joy,
Each aid of life, her buſy wit reſtor'd;
Science reviv'd, with all the lovely Arts,
And all the Graces. Reſtituted Trade
To every Virtue lent his helping ſtores,
And chear'd the vales around; again the pipe,
And bleating flocks, awak'd the chearful lawn.
The gloſſy fleeces now of prime eſteem
Soft Aſia boaſts, where lovely Caſſimere,
Within a lofty mound of circling hills,
Spreads her delicious ſtores; woods, rocks, caves, lakes,
Hills, lawns, and winding ſtreams; a region term'd
The paradiſe of Indus. Next, the plains
Of Lahor, by that arbor ſtretch'd immenſe,
Through many a realm, to Agra, the proud throne
Of India's worſhip'd prince, whoſe luſt is law:
Remote dominions; nor to ancient Fame,
Nor modern known, till public-hearted Roe,
Faithful, ſagacious, active, patient, brave,
Led to their diſtant climes adventurous trade.
Add too the ſilky wool of Libyan lands,
Of Caza's bowery dales, and brooky Caus,
Where lofty Atlas ſpreads his verdant feet,
While in the clouds his hoary ſhoulders bend.
Next proud Iberia glories in the growth
Of high Caſtile, and mild Segovian glades.
And beauteous Albion, ſince great Edgar chac'd
The prowling wolf, with many a lock appears
Of ſilky luſtre; chief, Siluria, thine;
Thine, Vaga, favour'd ſtream; from ſheep minute
On Cambria bred: a pound o'erweighs a fleece.
Gay Epſom's too, and Banſtead's, and what gleams
On Veſta's iſle, that ſhelters Albion's fleet,
With all its thunders: or Salopian ſtores,
Thoſe which are gather'd in the fields of Clun?
High Cotſwold alſo 'mong the ſhepherd ſwains
Is oft remember'd, though the greedy plough
Preys on its carpet: He *, whoſe ruſtic Muſe
O'er heath and craggy holt her wing diſplay'd,
And ſung the boſky bourns of Alfred's ſhires,
Has favour'd Cotſwold with luxuriant praiſe.
Need we the levels green of Lincoln note,
Or rich Leiceſtra's marly plains, for length
Of whiteſt locks and magnitude of fleece
Peculiar; envy of the neighbouring realms?
But why recount our graſſy lawns alone,
While ev'n the tillage of our cultur'd plains,
With boſſy turnep, and luxuriant cole,
Learns through the circling year their flocks to feed.
Ingenious trade! to cloath the naked world,
Her ſoft materials, not from ſheep alone,
From various animals, reeds, trees, and ſtones,
Collects ſagacious: in Euboea's iſle
A wondrous rock † is found, of which are woven
Veſts incombuſtible: Batavia, flax;
Siam's warm mariſh yields the fiſſile cane;
Soft Perſia, ſilk; Balaſor's ſhady hills
Tough bark of trees; Peruvian Pito, graſs;
And every ſultry clime the ſnowy down
Of cotton burſting from its ſtubborn ſhell
To gleam amid the verdure of the grove.
With gloſſy hair of Tibet's ſhagged goat
Are light tiaras woven, that wreath the head,
And airy float behind: the beaver's flix
Gives kindlieſt warmth to weak enervate limbs,
When the pale blood ſlow riſes through the veins.
Still ſhall o'er all prevail the ſhepherd's ſtores,
For numerous uſes known: none yield ſuch warmth,
Such beauteous hues receive, ſo long endure;
So pliant to the loom, ſo various, none.
Wild rove the flocks, no burdening fleece they bear,
In fervid climes: Nature gives nought in vain.
Carmenian wool on the broad tail alone
Reſplendent ſwells, enormous in its growth:
As the ſleek ram from green to green removes,
On aiding wheels his heavy pride he draws,
And glad reſigns it for the hatter's uſe.
Ev'n in the new Columbian world appears
The woolly covering: Apacheria's * glades,
And Canſes' *, echo to the pipes and flocks.

* Drayton. † The Aſbeſtos.
* Provinces in Louiſiana, on the weſtern ſide of the Miſſiſippi.

ı ſwains. While time ſhakes down his
ds,
s continual change, be none ſecure ;
our labors, brace your ſlackening nerves,
; nor ſleep careleſt on the lap
ius Nature ; ſhe is elſewhere kind.
ppi lengthen on her lawns,
to the ſhepherds : ſee the ſheep *
Arica †, like camels form'd ;
ır huge burdens to the ſea-beat ſhore,
with fleeces ſoft as feathery down.
Iothnic locks are not devoid of uſe ;
th the mountain carl, or mariner
ıt the wet ſhrouds, or ſtubborn helm,
loud billows daſh the groaning deck.
ıot Stroud's or Taunton's veſtures wear ;
from fleece Rataan ‡, mimic flowers
ımaſcus : many a texture bright
ıterial in Prætorium §, woven,
vicum, cheats the curious eye.
wool peculiar to our iſle
r Nature, 'tis the comber's lock,
the ſnow-white, and the long-grown
ce.
ıurn'd the public's wakeful eye,
n fleece to guard, with ſtricteſt watch,
dark hand of pilfering Avarice,
a ſpectre, haunts the midnight hour,
ıure wide around him lies ſupine
, in the tangles ſoft involv'd
ike ſleep : he then the moment marks,
pale moon illumes the trembling tide,
lift the canvas, bend the oar,
ıis theſts to the perfidious ſoe.
he patriot, who can teach the means
ıis frauds, and yet untroubled leave
en channels. Would a generous aid
toil, in Cambria's hilly tracts,
he Lune ‖ or Coker * wind their ſtreams,
ufficient? Far, their airy fields,
ıfectious luxury ariſe.
eir mazy dales, and mountain ſides
ius fleeces of Ierne ſhine,
y Caledonia, wiſely bent
' fiſheries and flaxen webs ;
d the ſiſter realms, amid their ſeas,
ree Graces in harmonious fold,
aid enhance their various charms,
emoteſt climes—To this lov'd end,
:nevolence ; to this lov'd end,
ıy nerves, and every thought explore.
ray, whoſe paſſions would immure,
n little hearts, the joys of life ;
of pride) for your repaſt alone,
ı all nature's ſtores, woods, waters,
ds,
fuſion ; whoſe vile hands would graſp
r's ſcantling, the weak widow's mite,
ſepulchre of Self entomb
e can, whate'er ye cannot uſe.

ſheep are called Guanapos.
vince of Peru.
ecces of Leiceſterſhire.
ry.
in Cumberland.
in Lancaſhire.

Know, for ſuperior ends th' Almighty Power
(The Power, whoſe tender arms embrace the worm)
Breathes o'er the foodful earth the breath of life,
And forms us manifold ; allots to each
His fair peculiar ; wiſdom, wit and ſtrength ;
Wiſnom, and wit, and ſtrength, in ſweet accord,
To aid, to cheer, to counſel, to protect,
And twiſt the mighty bond. Thus feeble man,
With man united, is a nation ſtrong ;
Builds towery cities, ſatiates every want,
And makes the ſeas profound, and foreſts wild,
The gardens of his joys. Man, each man's born
For the high buſineſs of the public good.
For me, 'tis mine to pray, that men regard
Their occupations with an honeſt heart,
And chearful diligence : like the uſeful bee,
To gather for the hive not ſweets alone,
But wax, and each material ; pleas'd to find
Whate'er may ſooth diſtreſs, and raiſe the fall'n,
In life's rough race : O be it as my wiſh!
'Tis mine to teach th' inactive hand to reap
Kind nature's bounties, o'er the globe diffus'd.
For this, I wake the weary hours of reſt ;
With this deſire, the merchant I attend ;
By this impell'd, the ſhepherd's hut I ſeek,
And, as he tends his flock, his lectures hear
Attentive, pleas'd with pure ſimplicity,
And rules divulg'd beneficent to ſheep :
Or turn the compaſs o'er the painted chart,
To mark the ways of traffic ; Volga's ſtream,
Cold Hudſon's cloudy ſtreights, warm Afric's caves,
Latium's firm roads, the Ptolemean foſſe,
And China's long canals ; thoſe noble works,
Thoſe high effects of civilizing trade,
Employ me, ſedulous of public weal :
Yet not unmindful of my ſacred charge ;
But alſo mindful, thus deviſing good,
At vacant ſeaſons, oft ; when evening mild
Purples the vallies, and the ſhepherd counts
His flock, returning to the quiet fold,
With dumb complacence : for Religion, this,
To give our every comfort to diſtreſs,
And follow virtue with an humble mind ;
This pure Religion. Thus, in elder time,
The reverend Blaſius wore his leiſure hours,
And ſlumbers, broken oft : till, fill'd at length
With inſpiration, after various thought,
And trials manifold, his well-known voice
Gather'd the poor, and o'er Vulcanian ſtoves,
With tepid lees of oil, and ſpiky comb,
Shew'd how the fleece might ſtretch to greater length,
And caſt a gloſſier whiteneſs. Wheels went round ;
Matrons and maids with ſongs reliev'd their toils ;
And every loom receiv'd the ſofter yarn.
What poor, what widow, Blaſius, did not bleſs
Thy teaching hand? Thy boſom, like the morn,
Opening its wealth? What nation did not ſeek,
Of thy new-model'd wool, the curious webs?
Hence the glad cities of the loom his name
Honour with yearly feſtals : through their ſtreets
The pomp, with tuneful ſounds, and order juſt,
Denoting labor's happy progreſs, moves,
Proceſſion ſlow and ſolemn : firſt the rout ;
Then fervient youth, and magiſterial eld ;
Each after each, according to his rank,

His ſway, and office, in the common weal;
And to the board of ſmiling plenty's ſtores
Aſſemble, where delicious cates and fruits
Of every clime are pil'd; and with free hand,
Toil only taſtes the feaſts, by nerveleſs eaſe
Unreliſh'd. Various mirth and ſong reſound;
And oft they interpoſe improving talk,
Divulging each to other knowledge rare,
Sparks, from experience, that ſometimes ariſe;
Till night weighs down the ſenſe, or morning's dawn
Rouzes to labor, man to labor born.
Then the ſleek brightening lock, from hand to hand,
Renews its circling courſe: this feels the card;
That, in the comb, admires its growing length;
This, blanch'd, emerges from the oily wave;
And that, the amber tint, or ruby, drinks.
For it ſuffices not, in flowery vales,
Only to tend the flock, and ſhear ſoft wool:
Gums muſt be ſtor'd of Guinea's arid coaſt;
Mexican woods, and India's brightening ſalts;
Fruits, herbage, ſulphurs, minerals, to ſtain
The fleece prepar'd, which oil-imbibing earth
Of Wooburn blanches, and keen alum-waves
Intenerate. With curious eye obſerve,
In what variety the tribe of ſalts,
Gums, ores, and liquors, eye-delighting hues
Produce, abſterſive or reſtringent; how
Steel caſts the ſable; how pale pewter, fus'd
In fluid ſpirit'ous, the ſcarlet dye;
And how each tint is made, or mixt or chang'd,
By mediums colourleſs: why is the fume
Of ſulphur kind to white and azure hues,
Pernicious elſe: why no materials yield
Singly their colours, thoſe except that ſhine
With topaz, ſapphire, and cornelian rays:
And why, though nature's face is cloath'd in green,
No green is found to beautify the fleece,
But what repeated toil by mixture gives.
To find effects, why cauſes lie conceal'd,
Reaſon uncertain tries: howe'er, kind chance
Oft with equivalent diſcovery pays
Its wandering efforts; thus the German ſage,
Diligent Drebet, o'er alchemic fire,
Seeking the ſecret ſource of gold, receiv'd
Of alter'd cochineal the crimſon ſtore.
Tyrian Melcartus thus (the firſt who brought
Tin's uſeful ore from Albion's diſtant iſle,
And, for unwearied toils and arts, the name
Of Hercules acquir'd) when o'er the mouth
Of his attendant ſheep-dog he beheld
The wounded murex ſtrike a purple ſtain,
The purple ſtain on fleecy woofs he ſpread,
Which lur'd the eye, adorning many a nymph,
And drew the pomp of trade to riſing Tyre.
Our vallies yield not, or but ſparing yield,
The dyer's gay materials. Only weld,
Or root of madder, here or purple woad,
By which our naked anceſtors obſcur'd
Their hardy limbs, inwrought with myſtic forms,
Like Egypt's obeliſks. The powerful ſun
Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,
And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,
Which trade to us conveys. Not tints alone,
Trade to the good phyſician gives his balms;
Gives chearing cordials to th' afflicted heart;
Gives, to the wealthy, delicacies high;
Gives, to the curious, works of nature rare;
And when the prieſt diſplays, in juſt diſcourſe,
Him, the all-wiſe Creator, and declares
His preſence, power, and goodneſs, unconfin'd,
'Tis trade, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument. To cenſure trade,
Or hold her buſy people in contempt,
Let none preſume. The dignity, and grace,
And weal, of human life, their fountains owe
To ſeeming imperfections, to vain wants,
Or real exigencies; paſſions ſwift
Forerunning reaſon; ſtrong contrarious bents,
The ſteps of men diſperſing wide abroad
O'er realms and ſeas. There, in the ſolemn ſcene,
Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,
Humiliating the mind enlarg'd; for they
The cleareſt ſenſe of Deity receive,
Who view the wideſt proſpect of his works,
Ranging the globe with trade through various climes:
Who ſee the ſignatures of boundleſs love,
Nor leſt the judgments of Almighty Power,
That warn the wicked, and the wretch who 'ſcapes
From human juſtice: who, aſtoniſh'd, view
Etna's loud thunders and tempeſtuous fires;
The duſt of Carthage; deſert ſhores of Nile;
Or Tyre's abandon'd ſummit, crown'd of old
With ſtately towers; whoſe merchants, from their iſles,
And radiant thrones, aſſembled in her marts;
Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
Their ſhaggy goats, their flocks, and bleating lambs;
Where rich Damaſcus pil'd his fleeces white,
Prepar'd, and thirſty for the double tint,
And flowering ſhuttle. While the admiring world
Crowded her ſtreets; ah! then the hand of Pride
Sow'd imperceptible his poiſonous weed,
Which crept deſtructive up her lofty domes,
As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
Of ſome tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
Not ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain;
Not ev'n the duſt they ſunk in; by the breath
Of the Omnipotent offended hurl'd
Down to the bottom of the ſtormy deep:
Only the ſolitary rock remains,
Her ancient ſcite; a monument to thoſe,
Who toil and wealth exchange for ſloth and pride.

THE

FLEECE.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION. Recommendation of labor. The ſeveral methods of ſpinning. Deſcription of the loom, and of weaving. Variety of looms. The fulling-mill deſcribed, and the progreſs of the manufacture. Dying of cloth, and the excellence of the French in that art. Frequent negligence of our artificers. The ill conſequences of idleneſs. Country-workhouſes propoſed; with a deſcription of one. Good effects of induſtry exemplified in the proſpect of Burſtal and Leeds; and the cloth-market there deſcribed. Preference of the labors of the loom to other manufactures, illuſtrated by ſome compariſons. Hiſtory of the art of weaving: its removal from the Netherlands, and ſettlement in ſeveral parts of England. Cenſure of thoſe who would reject the perſecuted and the ſtranger. Our trade and proſperity owing to them. Of the manufacture of tapeſtry, taught us by the Saracens. Tapeſtries of Bleinheim deſcribed. Different arts, procuring wealth to different countries. Numerous inhabitants, and their induſtry, the ſureſt ſource of it. Hence a wiſh, that our country were open to all men. View of the roads and rivers, through which our manufactures are conveyed. Our navigations not far from the ſeats of our manufactures: other countries leſs happy. The difficult work of Egypt in joining the Nile to the Red Sea; and of France in attempting, by canals, a communication between the Ocean and the Mediterranean. Such junctions may more eaſily be performed in England, and the Trent and Severn united to the Thames. Deſcription of the Thames, and the port of London.

PROCEED, Arcadian Muſe; reſume the pipe
Of Hermes, long diſus'd, though ſweet the tone,
And to the ſongs of Nature's choriſters
Harmonious. Audience pure be thy delight,
Though few: for every note which virtue wounds,
However pleaſing to the vulgar herd,
To the purg'd ear is diſcord. Yet too oft
Has falſe diſſembling vice to amorous airs
The reed apply'd, and heedleſs youth allur'd:
Too oft, with bolder ſound, enflam'd the rage
Of horrid war. Let now the fleecy looms
Direct our rural numbers, as of old,
When plains and ſheepfolds were the Muſes' haunts.
So thou, the friend of every virtuous deed
And aim, though feeble, ſhalt theſe rural lays
Approve, O Heathcote, whoſe benevolence
Viſits our vallies; where the paſture ſpreads,
And where the bramble; and would juſtly act
True charity, by teaching idle want
And vice the inclination to do good,
Good to themſelves, and in themſelves to all,
Through grateful toil. Ev'n nature lives by toil:
Beaſt, bird, air, fire, the heavens, and rolling worlds,
All live by action: nothing lies at reſt,
But death and ruin: man is born to care;
Faſhion'd, improv'd, by labor. This of old,
Wiſe ſtates obſerving, gave that happy law,
Which doom'd the rich and needy, every rank,
To manual occupation; and oft call'd
Their chieftains from the ſpade, or furrowing plough,
Or bleating ſheepfold. Hence utility
Through all conditions; hence the joys of health;
Hence ſtrength of arm, and clear judicious thought;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable. What ſimple nature yields
(And nature does her part) are only rude
Materials, cumbers on the thorny ground;
'Tis toils that make them wealth; that makes the fleece
(Yet uſeleſs, riſing in unſhapen heaps);
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,
A veſture uſefully ſuccinct and warm,
Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds,
A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs,
The ſcatter'd miſts reveal the duſky hills;
Grey dawn appears; the golden morn aſcends,
And paints the glittering rocks, and purple woods,
And flaming ſpires; ariſe, begin your toils;
Behold the fleece beneath the ſpiky comb
Drop its long locks, or, from the mingling card,
Spread in ſoft flakes, and ſwell the whiten'd floor.
Come, village nymphs, ye matrons, and ye maids,
Receive the ſoft material: with light ſtep
Whether ye turn around the ſpacious wheel,
Or, patient ſitting, that revolve, which forms
A narrower circle. On the brittle work
Point your quick eye; and let the hand aſſiſt
To guide and ſtretch the gently-leſſening thread:
Even, unknotted twine, will praiſe your ſkill.
A different ſpinning every different web
Aſks from your glowing fingers: ſome require
The more compact, and ſome the looſer wreath:
The laſt for ſoftneſs, to delight the touch
Of chamber'd delicacy: ſcarce the cirque
Need turn around, or twine the lengthening flake.
There are, to ſpeed their labor, who prefer
Wheels double-ſpol'd, which yield to either hand
A ſeveral line: and many, yet adhere
To th' ancient diſtaff, at the boſom fix'd,
Caſting the whirling ſpindle as they walk:
At home, or in the ſheepfold, or the mart,
Alike the work proceeds. This method ſtill
Norvicum favours, and th' Icenian * towns:
It yields their airy ſtuffs an apter thread.
This was of old, in no inglorious days,
The mode of ſpinning, when th' Egyptian prince
A golden diſtaff gave that beauteous nymph,
Too-beauteous Helen: no uncourtly gift
Then, when each gay diverſion of the fair
Led to ingenious uſe. But patient art,
That on experience works, from hour to hour,

* The Iceni were the inhabitants of Suffolk.

Sagacious, has a ſpiral engine * form'd,
Which, on an hundred ſpoles, an hundred threads,
With one huge wheel, by lapſe of water, twines,
Few hands requiring; eaſy-tended work,
That copiouſly ſupplies the greedy loom.
Nor hence, ye Nymphs, let anger cloud your brows:
The more is wrought, the more is ſtill requir'd:
Blithe o'er your toils, with wonted ſong, proceed:
Fear not ſurcharge; your hands will ever find
Ample employment. In the ſtriſe of trade,
Theſe curious inſtruments of ſpeed obtain
Various advantage, and the diligent
Supply with exerciſe, as fountains ſure,
Which, ever-gliding, feed the flowery lawn.
Nor, ſhould the careful State, ſeverely kind,
In every province, to the houſe of toil
Compel the vagrant, and each implement
Of ruder art, the comb, the card, the wheel,
Teach their unwilling hands, nor yet complain.
Yours, with the public good, ſhall ever riſe,
Ever, while o'er the lawns, and airy downs
The bleating ſheep and ſhepherd's pipe are heard;
While in the brook ye blanch the gliſtening fleece,
And th' amorous youth, delighted with your toils,
Quavers the choiceſt of his ſonnets, warm'd
By growing traffic, friend to wedded love.
The amorous youth, with various hopes inflam'd,
Now on the buſy ſtage ſee him ſtep forth,
With beating breaſt: high-honour'd he beholds
Rich induſtry. Firſt, he beſpeaks a loom:
From ſome thick wood the carpenter ſelects
A ſlender oak, or beech of gloſſy trunk,
Or ſaplin aſh: he ſhapes the ſturdy beam,
The poſts, and treadles; and the frame combines.
The ſmith, with iron-ſcrews, and plated hoops,
Confirms the ſtrong machine, and gives the bolt
That ſtrains the roll. To theſe the turner's lathe,
And graver's knife, the hollow ſhuttle add.
Various profeſſions in the work unite:
For each on each depends. Thus he acquires
The curious engine, work of ſubtle ſkill;
Howe'er, in vulgar uſe around the globe
Frequent obſerv'd, of high antiquity
No doubtful mark: th' adventurous voyager,
Toſs'd over ocean to remoteſt ſhores,
Hears on remoteſt ſhores the murmuring loom;
Sees the deep-furrowing plough, and harrow'd field,
The wheel-mov'd waggon, and the diſcipline
Of ſtrong-yok'd ſteers. What needful art is new?
Next, the induſtrious youth employs his care
To ſtore ſoft yarn; and now he ſtrains the warp
Along the garden-walk, or highway-ſide,
Smoothing each thread; now fits it to the loom,
And ſits before the work: from hand to hand
The thready ſhuttles glides along the lines,
Which open to the woof, and ſhut altern:
And ever and anon, to firm the work,
Againſt the web is driven the noiſy frame,
That o'er the level ruſhes, like a ſurge,
Which, often daſhing on the ſandy beach,
Compacts the traveller's road: from hand to hand
Again, acroſs the lines oft opening, glides
The thready ſhuttle, while the web apace
Increaſes, as the light of eaſtern ſkies,
Spread by the roſy fingers of the morn;
And all the fair expanſe with beauty glows.
Or, if the broader mantle be the taſk,
He chuſes ſome companion to his toil.
From ſide to ſide, with amicable aim,
Each to the other darts the nimble bolt,
While friendly converſe, prompted by the work,
Kindles improvement in the opening mind.
What need we name the ſeveral kinds of looms?
Thoſe delicate, to whoſe fair-colour'd threads
Hang figur'd weights, whoſe various numbers guide
The artiſt's hand: he, unſeen flowers, and trees,
And vales, and azure hills, unerring works.
Or that, whoſe numerous needles, glittering bright,
Weave the warm hoſe to cover tender limbs:
Modern invention: modern is the want.
Next, from the ſlacken'd beam the woof unroll'd,
Near ſome clear-ſliding river, Aire or Stroud,
Is by the noiſy fulling-mill receiv'd;
Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,
And hammers, riſing and deſcending, learn
To imitate the induſtry of man.
Oft the wet web is ſteep'd, and often rais'd,
Faſt-dripping, to the river's graſſy bank;
And ſinewy arms of men, with full-ſtrain'd ſtrength,
Wring out the latent water: then, up-hung
On rugged tenters, to the fervid ſun
Its level ſurface, reeking, it expands;
Still brightening in each rigid diſcipline,
And gathering worth; as human life, in pains,
Conflicts, and troubles. Soon the clothier's ſhears,
And burler's thiſtle, ſkim the ſurface ſheen.
The round of work goes on, from day to day,
Seaſon to ſeaſon. So the huſbandman
Purſues his cares; his plough divides the glebe;
The ſeed is ſown; rough rattle o'er the clods
The harrow's teeth; quick weeds his hoe ſubdues:
The ſickle labours, and the ſlow team ſtrains;
Till grateful harveſt-home rewards his toils.
Th' ingenious artiſt, learn'd in drugs, beſtows
The laſt improvement; for th' unlabour'd fleece
Rare is permitted to imbibe the dye.
In penetrating waves of boiling vats
The ſnowy web is ſteep'd, with grain of weld,
Fuſtic, or logwood, mix'd, or cochineal,
Or the dark purple pulp of Pictiſh woad,
Of ſtain tenacious, deep as ſummer ſkies,
Like thoſe that canopy the bowers of Stowe
After ſoft rains; when birds their notes attune,
Ere the melodious nightingale begins.
From you broad vaſe behold the ſaffron woofs
Beauteous emerge; from theſe the azure riſe;
This glows with crimſon: that the auburn holds;
Theſe ſhall the prince with purple robes adorn;
And thoſe the warrior mark, and thoſe the prieſt.
Few are the primal colours of the art;
Five only; black, and yellow, blue, brown, red;
Yet hence innumerable hues ariſe.
That ſtain alone is good, which bears unchang'd
Diſſolving water's, and calcining ſun's,
And thieving air's attacks. How great the need,
With utmoſt caution to prepare the woof,
To ſeek the beſt-adapted dyes, and ſalts,
And pureſt gums! ſince your whole ſkill conſiſts
In opening well the fibres of the woof,
For the reception of the beauteous dye,

* Paul's engine for cotton and fine wool.

And wedging every grain in every pore,
Firm as a diamond in rich gold enchas'd.
But what the powers, which lock them in the web;
Whether incruſting ſalts, or weight of air,
Or fountain-water's cold contracting wave,
Or all combin'd, it well befits to know.
Ah! wherefore have we loſt our old repute?
And who enquires the cauſe, why Gallia's ſons
In depth and brilliancy of hues excel?
Yet yield not, Britons; graſp in every art
The foremoſt name. Let others tamely view,
On crouded Smyrna's and Byzantium's ſtand,
The haughty Turk deſpiſe their proffer'd bales.
Now ſee, o'er vales, and peopled mountain-tops,
The welcome traders, gathering every web;
Induſtrious, every web too few. Alas!
Succeſſleſs oft their induſtry, when ceaſe
The loom and ſhuttle in the troubled ſtreets;
Their motion ſtopt by wild Intemperance,
Toil's ſcoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout
To ſcorn their taſk-work, and to vagrant life
Turns their rude ſteps; while Miſery, among
The cries of infants, haunts their mouldering huts.
O when, through every province, ſhall be rais'd
Houſes of labor, ſeats of kind conſtraint,
For thoſe, who now delight in fruitleſs ſports,
More than in chearful works of virtuous trade,
Which honeſt wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who ſeek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For ſuſtenance unearn'd; who ſtroll abroad
From houſe to houſe, with miſchievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame, ye blind;
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppreſs'd,
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains wild,
Through ſtorms, and rains, and bitterneſs of heart;
Ye children of affliction, be compell'd
To happineſs: the long-wiſh'd day-light dawns,
When charitable Rigor ſhall detain
Your ſtep-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the ſons of Trade,
Where-e'er their cultivated hamlets ſmile,
Erect the manſion *: here ſoft fleeces ſhine;
The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel:
Here ſhroud you from the thunder of the ſtorm;
No rain ſhall wet your pillow: here abounds
Pure beverage; here your viands are prepar'd;
To heal each ſickneſs the phyſician waits,
And prieſt entreats to give your Maker praiſe.
Behold, in Calder's † vale, where wide around
Unnumber'd villas creep the ſhrubby hills,
A ſpacious dome for this fair purpoſe riſe.
High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,
Eliza's image ſtands. By gentle ſteps
Up-rais'd, from room to room we ſlowly walk,
And view with wonder, and with ſilent joy,
The ſprightly ſcene; where many a buſy hand,
Where ſpoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with motion quick,
And ever-murmuring ſound, th' unwonted ſenſe
Wrap in ſurprize. To ſee them all employ'd,
All blithe, it gives the ſpreading heart delight,

* This alludes to the workhouſes at Briſtol, Birmingham, &c.

† A river in Yorkſhire, which runs below Halifax, and paſſes by Wakefield.

As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
Corporeal, can beſtow. Nor leſs they gain
Virtue than wealth, while, on their uſeful works
From day to day intent, in their full minds
Evil no place can find. With equal ſcale
Some deal abroad the well-aſſorted fleece;
Theſe card the ſhort, thoſe comb the longer ſtake;
Others the harſh and clotted lock receive,
Yet ſever and refine with patient toil,
And bring to proper uſe. Flax too, and hemp,
Excite their diligence. The younger hands
Ply at the eaſy work of winding yarn
On ſwiftly-circling engines, and their notes
Warble together, as a choir of larks;
Such joy ariſes in the mind employ'd.
Another ſcene diſplays the more robuſt,
Raſping or grinding tough Braſilian woods,
And what Campeachy's diſputable ſhore
Copious affords to tinge the thirſty web;
And the Caribbee iſles, whoſe dulcet canes
Equal the honey-comb. We next are ſhown
A circular machine *, of new deſign,
In conic ſhape: it draws and ſpins a thread
Without the tedious toil of needleſs hands.
A wheel, inviſible, beneath the floor,
To every member of th' harmonious frame
Gives neceſſary motion. One, intent,
O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he ſays,
Is ſmoothly lapp'd around theſe cylinders,
Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque
Of upright ſpindles, which, with rapid whirl,
Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.
From this delightful manſion (if we ſeek
Still more to view the gifts which honeſt toil
Diſtributes) take we now our eaſtward courſe,
To the rich fields of Burſtal. Wide around
Hillock and valley, farm and village, ſmile:
And ruddy roofs, and chimney-tops appear,
Of buſy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds
The incenſe of thankſgiving: All is joy;
And trade and buſineſs guide the living ſcene,
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
Load the ſlow-ſailing barges, pile the pack
On the long tinkling train of ſlow-pac'd ſteeds.
As when a ſunny day invites abroad
The ſedulous ants, they iſſue from their cells
In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work;
O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haſte
With warm affection to each other's aid;
Repeat their virtuous efforts, and ſucceed.
Thus all is here in motion, all is life:
The creaking wain brings copious ſtore of corn:
The grazier's ſleeky kine obſtruct the roads:
The neat-dreſs'd houſewives, for the feſtal board
Crown'd with full baſkets, in the field-way paths
Come tripping on; the echoing hills repeat
The ſtroke of ax and hammer; ſcaffolds riſe,
And growing edifices; heaps of ſtone,
Beneath the chiſſel, beauteous ſhapes aſſume
Of frieze and column. Some with even line,
New ſtreets are marking in the neighbouring fields,
And ſacred domes of worſhip. Induſtry,
Which dignifies the artiſt, lifts the ſwain,

* A moſt curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul. It is at preſent contrived to ſpin cotton; but it may be made to ſpin fine carded wool.

Who join'd the ſable waters of the Nile,
From Memphis' towers, to th' Erythræan gulph:
Or as the monarch of enfeebled Gaul,
Whoſe will imperious forc'd an hundred ſtreams,
Through many a foreſt, many a ſpacious wild,
To ſtretch their ſcanty trains from ſea to ſea,
That ſome unprofitable ſkiff might float
Acroſs irriguous dales, and hollow'd rocks.
Far eaſier pains may ſwell our gentler floods,
And through the centre of the iſle conduct
To naval union. Trent and Severn's wave,
By plains alone diſparted, woo to join
Majeſtic Thamis. With their ſilver urns
The nimble-footed Naiads of the ſprings
Await, upon the dewy lawn, to ſpeed
And celebrate the union; and the light
Wood-nymphs; and thoſe, who o'er the grots preſide,
Whoſe ſtores bituminous, with ſparkling fires,
In ſummer's tedious abſence, chear the ſwains,
Long ſitting at the loom; and thoſe beſides,
Who crown, with yellow ſheaves, the farmer's hopes,
And all the genii of commercial toil:
Theſe on the dewy lawns await, to ſpeed
And celebrate the union, that the fleece,
And gloſſy web, to every port around
May lightly glide along. Ev'n now behold,
Adown a thouſand floods, the burden'd barks,
With white ſails gliſtening, through the gloomy woods
Haſte to their harbours. See the ſilver maze
Of ſtately Thamis, ever chequer'd o'er
With deeply-laden barges, gliding ſmooth
And conſtant as his ſtream: in growing pomp,
By Neptune ſtill attended, flow he rolls
To great Auguſta's mart, where lofty Trade,
Amid a thouſand golden ſpires enthron'd,
Gives audience to the world: the ſtrand around
Cloſe ſwarms with buſy crouds of many a realm.
What bales, what wealth, what induſtry, what fleets!
Lo, from the ſimple fleece how much proceeds.

THE

FLEECE.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

OUR manufactures exported. Voyage through the Channel, and by the Coaſt of Spain. View of the Mediterranean. Decay of our Turkey-trade. Addreſs to the factors there. Voyage through the Baltic. The mart of Peterſburgh. The ancient channels of commerce to the Indies. The modern courſe thither. Shores of Afric. Reflections on the ſlave trade. The Cape of Good Hope, and the eaſtern coaſt of Africa. Trade to Perſia and Indoſtan precarious, through tyranny and frequent inſurrections. Diſputes between the French and Engliſh, on the coaſt of Coromandel, cenſured. A proſpect of the Spice-iſlands, and of China. Traffic at Canton. Our woollen manufactures known at Pekin, by the caravans from Ruſſia. Deſcription of that journey. Tranſition to the weſtern hemiſphere. Voyage of Raleigh. The ſtate and advantages of our North American colonies. Severe winters in thoſe climates: hence the paſſage through Hudſon's-Bay impracticable. Enquiries for an eaſier paſſage into the Pacific ocean. View of the coaſts of South America, and of thoſe tempeſtuous ſeas. Lord Anſon's expedition, and ſucceſs againſt the Spaniards. The naval power of Britain conſiſtent with the welfare of all nations. View of our probable improvements in traffic, and the diſtribution of our woollen manufactures over the whole globe.

NOW, with our woolly treaſures amply ſtor'd,
Glide the tall fleets into the widening main,
A floating foreſt: every ſail, unfurl'd,
Swells to the wind, and gilds the azure ſky.
Meantime, in pleaſing care, the pilot ſteers
Steady; with eye intent upon the ſteel,
Steady, before the breeze, the pilot ſteers:
While gaily o'er the waves the mounting prows
Dance, like a ſhoal of dolphins, and begin
To ſtreak with various paths the hoary deep.
Batavia's ſhallow ſounds by ſome are ſought,
Or ſandy Elb or Weſer, who receive
The ſwain's and peaſant's toil with grateful hand,
Which copious gives return: while ſome explore
Deep Finnic gulphs, and a new ſhore and mart,
The bold creation of that Ceſar's power,
Illuſtrious Peter, whoſe magnific toils
Repair the diſtant Caſpian, and reſtore
To trade its ancient ports. Some Thanet's ſtrand,
And Dover's chalky cliff, behind them turn.
Soon ſinks away the green and level beach
Of Rumney mariſh and Rye's ſilent port,
By angry Neptune clos'd, and Vecta's iſle,
Like the pale moon in vapor, faintly bright.
An hundred opening marts are ſeen, are loſt;
Devonia's hills retire, and Edgecomb mount,
Waving its gloomy groves, delicious ſcene.
Yet ſteady o'er the waves they ſteer: and now
The fluctuating world of waters wide,
In boundleſs magnitude, around them ſwells;
O'er whoſe imaginary brim, nor towns,
Nor woods, nor mountain tops, nor aught appears,
But Phœbus' orb, refulgent lamp of light,
Millions of leagues aloft: heaven's azure vault
Bends over-head, majeſtic, to its baſe,
Uninterrupted clear circumference;
Till, riſing o'er the flickering waves, the cape
Of Finiſterre, a cloudy ſpot, appears.
Again, and oft, th' adventurous ſails diſperſe;
Theſe to Iberia, others to the coaſt
Of Luſitania, th' ancient Tharſis deem'd
Of Solomon; fair regions, with the webs
Of Norwich pleas'd, or thoſe of Manchester;
Light airy cloathing for their vacant ſwains,
And viſionary monks. We, in return,
Receive Cantabrian ſteel, and fleeces ſoft,
Segovian or Caſtilian, far renown'd;
And gold's attractive metal, pledge of wealth,
Spur of activity, to good or ill
Powerful incentive: or Heſperian fruits,

Fruits of ſpontaneous growth, the citron bright,
The fig, and orange, and heart-chearing wine.
Thoſe ſhips, from ocean broad, which voyage through
The gates of Hercules *, find many ſeas,
And bays unnumber'd, opening to their keels;
But ſhores inhoſpitable oft, to fraud
And rapine turn'd, or dreary tracts become
Of deſolation. The proud Roman coaſts,
Fall'n, like the Punic, to the daſhing waves
Reſign their ruins: Tiber's boaſted flood,
Whoſe pompous moles o'erlook'd the ſubject deep,
Now creeps along, through brakes and yellow duſt,
While Neptune ſcarce perceives its murmuring rill:
Such are th' effects, when Virtue ſlacks her hand;
Wild Nature back returns: along theſe ſhores
Neglected trade with difficulty toils,
Collecting ſlender ſtores, the ſun-dry'd grape,
Or capers from the rock, that prompt the taſte
Of luxury. Ev'n Egypt's fertile ſtrand,
Bereft of human diſcipline, has loſt
Its ancient luſtre: Alexandria's port,
Once the metropolis of trade, as Tyre,
And elder Sidon, as the Attic town,
Beautiful Athens, as rich Corinth, Rhodes,
Unhonour'd droops. Of all the numerous marts,
That in thoſe glittering ſeas with ſplendor roſe,
Only Byzantium, of peculiar ſite,
Remains in proſperous ſtate; and Tripolis,
And Smyrna, ſacred ever to the Muſe.
To theſe reſort the delegates of trade,
Social in life, a virtuous brotherhood;
And bales of ſofteſt wool from Bradford looms,
Or Stroud, diſpenſe; yet ſee, with vain regret,
Their ſtores, once highly priz'd, no longer now
Or ſought, or valued: copious webs arrive,
Smooth-wov'n of other than Britannia's fleece,
On the throng'd ſtrand alluring; the great ſkill
Of Gaul, and greater induſtry, prevails;
That proud imperious foe. Yet, ah—'tis not—
Wrong not the Gaul; it is the foe within,
Impairs our ancient marts: it is the bribe;
'Tis he, who pours into the ſhops of trade
That impious poiſon: it is he, who gains
The ſacred ſeat of parliament by means,
That vitiate and emaſculate the mind;
By ſloth, by lewd intemperance, and a ſcene
Of riot, worſe than that which ruin'd Rome.
This, this the Tartar, and remote Chineſe,
And all the brotherhood of life, bewail.
Meantime (while thoſe, who dare be juſt, oppoſe
The various powers of many-headed vice)
Ye delegates of trade, by patience riſe
O'er difficulties: in this ſultry clime
Note what is found of uſe: the flix of goat,
Red-wool, and balm, and cauſee's berry brown,
Or dropping gum, or opium's lenient drug;
Unnumber'd arts await them: trifles oft,
By ſkilful labour, riſe to high eſteem.
Nor what the peaſant, near ſome lucid wave,
Pactolus, Simois, or Mæander flow,
Renown'd in ſtory, with his plough up-turns,
Neglect; the hoary medal, and the vaſe,
Statue, and buſt, of old magnificence
Beautiful reliques: oh, could modern time
Reſtore the mimic art, and the clear mien
Of patriot ſages, Walſinghams and Yorkes,
And Cecils, in long-laſting ſtone preſerve!
But mimic art and nature are impair'd—
Impair'd they ſeem—or in a varied dreſs
Delude our eyes: the world in change delights;
Change then your ſearches, with the varied modes
And wants of realms. Sabean frankincenſe
Rare is collected now: few altars ſmoke
Now in the idol fane: Panchaiah views
Trade's buſy fleets regardleſs paſs her coaſt:
Nor frequent are the freights of ſnow-white woofs,
Since Rome, no more the miſtreſs of the world,
Varies her garb, and treads her darken'd ſtreets
With gloomy coul, majeſtical no more.
See the dark ſpirit of tyrannic power.
The Thracian channel, long the road of trade
To the deep Euxine and its naval ſtreams,
And the Mœotis, now is barr'd with chains,
And forts of hoſtile battlement: in aught
That joys mankind the arbitrary Turk
Delights not: inſolent of rule, he ſpreads
Thraldom and deſolation o'er his realms.
Another path to Scythia's wide domains
Commerce diſcovers: the Livonian gulph
Receives her ſails, and leads them to the port
Of riſing Peterſburgh, whoſe ſplendid ſtreets
Swell with the webs of Leeds: the Coſſac there,
The Calmuc, and Mungalian, round the bales
In crowds reſort, and their warm'd limbs enfold,
Delighted; and the hardy Samoïd,
Rough with the ſtings of froſt, from his dark caves
Aſcends, and thither haſtes, ere winter's rage
O'ertake his homeward ſtep; and they that dwell
Along the banks of Don's and Volga's ſtreams;
And borderers of the Caſpian, who renew
That ancient path to India's climes, which fill'd
With proudeſt affluence the Colchian ſtate.
Many have been the ways to thoſe renown'd
Luxuriant climes of Indus, early known
To Memphis: to the port of wealthy Tyre;
To Tadmor, beauty of the wilderneſs,
Who down the long Euphrates ſent her ſails;
And ſacred Salem, when her numerous fleets,
From Ezion-geber, paſs'd th' Arabian gulph.
But later times, more fortunate, have found,
O'er ocean's open wave, a ſurer courſe,
Sailing the weſtern coaſt of Afric's realms,
Of Mauritania, and Nigritian tracts,
And iſlands of the Gorgades, the bounds,
On the Atlantic brine, of ancient trade;
But not of modern, by the virtue led
Of Gama and Columbus. The whole globe
Is now, of commerce, made the ſcene immenſe,
Which daring ſhips frequent, aſſociated,
Like doves, or ſwallows, in th' ethereal flood,
Or, like the eagle, ſolitary ſeen.
Some, with more open courſe, to Indus ſteer;
Some coaſt from port to port, with various men
And manners converſant; of th' angry ſurge,
That thunders loud, and ſpreads the cliffs with foam,
Regardleſs, or the monſters of the deep,
Porpoiſe, or grampus, or the ravenous ſhark,
That chace their keels; or threatening rock, o'erhead
Of Atlas old; beneath the threatening rocks,
Reckleſs, they furl their ſails, and bartering take,
Soft flakes of wool; for in ſoft flakes of wool,

* The ſtreights of Gibraltar.

Like the Silurian, Atlas' dales abound.
The ſhores of Sus inhoſpitable riſe,
And high Bojador; Zara too diſplays
Unfruitful deſerts; Gambia's wave inſiles
An ouzy coaſt, and peſtilential ills
Diffuſes wide; behind are burning ſands,
Adverſe to life, and Nilus' hidden ſount.
On Guinea's ſultry ſand, the drapery light
Of Manchester or Norwich is beſtow'd
For clear tranſparent gums, and ductile wax,
And ſnow-white ivory; yet the valued trade,
Along this barbarous coaſt, in telling, wounds
The generous heart, the ſale of wretched ſlaves;
Slaves, by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death
For life-long ſervitude; ſevere exchange!
Theſe till our fertile colonies, which yield
The ſugar-cane, and the Tobago-leaf,
And various new productions, that invite
Increaſing natives to their crouded wharfs.
But let the man, whoſe rough tempeſtuous hours
In this adventurous traffic are involv'd,
With juſt humanity of heart purſue
The gainful commerce: wickedneſs is blind:
Their ſable chieftains may in future times
Burſt their frail bonds, and vengeance execute
On cruel unrelenting pride of heart
And avarice. There are ills to come for crimes.
Hot Guinea too gives yellow duſt of gold,
Which, with her rivers, rolls adown the ſides
Of unknown hills, where fiery-winged winds,
And ſandy deſerts, rous'd by ſudden ſtorms,
All ſearch forbid: howe'er, on either hand,
Vallies and pleaſant plains, and many a tract
Deem'd uninhabitable erſt, are found
Fertile and populous; their ſable tribes,
In ſhade of verdant groves, and mountains tall,
Frequent enjoy the cool deſcent of rain,
And ſoft refreſhing breezes: nor are lakes
Here wanting; thoſe a ſea-wide ſurface ſpread,
Which to the diſtant Nile and Senegal
Send long mæanders: whate'er lies beyond,
Of rich or barren, ignorance o'ercaſts
With her dark mantle. Mon'motapa's coaſt
Is ſeldom viſited; and the rough ſhore
Of Caffres, land of ſavage Hottentots,
Whoſe hands unnatural ha ten to the grave
Their aged parents: what barbarity
And brutal ignorance, where ſocial trade
Is held contemptible! Ye gliding ſails,
From theſe inhoſpitable gloomy ſhores
Indignant turn, and to the friendly Cape,
Which gives the chearful mariner good hope
Of proſperous voyage, ſteer: rejoice to view,
What trade, with Belgian induſtry, creates,
Proſpects of civil life, fair towns, and lawns,
And yellow tilth, and groves of various fruits,
Deleſtable in huſk or gloſſy rind:
There the capacious vaſe from cryſtal ſprings
Repleniſh, and convenient ſtore provide,
Like ants, intelligent of future need.
See, through the fragrance of delicious airs,
That breathe the ſmell of balms, how traffic ſhapes
A winding voyage, by the lofty coaſt
Of Sofala, thought Ophir; in whoſe hills
Ev'n yet ſome portion of its ancient wealth
Remains, and ſparkles in the yellow ſand
Of its clear ſtreams, though unregarded now;
Ophirs more rich are found. With eaſy courſe
The veſſels glide; unleſs their ſpeed be ſtop'd
By dead calms, that oft lie on thoſe ſmooth ſeas
While every zephyr ſleeps: then the ſhrouds drop;
The downy feather, on the cordage hung,
Moves not; the flat ſea ſhines like yellow gold,
Fus'd in the fire; or like the marble floor
Of ſome old temple wide. But where ſo wide,
In old or later time, its marble floor
Did ever temple boaſt as this, which here
Spreads its bright level many a league around?
At ſolemn diſtances its pillars riſe,
Sofal's blue rocks, Mozambic's palmy ſteeps,
And lofty Madagaſcar's glittering ſhores,
Where various woods of beauteous vein and hue,
And gloſſy ſhells in elegance of form,
For Pond's rich cabinet, or Sloan's, are found.
Such calm oft checks their courſe, till this bright ſcene
Is bruſh'd away before the riſing breeze,
That joys the buſy crew, and ſpeeds again
The ſail full-ſwelling to Socotra's iſle,
For aloes fam'd; or to the wealthy marts
Of Ormus or Gombroon, whoſe ſtreets are oft
With caravans and tawny merchants throng'd,
From neighbouring provinces and realms afar;
And fill'd with plenty, though dry ſandy waſtes
Spread naked round; ſo great the power of trade.
Perſia few ports; more happy Indoſtan
Beholds Surat and Goa on her coaſts,
And Bombay's wealthy iſle, and harbour fam'd,
Supine beneath the ſhade of cocoa groves.
But what avails, or many ports or few?
Where wild ambition frequent from his lair
Starts up; while fell revenge and famine lead
To havoc, reckleſs of the tyrant's whip,
Which clanks along the vallies: oft in vain
The merchant ſeeks upon the ſtrand, whom erſt,
Aſſociated by trade, he deck'd and cloath'd;
In vain, whom rage or famine has devour'd,
He ſeeks; and with increas'd affection thinks
On Britain. Still howe'er Bombaya's wharfs
Pile-up blue indigo, and, of frequent uſe,
Pungent ſalt-petre, woods of purple grain,
And many-colour'd ſaps from leaf and flower,
And various gums; the clothier knows their worth;
And wool reſembling cotton, ſhorn from trees,
Not to the fleece unfriendly; whether mixt
In warp or woof, or with the line of flax,
Or ſofter ſilk's material: though its aid
To vulgar eyes appears not; let none deem
The fleece, in any traffic, unconcern'd;
By every traffic aided; while each work
Of art yields wealth to exerciſe the loom,
And every loom employs each hand of art.
Nor is there wheel in the machine of trade,
Which Leeds, or Cairo, Lima, or Bombay,
Helps not, with harmony, to turn around,
Though all, unconſcious of the union, act.
Few the peculiars of Canara's realm,
Or ſultry Malabar; where it behoves
The wary pilot, while he coaſts the ſhores,
To mark o'er ocean the thick riſing iſles;
Woody Chaetta, Birter rough with rocks;
Green-riſing Barmur, Mincoy's purple hulls;
And the minute Maldivias, as a ſwarm
Of bees in ſummer, on a poplar's trunk,

Cluſtering innumerable; theſe behind
His ſtern receding, o'er the clouds he views
Ceylon's grey peaks, from whoſe volcano's riſe
Dark ſmoke and ruddy flame, and glaring rocks
Daring in air aloft; around whoſe feet
Blue cliffs aſcend, and aromatic groves,
In various proſpect; Ceylon alſo deem'd
The ancient Ophir. Next Bengala's bay,
On the vaſt globe the deepeſt, while the prow
Turns northward to the rich diſputed ſtrand
Of Cor'mandel, where traffic grieves to ſee
Diſcord and avarice invade her realms,
Portending ruinous war, and cries aloud,
Peace, peace, ye blinded Britons, and ye Gauls;
Nation to Nation is a light, a fire,
Enkindling virtue, ſciences, and arts:
But cries aloud in vain. Yet wiſe defence,
Againſt ambition's wide-deſtroying pride,
Madraſs erected, and Saint David's fort,
And thoſe which riſe on Ganges' twenty ſtreams,
Guarding the woven fleece, Calcutta's tower,
And Maldo's and Patana's: from their holds
The ſhining bales our factors deal abroad,
And ſee the country's products, in exchange,
Before them heap'd: cotton's tranſparent webs,
Aloes, and caſſia, ſalutiferous drugs,
Alom, and lacque, and clouded tortoiſeſhell,
And brilliant diamonds, to decorate
Britannia's blooming Nymphs. For theſe, o'er all
The kingdoms round, our draperies are diſpers'd,
O'er Bukor, Cabul, and the Bactrian vales,
And Caſſimere, and Atoc, on the ſtream
Of old Hydaſpes, Porus' hardy realm;
And late-diſcover'd Tibet, where the fleece,
By art peculiar, is compreſs'd and wrought
To threadleſs drapery, which, in conic forms,
Of various hues, their gaudy roofs adorns.
The keels which voyage through Molucca's ſtraits,
Amid a cloud of ſpicy odours, ſail,
From Java and Sumatra breath'd, whoſe woods
Yield fiery pepper, that deſtroys the moth
In woolly veſtures: Ternate and Tidore
Give to the feſtal board the fragrant clove
And nutmeg, to thoſe narrows bounds confin'd;
While gracious Nature, with unſparing hand,
The needs of life o'er every region pours.
Near thoſe delicious iſles, the beauteous coaſt
Of China rears its ſummits. Know ye not,
Ye ſons of trade, that ever-flowery ſhore,
Thoſe azure hills, thoſe woods and nodding rocks?
Compare them with the pictures of your chart;
Alike the woods and nodding rocks o'erhang.
Now the tall gloſſy towers of porcelane,
And pillar'd pagods ſhine; rejoic'd they ſee
The port of Canton opening to their prows,
And in the winding of the river moor.
Upon the ſtrand they heap their gloſſy bales,
And works of Birmingham, in braſs or ſteel,
And flint, and ponderous lead from deep cells rais'd,
Fit ballaſt in the fury of the ſtorm,
That tears the ſhrouds, and bends the ſtubborn maſt:
Theſe, for the arti'ts of the fleece, procure
Various materials; and, for affluent life,
The flavour'd thea and gloſſy pain ed vaſe;
Things elegant, ill-titled luxuries,
In temperance us'd, delectable and good.
They too from hence receive the ſtrongeſt thread
Of the green ſilkworm. Various is the wealth
Of that renown'd and ancient land, ſecure
In conſtant peace and commerce; till'd to th' height
Of rich fertility; where, thick as ſtars,
Bright habitations glitter on each hill,
And rock, and ſhady dale; ev'n on the waves
Of copious rivers, lakes, and bordering ſeas,
Riſe floating villages; no wonder; when,
In every province, firm and level roads,
And long canals, and navigable ſtreams,
Ever, with eaſe, conduct the works of toil
To ſure and ſpeedy markets, through the length
Of many a crowded region, many a clime,
To the imperial towers of Cambalu,
Now Pekin, where the fleece is not unknown;
Since Calder's woofs, and thoſe of Exe and Frome,
And Yare, and Avon flow, and rapid Trent,
Thither by Ruſſic caravans are brought,
Through Scythia's numerous regions, waſte and wild,
Journey immenſe! which, to th' attentive ear,
The Muſe, in faithful notes, ſhall brief deſcribe.
From the proud mart of Peterſburg, ere-while
The watery ſeat of deſolation wide,
Iſſue theſe trading caravans, and urge,
Through dazzling ſnows, their dreary trackleſs road;
By compaſs ſteering oft, from week to week,
From month to month; whoſe ſeaſons view their toils.
Neva they paſs, and Keſma's gloomy flood,
Volga, and Don, and Oka's torrent prone,
Threatening in vain; and many a cataract,
In its fall ſtopt, and bound with bars of ice.
Cloſe on the left unnumber'd tracts they view
White with continual froſt; and on the right
The Caſpian-lake, and ever-flowery realms,
Though now abhorr'd, behind them turn, the haunt
Of arbitrary rule, where regions wide
Are deſtin'd to the ſword; and on each hand
Roads hung with carcaſes, or under foot
Thick ſtrown; while, in their rough bewilder'd vales,
The blooming roſe its fragrance breathes in vain,
And ſilver fountains fall, and nightingales
Attune their notes, where none are left to hear.
Sometimes o'er level ways, on eaſy ſleds,
The generous horſe conveys the ſons of trade;
And ever and anon the docile dog;
And now the light rein-deer, with rapid pace,
Skims over icy lakes; now ſlow they climb
Aloft o'er clouds, and then adown deſcend
To hollow vallies, till the eye beholds
The roofs of Tobol, whoſe hill-crowning walls
Shine, like the riſing moon, through watery miſts:
Tobol, th' aſylum of thoſe unfortunate
Exiles of angry ſtate, and thralls of war;
Solemn fraternity! where carl, and prince,
Soldier, and ſtateſman, and uncreſted chief,
On the dark level of adverſity,
Converſe familiar; while, amid the cares
And toils for hunger, thirſt, and nakedneſs,
Their little public ſmiles, and the bright ſparks
Of trade are kindled: trade ariſes oft,
And virtue, [illegible] and want:

Be witneſs, Carthage; witneſs, ancient Tyre;
And thou, Batavia, daughter of diſtreſs.
This, with his hands, which erſt the truncheon held,
The hammer lifts; another bends and weaves
The flexile willow; that the mattoc drives:
All are employ'd; and by their works acquire
Our fleecy veſtures. From their tenements,
Pleas'd and refreſh'd, proceeds the caravan
Through lively-ſpreading cultures, paſtures green,
And yellow villages in opening woods:
Thence on, through Narim's wilds, a pathleſs road
They force, with rough entangling thorns perplext;
Land of the lazy Oſtiacs, thin diſpers'd,
Who, by avoiding, meet the toils they loathe,
Tenfold augmented; miſerable tribe,
Void of commercial comforts: who, nor corn,
Nor pulſe, nor oil, nor heart-enlivening wine,
Know to procure; nor ſpade, nor ſcythe, nor ſhare,
Nor ſocial aid: beneath their thorny bed
The ſerpent hiſſes, while in thickets nigh
Loud howls the hungry wolf. So on they fare,
And paſs by ſpacious lakes, begirt with rocks
And azure mountains; and the heights admire
Of white Imaus, whoſe ſnow-nodding craggs
Frighten the realms beneath, and from their urns
Pour mighty rivers down, th' impetuous ſtreams
Of Oby, and Irtis, Jeniſca, ſwift,
Which ruſh upon the northern pole, upheave
Its frozen ſeas, and lift their hills of ice.
  Theſe rugged paths and ſavage landſcapes paſs'd,
A new ſcene ſtrikes their eyes: among the clouds
Aloft they view, what ſeems a chain of cliffs,
Nature's proud work; that matchleſs work of art,
The wall of Sina, by Chiloham's power,
In earlieſt times, erected. Warlike troops
Frequent are ſeen in haughty march along
Its ridge, a vaſt extent, beyond the length
Of many a potent empire; towers and ports,
Three times a thouſand, lift thereon their brows
At equal ſpaces, and in proſpect 'round
Cities, and plains, and kingdoms, overlook.
  At length the gloomy paſſage they attain
Of its deep-vaulted gates, whoſe opening ſolds
Conduct at length to Pekin's glittering ſpires
The deſtin'd mart, where joyous they arrive.
  Thus are the textures of the fleece convey'd
To Sina's diſtant realm, the utmoſt bound
Of the flat floor of ſtedfaſt Earth; for ſo
Fabled Antiquity, ere peaceful Trade
Inform'd the opening mind of curious man.
  Now to the other hemiſphere, my Muſe,
A new world ſound, extend thy daring wing.
Be thou the firſt of the harmonious Nine
From high Parnaſſus, the unweary'd toils
Of induſtry and valour, in that world
Triumphant, to reward with tuneful ſong.
  Happy the voyage, o'er th' Atlantic brine,
By active Raleigh made, and great the joy,
When he diſcern'd, above the ſoamy ſurge,
A riſing coaſt, for future colonies,
Opening her bays, and figuring her capes,
Ev'n from the northern tropic to the pole.
No land gives more employment to the loom,
Or kindlier feeds the indigent; no land
With more variety of wealth rewards
The hand of labour: thither, from the wrongs
Of lawleſs rule, the free-born ſpirit flies;
Thither Affliction, thither Poverty,
And Arts and Sciences: thrice happy clime,
Which Britain makes th' aſylum of mankind!
  But joy ſuperior far his boſom warms,
Who views thoſe ſhores in every culture dreſs'd;
With habitations gay, and numerous towns,
On hill and valley; and his countrymen
Form'd into various ſtates, powerful and rich,
In regions far remote: who from our looms
Take largely for themſelves, and for thoſe tribes
Of Indians, ancient tenants of the land,
In amity conjoin'd, of civil life
The comforts taught, and various new deſires,
Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor,
And ſpread Britannia's flocks o'er every dale.
  Ye, who the ſhuttle caſt along the loom,
The ſilk-worm's thread inweaving with the fleece,
Pray for the culture of the Georgian tract,
Nor ſlight the green Savannahs, and the plains
Of Carolina, where thick woods ariſe
Of mulberries, and in whoſe water'd fields
Up-ſprings the verdant blade of thirſty rice.
Where are the happy regions, which afford
More implements of commerce, and of wealth?
  Fertile Virginia, like a vigorous bough,
Which overſhades ſome cryſtal river, ſpreads
Her wealthy cultivations wide around,
And, more than many a ſpacious realm, rewards
The fleecy ſhuttle: to her growing marts,
The Iroqueſe, Cheroques, and Oubacks, come,
And quit their feathery ornaments uncouth,
For woolly garments; and the cheers of life,
The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taſte.
Bluſh, Europeans, whom the circling cup
Of Luxury intoxicates; ye routs,
Who, for your crimes, have fled your native land:
And ye voluptuous idle, who in vain,
Seek eaſy habitations, void of care:
The ſons of nature, with aſtoniſhment,
And deteſtation, mark your evil deeds;
And view, no longer aw'd, your nerveleſs arms,
Unfit to cultivate Ohio's banks.
  See the bold emigrants of Accadie,
And Maſſachuſet, happy in thoſe arts
That join the politics of Trade and War,
Bearing the palm in either: they appear
Better exemplars; and that hardy crew,
Who, on the frozen beach of Newfoundland,
Hang their white fiſh amid the parching winds:
The kindly fleece, in webs of Duffield woof,
Their limbs, benumb'd, enfolds with cheerly warmth,
And frize of Cambria, worn by thoſe, who ſeek,
Through gulphs and dales of Hudſon's winding bay,
The beaver's fur, though oft they ſeek in vain,
While Winter's froſty rigor checks approach,
Ev'n in the fiftieth latitude. Say why
(If ye, the travel'd ſons of commerce, know),
Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, and dales,
Half the ſun's annual courſe, in chains of ice?
While the Rhine's fertile ſhore, and Gallic realms,
By the ſame zone encircled, long enjoy
Warm beams of Phœbus, and ſupine, behold
Their plains and hillocks bluſh with cluſtering vines.

Muſt it be ever thus? or may the hand
Of mighty Labor drain their guſty lakes,
Enlarge the brightening ſky, and, peopling, warm
The opening vallies, and the yellowing plains?
Or rather ſhall we burſt ſtrong Darien's chain,
Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,
And through the great Pacific every joy
Of civil life diffuſe? Are not her iſles
Numerous and large? Have they not harbours calm,
Inhabitants, and manners? haply, too,
Peculiar ſciences, and other forms
Of trade, and uſeful products, to exchange
For woolly veſtures? 'Tis a tedious courſe
By the Antarctic circle: nor beyond
Thoſe ſea-wrapt gardens of the dulcet reed,
Bahama and Caribbee, may be found
Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's iſle
The ſtandard of Britannia ſhall ariſe.
Proud Buenos Aires, low-couched Paraguay,
And rough Corrientes, mark, with hoſtile eye,
The labouring veſſel: neither may we truſt
The dreary naked Patagonian land,
Which darkens in the wind. No traffic there,
No barter for the fleece. There angry ſtorms
Bend their black brows, and, raging, hurl around
Their thunders. Ye adventurous mariners,
Be firm; take courage from the brave. 'Twas there
Perils and conflicts inexpreſſible
Anſon, with ſteady undeſpairing breaſt,
Endur'd, when o'er the various globe he chac'd
His country's foes. Faſt-gathering tempeſts rouz'd
Huge ocean, and involv'd him: all around
Whirlwind, and ſnow, and hail, and horror: now,
Rapidly, with the world of waters, down
Deſcending to the channels of the deep,
He view'd th' uncover'd bottom of th' abyſs;
And now the ſtars, upon the loftieſt point
Toſs'd of the ſky-mix'd ſurges. Oft the burſt
Of loudeſt thunder, with the daſh of ſeas,
Tore the wild-flying ſails and tumbling maſts;
While flames, thick-flaſhing in the gloom, reveal'd
Ruins of decks and ſhrouds, and fights of death.
Yet on he far'd, with fortitude his chear,
Gaining, at intervals, ſlow way beneath
Del Fuego's rugged cliffs, and the white ridge,
Above all height, by opening clouds reveal'd,
Of Montegorda, and inacceſſible
Wreck-threatening Staten-lands o'erhanging ſhore,
Enormous rocks on rocks, in ever-wild
Poſture of falling; as when Pelion, rear'd,
On Oſſa, and on Oſſa's tottering head
Woody Olympus, by the angry gods
Precipitate on earth were doom'd to fall.
At length, through every tempeſt, as ſome branch,
Which from a poplar falls into a loud
Impetuous cataract, though deep immers'd,
Yet re-aſcends, and glides, on lake or ſtream,
Smooth through the vallies; ſo his way he won
To the ſerene Pacific, flood immenſe,
And rear'd his lofty maſts, and ſpread his ſails.
Then Paita's walls, in waſting flames involv'd,
His vengeance felt, and fair occaſion gave
To ſhew humanity and continence,
To Scipio's not inferior. Then was left
No corner of the globe ſecure to pride
And violence: although the far-ſtretch'd coaſt
Of Chili, and Peru, and Mexico,
Arm'd in their evil cauſe; though fell Diſeaſe,
Un'bating Labor, tedious Time, conſpir'd,
And Heat inclement, to unnerve his force;
Though that wide ſea, which ſpreads o'er half the world,
Deny'd all hoſpitable land or port;
Where, ſeaſons voyaging, no road he found
To moor, no bottom in th' abyſs, whereon
To drop the faſtening anchor; though his brave
Companions ceas'd, ſubdued by toil extreme;
Though ſolitary left in Tinian's ſeas,
Where never was before the dreaded ſound
Of Britain's thunder heard; his wave-worn bark
Met, fought, the proud Iberian, and o'ercame.
So fare it ever with our country's foes!
Rejoice, ye nations, vindicate the ſway
Ordain'd for common happineſs. Wide, o'er
The globe terraqueous, let Britannia pour
The fruits of plenty from her copious horn.
What can avail to her, whoſe fertile earth
By Ocean's briny waves are circumſcrib'd,
The armed hoſt, and murdering ſword of war,
And conqueſt o'er her neighbours? She ne'er breaks
Her ſolemn compacts, in the luſt of rule:
Studious of arts and trade, ſhe ne'er diſturbs
The holy peace of ſtates. 'Tis her delight
To fold the world with harmony, and ſpread,
Among the habitations of mankind,
The various wealth of Toil, and what her fleece,
To clothe the naked, and her ſkilful looms,
Peculiar give. Ye too rejoice, ye ſwains;
Increaſing commerce ſhall reward your cares.
A day will come, if not too deep we drink
The cup, which luxury on careleſs wealth,
Pernicious gift, beſtows; a day will come,
When, through new channels ſailing, we ſhall clothe
The Californian coaſt, and all the realms
That ſtretch from Anian's ſtreights to proud Japan;
And the green iſles, which on the left ariſe
Upon the glaſſy brine, whoſe various capes
Not yet are figur'd on the ſailors chart:
Then every variation ſhall be told
Of the magnetic ſteel; and currents mark'd,
Which drive the heedleſs veſſel from her courſe.
That portion too of land, a tract immenſe,
Beneath the Antarctic ſpread, ſhall then be known,
And new plantations on its coaſt ariſe.
Then rigid Winter's ice no more ſhall wound
The only naked animal; but man
With the ſoft fleece ſhall every-where be cloath'd.
Th' exulting Muſe ſhall then, in vigor freſh,
Her flight renew. Mean-while, with weary wing,
O'er Ocean's wave returning, ſhe explores
Siluria's flowery vales, her old delight,
The ſhepherd's haunts, where the firſt ſprings ariſe
Of Britain's happy trade, now ſpreading wide,
Wide as th' Atlantic and Pacific ſeas,
Or as an's vital fluid o'er the globe.

THE

COUNTRY WALK.

THE morning's fair, the luſty ſun
With ruddy cheek begins to run;
And early birds, that wing the ſkies,
Sweetly ſing to ſee him riſe.
I am reſolv'd, this charming day,
In the open field to ſtray;
And have no roof above my head,
But that whereon the gods do tread.
Before the yellow barn I ſee
A beautiful variety
Of ſtrutting cocks, advancing ſtout,
And flirting empty chaff about.
Hens, ducks, and geeſe, and all their brood,
And turkeys gobbling for their food;
While ruſtics thraſh the wealthy floor,
And tempt all to crowd the door.
What a fair face does Nature ſhow?
Auguſta, wipe thy duſty brow;
A landſkip wide ſalutes my ſight,
Of ſhady vales, and mountains bright;
And azure heavens I behold,
And clouds of ſilver and of gold.
And now into the fields I go,
Where thouſand flaming flowers glow;
And every neighbouring hedge I greet,
With honey-ſuckles ſmelling ſweet.
Now o'er the daiſy meads I ſtray,
And meet with, as I pace my way,
Sweetly ſhining on the eye,
A rivulet gliding ſmoothly by;
Which flows with what an eaſy tide
The moments of the happy glide.
Here, finding pleaſure after pain,
Sleeping I ſee a wearied ſwain,
While his full ſcrip lies open by,
That does his healthy food ſupply.
Happy ſwain, ſure happier far
Than loſty kings and princes are!
Enjoy ſweet ſleep, which ſhuns the crown,
With all its eaſy beds of down.
The ſun now ſhows his noon-tide blaze,
And ſheds around me burning rays.
A little onward, and I go
Into the ſhade that groves beſtow;
And on green moſs I lay me down,
That o'er the root of oak has grown;
Where all is ſilent, but ſome flood
That ſweetly murmurs in the wood;
But birds that warble in the ſprays,
And charm ev'n Silence with her lays.
Oh powerful Silence, how you reign
In the Poet's buſy brain!
His numerous thoughts obey the calls
Of the tuneful water-falls,
Like moles, whene'er the coaſt is clear,
They riſe before thee without fear,
And range in parties here and there.
Some wildly to Parnaſſus wing,
And view the fair Caſtalian ſpring;
Where they behold a lonely well,
Where now no tuneful Muſes dwell;
But now and then a ſlaviſh hind
Paddling the troubled pool they find.
Some trace the pleaſing paths of joy,
Others the bliſsful ſcene deſtroy;
In thorny tracks of ſorrow ſtray,
And pine for Clio far away.
But ſtay—Methinks her lays I hear,
So ſmooth! ſo ſweet! ſo deep! ſo clear!
No, 'tis not her voice I find,
'Tis but the echo ſtays behind.
Some meditate ambition's brow,
And the black gulph that gapes below:
Some peep in courts, and there they ſee
The ſneaking tribe of Flattery.
But, ſtriking to the ear and eye,
A nimble deer comes bounding by!
When ruſhing from yon ruſtling ſpray,
It made them vaniſh all away.
I rouze me up, and on I rove.
'Tis more than time to leave the grove.
The ſun declines, the evening breeze
Begins to whiſper through the trees:
And, as I leave the ſylvan gloom,
As to the glare of day I come,
An old man's ſmoky neſt I ſee,
Leaning on an aged tree;
Whoſe willow walls, and furzy brow,
A little garden ſway below.
Through ſpreading beds of blooming green,
Matted with herbage ſweet, and clean,
A vein of water limps along,
And makes them ever green, and young.
Here he puffs upon his ſpade,
And digs up cabbage in the ſhade:
His tatter'd rags are ſable brown,
His beard and hair are hoary grown:
The dying ſap defcends apace,
And leaves a wither'd hand and face.
Up * Grongar hill I labour now,
And catch at laſt his buſhy brow.
Oh, how freſh, how pure the air!
Let me breathe a little here.
Where am I, Nature? I deſcry
Thy magazine before me lie!
Temples!—and towns!—and towers!—and woods
And hills!—and vales!—and fields!—and floods!
Crouding before me, edg'd around
With naked wilds, and barren ground.
See, below, the pleaſant dome,
The Poet's pride, the Poet's home,
Which the ſun-beams ſhine upon,
To the even, from the dawn.
See her woods, where Echo talks,
Her gardens trim, her terras walks,
Her wilderneſſes, fragrant brakes,
Her gloomy bowers, and ſhining lakes.
Keep, ye gods, this humble ſeat,
For ever pleaſant, private, neat.
See yonder hill, uprifing ſteep,
Above the river ſlow and deep:
It looks from hence a pyramid,
Beneath a verdant foreſt hid;
On whoſe high top there riſes great,
The mighty remnant of a ſeat,
An old green tower, whoſe batter'd brow
Frowns upon the vale below.

* A hill in South Wales.

Look upon that flowery plain,
How the ſheep ſurround their ſwain,
How they crowd to hear his ſtrain!
All careleſs with his legs acroſs,
Leaning on a bank of moſs,
He ſpends his empty hours at play,
Which fly as light as down away.
And there behold a bloomy mead,
A ſilver ſtream, a willow ſhade,
Beneath the ſhade of fiſher ſtand,
Who, with the angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.
In bluſhes the deſcending ſun
Kiſſes the ſtreams, while ſlow they run;
And yonder hill remoter grows,
Or duſky clouds do interpoſe.
The fields are left, the labouring hind
His weary oxen does unbind;
And vocal mountains, as they low,
Re-echo to the vales below;
The jocund ſhepherds piping come,
And drive the herd before them home;
And now begin to light their fires,
Which ſend up ſmoke in curling ſpires!
While with light hearts all homeward tend,
To * Abergaſney I deſcend.
But, Oh! how bleſs'd would be the day,
Did I with Clio pace my way,
And not alone and ſolitary ſtray.

Till I found out my Clio, and ended my pain,
And made myſelf quiet, and happy again.

THE ENQUIRY.

YE poor little ſheep, ah! well may ye ſtray,
While ſad is your ſhepherd, and Clio away!
Tell where have you been, have you met with my love,
On the mountain, or valley, or meadow, or grove?
Alas-aday, No—Ye are ſtray'd, and half dead;
Ye ſaw not my love, or ye all had been fed.
Oh, Sun, did you ſee her?—ah! ſurely you did:
'Mong what willows, or woodbines, or reeds, is ſhe hid?
Ye tall, whiſtling pines, that on yonder hill grow,
And o'erlook the beautiful valley below,
Did you ſee her a-roving in wood or in brake?
Or bathing her fair limbs in ſome ſilent lake?
Ye mountains, that look on the vigorous eaſt,
And the north, and the ſouth, and the weariſom weſt,
Pray tell where ſhe hides her, you ſurely do know,
And let not her lover pine after her ſo.
Oh, had I the wings of an eagle, I'd fly
Along with bright Phœbus all over the ſky;
Like an eagle, look down, with my wings wide diſplay'd,
And dart in my eyes at each whiſpering ſhade:
I'd ſearch ev'ry tuft in my diligent tour,
I'd unravel the woodbines, and look in each bower,

* The name of a ſeat belonging to the Author's brother.

AN EPISTLE TO A FAMOUS PAINTER.

DELIGHTFUL partner of my heart,
Maſter of the loveliеſt art!
How ſweet our ſenſes you deceive,
When we, a gazing throng, believe!
Here flows the Po!—The Minis there,
Winding about with ſedgy hair!
And there the Tyber's yellow flood,
Beneath a thick and gloomy wood!
And there Darius' broken ranks
Upon the Grannic's bloody banks;
Who bravely die, or baſely run
From Philip's all-ſubduing ſon!
And there the wounded Porus brought
(The braveſt man that ever fought!)
To Alexander's tent, who eyes
His dauntleſs viſage, as he lies
In death's moſt painful agonies.
To me reveal thy heavenly art,
To me thy myſteries impart.
As yet I but in verſe can paint,
And to th' idea colour faint
What to the open eye you ſhow,
Seeming Nature's living glow!
The beauteous ſhapes of objects near!
Or diſtant ones confus'd in air!
The golden eve, the bluſhing dawn,
Smiling on the lovely lawn!
And pleaſing views of chequer'd glades!
And rivers winding through the ſhades!
And ſunny hills!—and pleaſant plains!
And groups of merry nymphs and ſwains!
Or ſome old building, hid with graſs,
Rearing ſad its ruin'd face;
Whoſe columns, friezes, ſtatues, lie,
The grief and wonder of the eye!
Or ſwift adown a mountain tall:
A foaming cataract's ſounding fall;
Whoſe loud roaring ſtuns the ear
Of the wondering traveller!
Or a calm and quiet bay,
And a level ſhining ſea!
Or ſurges rough, that froth, and roar,
And, angry, daſh the ſounding ſhore!
And veſſels toſt! and billows high!
And lightning flaſhing from the ſky!
Or that which gives me moſt delight,
The fair idea (ſeeming ſight!)
Of warrior fierce, with ſhining blade!
Or orator, with arms diſplay'd!
Tully's engaging air and mien,
Declaiming againſt Cataline.
Or fierce Achilles towering high
Above his foes, who round him die,

Or Hercules, with lion's hide,
And knotty cudgel, thrown aſide,
Liſting Antæus high in air!
Who, in his gripe, expires there!
Or Siſyphus, with toil and ſweat,
And muſcles ſtrain'd, ſtriving to get
Up a ſteep hill a ponderous ſtone,
Which near the top recoils, and rolls impetuous down.
Or beauteous Helen's eaſy air,
With head reclin'd, and flowing hair;
Or comely Paris, gay and young,
Moving with gallant grace along!
Theſe you can do!—I but advance
In a florid ignorance;
And ſay to you, who better know,
You ſhould deſign them ſo and ſo.

TO

AARON HILL, ESQ.

ON HIS POEM CALLED GIDEON.

TELL me, wondrous friend, where were you
When Gideon was your lofty ſong!
Where did the heavenly ſpirit bear you,
When your fair ſoul reflected ſtrong
Gideon's actions, as they ſhin'd
Bright in the chambers of your mind!
Say, have you trod Arabia's ſpicy vales,
Or gather'd bays beſide Euphrates' ſtream,
Or lonely ſung with Jordan's water-falls,
While heavenly Gideon was your ſacred theme.
Or have you many ages given
To cloſe retirement and to books!
And held a long diſcourſe with Heaven,
And notic'd Nature in her various looks!
Full of inſpiring wonder and delight,
Slow read I Gideon with a greedy eye!
Like a pleas'd traveller that lingers ſweet
On ſome fair and lofty plain
Where the ſun does brightly ſhine,
And glorious proſpects all around him lie!
On Gideon's pages beautifully ſhine,
Surprizing pictures riſing to my ſight,
With all the life of colours and of line,
And all the force of rounding ſhade and light,
And all the grace of ſomething more divine!
High on a hill, beneath an oak's broad arm,
I ſee a youth divinely fair,
" Penſive he leans his head on his left hand;
" His ſmiling eye ſheds ſweetneſs mix'd with
" awe,
" His right hand, with a milk-white wand, ſome
" figure ſeems to draw!
" A nameleſs grace is ſcatter'd through his air,
" And o'er his ſhoulders looſely flows his amber-
" colour'd hair"
Above, with burning bluſh the morning glows,
The waking world all fair before him lies;
" Slow from the plain the melting dews,
" To kiſs the ſun-beams, climbing, riſe." &c.
Methinks the grove of Baal I ſee,
In terraſs'd ſtages mount up high,
And wave its ſable beauties in the ſky,
" From ſtage to ſtage, broad ſteps of half-hid
" ſtone,
" With curling moſs and blady graſs o'ergrown,
" Lead awful——
Down in a dungeon deep,
" Where through thick walls, oblique, the broken
" light
" From narrow loop-holes quivers to the ſight,
" With ſwift and furious ſtride,
" Cloſe-folded arms, and ſhort and ſudden ſtarts,
" The fretful prince, in dumb and ſullen pride,
" Revolves eſcape——
Here in red colours glowing bold
A warlike figure ſtrikes my eye!
The dreadful ſudden ſight his foes behold
Confounded ſo, they loſe the power to fly;
" Backening they gaze at diſtance on his face,
" Admire his poſture, and confeſs his grace;
" His right hand graſps his planted ſpear, &c."
Alas! my Muſe, through much good-will, you err:
And we the mighty author greatly wrong;
To gather beauties here and there,
As but a ſcatter'd few there were,
While every word's a beauty in his ſong!

[Thoſe lines in this Poem marked thus " are taken out of the Poem called GIDEON.]

THE

CHOICE.

TO MR. DYER. BY AARON HILL, ESQ.

WHILE, charm'd with Aberglaſney's quiet plains,
The Muſes, and their Empreſs, court your ſtrains,
Tir'd of the noiſy town, ſo lately try'd,
Methinks, I ſee you ſmile, on Towy's ſide!
Penſive, her mazy wanderings you unwind,
And, on your river's margin, calm your mind.
Oh!—greatly bleſs'd—whate'er your fate requires,
Your ductile wiſdom tempers your deſires!
Balanc'd within, you look abroad ſerene,
And, marking both extremes, paſs clear between.
Oh! could your low'd example teach your ſkill,
And, as it moves my wonder, mend my will!
Calm would my paſſions grow;—my lot would pleaſe;
And my ſick ſoul might think itſelf to eaſe!
But, to the future while I ſtrain my eye,
Each preſent good ſlips, undiſtinguiſh'd, by.
Still, what I would, contends with what I can,
And my wild wiſhes leap the bounds of man.
If in my power it lies to limit hope,
And my unchain'd deſires can fix a ſcope,
This were my Choice—Oh, Friend! pronounce me poor;
For I have wants, which wealth can never cure!
Let others, with a narrow'd ſtint of pride,
In ſelfiſh views, a bounded hope divide:
If I muſt wiſh at all—Deſires are free,
High, as the Higheſt, I would wiſh to be!

Then might I, ſole ſupreme, act, unconfin'd,
And with unbounded influence bleſs mankind.
Mean is that ſoul, whom its own good can fill!
A proſperous world, alone, could feaſt my will.
He's poor, at beſt, who others miſery ſees,
And wants the wiſh'd-for power to give them eaſe!
A glory this, unreach'd, but on a throne!
All were enough—and, leſs than all, is none!
This my firſt wiſh:—But ſince 'tis wild, and vain,
To graſp at glittering clouds, with fruitleſs pain,
More ſafely low, let my next proſpect be,
And life's mild evening this fair ſun-ſet ſee.
Far from a Lord's loath'd neighbourhood—a State!
Whoſe little greatneſs is a pride I hate!
On ſome lone wild, ſhould my large houſe be plac'd,
Vaſtly ſurrounded by a healthful waſte!
Steril, and coarſe, the untry'd ſoil ſhould be,
Till-forc'd to flouriſh, and ſubdu'd by me.
Seas, woods, meads, mountains, gardens, ſtreams, and ſkies,
Should with a changeful grandeur, charm my eyes!
Where-e'er I walk'd, effects of my paſt pains
Should plume the mountain tops, and paint the plains,
Greatly obſcure, and ſhunning courts, or name!
Widely befriended, but eſcaping fame;
Peaceful, in ſtudious quiet, would I live,
Lie hid, for leiſure, and grow rich, to give!

TO

MR. SAVAGE,

SON OF

THE LATE EARL RIVERS.

SINK not, my friend, beneath misfortune's weight,
Pleas'd to be found intrinſically great.
Shame on the dull, who think the ſoul looks leſs,
Becauſe the body wants a glittering dreſs.
It is the mind's for-ever bright attire,
The mind's embroidery, that the wiſe admire!
That which looks rich to the groſs vulgar eyes,
Is the fop's tinſel, which the grave deſpiſe.
Wealth dims the eyes of crowds, and while they gaze,
The coxcomb's ne'er diſcover'd in the blaze!
As few the vices of the wealthy ſee,
So virtues are conceal'd by poverty.
Earl Rivers!—In that name how would'ſt thou ſhine?
Thy verſe, how ſweet! thy fancy, how divine!
Critics and Bards would, by their worth, be aw'd,
And all would think it merit to applaud.
But thou has nought to pleaſe the vulgar eye,
No title haſt, nor what might titles buy.
Thou wilt ſmall praiſe, but much ill-nature find,
Clear to thy errors, to thy beauties blind;
And if, though few, they any faults can ſee
How meanly bitter will cold cenſure be!
But, ſince we all, the wiſeſt of us, err,
Sure, 'tis the greateſt fault to be ſevere.
A few, however, yet expect to find,
Among the miſty millions of mankind,
Who proudly ſtoop to aid an injur'd cauſe,
And o'er the ſneer of coxcombs force applauſe,
Who, with felt pleaſure, ſee fair Virtue riſe,
And lift her upwards to the beckoning prize!
Or mark her labouring in the modeſt breaſt,
And honour her the more, the more depreſt.
Thee, Savage, theſe (the juſtly great) admire,
Thee, quick'ning Judgment's phlegm with Fancy's fire!
Thee, ſlow to cenſure, earneſt to commend,
An able critic, but a willing friend.

AN

EPISTLE

TO A

FRIEND IN TOWN*.

HAVE my friends in the town, in the gay buſy town,
Forgot ſuch a man as John Dyer?
Or heedleſs deſpiſe they, or pity the clown,
Whoſe boſom no pageantries fire?

No matter, no matter—content in the ſhades—
(Contented?—why every thing charms me)
Fall in tunes all adown the green ſteep, ye cascades,
Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.

Till outrage ariſes, or miſery needs
The ſwift, the intrepid avenger;
Till ſacred religion or liberty bleeds,
Then mine be the deed, and the danger.

Alas! what a folly, that wealth and domain
We heap up in ſin and in ſorrow!
Immenſe is the toil, yet the labour how vain!
Is not life to be over to-morrow?

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have
Smooth-ſhaded, and quiet, and even;
While gently the body deſcends to the grave,
And the ſpirit ariſes to heaven.

* Among the Poems of Mr. Savage, there is one to Mr. Dyer, in anſwer to his from the country.

TO

MR. DYER.

BY CLIO*.

I'VE done thy merit and my friendſhip wrong,
In holding back my gratitude ſo long;
The ſoul is ſure to equal tranſport rais'd,
That juſtly praiſes, or is juſtly prais'd:
The generous only can this pleaſure know
Who taſte the god-like virtue—to beſtow!
I ev'n grow rich, methinks, while I commend;
And feel the very praiſes which I ſend.

Nor jealouſy nor female envy find,
Though all the Muſes are to Dyer kind.
Sing on, nor let your modeſt fears retard,
Whoſe verſe and pencil join, to force reward:
Your claim demands the bays, in double wreath,
Your Poems lighten, and your pictures breathe.
I wiſh to praiſe you, but your beauties wrong:
No theme looks green, in Clio's artleſs ſong:
But yours will an eternal verdure wear,
For Dyer's fruitful ſoul will flouriſh there.
My humbler lot was in low diſtance laid;
I was, oh, hated thought! a woman made;
For houſhold cares, and empty trifles meant,
The Name does immortality prevent.
Yet let me ſtretch, beyond my ſex, my mind,
And, riſing, leave the fluttering train behind;
Nor art, nor learning, wiſh'd aſſiſtance lends,
But nature, love, and muſic, are my friends.

* Among the Poems of Mr. Savage, is an Epiſtle, occaſioned by Mr. Dyer's Picture of this Lady.

END OF DYER'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

ELEGIES,

WRITTEN ON MANY DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

" Tantùm inter denſas, umbroſa cacumina, fagos
" Aſſiduè veniebat; ibi hæc incondita, ſolus,
" Montibus et ſylvis ſtudio jactabat inani!"

VIRG.

A

PREFATORY ESSAY ON ELEGY.

IT is obſervable, that diſcourſes *prefixed* to poetry are contrived very frequently to inculcate ſuch tenets as may exhibit the performance to the greateſt advantage. The fabric is very commonly raiſed in the *firſt place*, and the meaſures, by which we are to judge of its merit, are afterwards adjuſted.

There have been few rules given us by the critics concerning the ſtructure of *elegiac* poetry; and far be it from the author of the following trifles to dignify his own *opinions* with that *denomination*. He would only intimate the great variety of *ſubjects*, and the different *ſtyles* in which the writers of elegy *have* hitherto indulged themſelves, and endeavour to ſhield the following ones by the latitude of *their* example.

If we conſider the etymology * of the *word*, the epithet which † Horace gives it, or the confeſſion which ‡ Ovid makes concerning it, I think we may *conclude* thus much however; that *elegy*, in its true and genuine acceptation, *includes* a tender and querulous idea: that it looks upon *this* as its peculiar characteriſtic, and ſo long as *this* is thoroughly ſuſtained, admits of a variety of ſubjects; which, by its manner of treating them, it renders its own. It throws its melancholy *ſtole* over pretty different objects; which, like the dreſſes at a funeral proceſſion, gives them all a kind of ſolemn and uniform appearance.

* ε-λεγος, a particulam dolendi.

† " Miſerabiles elegos." HOR.

‡ " Heu nimis ex *vero* nunc tibi nomen erit."

OVID. de Morte Tibulli

It is probable that elegies were written at *firſt* upon the death of *intimate friends* and *near relations*; *celebrated beauties*, or *favourite miſtreſſes*; *beneficent governors* and *illuſtrious men*: one may add perhaps, of all thoſe, who are placed by Virgil in the laurel-grove of his Elyſium. (See Hurd's Diſſertation on Horace's Epiſtle.)

"Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo."

After theſe ſubjects were ſufficiently exhauſted, and the ſeverity of fate diſplayed in the moſt affecting inſtances, the poets ſought occaſion to vary their complaints; and the next tender ſpecies of ſorrow that preſented itſelf, was the grief of *abſent* or *neglected* lovers. And this indulgence might be indeed allowed them; but with *this* they were not contented. They had obtained a ſmall corner in the province of love, and they took advantage, from thence, to over-run the whole territory. They ſung its ſpoils, triumphs, ovations, and rejoicings *, as well as the captivity and exequies that attended it. They gave the name of *elegy* to their pleaſantries as well as lamentations; till at laſt, through their abundant fondneſs for the *myrtle*, they forgot that the *cypreſs* was *their* peculiar garland.

In this it is probable they deviated from the original deſign of elegy; and it ſhould ſeem, that any kind of ſubjects, treated in ſuch a manner as to diffuſe a pleaſing melancholy, might far better deſerve *the name*, than the facetious mirth and libertine feſtivity of the ſucceſsful votaries of love.

But not to dwell too long upon an opinion which may *ſeem* perhaps introduced to favour the following performance, it may not be improper to examine into the *uſe* and *end* of elegy. The moſt important end of *all* poetry is to encourage virtue. *Epic* and *tragedy* chiefly recommend the *public* virtues; *elegy* is of a ſpecies which illuſtrates and endears the *private*. There is a truly virtuous pleaſure connected with many penſive contemplations, which it is the province and excellency of elegy to enforce. This, by preſenting ſuitable ideas, has diſcovered ſweets in *melancholy* which we could not find in *mirth*; and has led us with ſucceſs to the duſty *urn*, when we could draw no pleaſure from the ſparkling bowl; as paſtoral conveys an idea of ſimplicity and innocence, it is in particular the taſk and merit of elegy to ſhew the innocence and ſimplicity of rural life to advantage: and that, in a way diſtinct from *paſtoral*, as much as the plain but judicious landlord may be imagined to ſurpaſs his tenant both in *dignity* and *underſtanding*. It ſhould alſo tend to elevate the more tranquil virtues of *humility*, *diſintereſtedneſs*, *ſimplicity*, and *innocence*: but then there is a *degree* of elegance and refinement, no way inconſiſtent with theſe *rural* virtues; and that raiſes *elegy* above that *merum rus*, that *unpoliſhed* ruſticity, which has given our *paſtoral* writers their higheſt reputation.

Wealth and ſplendor will never want their proper weight: the danger is, leſt they ſhould too much preponderate. A kind of poetry therefore which throws its chief influence into the other ſcale, that magnifies the ſweets of liberty and independence, that *endears* the honeſt *delights* of love and friendſhip, that *celebrates* the *glory* of a good name after death, that ridicules the futile arrogance of birth, that recommends the innocent amuſement of letters, and inſenſibly prepares the mind for that humanity it *inculcates*, *ſuch* a kind of poetry may chance to pleaſe; and if it pleaſe, ſhould ſeem to be of ſervice.

As to the *ſtyle* of elegy, it may be well enough determined from what has gone before. It ſhould imitate the voice and language of grief, or if a metaphor of dreſs be more agreeable, it ſhould be ſimple and diffuſe, and flowing as a mourner's veil. A verſification therefore is deſirable, which, by indulging a free and unconſtrained expreſſion, may admit of that ſimplicity which elegy requires.

Heroic metre, with alternate rhyme, ſeems well enough adapted to this ſpecies of poetry; and, however exceptionable upon other occaſions, its inconveniencies appear to loſe their weight *in ſhorter* elegies: and its advantages ſeem to *acquire* an *additional* im-

* "Dicite Io Pæan, & Io bis dicite Pæan." OVID.

portance. The world has an admirable example of its beauty in a collection of elegies *not long* ſince *publiſhed;* the product of a gentleman * of the moſt exact taſte, and whoſe untimely death merits all the tears that elegy can ſhed.

It is not impoſſible that ſome may think this metre too lax and proſaic: others, that even a more diſſolute variety of numbers may have ſuperior advantages. And, in favour of theſe laſt, might be produced the example of Milton in his Lycidas, together with one or two recent and beautiful imitations of his verſification in that monody. But this kind of argument, I am apt to think, muſt prove *too much;* ſince the writers I have in view ſeem capable enough of recommending any metre they ſhall chuſe; though it muſt be owned alſo, that the choice *they* make of any, is at the ſame time the ſtrongeſt preſumption in its favour.

Perhaps it may be no great difficulty to *compromiſe* the diſpute. There is no one kind of metre that is diſtinguiſhed by rhymes, but is liable to ſome objection or other. Heroic verſe, where every ſecond line is terminated by a rhyme, (with which the judgment requires that the *ſenſe* ſhould in ſome meaſure alſo terminate) is apt to render the expreſſion either ſcanty or conſtrained. And this is ſometimes obſervable in the writings of a poet lately deceaſed; though I believe no one ever threw ſo much ſenſe together with ſo much *eaſe* into a couplet as Mr. Pope. But, as an air of *conſtraint* too often accompanies this metre, it ſeems by no means proper for a writer of *elegy*.

The *previous* rhyme in Milton's Lycidas is very frequently placed at ſuch a diſtance from the following, that it is often dropt by the memory (much better employed in attending to the ſentiment) before it be brought to join its partner: and this ſeems to be the greateſt objection to *that* kind of verſification. But then the peculiar *eaſe* and *variety* it admits of, are no doubt ſufficient to overbalance the objection, and to give it the preference to any other, in an elegy of *length*.

The chief exception to which *ſtanza* of all kinds is liable, is, that it breaks the ſenſe too *regularly*, when it is continued through a long poem. And this may be perhaps the fault of Mr. Waller's excellent panegyric. But if this fault be leſs diſcernible in ſmaller compoſitions, as I ſuppoſe it *is*, I flatter myſelf, that the advantages I have before mentioned reſulting from alternate rhyme (with which ſtanza is, I think, connected) may, at leaſt in *ſhorter* elegies, be allowed to outweigh its imperfections.

I ſhall ſay but little of the different *kinds* of elegy. The melancholy of a lover is different, no doubt, from what we feel on other mixed occaſions. The mind in which love and grief at once predominate, is ſoftened to an *exceſs*. Love-elegy therefore is more negligent of order and deſign, and being addreſſed chiefly to the ladies, requires little more than tenderneſs and perſpicuity. Elegies, that are formed upon promiſcuous incidents, and addreſſed to the world in general, inculcate ſome ſort of moral, and admit a different degree of reaſoning, thought, and ardour.

The author of the following elegies entered on his ſubjects *occaſionally*, as particular incidents in life *ſuggeſted*, or diſpoſitions of mind *recommended* them to his choice. If he deſcribes a rural landſkip, or unfolds the train of ſentiments it inſpired, he fairly drew his picture from the ſpot; and felt very ſenſibly the affection he communicates. If he ſpeaks of his humble ſhed, his flocks and his fleeces, he does not counterfeit the ſcene; who having (whether through choice or neceſſity, is not material) retired betimes to country-ſolitudes, and ſought his happineſs in rural employments, has a right to conſider himſelf as a real ſhepherd. The flocks, the meadows, and the grottos, are *his own*, and the embelliſhment of his *farm* his ſole amuſement. As the ſentiments therefore were inſpired by nature, and that in the earlier part of his life, he hopes they will retain a natural appearance: diffuſing at leaſt ſome *part* of that amuſement, which he freely acknowledges he received from the compoſition of them.

* Mr. Hammond.

There will appear perhaps a real inconſiſtency in the moral tenor of the ſeveral gies; and the ſubſequent ones may ſometimes ſeem a recantation of the preced The reader will ſcarcely impute this to overſight; but will allow, that men's opin as well as tempers vary; that, neither public nor private, active nor ſpeculative are unexceptionably happy, and conſequently that any change of opinion concer them may afford an additional beauty to poetry, as it gives us a more ſtriking re ſentation of life.

If the author has hazarded, throughout, the uſe of Engliſh or modern alluſions h opes it will not be imputed to an *entire* ignorance, or to the *leaſt* diſeſteem, of the cient learning. He has kept the ancient *plan* and *method* in his eye, though he bu his edifice with the materials of his own nation. In other words, through a fond for his native country, he has made uſe of the flowers it produced, though, in orde exhibit them to the greater advantage, he has endeavoured to weave his garland by beſt model he could find: with what ſucceſs, beyond his own amuſement, muſt be to judges leſs partial to him than either his acquaintance or his friends.—If an thoſe ſhould be ſo candid, as to approve the variety of ſubjects he has choſen, and tenderneſs of ſentiment he has endeavoured to impreſs, he begs the *metre* alſo may be too ſuddenly condemned. The public ear, habituated of late to a quicker meal may perhaps conſider *this* as heavy and languid; but an objection of that kind gradually loſe its force, if this meaſure ſhould be allowed to ſuit the nature of eleg

If it ſhould happen to be conſidered as an object with *others*, that there is too n of a moral caſt diffuſed through the whole; it is replied, that he *endeavoured* to anii the poetry ſo far as not to render this objection too obvious; or to *riſque excluding* faſhionable reader: at the ſame time never deviating from a fixed principle, that po without morality is but the *bloſſom* of a *fruit-tree*. Poetry is indeed like ſpecies of plants, which may bear at once both fruits and bloſſoms; and the tree i no means in perfection without the *former*, however it may be embelliſhed by the l ers which ſurround it.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

He arrives at his retirement in the country, and takes occaſion to expatiate in praiſe of ſimplicity. To a Friend.

FOR rural virtues, and for native ſkies,
I bade Auguſta's vernal ſons farewell;
Now 'mid the trees, I ſee my ſmoke ariſe;
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that genius, which ſecures my reſt,
Preſerve this villa for a friend that's dear!
Ne'er may my vintage glad the ſordid breaſt;
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be unſincere!

Far from theſe paths, ye faithleſs friends, depart!
Fly my plain board, abhor my hoſtile name!
Hence! the faint verſe that flows not from the heart,
But mourns in labour'd ſtrains, the price of fame!

O lov'd ſimplicity, be thine the prize!
Aſſiduous art correct her page in vain!
His be the palm who, guiltleſs of diſguiſe,
Contemns the power, the dull reſource to fe

Still may the mourner, laviſh of his tears
For lucre's venal meed, invite my ſcorn!
Still may the bard diſſembling doubts and fears
For praiſe, for flattery ſighing, ſigh forlorn

Soft as the line of love-ſick Hammond flows,
'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting the
Ah! never could Aonia's hill diſcloſe
So fair a fountain, or ſo lov'd a ſtream.

Ye loveleſs bards intent with artful pains
To form a ſigh, or to contrive a tear!
Forego your Pindus, and on —— plains
Survey Camilla's charms, and grow ſincere

But thou, my friend! while in thy youthful ſoul
Love's gentle tyrant ſeats his awful throne,
Write from thy boſom—let not art controul
The ready pen, that makes his edicts known.

Pleaſing, when youth is long expir'd, to trace,
The forms our pencil, or our pen deſign'd!
"Such was our youthful air, and ſhape, and face!
"Such the ſoft image of our youthful mind!

Soft whilſt we ſleep beneath the rural bowers,
The Loves and Graces ſteal unſeen away;
And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flowers,
We wake to wintry ſcenes of chill decay!

Curſe the ſad fortune that detains thy fair;
Praiſe the ſoft hours that gave thee to her arms;
Paint thy proud ſcorn of every vulgar care,
When Hope exalts thee, or when Doubt alarms.

Where with Oenone thou haſt worn the day,
Near fount or ſtream, in meditation, rove;
If in the grove Oenone lov'd to ſtray,
The faithful Muſe ſhall meet thee in the grove.

ELEGY II.

ON POSTHUMOUS REPUTATION.

TO A FRIEND.

O GRIEF of griefs! that envy's frantic ire
Should rob the living virtue of its praiſe;
O fooliſh Muſes! that with zeal inſpire
To deck the cold inſenſate ſhrine with bays!

When the free ſpirit quits her humble frame,
To tread the ſkies with radiant garlands crown'd,
Say, will ſhe hear the diſtant voice of fame?
Or, hearing, fancy ſweetneſs in the ſound?

Perhaps ev'n genius pours a ſlighted lay;
Perhaps ev'n friendſhip ſheds a fruitleſs tear;
Ev'n Lyttleton but vainly trims the bay,
And fondly graces Hammond's mournful bier.

Though weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
Renew their chaplets, and repeat their ſighs;
Though near his tomb, Sabæan odours burn,
The loitering fragrance will it reach the ſkies?

No, ſhould his Delia votive wreaths prepare,
Delia might place the votive wreaths in vain:
Yet the dear hope of Delia's future care
Once crown'd his pleaſures, and diſpell'd his pain.

Yes—the fair proſpect of ſurviving praiſe
Can every ſenſe of preſent joys excel:
For this, great Hadrian choſe laborious days:
Through this, expiring, bade a gay farewel.

Shall then our youths, who fame's bright fabric raiſe,
To life's precarious date confine their care?
O teach them you, to ſpread the ſacred baſe,
To plan a work, through lateſt ages fair!

Is it ſmall tranſport, as with curious eye
You trace the ſtory of each Attic ſage,
To think your blooming praiſe ſhall time defy?
Shall waft like odours through the pleaſing page?

To mark the day, when through the bulky tome,
Around your name the varying ſtyle refines?
And readers call their loſt attention home,
Led by that index where true genius ſhines?

Ah let not Britons doubt their ſocial aim,
Whoſe ardent boſom catch this ancient fire!
Cold intereſt melts before the vivid flame,
And patriot ardours, but with life, expire!

ELEGY III.

ON THE

UNTIMELY DEATH OF A CERTAIN LEARNED ACQUAINTANCE.

IF proud Pygmalion quit his cumbrous frame,
Funereal pomp the ſcanty tear ſupplies;
Whilſt heralds loud with venal voice proclaim,
Lo! here the brave and the puiſſant lies.

When humbler Alcon leaves his drooping friends,
Pageant nor plume diſtinguiſh Alcon's bier;
The faithful Muſe with votive ſong attends,
And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

He little knew the ſly penurious art;
That odious art which fortune's favourites know;
Form'd to beſtow, he felt the warmeſt heart,
But envious Fate forbade him to beſtow.

He little knew to ward the ſecret wound;
He little knew that mortals could enſnare;
Virtue he knew; the nobleſt joy he found,
To ſing her glories, and to paint her fair!

Ill was he ſkill'd to guide his wandering ſheep;
And unforeſeen diſaſter thinn'd his fold;
Yet at another's loſs the ſwain would weep;
And, for his friend, his very crook were ſold.

Ye ſons of wealth! protect the Muſe's train;
From winds protect them, and with food ſupply
Ah! helpleſs they, to ward the threaten'd pain
The meagre famine, and the wintery ſky?

He lov'd a nymph: amidſt his ſlender ſtore,
He dar'd to love; and Cynthia was his theme;
He breath'd his plaints along the rocky ſhore,
They only echo'd o'er the winding ſtream.

His nymph was fair! the ſweeteſt bud that blows
Reviyes leſs lovely from the recent ſhower;
So Philomel enamour'd eyes the roſe;
Sweet bird! enamour'd of the ſweeteſt flower!

He lov'd the Muſe; ſhe taught him to complain;
He ſaw his timorous loves on her depend;
He lov'd the Muſe; although ſhe taught in vain;
He lov'd the Muſe, for ſhe was virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors;
She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain;
She tempts patricians from the fatal doors
Of vice's brothel, forth to virtue's fane.

He wiſh'd for wealth, for much he wiſh'd to give;
He griev'd that virtue might not wealth obtain;
Piteous of woes, and hopeleſs to relieve,
The penſive proſpect ſadden'd all his ſtrain.

I ſaw him faint! I ſaw him ſink to reſt!
Like one ordain'd to ſwell the vulgar throng;
As though the virtues had not warm'd his breaſt,
As though the Muſes not inſpir'd his tongue.

I ſaw his bier ignobly croſs the plain;
Saw peaſant hands the pious rite ſupply:
The generous ruſtics mourn'd the friendly ſwain,
But power and wealth's unvarying cheek was dry!

Such Alcon fell; in meagre want forlorn!
Where were ye then, ye powerful patrons, where?
Would ye the purple ſhould your limbs adorn,
Go waſh the conſcious blemiſh with a tear.

ELEGY IV.

OPHELIA'S URN.

TO

MR. GRAVES.

THROUGH the dim veil of evening's duſky ſhade,
Near ſome lone fane, or yew's funereal green,
What dreary forms has magic fear ſurvey'd!
What ſhrouded ſpectres ſuperſtition ſeen!

But you ſecure ſhall pour your ſad complaint,
Nor dread the meagre phantoms wan array;
What none but fear's officious hand can paint,
What none but ſuperſtition's eye ſurvey.

The glimmering twilight and the doubtful dawn
Shall ſee your ſtep to theſe ſad ſcenes return:
Conſtant, as cryſtal dews impearl the lawn,
Shall Strephon's tear bedew Ophelia's urn!

Sure nought unhallow'd ſhall preſume to ſtray
Where ſleep the reliques of that virtuous maid:
Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way,
Where ſoft Ophelia's dear remains are laid.

Haply thy Muſe, as with unceaſing ſighs
She keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,
May ſee light groups of pleaſing viſions riſe;
And phantoms glide, but of celeſtial kind.

There fame, her clarion pendant at her ſide,
Shall ſeek forgiveneſs of Ophelia's ſhade;
"Why has ſuch worth, without diſtinction, dy'd?
"Why, like the deſert's lily, bloom'd to fade?

Then young ſimplicity, averſe to feign,
Shall unmoleſted breathe her ſoſteſt ſigh:
And candour with unwonted warmth complain,
And innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then elegance, with coy judicious hand,
Shall cull freſh flowrets for Ophelia's tomb:
And beauty chide the Fates' ſevere command,
That ſhew'd the frailty of ſo fair a bloom!

And fancy then, with wild ungovern'd woe,
Shall her lov'd pupil's native taſte explain;
For mournful ſable all her hues forego,
And aſk ſweet ſolace of the Muſe in vain!

Ah, gentle forms, expect no fond relief;
Too much the ſacred Nine their loſs deplore:
Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
Your beſt, your brighteſt favourite is no more.

ELEGY V.

He compares the turbulence of love with the tranquillity of friendſhip. To MELISSA his Friend.

FROM love, from angry love's inclement reign
I paſs a while to friendſhip's equal ſkies;
Thou, generous maid, reliev'ſt my partial pain,
And chear'ſt the victim of another's eyes.

'Tis thou, Meliſſa, thou deſerv'ſt my care:
How can my will and reaſon diſagree?
How can my paſſion live beneath deſpair!
How can my boſom ſigh for aught but thee?

Ah dear Meliſſa! pleas'd with thee to rove,
My ſoul has yet ſurviv'd its drearieſt time;
Ill can I bear the various clime of love!
Love is a pleaſing, but a various clime!

So ſmiles immortal Maro's favourite ſhore,
Parthenope, with every verdure crown'd!
When ſtraight Veſuvio's horrid cauldrons roar,
And the dry vapour blaſts the regions round.

Oh bliſsful regions! oh unrival'd plains!
When Maro to theſe fragrant haunts retir'd!
Oh fatal realms! and oh accurſt domains!
When Pliny, 'mid ſulphureous clouds, expir'd!

So ſmiles the ſurface of the treacherous main,
As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons play;
When ſoon rude winds their wonted rule regain,
And ſky and ocean mingle in the fray.

But let or air contend, or ocean rave;
Ev'n hope ſubſide amid the billows toſt;
Hope, ſtill emergent, ſtill contemns the wave,
And not a feature's wonted ſmile is loſt.

ELEGY VI.

TO

A LADY ON THE LANGUAGE OF

BIRDS.

COME then, Dione, let us range the grove,
The ſcience of the feather'd choirs explore:
Hear linnets argue, larks deſcant of love,
And blame the gloom of ſolitude no more.

My doubt ſubſides—'tis no Italian ſong,
Nor ſenſeleſs ditty, chears the vernal tree:
Ah! who, that hears Dione's tuneful tongue,
Shall doubt that muſic may with ſenſe agree?

And come, my Muſe! that lov'ſt the ſylvan ſhade;
Evolve the mazes, and the miſt diſpel:
Tranſlate the ſong; convince my doubting maid.
No ſolemn derviſe can explain ſo well.—

Penſive beneath the twilight ſhades I ſate,
The ſlave of hopeleſs vows, and cold diſdain!
When Philomel addreſs'd his mournful mate,
And thus I conſtrued the melliſluent ſtrain.

"Sing on, my bird—the liquid notes prolong,
At every note a lover ſheds his tear!
Sing on, my bird—'tis Damon hears thy ſong;
Nor doubt to gain applauſe, when lovers hear.

He the ſad ſource of our complaining knows;
A foe to Tereus, and to lawleſs love!
He mourns the ſtory of our ancient woes;
Ah could our muſic his complaints remove!

Yon' plains are govern'd by a peerleſs maid;
And ſee pale Cynthia mounts the vaulted ſky,
A train of lovers court the checquer'd ſhade;
Sing on, my bird, and hear thy mate's reply.

Erewhile no ſhepherd to theſe woods reth'd;
No lover bleſt the glow-worm's pallid ray:
But ill-ſtar'd birds, that liſtening not admir'd,
Or liſtening envy'd our ſuperior lay.

Chear'd by the ſun, the vaſſals of his power,
Let ſuch by day unite their jarring ſtrains!
But let us chuſe the calm, the ſilent hour,
Nor want fit audience while Dione reigns."

ELEGY VII.

He deſcribes his viſion to an acquaintance.

"*Cætera per terras omnes animalia, &c.*" VIRG.

ON diſtant heaths, beneath autumnal ſkies,
Penſive I ſaw the circling ſhades deſcend;
Weary and faint I heard the ſtorm ariſe,
While the ſun vaniſh'd like a faithleſs friend.

No kind companion led my ſteps aright;
No friendly planet lent its glimmering ray;
Ev'n the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,
Where toil in peaceful ſlumber clos'd the day.

Then the dull bell had given a pleaſing ſound!
The village cur 'twere tranſport then to hear;
In dreadful ſilence all was huſh'd around,
While the rude ſtorm alone diſtreſs'd mine ear.

As led by Orwell's winding banks I ſtray'd,
Where towering Wolſey breath'd his native air;
A ſudden luſtre chas'd the flitting ſhade,
The ſounding winds were huſh'd, and all was fair.

Inſtant a grateful form appear'd confeſt;
White were his locks with awful ſcarlet crown'd,
And livelier far than Tyrian ſeem'd his veſt,
That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.

"Stranger, he ſaid, amid this pealing rain,
Benighted, loneſome, whither would'ſt thou ſtray?
Does wealth or power thy weary ſtep conſtrain?
Reveal thy wiſh, and let me point the way.

For know I trod the trophy'd paths of power;
Felt every joy that fair ambition brings;
And left the lonely roof of yonder bower,
To ſtand beneath the canopies of kings.

I bade low hinds the towering ardour ſhare;
Nor, meanly roſe, to bleſs myſelf alone:
I ſnatch'd the ſhepherd from his fleecy care,
And bade his wholeſome dictate guard the throne.

Low at my feet the ſuppliant peer I ſaw;
I ſaw proud empires my deciſion wait;
My will was duty, and my word was law,
My ſmile was tranſport, and my frown was fate."

Ah me! ſaid I, nor power I ſeek, nor gain:
Nor urg'd by hope of fame theſe toils endure;
A ſimple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
And, from his friend's condolance, hopes a cure.

He, the dear youth, to whoſe abodes I roam,
Nor can mine honours, nor my fields extend;
Yet for his ſake I leave my diſtant home,
Which oaks emboſom, and which hills defend.

Beneath that home I ſcorn the wintry wind;
The ſpring, to ſhade me, robes her faireſt tree;
And if a friend my graſs-grown threſhold find,
O how my lonely cot reſounds with glee!

Yet, though averſe to gold in heaps amaſs'd,
I wiſh to bleſs, I languiſh to beſtow;
And though no friend to fame's obſtreperous blaſt,
Still, to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too proud with ſervile tone to deign addreſs;
Too mean to think that honours are my due,
Yet ſhould ſome patron yield my ſtores to bleſs,
I ſure ſhould deem my boundleſs thanks were few.

But tell me, thou! that, like a meteor's fire,
Shot'ſt blazing forth; diſdaining dull degrees;
Should I to wealth, to fame, to power aſpire,
Muſt I not paſs more rugged paths than theſe?

Muſt I not groan beneath a guilty load,
Praiſe him I ſcorn, and him I love betray?
Does not ſelonious envy bar the road?
Or falſehood's treacherous foot beſet the way?

Say ſhould I paſs through favour's crowded gate,
Muſt not fair truth inglorious wait behind?
Whilſt I approach the glittering ſcenes of ſtate,
My beſt companion no admittance find?

Nurs'd in the ſhades by freedom's lenient care,
Shall I the rigid ſway of fortune own?
Taught by the voice of pious truth, prepare
To ſpurn an altar, and adore a throne?

And when proud fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
And when it leaves me no unſhaken friend,
Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,
Which oaks emboſom, and which hills defend?

Oh! if theſe ills the price of power advance,
Check not my ſpeed where ſocial joys invite!
The troubled viſion caſt a mournful glance,
And ſighing vaniſh'd in the ſhades of night.

ELEGY VIII.

He deſcribes his early love of poetry, and its conſequences. To Mr. GRAVES, 1745.

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF *MR. POPE.*

AH me! what envious magic thins my fold?
What mutter'd ſpell retards their late increaſe?
Such leſſening fleeces muſt the ſwain behold,
That ere with Doric pipe eſſays to pleaſe.

I ſaw my friends in evening circles meet;
I took my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay;
I heard them ſay my vocal reed was ſweet:
Ah fool! to credit what I heard them ſay!

Ill-fated bard! that ſeeks his ſkill to ſhow,
Then courts the judgment of a friendly ear!
Not the poor veteran that permits his foe
To guide his doubtful ſtep, has more to fear.

Nor could my Graves miſtake the critic's laws,
Till pious friendſhip mark'd the pleaſing way:
Welcome ſuch error! ever bleſt the cauſe!
Ev'n though it led me boundleſs leagues aſtray!

Couldſt thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the flame
On liſtening Cherwell's oſier banks reclin'd?
While, foe to fortune, unſeduc'd by fame,
I ſooth'd the bias of a careleſs mind.

Youth's gentle kindred, health and love were met?
What though in Alma's guardian arms I play'd?
How ſhall the Muſe thoſe vacant hours forget?
Or deem that bliſs by ſolid cares repaid?

Thou know'ſt how tranſport thrills the tender breaſt,
Where love and fancy fix their opening reign;
How nature ſhines in livelier colours dreſt,
To bleſs their union, and to grace their train.

So firſt when Phœbus met the Cyprian queen,
And favour'd Rhodes beheld their paſſion crown'd,
Unuſual flowers enrich'd the painted green;
And ſwift ſpontaneous roſes bluſh'd around.

Now ſadly lorn, from Twitnam's widow'd bower,
The drooping Muſes take their caſual way;
And where they ſtop, a flood of tears they pour;
And where they weep, no more the fields are gay.

Where is the dappled pink, the ſprightly roſe?
The cowſlips golden cup no more I ſee:
Dark and diſcolour'd every flower that blows,
To form the garland, Elegy! for thee!—

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead;
Ah might we now the pious rage controul:
Huſh'd be my grief ere every ſmile be fled,
Ere the deep ſwelling ſigh ſubvert the ſoul!

If near ſome trophy ſpring a ſtripling bay,
Pleas'd we behold the graceful umbrage riſe;
But ſoon too deep it works its baneful way,
And, low on earth, the proſtrate ruin lies.

ELEGY IX.

He deſcribes his diſintereſtedneſs to a friend.

NE'ER muſt tinge my lip with Celtic wines;
The pomp of India muſt I ne'er diſplay;
Nor boaſt the produce of Peruvian mines,
Nor, with Italian ſounds, deceive the day.

Down yonder brook my cryſtal beverage flows;
My grateful ſheep their annual fleeces bring;
Fair in my garden buds the damaſk roſe,
And, from my grove, I hear the throſtle ſing.

My fellow ſwains! avert your dazzled eyes;
In vain allur'd by glittering ſpoils they rove,
The fates ne'er meant them for the ſhepherd's prize,
Yet gave them ample recompence in love.

They gave you vigour from your parent's veins;
They gave you toils; but toils your ſinews brace;
They gave you nymphs, that own their amorous pains,
And ſhades, the refuge of the gentle race.

To carve your loves, to paint your mutual flames,
See! poliſh'd fair, the beech's friendly rind!
To ſing ſoft carrols to your lovely dames,
See vocal grots, and echoing vales aſſign'd!

Would'ſt thou, my Strephon, love's delighted ſlave!
Though ſure the wreaths of chivalry to ſhare,
Forego the ribbon thy Matilda gave,
And, giving, bade thee in remembrance wear?

Ill fare my peace, but every idle toy,
If to my mind my Delia's form it brings,
Has truer worth, imparts ſincerer joy,
Than all that bears the radiant ſtamp of kings.

O my ſoul weeps, my breaſt with anguiſh bleeds,
When love deplores the tyrant power of gain!
Diſdaining riches as the futile weeds,
I riſe ſuperior, and the rich diſdain.

Oft from the ſtream, ſlow wandering down the glade,
Penſive I hear the nuptial peal rebound;
"Some miſer weds, I cry, the captive maid,
"And ſome fond lover ſickens at the ſound."

Not Somerville, the Muſe's friend of old,
Though now exalted to yon ambient ſky,
So ſhunn'd a ſoul diſtain'd with earth and gold,
So lov'd the pure, the generous breaſt, as I.

Scorn'd be the wretch that quits his genial bowl,
His loves, his friendſhips, ev'n his ſelf, reſigns;
Perverts the ſacred inſtinct of his ſoul,
And to a ducate's dirty ſphere confines.

But come, my friend, with taſte, with ſcience bleſt,
Ere age impair me, and ere gold allure;
Reſtore thy dear idea to my breaſt,
The rich depoſit ſhall the ſhrine ſecure.

Let others toil to gain the ſordid ore,
The charms of independence let us ſing;
Bleſt with thy friendſhip, can I wiſh for more?
I'll ſpurn the boaſted wealth of Lydia's king.

ELEGY X.

To Fortune; ſuggeſting his motive for repining at her diſpenſations.

ASK not the cauſe, why this rebellious tongue
Loads with freſh curſes thy deteſted ſway!
Aſk not, thus branded in my ſofteſt ſong,
Why ſtands the flatter'd name, which all obey?

Tis not, that in my ſhed I lurk forlorn,
Nor ſee my roof on Parian columns riſe;
That, on this breaſt, no mimic ſtar is borne,
Rever'd, ah! more than thoſe that light the ſkies.

'Tis not, that on the turf ſupinely laid,
I ſing or pipe, but to the flocks that graze:
And, all inglorious, in the loneſome ſhade,
My finger ſtiffens, and my voice decays.

Not, that my fancy mourns thy ſtern command,
When many an embryo dome is loſt in air;
While guardian prudence checks my eager hand,
And, ere the turf is broken, cries, "Forbear.

"Forbear, vain youth! be cautious, weigh thy gold,
"Nor let yon riſing column more aſpire;
"Ah! better dwell in ruins, than behold
"Thy fortunes mouldering and thy domes entire.

"Honorio built, but dar'd my laws defy;
"He planted, ſcornful of my ſage commands;
"The peach's vernal bud regal'd his eye!
"The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands."

See the ſmall ſtream that pours its murmuring tide
O'er ſome rough rock that would its wealth diſplay,
Diſplays it aught but penury and pride?
Ah! conſtrue wiſely what ſuch murmurs ſay.

"How would ſome flood, with ampler treaſures bleſt,
Diſdainful view the ſtantling drops diſtil!
How muſt * Velino ſhake his reedy creſt!
How every cygnet mock the boaſtive rill!

Fortune, I yield! and ſee, I give the ſign;
At noon the poor mechanic wanders home;
Collects the ſquare, the level, and the line,
And, with retorted eye, forſakes the dome.

Yes, I can patient view the ſhadeleſs plains;
Can unrepining leave the riſing wall:
Check the fond love of art that fir'd my veins,
"And my warm hopes, in full purſuit recall.

Deſcend, ye ſtorms! deſtroy my riſing pile;
Loos'd be the whirlwind's unremitting ſway;
Contented I, although the gazer ſmile
To ſee it ſcarce ſurvive a winter's day.

* A river in Italy.

Let ſome dull dotard baſk in thy gay ſhrine,
As in the ſun regales its wanton herd;
Guiltleſs of envy, why ſhould I repine,
That his rude voice, his grating reed's preferr'd?

Let him exult, with boundleſs wealth ſupply'd,
Mine and the ſwain's reluctant homage ſhare;
But ah! his tawdry ſhepherdeſs's pride,
Gods! muſt my Delia, muſt my Delia bear?

Muſt Delia's ſoftneſs, elegance, and eaſe,
Submit to Marian's dreſs? to Marian's gold?
Muſt Marian's robe from diſtant India pleaſe?
The ſimple fleece my Delia's limbs enfold?

"Yet ſure on Delia ſeems the ruſſet fair;
"Ye glittering daughters of diſguiſe, adieu!"
So talk the wiſe, who judge of ſhape and air,
But will the rural thane decide ſo true?

Ah! what is native worth eſteem'd of clowns?
'Tis thy falſe glare, O fortune! thine they ſee:
'Tis for my Delia's ſake I dread thy frowns,
And my laſt gaſp ſhall curſes breathe on thee.

ELEGY XI.

He complains how ſoon the pleaſing novelty of life is over.

TO MR. JAGO.

AH me, my friend! it will not, will not laſt!
This fairy-ſcene, that cheats our youthful eyes!
The charm diſſolves; th' aerial muſic's paſt;
The banquet ceaſes, and the viſion flies.

Where are the ſplendid forms, the rich perfumes,
Where the gay tapers, where the ſpacious dome?
Vaniſh'd the coſtly pearls, the crimſon plumes,
And we, delightleſs, left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the ſage's wiſdom vain!
What has the world to bribe our ſteps aſtray,
Ere reaſon learns by ſtudy'd laws to reign,
The weaken'd paſſions, ſelf-ſubdued, obey.

Scarce has the ſun ſeven annual courſes roll'd,
Scarce ſhewn the whole that fortune can ſupply;
Since, not the miſer ſo careſs'd his gold,
As I, for what it gave, was heard to ſigh.

On the world's ſtage I wiſh'd ſome ſprightly part;
To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!
'Twas life, 'twas taſte, and—oh my fooliſh heart,
Subſtantial joy was fix'd in power and place.

And you, ye works of art! allur'd mine eye,
The breathing picture, and the living ſtone:
"Though gold, though ſplendour, heaven and fate deny,
"Yet might I call one Titian ſtroke my own!
Smit with the charms of fame, whoſe lovely ſpoil,
The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,
I trim'd my lamp, conſum'd the midnight oil—
But ſoon the paſtis of health and fame divide!

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas nature form'd the prayer,
To grace my native ſcenes, my rural home;
To ſee my trees expreſs their planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raiſe my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear deluſion's o'er!
A ſtagnant breezeleſs air becalms my ſoul:
A fond aſpiring candidate no more,
I ſcorn the palm, before I reach the goal.

O youth! enchanting ſtate, profuſely bleſt!
Bliſs e'n obtruſive courts the frolic mind;
Of health neglectful, yet by health careſt;
Careleſs of favour, yet ſecure to find.

Then glows the breaſt, as opening roſes fair;
More free, more vivid, than the linnet's wing;
Honeſt as light, tranſparent ev'n as air,
Tender as buds, and laviſh as the ſpring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
Not all the craft to ſubtle age aſſign'd,
Not ſcience ſhall extort that dear delight,
Which gay deluſion gave the tender mind.

Adieu ſoft raptures, tranſports void of care!
Parent of raptures, dear deceit adieu!
And you, her daughters, pining with deſpair,
Why, why ſo ſoon her fleeting ſteps purſue!

Tedious again to curſe the drizling day!
Again to trace the wintry tracks of ſnow!
Or, ſooth'd by vernal airs, again ſurvey,
The ſelf-ſame hawthorns bud, and cowſlips blow!

O life! how ſoon of every bliſs forlorn!
We ſtart falſe joys, and urge the devious race:
A tender prey; that chears our youthful morn,
Then ſinks untimely, and defrauds the chace.

ELEGY XII.

HIS

RECANTATION.

NO more the Muſe obtrudes her thin diſguiſe!
No more with aukward fallacy complains,
How every fervour from my boſom flies.
And reaſon in her loneſome palace reigns.

Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,
No more ſhe paints the breaſt from paſſion free;
I feel, I feel one loitering wiſh ſurvive—
Ah, need I, Florio, name that wiſh to thee?

The ſtar of Venus uſhers in the day,
The firſt, the loveliеſt of the train that ſhine!
The ſtar of Venus lends her brighteſt ray,
When other ſtars their friendly beams reſign.

Still in my breaſt one ſoft deſire remains,
Pure as that ſtar, from guilt, from intereſt free,
Has gentle Delia tripp'd acroſs the plains,
And need I, Florio, name that wiſh to thee?

While, cloy'd to find the ſcenes of life the ſame,
I tune with careleſs hand my languid lays;
Some ſecret impulſe wakes my former flame,
And fires my ſtrain with hopes of brighter days.

I ſlept not long beneath yon rural bowers;
And lo! my crook with flowers adorn'd I ſee:
Has gentle Delia bound my crook with flowers,
And need I, Florio, name my hopes to thee?

ELEGY XIII.

To a Friend, on ſome ſlight occaſion eſtranged from him.

HEALTH to my friend, and many a chearful day,
Around his ſeat may peaceful ſhades abide!
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with ſmiles away,
And, till they crown our union, gently glide.

Ah me! too ſwiftly fleets our vernal bloom!
Loſt to our wonted friendſhip, loſt to joy!
Soon may thy breaſt the cordial wiſh reſume,
Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth deſtroy.

Say, were it ours, by fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone;
Would'ſt thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand?
Would'ſt thou with ſcorn thy once-lov'd friend diſown?

Life is that ſtranger-land, that alien clime:
Shall kindred ſouls forego their ſocial claim?
Launch'd in the vaſt abyſs of ſpace and time,
Shall dark ſuſpicion quench the generous flame?

Myriads of ſouls that knew one parent mold,
See ſadly ſever'd by the laws of chance!
Myriads, in time's perennial liſt enroll'd,
Forbid by fate to change one tranſient glance!

But we have met—where ills of every form,
Where paſſions rage, and hurricanes deſcend:
Say, ſhall we nurſe the rage, aſſiſt the ſtorm?
And guide them to the boſom—of a friend?

Yes, we have met—through rapine, fraud, and wrong
Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!
Why leave thy friend amid the boiſterous throng,
Ere death divide us, and we part no more?

For oh! pale ſickneſs warns thy friend away,
For me no more the vernal roſes bloom!
I ſee ſtern fate his ebon wand diſplay;
And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguiſh from thine eye ſhall ſtart,
Sad as thou follow'ſt my untimely bier:
"Fool that I was—if friends ſo ſoon muſt part,
"To let ſuſpicion intermix a fear."

ELEGY XIV.

Declining an invitation to viſit foreign countries, he takes occaſion to intimate the advantages of his own.

To Lord TEMPLE.

WHILE others, loſt to friendſhip, loſt to love,
Waſte their beſt minutes on a foreign ſtrand,
Be mine, with Britiſh nymph or ſwain to rove,
And court the genius of my native land.

Deluded youth! that quits theſe verdant plains,
To catch the follies of an alien ſoil!
To win the vice his genuine ſoul diſdains,
Return exultant, and import the ſpoil!

In vain he boaſts of his deteſted prize;
No more it blooms to Britiſh climes convey'd,
Cramp'd by the impulſe of ungenial ſkies,
See its freſh vigour in a moment fade!

Th' exotic folly knows its native clime;
An awkward ſtranger, if we waft it o'er:
Why then theſe toils, this coſtly waſte of time,
To ſpread ſoft poiſon on our happy ſhore?

I covet not the pride of foreign looms;
In ſearch of foreign modes I ſcorn to rove;
Nor, for the worthleſs bird of brighter plumes,
Would change the meaneſt warbler of my grove.

No diſtant clime ſhall ſervile airs impart,
Or form theſe limbs with pliant eaſe to play;
Tremblino! I view the Gaul's inſidious art,
That ſteals my lov'd ruſticity away.

'Tis long ſince freedom fled th' Heſperian clime;
Her citron groves, her flower-embroider'd ſhore;
She ſaw the Britiſh oak aſpire ſublime,
And loſt Campania's olive charms no more.

Let partial ſuns mature the weſtern mine,
To ſhed its luſtre o'er th' Iberian maid:
Mien, beauty, ſhape, O native ſoil, are thine;
Thy peerleſs daughters aſk no foreign aid.

Let Ceylon's envy'd plant * perfume the ſeas,
Till torn to ſcatter the Baravian bowl;
Ours is the breaſt where ſe genuine ardours blaze,
Nor need a drug to meliorate the ſoul.

* The cinnamon.

Let the proud Soldan wound th' Arcadian groves,
Or with rude lips th' Aonian fount profane;
The Muſe no more by flowery Ladon roves,
She ſeeks her Thomſon on the Britiſh plain.

Tell not of realms by ruthleſs war diſmay'd;
Ah! helpleſs realms that war's oppreſſion feel!
In vain may Auſtria boaſt her Noric blade,
If Auſtria bleed beneath her boaſted ſteel.

Beneath her palm Idume vents her moan;
Raptur'd ſhe once beheld its friendly ſhade!
And hoary Memphis boaſts her tombs alone,
The mournful types of mighty power decay'd!

No creſcent here diſplays its baneful horns;
No turban'd hoſt the voice of truth reproves,
Learning's free ſource the ſage's breaſt adorns,
And poets, not inglorious, chaunt their loves.

Boaſt, favour'd Media, boaſt thy flowery ſtores;
Thy thouſand hues by chemic ſuns refin'd
'Tis not the dreſs or mien thy ſoul adores,
'Tis the rich beauties of Britannia's mind.

While Grenville's breaſt * could virtue's ſtores afford,
What envy'd flota bore ſo fair a freight?
The mine compar'd in vain its latent hoard,
The gem its luſtre, and the gold its weight.

Thee, Grenville, thee with calmeſt courage fraught,
Thee the lov'd image of thy native ſhore!
Thee by the virtues arm'd, the graces taught,
When ſhall we ceaſe to boaſt, or to deplore?

Preſumptuous war, which could thy life deſtroy,
What ſhall it now in recompenſe decree?
While friends that merit every earthly joy,
Feel every anguiſh; feel the loſs of thee!

Bid me no more a ſervile realm compare,
No more the Muſe of partial praiſe arraign;
Britannia ſees no foreign breaſt ſo fair,
And, if ſhe glory, glories not in vain.

ELEGY XV.

In memory of a private family † in Worceſterſhire.

FROM a lone tower with reverend ivy crown'd,
The pealing bell awak'd a tender ſigh;
Still, as the village caught the waving ſound,
A ſwelling tear diſtream'd from every eye.

So droop'd, I ween, each Briton's breaſt of old,
When the dull curfew ſpoke their freedom fled;
For, ſighing as the mournful accent roll'd,
Our hope, they cry'd, our kind ſupport is dead!

'Twas good Palemon—near a ſhaded pool,
A group of aged elms umbrageous roſe;
The flocking rooks, by inſtinct's native rule,
This peaceful ſcene, for their aſylum, choſe.

A few ſmall ſpires to Gothic fancy fair,
Amid the ſhades emerging, ſtruck the view;
'Twas here his youth reſpir'd its earlieſt air;
'Twas here his age breath'd out its laſt adieu.

One favour'd ſon engag'd his tend reſt care;
One pious youth his whole affection crown'd:
In his young breaſt the virtues ſprung ſo fair,
Such charms diſplay'd, ſuch ſweets diffus'd around.

But whilſt gay tranſport in his face appears,
A noxious vapour clogs the poiſon'd ſky;
Blaſts the fair crop—the ſire is drown'd in tears,
And, ſcarce ſurviving, ſees his Cynthio die!

O'er the pale corſe we ſaw him gently bend;
Heart-chill'd with grief—"My thread, he cry'd, is ſpun!
If heaven had meant I ſhould my life extend,
Heaven had preſerv'd my life's ſupport, my ſon.

Snatch'd in thy prime! alas, the ſtroke were mild,
Had my frail form obey'd the fate's decree!
Bleſt were my lot, O Cynthio! O my child!
Had heaven ſo pleas'd, and I had dy'd for thee."

Five ſleepleſs nights he ſtem'd this tide of woes;
Five irkſome ſuns he ſaw, through tears, forlorn!
On his pale corſe the ſixth ſad morning roſe;
From yonder dome the mournful bier was borne.

'Twas on thoſe downs, by Roman hoſts annoy'd,
Fought our bold fathers; ruſtic, unrefin'd!
Freedom's plain ſons, in martial cares employ'd!
They ting'd their bodies, but unmaſk'd their mind.

'Twas there, in happier times, this virtuous race,
Of milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat;
War's deadly crimſon had forſook the place,
And freedom fondly lov'd the choſen ſeat.

No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breaſt,
To ſwell with empty ſounds a ſpotleſs name;
If foſtering ſkies, the ſun, the ſhower were bleſt,
Their bounty ſpread; their field's extent the ſame.

Thoſe fields, profuſe of raiment, food and fire,
They ſcorn'd to leſſen, careleſs to extend;
Bade luxury to laviſh courts aſpire,
And avarice to city-breaſts deſcend.

None, to a virgin's mind, prefer'd her dower;
To fire with vicious hopes a modeſt heir:
The ſire, in place of titles, wealth, or power
Aſſign'd him virtue, and his lot was fair.

They

* Written a few years after the time of Capt. Grenville's death, which happened in 1747. The earldom of Temple was not created till 1749.

† The Penns of Harborough.

They ſpoke of fortune, as ſome doubtful dame,
That ſway'd the natives of a diſtant ſphere;
From lucre's vagrant ſons had learnt her fame,
But never wiſh'd to place her banners here.

Here youth's free ſpirit, innocently gay,
Enjoy'd the moſt that innocence can give,
Thoſe wholeſome ſweets that border virtue's way;
Thoſe cooling fruits, that we may taſte and live.

Their board no ſtrange ambiguous viand bore;
From their own ſtreams their choicer fare they drew,
To lure the ſcaly glutton to the ſhore,
The ſole deceit their artleſs boſom knew!

Sincere themſelves, ah too ſecure to find
The common boſom, like their own, ſincere!
'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind;
'Tis her own poiſon bids the viper fear.

Sketch'd on the lattice o' th' adjacent fane,
Their ſuppliant buſts implore the reader's prayer:
Ah gentle ſouls, enjoy your bliſsful reign,
And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.

For ſure, to bliſsful realms the ſouls are flown,
That never flatter'd, injur'd, cenſur'd ſtrove;
The friends of ſcience! muſic, all their own;
Muſic the voice of virtue and of love!

The journeying peaſant, through the ſecret ſhade,
Heard their ſoft lyres engage his liſtening ear;
And haply deem'd ſome courteous angel play'd,
No angel play'd—but might with tranſport hear.

For theſe the ſounds that chaſe unholy ſtrife
Solve envy's charm, ambitious wretch releaſe!
Raiſe him to ſpurn the radiant ills of life
To pity pomp, to be content with peace.

Farewel, pure ſpirits! vain the praiſe we give,
The praiſe you ſought from lips angelic flows;
Farewel! the virtues which deſerve to live,
Deſerve an ampler bliſs than life beſtows.

Laſt of his race, Palemon, now no more
The modeſt merit of his line diſplay'd;
Then pious Hough Virginia's mitre wore—
Soft ſleep the duſt of each deſerving ſhade.

ELEGY XVI.

He ſuggeſts the advantages of birth to a perſon of merit, and the folly of a ſupercilious'neſs that is built upon that ſole foundation.

WHEN genius grac'd with lineal ſplendor glows,
When title ſhines, with ambient virtues crown'd;
Like ſome fair almond's flow'ry pomp it ſhews,
The pride, the perfume of the regions round.

Then learn, ye fair, to ſoften ſplendour's ray;
Endure the ſwain, the youth of low degree;
Let meekneſs join'd its temp'rate beam diſplay;
'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.

Pity the ſandal'd ſwain, the ſhepherd's boy;
He ſighs to brighten a neglected name;
Foe to the dull applauſe of vulgar joy,
He mourns his lot; he wiſhes, merits fame.

In vain to groves and pathleſs vales we fly;
Ambition there the bow'ry haunt invades;
Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,
But gleam ſtill lovely thro' the chequer'd ſhades.

Vainly, to guard from love's unequal chain,
Has fortune rear'd us in the rural groves;
Should * * * *'s eyes illume the deſart plain,
Ev'n I may wonder, and ev'n I muſt love.

Nor unregarded ſighs the lowly hind;
Though you contemn, the gods reſpect his vow;
Vindictive rage awaits the ſcornful mind,
And vengeance, too ſevere! the gods allow.

On Sarum's plain I met a wand'ring fair,
The look of ſorrow, lovely ſtill ſhe bare:
Looſe flow'd the ſoft redundance of her hair,
And, on her brow, a flow'ry wreath ſhe wore.

Oft ſtooping as ſhe ſtray'd ſhe cull'd the pride
Of ev'ry plain; ſhe pillag'd ev'ry grove!
The fading chaplet daily ſhe ſupply'd,
And ſtill her hand ſome various garland wove.

Erroneous fancy ſhap'd her wild attire;
From Bethlem's walls the poor lymphatic ſtray'd
Seem'd with her air her accent to conſpire,
When, as wild fancy taught her, thus ſhe ſaid:

"Hear me, dear youth! oh hear an hapleſs maid,
Sprung from the ſcepter'd line of ancient kings!
Scorn'd by the world, I aſk thy tender aid;
Thy gentle voice ſhall whiſper kinder things.

The world is frantic—fly the race profane—
Nor I, nor you, ſhall its compaſſion move;
Come friendly let us wander, and complain,
And tell me, ſhepherd! haſt thou ſeen my love?

My love is young—but other loves are young;
And other loves are fair and ſo is mine;
An air divine diſcloſes whence he ſprung;
He is my love, who boaſts that air divine.

No vulgar Damon robs me of my reſt,
Ianthe liſtens to no vulgar vow;
A prince, from gods deſcended, fires her breaſt;
A brilliant crown diſtinguiſhes his brow.

What ſhall I ſtain the glories of my race?
More clear, more lovely bright than Heſper's beam?
The porcelain pure with vulgar dirt debaſe?
Or mix with puddle the pellucid ſtream?

See through theſe veins the ſapphire current ſhine!
'Twas Jove's own nectar gave th' etherial hue:
Can baſe plebeian forms contend with mine!
Diſplay the lovely white, or match the blue?

The painter ſtrove to trace its azure ray;
He chang'd his colours and in vain he ſtrove;
He frown'd—I ſmiling view'd the faint eſſay;
Poor youth! he little knew it flow'd from Jove.

Pitying his toil, the wondrous truth I told;
How amorous Jove trepan'd a mortal fair;
How through the race the enerous current roll'd,
And mocks the poet's art, and painter's care.

Yes, from the gods, from earlieſt Saturn ſprung
Our ſacred race; through demigods, convey'd;
And he, ally'd to Phœbus, ever young,
My god-like boy, muſt wed their duteous maid.

Oft when a mortal vow profanes my ears,
My ſire's dread fury murmurs through the ſky;
And ſhould I yield—his inſtant rage appears,
He darts th' up-lifted vengeance—and I die.

Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll!
Have you not ſeen more horrid lightnings glare!
'Twas then a vulgar love enſnar'd my ſoul:
'Twas then—I hardly ſcap'd the fatal ſnare.

'Twas then a peaſant pour'd his amorous vow,
All as I liſten'd to his vulgar ſtrain;—
Yet ſuch his beauty—would my birth allow,
Dear were the youth, and bliſsful were the plain.

But oh! I faint! why waſtes my vernal bloom,
In fruitleſs ſearches ever doom'd to rove?
My nightly dreams the toilſome path reſume,
And I ſhall die—before I find my love.

When laſt I ſlept, methought my raviſhed eye,
On diſtant heights his radiant form ſurveyed;
Though night's thick clouds encompaſſed all the ſky,
The gems that bound his brow, diſpell'd the ſhade.

O how this boſom kindled at the ſight!
Led by their beams I urg'd the pleaſing chaſe!
Till, on a ſudden, theſe withheld their light—
All, all things envy the ſublime embrace.

But now no more—behind the diſtant grove,
Wanders my deſtin'd youth and chides my ſtay:
See, ſee, he graſps the ſteel—forbear, my love—
Ianthe comes; thy princeſs haſtes away."

Scornful ſhe ſpoke, and heedleſs of reply
The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain;
The pitious victim of an angry ſky,
Ah me! the victim of her, proud diſdain!

ELEGY XVII.

He indulges the ſuggeſtions of ſpleen:
An elegy to the winds.

"Æole, namque tibi divûm pater atque hominum rex
"Et mulcere dedit mentes & tollere vento."

STERN monarch of the winds, admit my prayer!
A while thy fury check, thy ſtorm confine!
No trivial blaſt impells the paſſive air;
But brews a tempeſt in a breaſt like mine.

What hands of black ideas ſpread their wings!
The peaceful regions of content invade!
With deadly poiſon taint the cryſtal ſprings!
With noiſome vapour blaſt the verdant ſhade!

I know their leader, ſpleen; and dread the ſway
Of rigid Euru, his deteſted ſire;
Through one my bloſſoms and my fruits decay;
Through one my pleaſures and my hopes expire.

Like ſome pale ſtripling, when his icy way
Relenting yields beneath the noon-tide beam,
I ſtand aghaſt; and chill'd with fear ſurvey
How far I've tempted life's deceitful ſtream!

Where, by remorſe impell'd, repuls'd by fears,
Shall wretched fancy a retreat explore?
She flies the ſad preſage of coming years,
And ſorrowing dwells on pleaſures now no more!

Again with patrons and with friends ſhe roves;
But friends and patrons never to return!
She ſees the nymphs, the graces, and the loves,
But ſees them, weeping o'er Lucinda's urn.

She viſits, Iſis! thy forſaken ſtream,
Oh ill forſaken for Bœotian air!
She deems no flood reflects ſo bright a beam,
No reed ſo verdant, and no flowers ſo fair.

She dreams beneath thy ſacred ſhades were peace,
Thy bays might ev'n the civil ſtorm repel;
Reviews thy ſocial bliſs, thy learned eaſe,
And with no chearful accent cries, farewel!

Farewel, with whom to theſe retreats I ſtray'd!
By youthful ſports, by youthful toils aliy'd!
Joyous we ſojourn'd in thy circling ſhade,
And wept to find the paths of life divide.

She paints the progreſs of my rival's vow;
Sees every Muſe a partial ear incline;
Binds with luxuriant bays his favour'd brow,
Nor yields the refuſe of his wreath to mine.

She bids the flattering mirror, form'd to pleaſe,
Now blaſt my hope, now vindicate deſpair;
Bids my fond verſe the love-ſick parley ceaſe;
Accuſe my rigid fate, acquit my fair.

Where circling rocks defend ſome pathleſs vale,
Superfluous mortal, let me ever rove!
Alas! there echo will repeat the tale—
Where ſhall I find the ſilent ſcenes I love?

Fain would I mourn my luckleſs fate alone;
Forbid to pleaſe, yet fated to admire;
Away my friends! my ſorrows are my own!
Why ſhould I breathe around my ſick deſire?

Bear me, ye winds, indulgent to my pains,
Near ſome ſad ruins ghaſtly ſhade to dwell!
There let me fondly eye the rude remains,
And from the moul'dering refuſe, build my cell!

Genius of Rome! thy proſtrate pomp diſplay!
Trace every diſmal proof of fortune's power;
Let me the wreck of theatres ſurvey,
Or penſive ſit beneath ſome nodding tower.

Or

Or where ſome duct, by rolling ſeaſons worn,
Convey'd pure ſtreams to Rome's imperial wall,
Near the wide breach in ſilence let me mourn;
Or tune my dirges to the water's fall.

Genius of Carthage! paint thy ruin'd pride;
Towers arches, fanes, in wild confuſion ſtrewn,
Let baniſh'd Marius, lowering by thy ſide,
Compare thy fickle fortunes with his own.

Ah no! thou monarch of the ſtorms! forbear!
My trembling nerves abhor thy rude controul;
And ſcarce a pleaſing twilight ſooths my care,
Ere one vaſt death like darkneſs ſhocks my ſoul.

Forbear thy rage—on no perennial baſe
Is built frail fear, or hopes deceitful pile;
My pains are fled—my joy reſumes its place,
Should the ſky brighten or Meliſſa ſmile.

ELEGY XVIII.

He repeats the ſong of COLLIN, *a diſcerning ſhepherd; lamenting the ſtate of the woollen manufactory*

" Ergo omni ſtudio glaciem ventoſque nivales,
" Quo minus eſt illis curæ mortalis egeſtas,
" Avertes: victumque feres." VIRG.

NEAR Avon's bank, on Arden's flowery plain,
A * tuneful ſhepherd charm'd the liſtening wave;
And ſunny Cotſol' fondly lov'd the ſtrain;
Yet not a garland crowns the ſhepherd's grave!

Oh! loſt Ophelia! ſmoothly flow'd the day,
To feel his muſic with my flames agree!
To taſte the beauties of his melting lay,
To taſte, and fancy it was dear to thee.

When, for his tomb, with each revolving year,
I ſteal the muſk-roſe from the ſcented brake,
I ſtrew my cowſlips, and I pay my tear,
I'll add the myrtle for Ophelia's ſake,

Shivering beneath a leafleſs thorn he lay,
When death's chill rigour ſeiz'd his flowing tongue,
The more I found his faultering notes decay,
The more prophetic truth ſublim'd the ſong.

" Adieu my flocks, he ſaid! my wonted care
By ſunny mountain, or by verdant ſhore!
May ſome more happy hand your fold prepare,
And may you need your Collin's crook no more!

And you, ye ſhepherds! lead my gentle ſheep;
To breezy hills or leafy ſhelters lead;
But if the ſky with ſhowers inceſſant weep,
Avoid the putrid moiſture of the mead.

Where the wild thyme perfumes the purpled heath,
Long loitering there your fleecy tribes extend—
But what avail the maxims I bequeath?
The fruitleſs gift of an officious friend!

Ah! what avails the timorous lambs to guard,
Though nightly cares, with daily labours, join?
If foreign ſloth obtain the rich reward,
If Gallia's craft the ponderous fleece purloin.

Was it for this, by conſtant vigils worn,
I met the terrors of an early grave;
For this I led them from the pointed thorn?
For this I bath'd them in the Lucid wave?

Ah heedleſs Albion! too benignly prone
Thy blood to laviſh, and thy wealth reſign!
Shall every other virtue grace thy throne,
But quick-ey'd prudence never yet be thine?

From the fair natives of this peerleſs hill
Thou gav'ſt the ſheep that browze Iberian plains:
Their plaintive cries the faithleſs region fill,
Their fleece adorns an haughty foe's domains.

Ill-fated flocks! from cliff to cliff they ſtray;
Far from their dams their native guardians far!
Where the ſoft ſhepherd, all the livelong day,
Chaunts his proud miſtreſs to his hoarſe guittar.

But Albion's youth her native fleece deſpiſe;
Unmov'd they hear the pining ſhepherd's moan;
In ſilky folds each nervous limb diſguſe,
Allur'd by every treaſure but their own.

Oft have I hurry'd down the rocky ſteep,
Anxious, to ſee the wintry tempeſt drive;
Preſerve, ſaid I, preſerve your fleece, my ſheep!
Ere long will Phillis, will my love arrive.

Ere long ſhe came: ah! woe is me ſhe came!
Rob'd in the Gallic loom's extraneous twine:
For gifts like theſe they give their ſpotleſs fame,
Reſign their bloom, their innocence reſign.

Will no bright maid, by worth, by titles known,
Give the rich growth of Britiſh hills to fame?
And let her charms, and her example, own
That virtue's dreſs, and beauty's are the fame?

Will no fam'd chief ſupport this generous maid?
Once more the patriot's arduous path reſume?
And, comely from his native plains array'd,
Speak future glory to the Britiſh loom?

What power unſeen my raviſh'd fancy fires?
I pierce the dreary ſhade of future days;
Sure 'tis the genius of the land inſpires,
To breath my lateſt breath in * * *'s praiſe.

O might my breath for * * *'s praiſe ſuffice,
How gently ſhould my dying limbs repoſe!
O might his future glory blaſt mine eyes,
My raviſh'd eyes! how calmly would they cloſe!

* * * was born to ſpread the general joy;
By virtue rapt, by party uncontroul'd;
Britons for Britain ſhall the crook employ;
Britons for Britain's glory ſhear the fold."

* Mr. Somervile.

ELEGY

ELEGY XIX.

Written in ſpring 1743.

AGAIN the labouring hind inverts the ſoil;
Again the merchant ploughs the tumid wave:
Another ſpring renews the ſoldier's toil,
And finds me vacant in the rural cave.

As the ſoft lyre diſplay'd my wonted loves,
The penſive pleaſure and the tender pain,
The ſordid Alpheus hurried through my groves;
Yet ſtop'd to vent the dictates of diſdain.

He glanc'd contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold;
He blam'd the graces of my favourite bower,
My breaſt, unſully'd by the luſt of gold;
My time, unlaviſh'd in purſuit of power.

Yes, Alpheus! fly the purer paths of fate;
Abjure theſe ſcenes from venal paſſions free;
Know, in this grove, I vowed perpetual hate,
War, endleſs war, with lucre and with thee.

Here nobly zealous, in my youthful hours,
I dreſt an altar to Thalia's name:
Here, as I crown'd the verdant ſhrine with flowers,
Soft on my labours ſtole the ſmiling dame.

Damon, ſhe cry'd, if pleas'd with honeſt praiſe,
Thou court ſucceſs by virtue or by ſong,
Fly the falſe dictates of the venal race;
Fly the groſs accents of the venal tongue.

Swear that no lucre ſhall thy zeal betray;
Swerve not thy foot with fortune's votaries more;
Brand thou their lives and brand their lifeleſs day,
The winning phantom urg'd me, and I ſwore.

Forth from the ruſtic alter ſwift I ſtray'd,
"Aid my firm purpoſe, ye celeſtial powers!
Aid me to quell the ſordid breaſt, I ſaid;
And threw my javelin tow'rds their hoſtile towers*

Think not regretful I ſurvey the deed;
Or added years no more the zeal allow;
Still, ſtill obſervant to the grove I ſpeed,
The ſhrine embelliſh, and repeat the vow.

Sworn from his cradle Rome's relentleſs foe,
Such generous hate the Punic champion † bore;
Thy lake, O Thraſimene! beheld it glow,
And Cannæ's walls, and Thebia's crimſon ſhore.

But let grave annals paint the warrior's fame;
Fair ſhine his arms in hiſtory enroll'd;
Whilſt humbler lyres his civil worth proclaim,
His nobler hate of avarice and gold.—

Now Punic pride its final eve ſurvey'd;
Its hoſts exhauſted, and its fleets on fire:
Patient the victor's lurid frown obey'd,
And ſaw th' unwilling elephants retire.

But when their gold depreſs'd the yielding ſcale,
Their gold in pyramidic plenty pil'd,
He ſaw th' unutterable grief prevail;
He ſaw their tears, and in his fury ſmil'd.

Think not, he cry'd, ye view the ſmiles of eaſe,
Or this firm breaſt diſclaims a patriot's pain;
I ſmile, but from a ſoul eſtrang'd to peace,
Frantic with grief, delirious with diſdain!

But were it cordial, this deteſted ſmile,
Seems it leſs timely than the grief ye ſhow?
O ſons of Carthage! grant me to revile
The ſordid ſource of your indecent woe!

Why weep you now! ye ſaw with tearleſs eye
When your fleet periſh'd on the Punic wave;
Where lurk'd the coward tear, the lazy ſigh,
When Tyre's imperial ſtate commenc'd a ſlave?

'Tis paſt—O Carthage! vanquiſhed! honour'd ſhade,
Go, the mean ſorrows of thy ſons deplore;
Had freedom ſhar'd the vow to fortune paid.
She ne'er, like fortune, had forſook thy ſhore.

He ceaſed—abaſh'd the conſcious audience hear;
Their pallid cheeks a crimſon bluſh unfold;
Yet oe'r that virtuous bluſh diſtreams a tear,
And falling moiſtens their abandon'd gold.

* A Roman ceremony in declaring war.
† Hannibal.

ELEGY XX.

He compares his humble fortune with the diſtreſs of others; and his ſubjection to DELIA, *with the miſerable ſervitude of an African ſlave.*

WHY droops this heart, with fancy'd woes forlorn,
Why ſinks my ſoul beneath each wintry ſky?
What penſive crowds, by ceaſeleſs labours worn,
What myriads wiſh to be as bleſt as I!

What though my roofs devoid of pomp ariſe,
Nor tempt the proud to quit his deſtined way?
Nor coſtly art my flowery dales diſguiſe,
Where only ſimple friendſhip deigns to ſtray?

See the wild ſons of Lapland's chill domain,
That ſcoop their couch beneath the driſted ſnows!
How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
Where the ſharp eaſt for ever, ever blows!

Slave though I be, to Delia's eyes a ſlave,
My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear;
The ſigh ſhe cauſes well becomes the brave,
The pang ſhe cauſes, 'tis ev'n bliſs to bear.

See the poor native quit the Libyan ſhores,
Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound!
No radiant ſmile his dying peace reſtores;
Nor love, nor fame, nor friendſhip, heals his wound.

Let vacant bards diſplay their boaſted woes,
Shall I the mockery of grief diſplay?
No, let the Muſe his piercing pangs diſcloſe,
Who bleeds and weeps his ſum of life away.

On the wild beach in mournful guile he ſtood,
Ere the ſhrill boatſwain gave the hated ſign;
He dropt a tear unſeen into the flood;
He ſtole one ſecret moment, to repine.

Yet

Yet the muſe liſten'd to the plaints he made;
Such moving plaints as nature could inſpire;
To me the Muſe his tender play convey'd,
But ſmooth'd, and ſuited to the ſounding lyre.

"Why am I raviſhed from my native ſtrand?
What ſavage race protects the impious gain?
Shall foreign plagues infeſt this teeming land,
And more than ſea-born monſters plough the main?

Here the dire locuſts horrid ſwarms prevail;
Here the blue aſps with livid poiſon ſwell;
Here the dry dipſa with his ſinuous mail;
Can we not here ſecure from envy dwell?

When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chace,
When the ſtern panther ſought his midnight prey,
What fate reſerv'd me for the chriſtian race?
O race more poliſh'd more ſevere than they!

Ye prouling wolves, purſue my lateſt eries!
Thou hungry tiger leave thy reeking den?
Ye ſandy waſtes, in rapid eddies riſe!
O tear me from the whips and ſcorn of men!

Yet in their face ſuperior beauty glows;
Are ſmiles the mien of rapine and of wrong?
Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,
And ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue.

Of bliſsful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
Where gentle minds conveyed by death repair,
But ſtain'd with blood and crimſon'd o'er with crimes,
Say, ſhall they merit what they paint ſo fair?

No, careleſs, hopeleſs of thoſe fertile plains,
Rich by our toils, and by our ſorrows gay,
They ply our labours, and enhance our pains,
And feign theſe diſtant regions to repay.

For them our tuſky elephant expires;
For them we drain the mine's embowel'd gold;
Where rove the brutal nations wild deſires?—
Our limbs are purchas'd, and our life is ſold!

Yet ſhores there are, bleſt ſhores for us remain,
And favour'd iſles with golden fruitage crown'd,
Where tufted flowrets paint the verdant plain,
Where every breeze ſhall med'cine every wound.

There the ſtern tyrant that embitters life
Shall, vainly ſuppliant, ſpread his aſking hand;
There ſhall we view the billows raging ſtrife,
Aid the kind breaſt, and waft his boat to land."

ELEGY XXI.

Taking a view of the country from his retirement, he is led to meditate on the character of the ancient Britons. Written at the time of a rumoured tax upon luxury, 1746.

THUS Damon ſung—What though unknown to praiſe
Umbrageous coverts hide my Muſe and me;
Or 'mid the rural ſhepherds, ſlow my days,
Amid the rural ſhepherds, I am free.

To view ſleek vaſſals crowd a ſtately hall,
Say, ſhould I grow myſelf a ſolemn ſlave!
To find thy tints, O Titian! grace my wall,
Forego the flowery fields my fortune gave?

Lord of my time my devious path I bend,
Through fringy woodland, or ſmooth-ſhaven lawn;
Or penſile grove, or airy cliff aſcend,
And hail the ſcene by nature's pencil drawn.

Thanks be to fate—though nor the racy vine,
Nor fattening olive cloath the fields I rove,
Sequeſter'd ſhades and gurgling founts are mine,
And every ſilvan grott the Muſes love.

Here if my viſta point the mouldering pile,
Where hood and cowl devotion's aſpect wore,
I trace the tottering reliques with a ſmile,
To think the mental bondage is no more!

Pleas'd if the glowing landſcape wave with corn;
Or the tall oaks, my country's bulwark, riſe;
Pleas'd, if mine eye, o'er thouſand vallies born,
Diſcern the Cambria hills ſupport the ſkies.

And ſee Plinlimmon! ev'n the youthful ſight
Scales the proud hills etherial cliffs with pain!
Such Caer-caradoc! thy ſtupendous height,
Whoſe ample ſhade obſcures th' Iernian main.

Bleak, joyleſs regions! where, by ſcience fir'd,
Some prying ſage his lonely ſtep may bend;
There, by the love of novel plaints inſpir'd,
Invidious view the clambering goats aſcend.

Yet for thoſe mountains, clad with laſting ſnow,
The freeborn Briton left his greeneſt mead,
Receding ſullen from his mightier foe,
For here he ſaw fair liberty recede.

Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,
Suſtain'd her drooping ſons, repell'd her foes,
Above all Perſian luxe, or Attic art,
The rude majeſtic monument aroſe.

Progreſſive ages caroll'd forth his fame;
Sires, to his praiſe, attun'd their children's tongue;
The hoary druid fed the generous flame,
While in ſuch ſtrains the reverend vizard ſung.

"Go forth, my ſons!—for what is vital breath,
Your gods expell'd, your liberty reſign'd?
Go forth, my ſons! for what is inſtant death
To ſouls ſecure perennial joys to find?

For ſcenes there are, unknown to war or pain,
Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant's wound;
Where Patriots, bleſt with boundleſs freedom, reign,
With miſletoe's myſterious garlands crown'd.

Such are the names that grace your myſtic ſongs;
Your ſolemn woods reſound their martial fire;
To you, my ſons, the ritual meed belongs,
If in the cauſe you vanquiſh or expire.

Hark! from the ſacred oak that crowns the groves,
What aweful voice my raptured boſom warms;

This

This is the favour'd moment heaven approves,
Sound the ſhrill trump: this inſtant, ſound to arms."

Theirs was the ſcience of a martial race,
To ſhape the lance, or decorate the ſhield;
Ev'n the fair virgin ſtain'd her native grace,
To give new horrors to the tented field.

Now, for ſome cheek where guilty bluſhes glow,
For ſome falſe Florimel's impure diſguiſe,
The liſted youth, nor war's loud ſignal know,
Nor virtue's call, nor fame's imperial prize.

Then if ſoft concord lull'd their fears to ſleep,
Inert and ſilent ſlept the manly car;
But ruſh'd horrific o'er the fearful ſleep,
If freedom's awful clarion breath'd to war.

Now the ſleek courtier, indolent, and vain,
Thron'd in the ſplendid carriage glides ſupine;
To taint his virtue with a foreign ſtain,
Or at a favourite's board his faith reſign.

Leave them, O luxury! this happy ſoil!
Chaſe her, Britannia, to ſome hoſtile ſhore!
Or * fleece the baneful peſt with annual ſpoil,
And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more!

ELEGY XXII.

Written in the year ——, when the rights of ſepulture were ſo frequently violated.

SAY, gentle ſleep, that lov'ſt the gloom of night,
Parent of dreams! thou great magician, ſay,
Whence my late viſion thus indures the light;
Thus haunts my fancy through the glare of day.

The ſilent moon had ſcal'd the vaulted ſkies,
And anxious care reſign'd my limbs to reſt;
A ſudden luſtre ſtruck my wondering eyes,
And Silvia ſtood before my couch confeſt.

Ah! not the nymph ſo blooming and ſo gay,
That led the dance beneath the feſtive ſhade!
But ſhe that, in the morning of her day,
Intomb'd beneath the graſs-green ſod was laid.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance caſt;
No more her breaſt inſpir'd the lover's flame,
No more her cheek the Pæſtan roſe ſurpaſt?
Yet ſeem'd her lip's etherial ſmile the ſame.

Nor ſuch her hair as deck'd her living face;
Nor ſuch her voice as charm'd the liſtening crowd;
Nor ſuch her dreſs as heighten'd every grace;
Alas! all vaniſh'd for the mournful ſhroud!

Yet ſeem'd her lip's etherial charm the ſame;
That dear diſtinction every doubt removed;
Periſh the lover, whoſe imperfect flame
Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd.

" Damon, ſhe ſaid, mine hour allotted flies;
Oh! do not waſte it with a fruitleſs tear!
Though griev'd to ſee thy Silvia's pale diſguiſe,
Suſpend thy ſorrow, and attentive hear.

So may thy Muſe with virtuous flame be bleſt!
So be thy love with mutual love repaid!
So may thy bones in ſacred ſilence reſt,
Faſt by the reliques of ſome happier maid!

Thou know'ſt how lingering on a diſtant ſhore
Diſeaſe invidious nipt my flowery prime;
And oh! what pangs my tender boſom tore,
To think I never muſt view my native clime!

No friend was near to raiſe my drooping head;
No dear companion wept to ſee me die;
Lodge me within my native ſoil, I ſaid;
There my fond parents honoured reliques lie.

Though now debarr'd of each domeſtic tear;
Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow;
There many a friend ſhall grace my woeful bier,
And many a ſigh ſhall riſe, and tear ſhall flow.

I ſpoke, nor fate forbore his trembling ſpoil;
Some vernal mourner lent his careleſs aid;
And ſoon they bore me to my native ſoil,
Where my fond Parents dear remains were laid.

'Twas then the youths, from every plain and grove,
Adorn'd with mournful verſe thy Silvia's bier;
'Twas then the nymph their votive garlands wove,
And ſtrew'd the fragrance of the youthful year.

But why, alas! the tender ſcene diſplay?
Could Damon's foot the pious path decline?
Ah no! 'twas Damon firſt attun'd his lay,
And ſure no ſonnet was ſo dear as thine.

Thus was I boſom'd in the peaceful grave;
My placid ghoſt no longer wept its doom;
When ſavage robbers every ſanction brave,
And with outpageous guilt defraud the tomb!

Shall my poor corſe, from hoſtile realms convey'd,
Loſe the cheap portion of my native ſands?
Or, in my kindred's dear embraces laid,
Mourn the wild ravage of barbarian hands?

Say, would thy breaſt no death-like torture feel,
To ſee my limbs the felon's gripe obey?
To ſee them gaſh'd beneath the daring ſteel?
To crowds a ſpectre, and to dogs a prey?

If Pæan's ſons theſe horrid rites require,
If health's fair ſcience be by theſe refin'd,
Let guilty convicts, for their uſe, expire;
And let their breathleſs corſe avail mankind.

Yet hard it ſeems, when guilt's laſt fine is paid,
To ſee the victim's corſe deny'd repoſe!
Now, more ſevere! the poor offenceleſs maid
Dreads the dire outrage of inhuman foes.

Where is the faith of ancient pagans fled?
Where the fond care the wandering manes claim?
Nature, inſtinctive, cries, Protect the dead,
And ſacred be their aſhes, and their fame;

Ariſe

* Alludes to a tax upon luxury.

Ariſe, dear youth! ev'n now the danger calls;
Ev'n now the villain ſnuffs his wonted prey;
See! ſee! I lead thee to yon' ſacred walls—
Oh! fly to chaſe theſe human wolves away."

ELEGY XXIII.

Reflections ſuggeſted by his ſituation.

BORN near the ſcene for Kenelm's fate renown'd,
I take my plaintive reed and range the grove,
And raiſe my lay, and bid the rocks reſound
The ſavage force of empire, and of love.

Faſt by the centre of yon' various wild,
Where ſpreading oaks embower a Gothic fane;
Kendrida's arts a brother's youth beguil'd;
There nature urg'd her tendereſt pleas in vain.

Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant hours,
Th' ambitious maid could every care employ;
Then with aſſiduous fondneſs cropt the flowers,
To deck the cradle of the princely boy?

But ſoon the boſom's pleaſing calm is flown;
Love fires her breaſt; the ſultry paſſions riſe;
A favour'd lover ſeeks the Mercian throne,
And views her Kenelm with a rival's eyes.

How kind were fortune, ah! how juſt were fate,
Would fate or fortune Mercia's heir remove!
How ſweet to revel on the couch of ſtate!
To crown at once her lover and her love!

See garniſh'd for the chace, the fraudful maid
To theſe lone hills direct his devious way;
The youth all prone the ſiſter guide obey'd,
Ill-fated youth! himſelf the deſtin'd prey.

But now, nor ſhaggy hill, nor pathleſs plain,
Forms the lone refuge of the ſylvan game;
Since Lyttleton has crown'd the ſweet domain
With ſofter pleaſures, and with fairer fame.

Where the rough bowman urg'd his headlong ſteed,
Immortal bards, a poliſh'd race, retire;
And where hoarſe ſcream'd the ſtrepent horn, ſucceed
The melting graces of no vulgar lyre.

See Thompſon loitering near ſome limpid well,
For Britain's friend the verdant wreath prepare!
Or, ſtudious of revolving ſeaſons, tell,
How peerleſs Lucia made all ſeaſons fair!

See * * * * * * * from civic garlands fly,
And in theſe groves indulge his tuneful vein!
Or from yon' ſummit, with a guardian's eye,
Obſerve how freedom's hand attires the plain!

Here Pope! ah never muſt that towering mind
To his lov'd haunts, or dearer friend, return?

What art! what friendſhips! oh! what fame reſign'd!
—In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

Where is the breaſt can rage or hate retain,
And theſe glad ſtreams and ſmiling lawns behold?
Where is the breaſt can hear the woodland ſtrain,
And think fair freedom well exchang'd for gold?

Through the ſoft ſhades delighted let me ſtray,
While o'er my head forgotten ſuns deſcend!
Through theſe dear valleys bend my caſual way,
Till ſetting life a total ſhade extend!

Here far from courts, and void of pompous cares
I'll muſe how much I owe mine humbler fate:
Or ſhrink to find, how much ambition dares,
To ſhine in anguiſh, and to grieve in ſtate!

Can'ſt thou O ſun! that ſpotleſs throne diſcloſe,
Where her bold arm has left no ſanguine ſtain?
Where, ſhew me where, the lineal ſceptre glows,
Pure, as the ſimple crook that rules the plain?

Tremendous pomp! where hate, diſtruſt, and fear,
In kindred boſoms ſolve the ſocial tie;
There not the parent ſmile is half ſincere;
Nor void of art the conſort's melting eye.

There with the friendly wiſh, the kindly flame,
No face is brighten'd, and no boſoms beat;
Youth, manhood, age, avow one ſordid aim,
And ev'n the beardleſs lip aſſays deceit.

There coward rumours walk their murderous round;
The glance, that more than rural blame inſtills;
Whiſper's, that ting'd with friendſhip doubly wound,
Pity that injures, and concern that kills.

Their anger whets, but love can ne'er engage;
Careſſing brothers part but to revile;
There all men ſmile, and prudence warns the wiſe,
To dread the fatal ſtroke of all that ſmile.

There all her rivals! ſiſter, ſon, and ſire,
With horrid purpoſe hug deſtructive arms;
There ſoft-ey'd maids in murderous plots conſpire,
And ſcorn the gentler miſchief of their charms.

Let ſervile minds one endleſs watch endure;
Day, night, nor hour, their anxious guard reſign;
But lay me, fate! on flowery banks, ſecure,
Though my whole ſoul be, like my limbs, ſupine.

Yes, may my tongue diſdain a vaſſal's care;
My lyre reſound no proſtituted lay;
More werm to merit, more elate to wear
The cap of freedom, than the crown of bay.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of my pebbled flood,
I wiſh it not o'er golden ſands to flow;
Chear'd by the verdure of my ſpiral wood,
I ſcorn the quarry, where no ſhrub can grow.

All ſeem to chaſe me from the chearful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If through the garden's flowery tribes I ſtray,
Where bloom the Jaſmines that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they ſay,
For we are ſpotleſs, Jeſſy; we are pure.

Ye flowers! that well reproach a nymph ſo frail;
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
The brighteſt bud that ſcents the vernal gale
Was not ſo fragant, and was not ſo fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
Trembles each lip, and faulters every tongue,
That bids the morn propitious ſmile on me.

Thus for your ſake I ſhun each human eye;
I bid the ſweets of blooming youth adieu;
To die I languiſh, but I dread to die,
Leſt my ſad fate ſhould nouriſh pangs for you.

Raiſe me from earth; the pains of want remove.
And let me ſilent ſeek ſome friendly ſhore;
There only, baniſh'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue ſhall relapſe no more.

Be but my friend; I aſk no dearer name;
Be ſuch the meed of ſome more artful fair;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chaſe my ſhame,
That pity gave, what love refus'd to ſhare.

Force not my tongue to aſk its ſcanty bread;
Nor hurl thy Jeſſy to the vulgar crew;
Not ſuch the parent's board at which I fed!
Not ſuch the precept from his lips I drew!

Haply, when age has ſilver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to ſcorn ſo mean a ſpoil;
Envy may ſlight a face no longer fair;
And pity, welcome, to my native ſoil."

She ſpoke—nor was I born of ſavage race;
Nor could theſe hands a niggard boon aſſign;
Grateful ſhe claſp'd me in a laſt embrace,
And vow'd to waſte her life in prayers for mine.

I ſaw her foot the lofty bark aſcend;
I ſaw her breaſt with every paſſion heave;
I left her—torn from every earthly friend
Oh! my hard boſom, which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be; the fatal ſtorm aroſe;
The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall maſt the circling ſurges cloſe;
My Jeſſy—floats upon the watery plain!

And ſee my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to ſtop reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and inſtruct the gay,
From Jeſſy floating on her watery bier!

ODES, SONGS, BALLADS, &c.

RURAL ELEGANCE.

An ODE to the late Ducheſs of Somerſet, written 1750.

WHILE orient ſkies reſtore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
Amid the ſprightly ſcenes of morn,
Will aught the Muſe inſpire!
Oh! Peace to yonder clamorous horn
That drowns the ſacred lyre!

Ye rural thanes that o'er the moſſy down
Some panting, timorous hare purſue;
Does nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does ſhe ſmooth her lawns for you?
For you does echo bid the rocks reply,
And urg'd by rude conſtraint reſound the jovial cry?

See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn
The wretched ſwain your ſport ſurvey;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey;
He ſees his flock—no more in circles feed;
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curſes load the deed.

Nor yet, ye ſwains, conclude
That nature ſmiles for you alone;
Your bounded ſouls, and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the ſelfiſh boaſt diſown:
Yours be the produce of the ſoil:
O may it ſtill reward your toil!
Nor ever the defenceleſs train
Of clinging infants aſk ſupport in vain?

But though the various harveſt gild your plains,
Does the mere landſcape feaſt your eye?
Or the warm hope of diſtant gains
Far other cauſe of glee ſupply?
Is not the red ſtreak's future juice
The ſource of your delight profound,
Where Ariconium pours her gems profuſe,
Purpling a whole horizon round?

A thirſt ye praiſe the limpid ſtream, 'tis true
But though, the pebbled ſhores among,
It mimic no unpleaſing ſong,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd

Unpleas'd ye ſee the thickets bloom,
Unpleas'd the ſpring-her flowery robe reſume;
Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,
The dappled mead without a ſmile.
O let a rural conſcious Muſe,
For well ſhe knows, your froward ſenſe accuſe:
Forth to the ſolemn oak you bring the ſquare,
And ſpan the maſſy trunk, before you cry, 'tis fair.

Nor yet ye learn'd, nor yet ye courtly train,
If haply from your haunts ye ſtray
To waſte with us a ſummer's day.
Exclude the taſte of every ſwain,
Nor our untutor'd ſenſe diſdain:
'Tis nature only gives excluſive right
To reliſh her ſupreme delight;
She, where ſhe pleaſes kind or coy,
Who furniſhes the ſcene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
By her auſpicious aid refin'd;
Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,
Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
For ſuch the rivers daſh the foaming tides,
The mountain ſweells, the dale ſubſides;
Ev'n thriftleſs furze detains their wandering ſight,
And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.

With what ſuſpicious fearful care
The ſordid wretch ſecures his claim,
If haply ſome luxurious heir
Should alienate the fields that wear his name!
What ſcruples leſt ſome future birth
Should litigate a ſpan of earth!
Bonds, contracts, ſeoffments, names unmeet for proſe,
The towering Muſe endures not to diſcloſe;
Alas! her unrevers'd decree,
More comprehenſive and more free,
Her laviſh charter, taſte, appropriates all we ſee.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
And be the ſolemn day enroll'd,
When, to confirm his lofty plea,
In nuptual ſort, with bridal gold,
The grave Venetian weds the ſea:
Each laughing Muſe derides the vow;
Ev'n Adria ſcorns the mock embrace,
To ſome lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
Allotted, from his natal hour,
With all her myrtle ſhores in dower.
His breaſt to admiration prone
Enjoys the ſmile upon her face,
Enjoys triumphant every grace,
And finds her more his own.

Fatigu'd with form's oppreſſive laws,
When Somerſet avoids the great;
When, cloy'd with merited applauſe,
She ſeeks the rural calm retreat;
Does ſhe not praiſe each moſſy cell,
And feel the truth my numbers tell?
When deafen'd by the loud acclaim,
Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
Could ſhe not more delighted hear
Yon throſtle chaunt the riſing year?
Could ſhe not ſpurn the wreaths of fame,
To crop the primroſe of the plains!
Does ſhe not ſweets in each fair valley find,
Loſt to the ſons of power, unknown to half mankind?

Ah, can ſhe covet there to ſee
The ſplendid ſlaves, the reptile race,
That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
That ſlight her merit, but adore her place?
Far happier, if aright I deem,
When from gay throngs, and gilded ſpires,
To where the lonely halcyons play,
Her philoſophic ſtep retires:
While, ſtudious of the moral theme,
She, to ſome ſmooth ſequeſter'd ſtream
Likens the ſwain's inglorious day;
Pleas'd from the flowery margin to ſurvey,
How cool, ſerene, and clear, the current glides away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
Who ſlight the ſweetly penſive mind!
On whoſe fair birth the Graces mild,
And every Muſe prophetic ſmil'd,
Not that the poet's boaſted fire
Should fame's wide-echoing trumpet ſwell,
Or, on the muſic of his lyre
Each future age with rapture dwell;
The vaunted ſweets of praiſe remove,
Yet ſhall ſuch boſoms claim a part
In all that glads the human heart;
Yet theſe the ſpirits, form'd to judge and prove
All nature's charms immenſe, and heaven's unbounded love.

And oh! the tranſport, moſt ally'd to ſong,
In ſome fair villa's peaceful bound,
To catch ſoft hints from nature's tongue,
And bid Arcadia bloom arouud:
Whether we fringe the ſloping hill,
Or ſmoothe below the verdant mead;
Whether we break the falling rill,
Or through meandering mazes lead;
Or in the horrid bramble's room
Bid careleſs groups of roſes bloom;
Or let ſome ſhelter'd lake ſerene
Reflect flowers, woods, and ſpires, and brighten all the ſcene.

O ſweet diſpoſal of the rural hour!
O beauties never known to cloy!
While worth and genius haunt the favour'd bower,
And every gentle breaſt partakes the joy!
While charity at eve ſurveys the ſwain,
Enabled by theſe toils to chear
A train of helpleſs infants dear,
Speed whiſtling home acroſs the plain;
See vagrant luxury, her hand-maid grown,
For half her graceleſs deeds atone,
And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her own.

Wh

Peers can no ſuch charms diſcover,
All in ſtars and garters dreſt,
As, on Sundays, does the lover
With his noſegay on his breaſt.

Pinks and roſes in profuſion,
Said to fade when Chloe's near;
Fops may uſe the ſame alluſion;
But the ſhepherd is ſincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid ſinging
Chearly o'er the brimming pail;
Cowſlips all around her ſpringing
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden
Move ſo ſprightly, look ſo fair;
Never breaſt with jewels laden
Pour a ſong ſo void of care.

Would indulgent heaven had granted
Me ſome rural damſel's part!
All the empire I had wanted
Then had been my ſhepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
Free from fetters, might I rove:
Fearleſs taſte the cryſtal fountains;
Peaceful ſleep beneath the grove.

Ruſtics had been more forgiving;
Partial to my virgin bloom:
None had envy'd me when living;
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb.

ODE to a young LADY,

Somewhat too ſolicitous about her manner of expreſſion.

SURVEY, my fair! that lucid ſtream,
Adown the ſmiling valley ſtray;
Would art attempt, or fancy dream,
To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy ſhining hair
In looſe diſhevel'd ringlets flow:
Not all thy art, not all thy care,
Can there one ſingle grace beſtow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
With native plants enamel'd o'er;
Say, can the painter's utmoſt ſkill
Inſtruct one flower to pleaſe us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
To change the bloom thy cheeks diſcloſe;
And oh may Laura, ere ſhe try,
With freſh vermilion paint the roſe.

Hark how the wood-lark's tuneful throat
Can every ſtudy'd grace excel;
Let art conſtrain the rambling note,
And will ſhe, Laura, pleaſe ſo well?

Oh ever keep thy native eaſe,
By no pedantic law confin'd!
For Laura's voice is form'd to pleaſe,
So Laura's words be not unkind.

NANCY of the VALE.

A BALLAD.

"Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ!
"Candidior Cygnis! hederâ formoſior albâ!"

THE weſtern ſky was purpled o'er
With every pleaſing ray:
And flocks reviving felt no more
The ſultry heats of day.

When from an hazle's artleſs bower
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He bleſt the ſcene, he bleſt the hour,
While Nancy's praiſe he ſung.

"Let fops with fickle falſehood range
The paths of wanton love,
While weeping maids lament their change,
And ſadden every grove;

But endleſs bleſſings crown the day
I ſaw fair Eſham's dale!
And every bleſſing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams,
And every ſhining glance diſplay'd
The Naiad of the ſtreams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
That floats on Avon's tide;
Bright as the water-lily, ſprung,
And glittering near its ſide.

Freſh as the bordering flowers, her bloom:
Her eye, all mild to view:
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half ſo blue.

Her ſhape was like the reed ſo ſleek,
So taper, ſtrait, and fair;
Her dimpled ſmile, her bluſhing cheek,
How charming ſweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retir'd,
This peerleſs bud I found;
And ſhadowing rock and woods conſpir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in ſo lone a dell
Should from a nymph ſo ſweet;
Or fortune to her ſecret cell
Conduct my wandering feet!

Gay lordlings ſought her for their bride,
But ſhe would ne'er incline
"Prove to your equals true, ſhe cry'd,
As I would prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
Has won my right good will;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill."

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I claſp'd the conſtant fair;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care.

And

And when this vow ſhall faithleſs prove,
Or I thoſe charms forego;
The ſtream that ſaw our tender love,
That ſtream ſhall ceaſe to flow.

ODE to INDOLENCE. 1750.

AH! why for ever on the wing
Perſiſts my wearied ſoul to roam?
Why, ever cheated, ſtrives to bring
Or pleaſure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird, that draws his name
From paradiſe's honour'd groves,
Careleſs fatigues his little frame;
Nor finds the reſting place he loves.

Lo! on the rural moſſy bed
My limbs with careleſs eaſe reclin'd;
Ah, gentle ſloth! indulgent ſpread
The ſame ſoft bandage o'er my mind

For why ſhould lingering thought invade,
Yet every worldly proſpect cloy?
Lend me, ſoft ſloth, thy friendly aid,
And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.

Lov'ſt thou yon calm and ſilent flood,
That never ebbs, that never flows;
Protected by the circling wood
From each tempeſtuous wind that blows?

An altar on its bank ſhall riſe,
Where oft thy votary ſhall be found;
What time pale autumn lulls the ſkies,
And ſickening verdure fades around.

Ye buſy race, ye factious train,
That haunt ambition's guilty ſhrine;
No more perplex the world in vain,
But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puiſſant queen! be kind:
If e'er I ſhar'd thy balmy power;
If e'er I ſway'd my active mind
To weave for thee the rural bower;

Diſſolve in ſleep each anxious care;
Each unavailing ſigh remove;
And only let me wake to ſhare,
The ſweets of friendſhip and of love.

ODE to HEALTH. 1730.

O HEALTH, capricious maid!
Why doſt thou ſhun my peaceful bower,
Where I had hope to ſhare thy power,
And bleſs thy laſting aid?

Since thou, alas! art flown,
It ſkills not whether Muſe or Grace,
With tempting ſmile, frequent the place:
I ſigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy ſtay;
Thou yet might'ſt act the friendly part;
Thou yet might'ſt raiſe this languid heart;
Why ſpeed ſo ſwift away?

Thou ſcorn'ſt the city-air;
I breathe freſh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
Yet haſt not thou my wiſhes crown'd,
O falſe! O partial fair!

I plunge into the wave;
And though with pureſt hand I raiſe
A rural altar to thy praiſe,
Thou wilt not deign to ſave.

Amid my well-known grove,
Where mineral fountains vainly bear
The boaſted name, and titles fair,
Why ſcorns thy foot to rove?

Thou hear'ſt the ſportſman's claim;
Enabling him, with idle noiſe,
To drown the Muſe's melting voice,
And fright the timorous game.

Is thought thy foe? adieu,
Ye midnight lamps! ye curious tomes!
Mine eye o'er hills and valleys roams,
And deals no more with you.

Is it the clime you flee?
Yet, 'midſt his unremitting ſnows,
The poor Laponian's boſom glows;
And ſhares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time
When, though I ſcorn'd thy guardian care,
Nor made a vow, nor ſaid a prayer,
I did not rue the crime.

Who then more bleſt than I?
When the glad ſchool-boy's taſk was done,
And forth, with jocund ſprite, I run
To freedom, and to joy?

How jovial then the day!
What ſince have all my labours found,
Thus climbing life, to gaze around,
That can thy loſs repay?

Wert thou, alas! but kind,
Methinks no frown that fortune wears,
Nor leſſen'd hopes, nor growing cares,
Could ſink my chearful mind.

Whate'er my ſtars include;
What other breaſts convert to pain,
My towering mind ſhall ſoon diſdain,
Should ſcorn—Ingratitude!

Repair this mouldering cell,
And bleſt with objects found at home,
And envying none their farer dome,
How pleas'd my ſoul ſhould dwell;

Temperance ſhould guard the doors;
From room to room ſhould memory ſtray,
And ranging all in neat array,
Enjoy her pleaſing ſtores—

There let them reſt unknown,
The types of many a pleaſing ſcene:
But to preſerve them bright or clean,
Is thine, fair Queen! alone.

TO a LADY of QUALITY,*

Fitting up her Library. 1738.

AH! what is ſcience, what is art,
Or what the pleaſure theſe impart;
Ye trophies, which the learn'd purſue
Through endleſs fruitleſs toils adieu!

What can the tedious tomes beſtow,
To ſoothe the miſeries they ſhow?
What, like the bliſs for him decreed,
Who tends his flock, and tunes his reed!

Say, wretched fancy! thus refin'd
From all that glads the ſimpleſt hind,
How rare that object which ſupplies
A charm for too diſcerning eyes!

The poliſh'd bard, of genius vain,
Endures a deeper ſenſe of pain:
As each invading blaſt devours
The richeſt fruits, the faireſt flowers.

Sages, with irkſome waſte of time,
The ſteep aſcent of knowledge climb;
Then from the towering heights they ſcale,
Behold contentment range—the vale.

Yet why, Aſteria, tell us why
We ſcorn the crowd, when you are nigh;
Why then does reaſon ſeem ſo fair,
Why learning, then, deſerve our care?

Who can unpleas'd your ſhelves behold,
While you ſo fair a proof unfold
What force the brighteſt genius draws
From poliſh'd wiſdom's written laws?

Where are our humbler tenets flown?
What ſtrange perfection bids us own
That bliſs with toilſome ſcience dwells,
And happieſt he, who moſt excells?

Upon a VISIT to the ſame, in WINTER, 1748.

ON fair Aſteria's bliſsful plains,
Where ever blooming fancy reigns,
How pleas'd we paſs the winter's day;
And charm the dull-ey'd ſpleen away!

No linnet, from the leafleſs bough,
Pours forth her note melodious now;
But all admire Aſteria's tongue,
Nor wiſh the linnet's vernal ſong.

No flower's emit their tranſient rays:
Yet ſure Aſteria's wit diſplays
More various tints, more glowing lines,
And with perennial beauty ſhines.

Though rifled groves and fetter'd ſtreams
But ill befriend a poet's dreams:
Aſteria's preſence wakes the lyre;
And well ſupplies poetic fire.

The fields have loſt their lovely dye;
No chearful azure decks the ſky;
Yet ſtill we bleſs the louring day;
Aſteria ſmiles—and all is gay.

Hence let the muſe no more preſume,
To blame the winter's dreary gloom;
Accuſe his loitering hours no more;
But ah! their envious haſte deplore!

For ſoon, from wit and friendſhip's reign,
The ſocial hearth, the ſprightly vein,
I go—to meet the coming year,
On ſavage plains, and deſerts drear!

I go—to feed on pleaſures flown,
Nor find the ſpring my loſs atone!
But 'mid the flowery ſweets of May
With pride recal this winter's day.

* Lady Luxborough.

An Irregular ODE after SICKNESS, 1749.

"—Melius, cum venerit ipſa, canemus."

TOO long a ſtranger to repoſe,
At length from pain's abhorred couch I roſe
And wander'd forth alone;
To court once more the balmy breeze,
And catch the verdure of the trees,
Ere yet their charms were flown.

'Twas from a bank with panſies gay
I hail'd once more the chearful day,
The ſun's forgotten beams:
O ſun! how pleaſing were thy rays.
Reflected from the poliſh'd face
Of yon refulgent ſtreams!

Rais'd by the ſcene, my feeble tongue
Eſſay'd again the ſweets of ſong:
And thus, in feeble ſtrains and ſlow,
The loitering numbers 'gan to flow.

"Come, gentle air! my languid limbs reſtore,
And bid me welcome from the Stygian ſhore:
For ſure I heard the tender ſighs,
I ſeem'd to join the plaintive cries
Of hapleſs youths, who through the myrtle grove
Bewail for ever their unfiniſh'd love:
To that unjoyous clime,
Torn from the ſight of theſe etherial ſkies;
Debarr'd the luſtre of their Delia's eyes;
And baniſh'd in their prime.

Come, gentle air! and, while the thickets bloom,
Convey the jaſmine's breath divine;
Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
Nor ſpare the ſweet-leaſt eglantine.
And may'ſt thou ſhun the rugged ſtorm
Till health her wonted charms explain,
With rural pleaſure in her train,
To greet me in her faireſt form.
While from this lofty mount I view
The ſons of wealth, the vulgar crew,
Anxious for futile gains beneath me ſtray,
And ſeek with erring ſtep contentment's obvious way.

Comes

Come, gentle air! and thou, celeſtial Muſe,
Thy genial flame infuſe;
Enough to lend a penſive boſom aid,
And gild retirement's gloomy ſhade;
Enough to rear ſuch ruſtic lays
As foes may ſlight, but partial friends will praiſe."

The gentle air allow'd my claim;
And, more to chear my drooping frame,
She mix'd the balm of opening flowers;
Such as the bee, with chemic powers,
From Hybla's fragrant hills inhales,
Or ſcents Sabea's blooming vales.
But ah! the nymphs that heal the penſive mind
By preſcripts more refin'd,
Neglect their votary's anxious moan
Oh, how ſhould they relieve?—The Muſes all were flown.

By flowery plain, or woodland ſhades,
I fondly ſought the charming maids;
By woodland ſhades, or flowery plain,
I ſought them, faithleſs maids! in vain!
When lo! in happier hour,
I leave behind my native mead.
To range where zeal and friendſhip lead,
To viſit Luxborough's honour'd bower.

Ah fooliſh man! to ſeek the tuneful maids
On other plains, or near leſs verdant ſhades;
Scarce have my foot-ſteps preſs'd the favour'd ground,
When ſounds etherial ſtrike my ear;
At once celeſtial forms appear;
My fugitives are found!
The Muſes here attune their lyres,
Ah partial! with unwonted fires;
Here, hand in hand, with careleſs mien,
The ſportive Graces trip the green.

But whilſt I wander'd o'er a ſcene ſo fair,
Too well at one ſurvey I trace,
How every Muſe, and every Grace,
Had long employ'd their care.
Lurks not a ſtone enrich'd with lively ſtain,
Blooms not a flower amid the vernal ſtore,
Falls not a plume on India's diſtant plain,
Glows not a ſhell on Adria's rocky ſhore,
But, torn methought from native lands and ſeas,
From their arrangement gain freſh power to pleaſe.

And ſome had bent the wildering maze,
Bedeck'd with every ſhrub that blows;
And ſome entwin'd the willing ſprays,
To ſhield th' illuſtrious dame's repoſe:
Others had grac'd the ſprightly dome,
And taught the portrait where to glow;
Others arrang'd the curious tome;
Or, raid the decorated ſpace,
Aſſign'd the laurel'd buſt a place,
And given to learning all the pomp of ſhow.
And now from every taſk withdrawn,
They met and friſk'd it o'er the lawn.

Ah! woe is me, ſaid I;
And * * *'s hilly circuit heard my cry,
Have I for this with labour ſtrove,
And laviſh'd all my little ſtore
To fence for you my ſhady grove,
And ſcollop every winding ſhore;
And fringe with every purple roſe,
The ſapphire ſtream that down my valley flows?

Ah! lovely treacherous maids!
To quit unſeen my votive ſhades,
When pale diſeaſe, and torturing pain,
Had torn me from the breezy plain,
And to a reſtleſs couch confin'd,
Who ne'er your wonted taſks declin'd.
She needs not your officious aid
To ſwell the ſong, or plan the ſhade;
By genuine fancy fir'd,
Her native genius guides her hand,
And while ſhe marks the ſage command,
More lovely ſcenes her ſkill ſhall raiſe,
Her lyre reſound with nobler lays
Than ever you inſpir'd.
Thus I may rage and grief diſplay;
But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
Nor will a Grace or Muſe return
Till Luxborough lead the way.

To a LADY, with ſome coloured Patterns of Flowers, Oct. 7, 1736.

MADAM,

THOUGH rude the draughts, though artleſs ſeem the lines,
From one unſkill'd in verſe, or in deſigns;
Oft has good-nature been the fool's defence,
And honeſt meaning gilded want of ſenſe.

Fear not, though flowers and beauty grace my lay,
To praiſe one fair, another ſhall decay.
No lily, bright with painted foliage, here,
Shall only languiſh, when Selinda's near:
A Fate revers'd no ſmiling roſe ſhall know,
Nor with reflected luſtre doubly glow.
Praiſes which languiſh when apply'd to you,
Where flattering ſchemes ſeem obviouſly true.

Yet ſure your ſex is near to flowers ally'd,
Alike in ſoftneſs, and alike in pride:
Foes to retreat, and ever fond to ſhine,
Both ruſh to danger, and the ſhades decline;
Expos'd, the ſhort-liv'd pageants of a day,
To painted flies or glittering ſops a prey:
Chang'd with each wind, nor one ſhort day the ſame,
Each clouded ſky affects their tender frame,
In glaring Chloe's man-like taſte and mien,
Are the gross ſplendors of the Tulip ſeen:
Diſtant they ſtrike, inelegantly gay,
To the near view no pleaſing charms diſplay.
To form the nymph, a vulgar wit muſt join,
As coarſer ſoils will moſt the flower refine.
Ophelia's beauties let the Jaſmine paint,
Too faintly ſoft, too nicely elegant.

Around with ſeeming ſanctity endued,
The Paſſion-flower may beſt expreſs the Prude.
Like the gay Roſe, too rigid Silvia ſhines,
While, like its guardian thorn, her virtue joins—
Happy the nymph! from all their failures free,
Happy the nymph! in whom their charms agree.

Faint theſe productions, till you bid diſcloſe,
The Pink new ſplendors, and freſh tints the Roſe:
And yet condemned not trivial draughts like theſe,
Form'd to improve, and make ev'n trifles pleaſe.
A power like yours minuter beauties warms,
And yet can blaſt the moſt aſpiring charms:
Thus at the rays whence other objects ſhine,
The taper ſickens, and its flames decline.
When by your art the purple Violet lives,
And the pale Lily ſprightlier charms receives:
Garters to me ſhall glow inferior far,
And with leſs pleaſing luſtre ſhine the ſtar.

Let ſerious triflers, fond of wealth or fame,
On toils like theſe beſtow too ſoft a name;
Each gentler art with wiſe indifference view,
And ſcorn one trifle, millions to purſue:
More artful I, their ſpecious ſchemes deride:
Fond to pleaſe you, by you in theſe employ'd;
A nobler taſk, or more ſublime deſire,
Ambition ne'er could form, nor pride inſpire:

The ſweets of tranquil life and rural eaſe
Amuſe ſecurely, nor leſs juſtly pleaſe.
Where gentle pleaſure ſhows her milder power,
Or blooms in fruit, or ſparkles in the flower;
Smiles in the groves, the raptur'd poet's theme;
Flows in the brook, his Naiad of the ſtream;
Dawns, with each happier ſtroke the pencil gives,
And, in each livelier image, ſmiling lives;
Is heard, when Silvia ſtrikes the warbling ſtrings,
Selinda ſpeaks, or Philomela ſings:
Breathes with the morn; attends, propitious maid,
The evening ramble, and the noon day glade;
Some viſionary fair ſhe cheats our view,
Then only vigorous, when ſhe's ſeen like you.
Yet nature ſome for ſprightlier joys deſign'd,
For brighter ſcenes, with nicer care, refin'd;
When the gay jewel radiant ſtreams ſupplies,
And vivid brilliants meet your brighter eyes;
When dreſs and pomp around the fancy play,
By fortune's dazzling beauties borne away:
When theatres for you the ſcenes forego,
And the box bows, obſequiouſly low:
How dull the plan which indolence has drawn,
The moſſy grotto, or the flowery lawn!
Though roſeate ſcents in every wind exhale,
And ſylvan warblers charm in every gale.

Of thoſe be her's the choice, whom all approve;
And whom, but thoſe who envy, all muſt love;
By nature model'd, by experience taught,
To know and pity every female fault:
Pleas'd ev'n to hear her ſex's virtues ſhewn,
And blind to none's perfections but her own:
Whilſt, humble fair! of theſe too few ſhe knows,
Yet owns too many for the world's repoſe:
From wit's wild petulance ſerenely free,
Yet bleſt in all that nature can decree
Not like a fire, which, whilſt it burns, alarms;
A modeſt flame, that gently ſhines and warms:
Whoſe mind, in every light, can charms diſplay,
With wiſdom ſerious, and with humour gay;
Juſt as her eyes in each bright poſture warm,
And fiercely ſtrike, or languiſhingly charm:
Such are your horrours—mention'd to your coſt,
Thoſe leaſt can hear them, who deſerve them moſt:
Yet ah! forgive—the leſs inventive Muſe,
If e'er ſhe ſing, a copious theme muſt chuſe.

Written in a Flower Book of my own Colouring, deſigned for Lady Plymouth. 1753-4.

"Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ." Hor.

BRING, Flora, bring thy treaſures here,
The pride of all the blooming year;
And let me, thence, a garland frame,
To crown this fair, this peerleſs dame!

But ah! ſince envious winter lours,
And Hewell meads reſign their flowers,
Let art and friendſhip joint eſſay
Diffuſe their flowerets, in her way.

Not nature can herſelf prepare
A worthy wreath for Læſbia's hair,
Whoſe temper, like her forehead, ſmooth,
Whoſe thoughts and accents form'd to ſoothe,
Whoſe pleaſing mien, and make refin'd,
Whoſe artleſs breaſt, and poliſh'd mind,
From all the nymphs of plain or grove,
Deſerv'd and won my Plymouth's love.

ANACREONTIC. 1738.

'TWAS in a cool Aonian glade,
The wanton Cupid, ſpent with toil,
Had ſought refreſhment from the ſhade;
And ſtretch'd him on the moſſy ſoil.

A vagrant Muſe drew nigh, and found
The ſubtile traitor faſt aſleep;
And is it thine to ſnore profound,
She ſaid, yet leave the world to weep?

But huſh—from this auſpicious hour,
The world, I ween, may reſt in peace;—
And, robb'd of darts, and ſtript of power,
Thy peeviſh petulance decreaſe.

Sleep on, poor child! whilſt I withdraw,
And this thy vile artillery hide—
When the Caſtalion fount ſhe ſaw,
And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

That

That magic ſount—ill-judging maid!
Shall cauſe you ſoon to curſe the day
You dar'd the ſhafts of love invade;
And gave his arms redoubled ſway.

For in a ſtream ſo wonderous clear,
When angry Cupid ſearches round,
Will not the radiant points appear?
Will not the furtive ſpoils be found?

Too ſoon they were; and every dart,
Tipt in the Muſe's myſtic ſpring,
Acquir'd new force to wound the heart;
And taught at once to love and ſing.

Then farewel, ye Pierian quire;
For who will now your altars throng?
From love we learn to ſwell the lyre;
And echo aſks no ſweeter ſong.

ODE. Written 1739.

"Urit ſpes animi credula mutui." Hor.

'TWAS not by beauty's aid alone,
That love uſurp'd his airy throne,
His boaſted power diſplay'd;
'Tis kindneſs that ſecures his aim,
'Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame,
Which beauty firſt convey'd.

In Clara's eyes, the lightnings view;
Her lips with all the roſe's hue
Have all its ſweets combin'd;
Yet vain the bluſh, and faint the fire,
Till lips at once, and eyes conſpire
To prove the charmer kind—

Though wit might gild the tempting ſnare,
With ſofteſt accent, ſweeteſt air,
By envy's ſelf admir'd:
If Leſbia's wit betray'd her ſcorn,
In vain might every Grace adorn
What every Muſe inſpir'd.

Thus airy Strephon tun'd his lyre—
He ſcorn'd the pangs of wild deſire,
Which love-ſick ſwains endure:
Reſolv'd to brave the keeneſt dart;
Since frowns could never wound his heart;
And ſmiles—muſt ever cure.

But ah! how falſe theſe maxims prove,
How frail ſecurity from love,
Experience hourly ſhows!
Love can imagin'd ſmiles ſupply,
On every charming lip and eye
Eternal ſweets beſtows.

In vain we truſt the fair-one's eyes;
In vain the ſage explores the ſkies,
To learn from ſtars his fate:
Till, led by fancy wide aſtray,
He finds no planet mark his way;
Convinc'd and wiſe—too late.

As partial to their words we prove;
Then boldly join the liſts of love,
With towering hopes ſupply'd:
See heroes, taught by doubtful ſhrines,
Miſtook their deity's deſigns;
Then took the field—and dy'd.

THE DYING KID.

"Optima quæque dies miſeris mortalibus ævi
"Prima fugit——" Virg.

A Tear bedews my Delia's eye,
To think yon playful kid muſt die;
From cryſtal ſpring and flowery mead,
Muſt, in his prime of life, recede!

Erewhile, in ſportive circles round
She ſaw him wheel, and friſk, and bound;
From rock to rock purſue his way,
And, on the fearful margin, play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
She ſaw him climb my ruſtic cell:
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And ſeem all raviſh'd at the ſight.

She tells, with what delight he ſtood,
To trace his features in the flood:
Then ſkip'd aloof with quaint amaze;
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager ſpeed
He flew, to hear my vocal reed;
And how with critic face profound,
And ſtedfaſt ear, devour'd the ſound.

His every frolic, light as air
Deſerves the gentle Delia's care;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid muſt die.—

But knows my Delia, timely wiſe,
How ſoon this blameleſs æra flies?
While vio'ence and craft ſucceed;
Unfair deſign, and ruthleſs deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more;
Ah ſoon, eras'd from every grove
Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love.

No more thoſe bowers might Strephon ſee,
Where firſt he fondly gaz'd on thee;
No more thoſe beds of flowerets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward paſſion ſoon would tear
His boſom, now ſo void of care;
And, when they left his ebbing vein,
What, but inſipid age, remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of fate,
That gave his life ſo ſhort a date;
And I will join thy tendereſt ſighs,
To think that youth ſo ſwiftly flies!

SONGS

SONGS,

Written chiefly between the Years 1737 and 1742.

SONG I.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were ſmall, my flocks were few;
While faultering accents ſpoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove ſincere.

Of crops deſtroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant ſheep that left my fold:
Of theſe ſhe heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not Flavia then ſincere?

How chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and ſhed a generous tear;
And is not Flavia then ſincere?

How, if ſhe deign my love to bleſs,
My Flavia muſt not hope for dreſs;
This too ſhe heard, and ſmil'd to hear;
And Flavia ſure muſt be ſincere.

Go ſhear your flocks, ye jovial ſwains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Diſpoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love's ſincere.

SONG II. The LANDSKIP.

HOW pleas'd within my native bowers
Ere while I paſs'd the day!
Was ever ſcene ſo deck'd with flowers?
Were ever flowers ſo gay?

How ſweetly ſmil'd the hill, the vale
And all the landſkip round!
The river gliding down the dale!
The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes
I ſpeed to meet my dear,
That hill and ſtream my zeal oppoſe,
And check my fond career.

No more, ſince Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I ſee:
That verdant hill, and ſilver ſtream,
Divide my love and me.

SONG III.

YE gentle nymphs and generous dames,
That rule o'er every Britiſh mind;
Be ſure ye ſoothe their amorous flames,
Be ſure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom
In unremitting ſighs away:
To mourn the night's oppreſſive gloom
And faintly bleſs the riſing day.

And cruel 'twere a free-born ſwain,
A Britiſh youth, ſhould vainly moan;
Who, ſcornful of a tyrant's chain,
Submits to yours, and yours alone.

Nor pointed ſpear, nor links of ſteel,
Could e'er thoſe gallant minds ſubdue,
Who beauty's wounds with pleaſure feel,
And boaſt the fetters wrought by you.

SONG IV. The SKY-LARK.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'ſt the ſkies,
To Daphne's window ſpeed thy way;
And there on quivering pinions riſe,
And there thy vocal art diſplay.

And if ſhe deign thy notes to hear,
And if ſhe praiſe thy matin ſong,
Tell her, the ſounds that ſoothe her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may ſhine;
But aſk the lovely partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witleſs beau
And all his flaunting race with ſcorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who ſings her praiſe, and ſings forlorn.

SONG V.

" Ah! ego non aliter triſtes evincere morbos
" Optarem, quam te ſic quoque velle putem."

ON every tree, in every plain,
I trace the jovial ſpring in vain!
A ſickly languor veils mine eyes,
And faſt my waning vigour flies.

Nor flowery plain, nor budding tree,
That ſmile on others, ſmile on me;
Mine eyes from death ſhall court repoſe,
Nor ſhed a tear before they cloſe.

What bliſs to me can ſeaſons bring?
Or what the needleſs pride of ſpring?
The cypreſs bough, that ſuits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine ſo freſh and fair
Might claim a while my wonted care;
My rural ſtore ſome pleaſure yield;
So white a flock, ſo green a field!

My friends, that each in kindneſs vie,
Might well expect one parting ſigh;
Might well demand one tender tear;
For when was Damon unſincere?

But ere I aſk once more to view
Yon ſetting ſun his race renew,
Inform me, ſwains; my friends, declare,
Will pitying Delia join the prayer?

SONG

SONG VI.

The Attributes of Venus.

YES; Fulvia is like Venus fair;
Has all her bloom, and ſhape and air:
But ſtill, to perfect every grace,
She wants—the ſmile upon her face.

The crown majeſtic Juno wore;
And Cynthia's brow the creſcent bore,
An helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,
But ſmiles diſtinguiſh'd beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of ſmiles and loves,
Her chariot drawn by gen'rous doves!
And from her zone, the nymph may find,
'Tis beauty's province to be kind.

Then ſmile, my fair; and all whoſe aim
Aſpires to paint the Cyprian dame,
Or bid her breathe in living ſtone,
Shall take their forms from you alone.

SONG VII. 1744.

THE lovely Delia ſmiles again;
That killing frown has left her brow:
Can ſhe forgive my jealous pain,
And give me back my angry vow?

Love is an April's doubtful day;
A while we ſee the tempeſt lower;
Anon the radient heaven ſurvey,
And quite forget the flitting ſhower.

The flowers, that hung their languid head,
Are burniſh'd by the tranſient rains;
The vines their wonted tendrils ſpread,
And double verdure gilds the plains.

The ſprightly birds, that droop'd no leſs
Beneath the power of rain and wind,
In every raptur'd note, expreſs
The joy I feel—when thou art kind.

SONG VIII. 1742.

WHEN bright Roxana treads the green,
In all the pride of dreſs and mien;
Averſe to freedom, love, and play,
The dazzling rival of the day:
None other beauty ſtrikes mine eye,
The lilies droop, the roſes die.

But when, diſclaiming art, the fair
Aſſumes a ſoft engaging air;
Mild as the opening morn of May,
Familiar, friendly, free, and gay;
The ſcene improves, where'er ſhe goes,
More ſweetly ſmile the pink and roſe

O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor deem thy ſhepherd inſincere;
Pity a wild illuſive flame,
That varies objects ſtill the ſame;
And let their very changes prove
The never-vary'd force of love.

SONG IX. 1743.

Valentine's Day.

'TIS ſaid that under diſtant ſkies,
Nor you the fact deny;
What firſt attracts an Indian's eyes
Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily, or a roſe,
That ſhares the morning's ray,
May to the waking ſwain diſcloſe
The regent of the day.

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,
Enrich'd with fragrant power,
May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove,
Where blooms the ſovereign flower.

Perch'd on the cedar's topmaſt bough,
And gay with gilded wings,
Perchance, the patron of his vow,
Some artleſs linnet, ſings.

The ſwain ſurveys her pleas'd, afraid,
Then low to earth he bends;
And owns, upon her friendly aid,
His health, his life, depends:

Vain futile idols, bird or flower;
To tempt a votary's prayer!
How would his humble homage tower,
Should he behold my fair!

Yes—might the pagan's waking eyes,
O'er Flavia's beauty range,
He there would fix his laſting choice,
Nor dare, nor wiſh to change.

SONG X. 1743.

THE fatal hours are wonderous near,
That, from theſe fountains, bear my dear,
A little ſpace is given; in vain:
She robs my ſight, and ſhuns the plain.

A little ſpace, for me to prove
My boundleſs flame, my endleſs love;
And, like the train of vulgar hours,
Invidious time that ſpace devours.

Near yonder beech is Delia's way,
On that I gaze the livelong day;
No eaſtern monarch's dazzling pride
Shall draw my longing eyes aſide.

The chief that knows of ſuccours nigh,
And ſees his mangled legions die,
Caſts not a more impatient glance,
To ſee the loitering aids advance.

Not more, the ſchool-boy that expires
Far from his native home, requires
To ſee ſome friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's laſt embrace—

She

She comes—but ah! what crowds of beaux
In radiant bands my fair encloſe!
Oh! better had'ſt thou ſhun'd the green,
Oh, Delia! better far unſeen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears,
By all my ſighs, by all my tears,
I might from torture now be free—
'Tis more than death to part with thee!

SONG XI. 1744.

PERHAPS it is not love, ſaid I,
That melts my ſoul when Flavia's nigh;
Where wit and ſenſe like her's agree,
One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her poliſh'd mind,
It needs no lover's eye to find;
The hermit freezing in his cell,
Might wiſh the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love—averſe to bear
The ſervile chain that lovers wear;
Let, let me all my fears remove,
My doubts diſpel—it is not love—

Oh! when did wit ſo brightly ſhine
In any form leſs fair than thine?
It is—it is love's ſubtle fire,
And under friendſhip lurks deſire.

SONG XII. 1744.

O'ER deſert plains, and ruſhy meers,
And wither'd heaths, I rove;
Where tree, nor ſpire, nor cot appears,
I paſs to meet my love.

But though my path were damaſk'd o'er
With beauties e'er ſo fine;
My buſy thoughts would fly before
To fix alone—on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills could give delight,
No palace pleaſe mine eye:
No pyramids aerial height,
Where mouldering monarchs lie.

Unmov'd, ſhould I aſtern kings advance;
Could I the pageant ſee
Splendour might catch one ſcornful glance,
Not ſteal one thought from thee.

SONG XIII.

The SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

BY the ſide of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
Where whiſper'd the beech, and where murmur'd the rill;
I vow'd to the Muſes my time and my care,
Since neither could win me the ſmiles of my fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I ſung,
And Delia's lov'd name ſcarce eſcap'd from my tongue;
But if once a ſmooth accent delighted my ear,
I ſhould wiſh, unawares, that my Delia might hear.

With faireſt ideas my boſom I ſtor'd,
Alluſive to none but the nymph I ador'd!
And the more I with ſtudy my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impreſſion ſhe made on my mind.

So long as of nature the charms I purſue,
I ſtill muſt my Delia's dear image renew;
The Graces have yielded with Delia to rove,
And the Muſes are all in alliance with Love.

SONG XIV. The ROSE-BUD.

SEE, Daphne, ſee, Florello cry'd,
And learn the ſad effects of pride;
Yon ſhelter'd roſe, how ſafe conceal'd!
How quickly blaſted, when reveal'd!

The ſun with warm attractive rays
Tempts it to wanton in the blaze:
A gale ſucceeds from Eaſtern ſkies,
And all its bluſhing radiance dies.

So you, my fair, of charms divine,
Will quit the plains, too fond to ſhine
Where fame's tranſporting rays allure,
Though here more happy, more ſecure.

The breath of ſome neglected maid
Shall make you ſigh you left the ſhade;
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
As, to the roſe, an eaſtern wind.

The nymph reply'd—you firſt, my ſwain,
Confine your ſonnets to the plain;
One envious tongue alike diſarms,
You, of your wit, me, of my charms.

What is, unknown, the poet's ſkill?
Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill?
What, unadmir'd, a charming mien,
Or what the roſe's bluſh, unſeen?

SONG XV. WINTER. 1746.

NO more, ye warbling birds, rejoice:
Of all that chear'd the plain,
Echo alone preſerves her voice,
And ſhe—repeats my pain.

Where'er my love-ſick limbs I lay,
To ſhun the ruſhing wind,
Its buſy murmurs ſeem to ſay,
"She never will be kind!"

The Naiads, o'er their froſen urns,
In icy chains repine;
And each in ſullen ſilence mourns
Her freedom loſt, like mine!

Soon will the ſun's returning rays
The chearleſs froſt controul;
When will relenting Delia chaſe
The winter of my ſoul?

SONG

SONG XVI.

DAPHNE'S VISIT.

YE birds! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lay ſalute my love:
My Daphne with your notes detain:
Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye flowers! before her footſteps riſe;
Diſplay at once your brighteſt dyes;
That ſhe your opening charms may ſee:
Or what were all your charms to me?

Kind Zephyr! bruſh each fragrant flower,
And ſhed its odours round my bower:
Or never more, O gentle wind,
Shall I, from thee, refreſhment find.

Ye ſtreams! if e'er your banks I lov'd
If e'er your native ſounds improv'd,
May each ſoft murmur ſoothe my fair!
Or, oh! 'twill deepen my deſpair.

And thou, my grot! whoſe lonely bounds
The melancholy pine ſurrounds,
May Daphne praiſe thy peaceful gloom!
Or thou ſhalt prove her Damon's tomb.

SONG XVII.

Written in a collection of Bacchanalian Songs.

ADIEU, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old care in floods of wine;
And, as your dazzling eye-balls roll,
Diſcern him ſtruggling in the bowl.

Not yet is hope ſo wholly flown,
Not yet is thought ſo tedious grown,
But limpid ſtream and ſhady tree
Retain, as yet, ſome ſweets for me.

And ſee through yonder ſilent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove;
With pride her footſteps I purſue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The ſole confuſion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inſpire:
I ſcorn the madneſs I aprove,
And value reaſon next to love

SONG XVIII.

WHEN bright Ophelia treads the green,
In all the pride of dreſs and mien;
Averſe to freedom, mirth, and play,
The lofty rival of the day;
Me thinks to my enchanted eye,
The lilies droop, the roſes die.

But when, diſdaining art, the fair
Aſſumes a ſoft, engaging air;
Mild as the opening morn of May,
And as the feather'd warblers gay:
The ſcene improves where'er ſhe goes,
More ſweetly ſmiles the pink and roſe.

O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor think thy Damon inſincere.
Pity my wild deluſive flame:
For though the flowers are ſtill the ſame,
To me thy languiſh, or improve,
And plainly tell me that I love.

SONG XIX.

Imitated from the French.

YES, theſe are the ſcenes where with Iris I ſtray'd,
But ſhort was her ſway for ſo lovely a maid!
In the bloom of her youth to a cloyſter ſhe run;
In the bloom of her graces too fair for a nun!
Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion muſt prove
So fatal to beauty, ſo killing to love!

Yes, theſe are the meadows, the ſhrubs, and the plains;
Once the ſcene of my pleaſures, the ſcene of my pains;
How many ſoft moments I ſpent in this grove!
How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my love!
Be ſtill though, my heart! thine emotion give o'er;
Remember, the ſeaſon of love is no more.

With her how I ſtray'd amid fountains and bowers,
Or, loiter'd behind and collected the flowers!
Then breathleſs with ardour my fair one purſued,
And to think with what kindneſs my garland ſhe view'd!
But be ſtill, my fond heart! this emotion give o'er!
Fain would'ſt thou forget thou muſt love her no more.

A PARODY.

WHEN firſt, Philander, firſt I came
Where Avon rools his winding ſtream,
The nymphs—how briſk! the ſwains—how gay!
To ſee Aſteria, Queen of May!
The parſons round, her praiſes ſung!
The ſteeples, with her praiſes rung!—
I thought—no ſight, that e'er was ſeen,
Could match the ſight of Barel's-green!—

But now, ſince old Eugenio dy'd—
The chief of poets, and the pride—
Now, meaner bards in vain aſpire
To raiſe their voice, to tune their lyre!
Their lovely ſeaſon, now, is o'er!
Thy notes, Florelio, pleaſe no more!
No more Aſteria's ſmiles are ſeen!—
Adieu!—the ſweets of Barel's-green!

The HALCYON.

WHY o'er the verdant banks of Ooze
Does yonder halcyon ſpeed ſo faſt?
'Tis all becauſe ſhe would not loſe
Her favourite calm that will not laſt.

The ſun with azure paints the ſkies.
The ſtream reflects each flowery ſpray:
And frugal of her time ſhe flies
To take her fill of love and play.

See her, when rugged Boreas blows,
Warm in ſome rocky cell remain;
To ſeek for pleaſure, well ſhe knows,
Would only then enhance the pain.

Deſcend, ſhe cries, thou hated ſhower,
Deform my limpid waves to-day,
For I have choſe a fairer hour
To take my fill of love and play.

You too, my Silvia ſure will own
Life's azure ſeaſons ſwiftly roll:
And when our youth our health is flown,
To think of love but ſhocks the ſoul.

Could Damon but deſerve thy charms,
And thou art Damon's only theme;
He'd fly as quick to Delia's arms,
As yonder halcyon ſkims the ſtream.

O D E.

SO dear my Lucio is to me,
So well our minds and tempers blend;
That ſeaſons may for ever flee,
And ne'er divide me from my friend;
But let the favour'd boy forbear
To tempt with love my only fair.

O Lycon, born when every Muſe,
When every Grace benignant ſmil'd,
With all a parent's breaſt could chuſe
To bleſs her lov'd, her only child:
'Tis thine, ſo richly grac'd to prove
More noble cares, than cares of love.

Together we from early youth
Have trod the flowery tracks of time,
Together mus'd in ſearch of truth,
O'er learned ſage, or bard ſublime;
And well thy cultur'd breaſt I know,
What wonderous treaſure it can ſhow.

Come then, reſume thy charming lyre,
And ſing ſome patriot's worth ſublime,
Whilſt I in fields of ſoft deſire
Conſume my fair and fruitleſs prime;
Whoſe reed aſpires but to diſplay
The flame that burns me night and day.

O come! the dryads of the woods
Shall daily ſoothe thy ſtudious mind,
The blue-eyed nymphs of yon cler floods
Shall meet and court thee to be kind;
And Fame ſits liſtening for thy lays
To ſwell her trump with Lucio's praiſe.

Like me, the plover fondly tries
To lure the ſporſmen from her neſt,
And fluttering on with anxious cries,
Too plainly ſhows her tortur'd breaſt:
O let him, conſcious of her care,
Pity her pains, and learn to ſpare.

A PASTORAL ODE,

To the Right Hon. Sir Richard Lyttleton.

THE morn diſpens'd a dubious light
A ſullen miſt had ſtol'n from ſight
Each pleaſing vale and hill;
When Damon left his humble bowers,
To guard his flocks, to fence his flowers,
Or cheek his wandering rill.

Though ſchool'd from fortune's paths to fly,
The ſwain beneath each lowering ſky,
Would oft his fate bemoan;
That he in ſylvan ſhades, forlorn!
Muſt waſte his chearleſs ev'n and morn,
Nor prais'd, nor lov'd, nor known.

No friend to fame's obſtreperous noiſe,
Yet to the whiſpers of her voice,
Soft murmuring, not a foe:
The pleaſures he through choice declin'd,
When gloomy fogs depreſs'd his mind,
It griev'd him to forego

Griev'd him to lurk the lakes beſide,
Where coots in ruſhy dingles hide,
And moorcocks ſhun the day;
While caitiff bitterns, undiſmay'd,
Remark the ſwain's familiar ſhade,
And ſcorn to quit their prey.

But ſee, the radiant ſun once more
The brightning face of heaven reſtore,
And raiſe the doubtful dawn;
And, more to gild his rural ſphere,
At once the brighteſt train appear,
That ever trod the lawn.

Amazement chill'd the ſhepherd's frame,
To think * Bridgewater's honour'd name
Should grace his ruſtic cell;

That

* The Ducheſs, married to Sir R. Lyttleton.

That ſhe, on all whoſe motions wait
Diſtinction, title, rank, and ſtate,
Should rove where ſhepherds dwell.

But true it is, the generous mind,
By candour ſway'd, by taſte refin'd,
Will nought but vice diſdain;
Nor will the breaſt where fancy glows
Deem every flower a weed that blows
Amid the deſert plain.

Beſeems it ſuch, with honour crown'd,
To deal its lucid beams around,
Nor equal meed receive:
At moſt ſuch garlands from the field,
As cowſlips, pinks and panſies yield,
And rural hands can weave.

Yet ſtrive ye ſhepherds, ſtrive to find,
And weave the faireſt of the kind,
The prime of all the ſpring;
If haply thus yon lovely fair
May round their temples deign to wear
The trivial wreaths you bring.

O how the peaceful halcyons play'd
Where'er the conſcious lake betray'd
Athenia's placid mien;
How did the ſprightlier linnets throng,
Where Paphia's charms requir'd the ſong,
'Mid hazel copſes green:

Lo, Dartmouth on thoſe banks reclin'd,
While buſy fancy calls to mind
The glories of his line;
Methinks my cottage rears its head,
The ruin'd walls of yonder ſhed,
As through enchantment, ſhine.

But who the nymph that guides their way?
Could ever nymph deſcend to ſtray
From Hagley's fam'd retreat?
Elſe, by the blooming features fair
The faultleſs make, the matchleſs air,
'Twere Cynthia's form compleat.

So would ſome tuberoſe delight,
That ſtruck the pilgrim's wandering ſight
'Mid lonely deſerts drear;
All as at eve, the ſovereign flower
Diſpenſes round its balmy power,
And crowns the fragrant year.

Ah, now no more, the ſhepherd cry'd,
Muſt I ambition's charms deride,
Her ſubtle force diſown,
No more of fawns or fairies dream,
While fancy, near each cryſtal ſtream,
Shall paint theſe forms alone.

By low-brow'd rock, or pathleſs mead,
I deem'd that ſplendour ne'er ſhou'd lead
My dazzled eyes aſtray;
But who alas! will dare contend,
If beauty add, or merit blend
Its more illuſtrious ray?

Nor is it long—O plaintive ſwain!
Since Guernſey ſaw without diſdain,
Where, hid in woodlands green,
The * partner of his early days,
And once the rival of his praiſe
Had ſtol'n through life unſeen,

Scarce faded is the vernal flower,
Since Stamford left his honour'd bower
To ſmile familiar here:
O form'd by nature to diſcloſe
How fair that courteſey which flows
From ſocial warmth ſincere.

Nor yet have many moons decay'd,
Since Pollio ſought this lonely ſhade,
Admir'd this rural maze:
The nobleſt breaſt that virtue fires,
The Graces love, the Muſe inſpires,
Might pant for Pollio's praiſe.

Say Thomſon here was known to reſt,
For him yon vernal ſeat I dreſt,
Ah! never to return!
In place of wit, and melting ſtrains,
And ſocial mirth, it now remains
To weep beſide his urn.

Come then, my Lælius, come once more,
And fringe the melancholy ſhore
With roſes and with bays,
While I each wayward fate accuſe,
That envy'd his impartial Muſe
To ſing your early praiſe.

While Philo, to whoſe favour'd ſight,
Antiquity, with full delight,
Her inmoſt wealth diſplays;
Beneath yon ruins moulder'd wall
Shall muſe, and with his freind recal
The pomp of ancient days,

Here too ſhall Conway's name appear,
He prais'd the ſtream ſo lovely clear,
That ſhone the reeds among;
Yet clearneſs could it not diſcloſe,
To march the rhetoric that flows
From Conway's poliſh'd tongue.

Ev'n Pitt, whoſe fervent periods roll
Reſiſtleſs! through the kindling ſoul
Of ſenates, councils, kings!
Though form'd for courts, vouchſaf'd to rove
Inglorious, through the ſhepherd's grove,
And ope his baſhful ſprings.

But what can courts diſcover more,
Than theſe rude haunts have ſeen before,
Each fount and ſhady tree?
Have not theſe trees and fountains ſeen
The pride of courts, the winning mien
Of peerleſs Ayleſbury?

And Grenville, ſhe whoſe radiant eyes
Have mark'd by ſlow gradation riſe
The princely piles of Stow;
Yet prais'd theſe unembelliſh'd woods,
And ſmil'd to ſee the babbling floods
Through ſelf-worn mazes flow.

* They were ſchool-fellows.

Say Dartmouth, who your banks admir'd,
Again beneath your caves retir'd,
Shall grace the penſive ſhade;
With all the bloom, with all the truth,
With all the ſprightlineſs of youth,
By cool reflection ſway'd?

Brave, yet humane, ſhall Smith appear,
Ye ſailors, though his name be dear,
Think him not yours alone:
Grant him in other ſpheres to charm,
The ſhepherds' breaſts though mild are warm,
And ours are all his own.

O Lyttleton! my honour'd gueſt,
Could I deſcribe thy generous breaſt
Thy firm, yet poliſh'd mind;
How public love adorns thy name,
How fortune too conſpires with fame;
The ſong ſhould pleaſe mankind.

VERSES,

Written towards the cloſe of the year 1748, to William Lyttleton, Eſq.

HOW blithely paſs'd the ſummer's day!
How bright was every flower!
While friends arriv'd, in circles gay,
To viſit Damon's bower!

But now, with ſilent ſtep, I range
Along ſome lonely ſhore;
And Damon's bower, alas the change!
Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds and cities borne
In queſt of joy they ſteer;
Whilſt I, alas! am left forlorn,
To weep the parting year!

O penſive Autumn! how I grieve
Thy ſorrowing face to ſee!
When languid ſuns are taking leave
Of every drooping tree.

Ah let me not, with heavy eye,
This dying ſcene ſurvey!
Haſte, Winter, haſte; uſurp the ſky;
Complete my bower's decay.

Ill can I bear the motley caſt
Yon ſickning leaves retain;
That ſpeak at once of pleaſures paſt,
And bode approaching pain.

At home unbleſt, I gaze around,
My diſtant ſcenes require;
Where all in murky vapours drown'd
Are hamlet, hill and ſpire.

Though Thompſon, ſweet deſcriptive bard!
Inſpiring Autumn ſung;
Yet how ſhould we the months regard,
That ſtopp'd his flowing tongue?

Ah luckleſs months, of all the reſt,
To whoſe hard ſhare it fell!
For ſure he was the gentleſt breaſt
That ever ſung ſo well.

And ſee, the ſwallows now diſown
The roofs they lov'd before;
Each, like his tuneful genius, flown
To glad ſome happier ſhore.

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,
The ſportſman's frantic deed;
While hounds and horns and yells unite
To drown the Muſe's reed.

Ye fields with blighted herbage brown,
Ye ſkies no longer blue!
Too much we feel from fortune's frown,
To bear theſe frowns from you.

Where is the mead's unſullied green?
The zephyr's balmy gale?
And where ſweet friendſhip's cordial mien,
That brighten'd every vale?

What though the vine diſcloſe her dyes,
And boaſt her purple ſtore;
Not all the vineyard's rich ſupplies
Can ſoothe our ſorrows more.

He! he is gone, whoſe moral ſtrain
Could wit and mirth refine;
He! he is gone, whoſe ſocial vein
Surpaſs'd the power of wine.

Faſt by the ſtreams he deign'd to praiſe,
In yon ſequeſter'd grove,
To him a votive urn I raiſe;
To him, and friendly love.

Yes, there, my friend! forlorn and ſad,
I grave your Thomſon's name;
And there, his lyre; which fate forbad
To ſound your growing fame.

There ſhall my plaintive ſong recount
Dark themes of hopeleſs woe?
And faſter than the drooping fount,
I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in ſpite of Autumn green,
Shall ſhade the hallow'd ground;
And Spring will there again be ſeen,
To call forth flowers around.

But now kind ſuns will bid me ſhare,
Once more, his ſocial hour;
Ah Spring! thou never canſt repair
This loſs, to Damon's bower.

LOVE AND MUSIC,

Written at Oxford, when young.

SHALL Love alone for ever claim
An univerſal right to fame,
An undiſputed ſway?
Or has not muſic equal charms
To fill the breaſt with ſtrange alarms,
And make the world obey?

The

The Thracian Bard, as Poets tell,
Could mitigate the Powers of hell;
Ev'n Pluto's nicer ear:
His arts, no more than Love's, we find
To deities or men confin'd,
Drew brutes in crouds to hear.

Whatever favourite paſſion reign'd,
The Poet ſtill his right maintain'd
O'er all that rang'd the plain:
The fiercer tyrants could aſſuage,
Or fire the timorous into rage,
Whene'er he chang'd the ſtrain.

In milder lays the Bard began?
Soft notes through every finger ran,
And echoing charm'd the place:
See! fawning lions gaze around,
And, taught to quit their ſavage ſound,
Aſſume a gentler grace.

When Cymon view'd the fair-one's charms,
Her ruby lips, and ſnowy arms,
And told her beauties o'er:
When love reform'd his aukward tone,
And made each clowniſh geſture known,
It ſhew'd but equal power.

The Bard now tries a ſprightlier ſound,
When all the feather'd race around
Perceive the varied ſtrains;
The ſoaring lark the note purſues;
The timorous dove around him cooes,
And Philomel complains.

An equal power of Love I 've ſeen
Incite the deer to ſcour the green,
And chaſe his barking foe.
Sometimes has Love, with greater might,
To challenge—nay—ſometimes—to fight
Provok'd th' enamour'd beau.

When Sylvia treads the ſmiling plain,
How glows the heart of every ſwain,
By pleaſing tumults toſt!
When Handel's ſolemn accents roll,
Each breaſt is fir'd, each raptur'd ſoul
In ſweet confuſion loſt.

If ſhe her melting glances dart,
Or he his dying airs impart,
Our ſpirits ſink away.
Enough, enough! dear nymph, give o'er;
And thou, great artiſt! urge no more
Thy unreſiſted ſway.

Thus Love or ſound affects the mind:
But when their various powers are join'd,
Fly, daring mortal, fly!
For when Selinda's charms appear,
And I her tuneful accents hear—
I burn, I faint, I die!

COMPARISON.

'TIS by compariſon we know
On every object to beſtow
Its proper ſhare of praiſe:
Did each alike perfection bear,
What beauty, though divinely fair,
Could admiration raiſe?

Amidſt the lucid bands of night,
See! Heſperus, ſerenely bright,
Adorns the diſtant ſkies:
But languiſhes amidſt the blaze
Of ſprightly Sol's meridian rays,—
Or Silvia's brighter eyes.

Whene'er the nightingale complains,
I like the melancholy ſtrains,
And prai'e the tuneful bird:
But vainly might ſhe ſtrain her throat,
Vainly exalt each ſwelling note,
Should Silvia's voice be heard.

When, on the violet's purple bed,
Supine I reſt my weary head,
The fragrant pillow charms:
Yet ſoon ſuch languid bliſs I 'd fly,
Would Silvia but the loſs ſupply,
And take me to her arms.

The alabaſter's wonderous white,
The marble's poliſh ſtrikes my ſight,
When Silvia is not ſeen:
But ah! how faint that white is grown,
How rough appears the poliſh'd ſtone,
Compar'd with Silvia's mien!

The roſe, that o'er the Cyprian plains,
With flowers enamel'd, blooming reigns,
With undiſputed power,
Plac'd near her cheeks celeſtial red,
(Its purple loſt, its luſtre fled,)
Delights the ſenſe no more.

ODE to CYNTHIA.

On the approach of SPRING.

NOW in the cowſlip's dewy cell
The fairies make their bed,
They hover round the cryſtal well,
The turf in circles tread.

The lovely linnet now her ſong
Tunes ſweeteſt in the wood;
The twittering ſwallow ſkims along
The azure liquid flood.

The morning breeze wafts Flora's kiſs
In fragrance to the ſenſe;
The happy ſhepherd feels the bliſs,
And ſhe takes no offence.

But not the linnet's ſweeteſt ſong
That ever fill'd the wood;
Or twittering ſwallow that along
The azure liquid flood

Skims ſwiftly, harbinger of ſpring,
Or morning's ſweeteſt breath,
Or Flora's kiſs, to me can bring
A remedy for death.

For

For death—what do I ſay? Yes, death
Muſt ſurely end my days,
If cruel Cynthia ſlights my faith,
And will not hear my lays.

No more with feſtive garlands bound,
I at the wake ſhall be;
No more my feet ſhall preſs the ground
In dance with wonted glee;

No more my little flock I'll keep,
To ſome dark cave I'll fly;
I've nothing now to do but weep,
To mourn my fate, and ſigh.

Ah! Cynthia, thy Damon's cries
Are heard at dead of night;
But they, alas! are doom'd to riſe
Like ſmoak upon the ſight.

They riſe in vain, ah me! in vain
Are ſcatter'd in the wind;
Cynthia does not know the pain
That rankles in my mind.

If ſleep perhaps my eye-lids cloſe,
'Tis but to dream of you;
A while I ceaſe to feel my woes,
Nay, think I'm happy too.

I think I preſs with kiſſes pure,
Your lovely roſy lips,
And you're my bride. I think I'm ſure,
Till gold the mountain tips.

When wak'd, aghaſt I look around,
And find my charmer flown;
Then bleeds afreſh my galling wound,
While I am left alone.

Take pity then, O gentleſt maid!
On thy poor Damon's heart:
Remember what I've often ſaid,
'Tis you can cure my ſmart.

JEMMY DAWSON.

A Ballad, written about the time of his Execution, in the year 1745.

COME liſten to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you ſcorn to heave a ſigh,
Nor need you bluſh to ſhed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerleſs maid,
Do thou a penſive ear incline;
For thou canſt weep at every woe;
And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young Dawſon was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, ſhe lov'd him dear
Of gentle blood the damſel came;
And faultleſs was her beauteous form,
And ſpotleſs was her virgin fame.

But curſe on party's hateful ſtriſe,
That led the favour'd youth aſtray;
The day the rebel clans appear'd,
O had he never ſeen that day!

Their colours and their ſaſh he wore,
And in the fatal dreſs was found;
And now he muſt that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keeneſt wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's ſentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine ſnows
So paie, or yet ſo chill appear.

With faultering voice, ſhe weeping ſaid,
Oh Dawſon, monarch of my heart;
Think not thy death ſhall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might ſweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes;
O George, without a prayer for thee,
My orizons ſhould never cloſe.

The gracious prince that gave him life,
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to liſp the giver's name.

But though he ſhould be dragg'd in ſcorn
To yonder ignominious tree;
He ſhall not want one conſtant friend
To ſhare the cruel fates' decree.

O then her mourning coach was call'd,
The ſledge mov'd ſlowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible beheſts of law;
And the laſt ſcene of Jemmy's woes,
With calm and ſtedfaſt eye ſhe ſaw.

Diſtorted was that blooming face,
Which ſhe had fondly lov'd ſo long;
And ſtifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praiſe had ſweetly ſung.

And ſever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breaſt,
On which her love-ſick head repos'd:

And raviſh'd was that conſtant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its King forget,
'Twas true and loyal ſtill to her.

Amid theſe unrelenting flames,
She bore this conſtant heart to ſee;
But when 'twas moulder'd into duſt,
Yet, yet, ſhe cry'd, I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can ſhew
The pure, the laſting love I bore;
Accept, O heaven! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.

The diſmal ſcene was o'er and paſt,
The lover's mournful hearſe retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, ſighing forth his name, expir'd.

Though

Though juſtice ever muſt prevail,
The tear my Kitty ſheds is due:
For ſeldom ſhall ſhe hear a tale
So ſad, ſo tender, yet ſo true.

A Paſtoral BALLAD, in Four Parts. 1743.

"Arbuſta humileſque myricæ." VIRG.

I. ABSENCE.

YE ſhepherds ſo chearful and gay,
Whoſe flocks never carelesly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to ſtray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was ſo watchful I;
I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have ſtrove
With the torture of doubt and deſire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phillis farewel.

Since Phillis vouchſaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine:
May I looſe both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are paſt, and I ſigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languiſh in vain;
Why wander thus penſively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the ſmiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of the valley, is flown
Alas! where with her I have ſtray'd,
I could wander with pleaſure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguiſh I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be ſo—
'Twas with pain that ſhe ſaw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I ſlowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly diſcern;
So ſweetly ſhe bid me adieu,
I thought that ſhe bade me return.

The Pilgrim that journeys all day
To viſit ſome far-diſtant ſhrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my ſolace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

MY banks they are furniſh'd with bees.
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep;
My grottos are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with ſheep.
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow;
My fountains all border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there ſeen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a ſweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fiſhes of gold.

One would think ſhe might like to retire
To the bower I have labour'd to rear;
Not a ſhrub that I heard her admire,
But I haſted and planted it there.
O how ſudden the jeſſamine ſtrove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What ſtrains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roſes that blow!
And when her bright form ſhall appear,
Each bird ſhall harmoniouſly join
In a concert ſo ſoft and ſo clear,
As—ſhe may not be fond to reſign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will ſay 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe aver'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more whe I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove:
That it ever attended the bold;
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love.
But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſay,
Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon ſighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe?
Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade!
Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!
Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
If aught, in her abſence, could pleaſe.

But where does my Phyllida ſtray?
And where are her grots and her bowers?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?

The

The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my paſſion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I ſhew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien ſhe enamours the brave;
With her wit ſhe engages the free;
With her modeſty pleaſes the grave;
She is every way pleaſing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the ſwain,
That will ſing but a ſong in her praiſe.
When he ſings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and liſten the while;
Nay on him let not Phyllida frown;
—But I cannot allow her to ſmile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might ſhe ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dreſſes his hair,
And his crook is beſtudded around;
And his pipe—oh my Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the ſound.

'Tis his with mock paſſion to glow,
'Tis his in ſmooth tales to unfold,
"How her face is as bright as the ſnow,
And her boſom, be ſure, is as cold.
How the nightingales labour the ſtrain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he ſtrays,
And pillages every ſweet;
Then, ſuiting the wreath to his lays
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
"O Phyllis, he whiſpers, more fair,
More ſweet than the jeſſamine's flower!
What are pinks in a morn, to compare?
What is eglantine, after a ſhower?

Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the roſe is depriv'd of its bloom;
Then the violets die with deſpight,
And the wood-bines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the ſoft numbers along,
And he fancies no ſhepherd his peer;
—Yet I never ſhould envy the ſong,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy deſpiſe:
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they ſhine not in Phyllis's eyes.

The language that flows from the heart,
Is a ſtranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may ſhe beware of his art,
Or ſure I muſt envy the ſong.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE ſhepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my ſheep:
They have nothing to do but to ſtray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my paſſion begun;
She ſmil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithleſs—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
Perhaps it was plain to foreſee,
That a nymph ſo complete would be ſought
By a ſwain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inſpire:
It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

She is faithleſs, and I am undone;
Ye that witneſs the woes I endure;
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree;
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle, they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repoſe
Yet time may diminiſh the pain:
The flower, and the ſhrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleaſure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The ſweets of a dew-ſprinkled roſe,
The ſound of a murmuring ſtream,
The peace which from ſolitude flows,
Henceforth ſhall be Corydon's theme.
High tranſports are ſhewn to the ſight;
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never beſtow'd ſuch delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, ſpread your branches apace;
To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chaſe;
I would vaniſh from every eye.
Yet my reed ſhall reſound through the grove
With the ſame ſad complaint it began;
How ſhe ſmil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithleſs, and I am undone!

LEVITIES;

OR

PIECES OF HUMOUR.

FLIRT and PHIL;

A Deciſion for the Ladies.

A WIT, by learning well refin'd,
A beau, but of the rural kind,
To Sylvia made pretences;
They both profeſs'd an equal love:
Yet hop'd by different means to move
Her judgment or her ſenſes.

Young ſprightly Flirt, of blooming mien,
Watch'd the beſt minutes to be ſeen;
Went—when his his glaſs adviſ'd him;
While meagre Phil of books enquir'd;
A wight, for wit and parts admir'd;
And witty ladies priz'd him.

Sylvia had wit, had ſpirits too:
To hear the one, the other view,
Suſpended held the ſcales:
Her wit, her youth too, claim'd its ſhare.
Let none the preference declare,
But turn up—heads or tails.

STANZAS

To the memory of an agreeable Lady, buried in marriage to a perſon undeſerving her.

'TWAS always held, and ever will,
By ſage mankind, diſcreeter,
T' anticipate a leſſer ill,
Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diſeaſes, pain,
And languiſhing conditions;
Who don't the leſſer ill ſuſtain
Of phyſic and—phyſicians?

Rather than loſe his whole eſtate,
He that but little wiſe is,
Full gladly pays four parts in eight
To taxes and exciſes

Our merchants Spain has near undone
For loſt ſhips not requiting:
This bears our noble king, to ſhun
The loſs of blood—in fighting!

With numerous ills, in ſingle life,
The bachelor's attended:
Such to avoid, he takes a wife—
And much the caſe is mended!

Poor Gratia in her twentieth year,
Fore-ſeeing future woe,
Choſe to attend a monkey here,
Before an ape below.

COLEMIRA.

A Culinary Eclogue.

"Nec tantum Veneris, quantum ſtudioſa culinæ."

NIGHT's ſable clouds had half the world o'erſpread,
And ſilence reign'd, and folks were gone to bed;
When love, which gentle ſleep can ne'er inſpire,
Had ſeated Damon by the kitchen fire.

Penſive he lay, extended on the ground;
The little lares kept their vigils round;
The fawning cats compaſſionate his caſe,
And pur around, and gently lick his face:

To all his plaints the ſleeping curs reply,
And with hoarſe ſnorings imitate a ſigh.
Such gloomy ſcenes with lovers' minds agree,
And ſolitude to them is beſt ſociety.

Could I (he cried) expreſs, how bright a grace
Adorns thy morning hands, and well-waſh'd face;
Thou wouldſt, Colemira, grant what I implore,
And yield me love, or waſh thy face no more.

Ah! who can ſee, and ſeeing not admire,
Whene'er ſhe ſets the pot upon the fire!
Her hands out-ſhine the fire, and redder things;
Her eyes are blacker than the pots ſhe brings.

But ſure no chamber-damſel can compare,
When in meridian luſtre ſhines my fair,
When warm'd with dinner's toil, in pearly rills,
Adown her goodly cheek the ſweat diſtills.

Oh! how I long, how ardently deſire,
To view thoſe roſy fingers ſtrike the lyre!
For late, when bees to change their climes began,
How did I ſee them thrum the frying-pan!

With her! I ſhould not envy George his queen,
Though ſhe in royal grandeur deck'd be ſeen:
While rags, juſt ſever'd from my fair one's gown,
In ruſſet pomp and greaſy pride hang down.

Ah! now it does my drooping heart rejoice,
When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice!
How would that voice exceed the village bell;
Would that but ſing, "I like thee paſſing well!"

When from the hearth ſhe bade the pointers go,
How ſoft! how eaſy did her accents flow!
"Get out, ſhe cry'd, when ſtrangers come to ſup,
"One ne'er can raiſe theſe ſnoring devils up."

Then, full of wrath, ſhe kick'd each lazy brute,
Alas! I envy'd even that ſalute;
'Twas ſure miſplac'd—Shock ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay,
He had as lief, I had the kick, as they.

If ſhe the myſtic bellows take in hand,
Who like the fair can that machine command?
O may'ſt thou ne'er by Eolus be ſeen;
For he wou'd ſure demand thee for his queen.

But ſhould the flame this rougher aid refuſe,
And only gentler med'cines be of uſe;
With ful.-blown cheeks ſhe ends the doubtful ſtrife,
Foments the infant flame, and puffs it into life.

Such arts as theſe, exalt the drooping fire,
But in my breaſt a fiercer flame inſpire:
I burn! I burn! O! give thy puffing o'er;
And ſwell thy cheeks, and pout thy lips, no more!

With all her haughty looks, the time I've ſeen,
When this proud damſel has more humble been,
When with nice airs ſhe hoiſt the pan-cake round,
And drop'd it, hapleſs fair! upon the ground.

Look, with what charming grace! what winning tricks!
The artful charmer rubs the candleſticks!
So bright ſhe makes the candleſticks ſhe handles,
Oft have I ſaid,—there were no need of candles.

But thou my fair! who never wouldſt approve,
Or hear the tender ſtory of my love;
Or mind, how burns my raging breaſt,—a button—
Perhaps art dreaming of—a breaſt of mutton.

Thus ſaid, and wept the ſad deſponding ſwain,
Revealing to the ſable walls his pain:
But nymphs are free with thoſe they ſhould deny;
To thoſe, they love, more exquiſitely coy!
Now chirping crickets raiſe their tinkling voice
The lambent flames in languid ſtreams ariſe,
And ſmoke in azure folds evaporate and dies.

The RAPE of the TRAP.

A Ballad, 1737.

'TWAS in a land of learning,
The Muſes favourite city,
Such pranks of late
Were play'd by a rat,
As—tempt one to be witty.

All in a College ſtudy,
Where books were in great plenty;
This rat would devour
More ſenſe in an hour,
Than I cou'd write—in twenty.

Corporeal food, 'tis granted,
Serves vermin leſs refin'd, Sir;
But this, a rat of taſte,
All other rats ſurpaſs'd;
And he prey'd on the food of the mind, Sir;

His breakfaſt half the morning,
He conſtantly attended;
And when the bell rung
For evening ſong,
His dinner ſcarce was ended!

He ſpar'd not ev'n heroics,
On which we poets pride us;
And wou'd make no more
Of king Arthur's *, by the ſcore,
Than all the world beſide does.

In books of geography,
He made the maps to flutter;
A river or a ſea
Was to him a diſh of tea;
And a kingdom, bread and butter.

But if ſome mawkiſh potion
Might chance to over-doſe him,
To check its rage,
He took a page
Of logic—to compoſe him—

A trap, in haſte and anger,
Was bought, you need not doubt on't
And, ſuch was the gin,
Where a lion once got in,
He could not, I think, get out on't.

With cheeſe, not books, 'twas baited,
The fact I'll not belye it—
Since none—I'll tell you that—
Whether ſcholar or rat
Mind books, when he has other diet.

But more of trap and bait, Sir,
Why ſhould I ſing, or either?
Since the rat, who knew the ſlight,
Came in the dead of night,
And dragg'd them away together:

Both trap and bait were vaniſh'd,
Through a fracture in the flooring;
Which, though ſo trim
It now may ſeem,
Had then—a dozen or more in.

Then anſwer this, ye ſages!
Nor deem a man to wrong ye,
Had the rat which thus did feaſt on
The trap, leſs claim to reaſon,
Than many a ſculi among ye?

Dan Prior's mice, I own it,
Were vermin of condition;
But this rat who merely learn'd
What rats alone concern'd,
Was the greater politician.

That England 's topſy-turvy,
Is clear from theſe miſhaps, Sir;
Since traps we may determine,
Will no longer take our vermin,
But vermin † take our traps, Sir.

* By Blackmore.

† Written at the time of the Spaniſh depredations.

Let ſophs, by rats infeſted,
Then truſt in cats to catch 'em;
Leſt they grow as learn'd as we,
In our ſtudies; where, d' ye ſee,
No mortal ſits to watch 'em.

Good luck betide our captains;
Good luck betide our cats, Sir;
And grant that the one
May quell the Spaniſh Don,
And the other deſtroy our rats, Sir.

On certain PASTORALS.

SO rude and tuneleſs are thy lays,
The weary audience vow,
'Tis not th' Arcadian ſwains that ſings,
But 'tis his herds that low.

On Mr. C— of Kidderminſter's Poetry.

THY verſe, friend are Kidderminſter * ſtuff,
And I muſt own you've meaſured out enough.

To the VIRTUOSOS.

HAIL, curious wights! to whom ſo fair
The form of mortal flies is!
Who deem thoſe grubs beyond compare,
Which common ſenſe deſpiſes.

Whether o'er hill, morals, or mound,
You make your ſportſman ſallies;
Or that your prey in gardens found
Is urg'd through walks and alleys.

Yet, in the fury of the chace,
No ſlope could e'er retard you;
Bleſt is one fly repay the race,
Or painted wings reward you.

Fierce as Camilla o'er the plain
Purſued the glittering ſtranger;
Still ey'd the purple's pleaſing ſtain,
And knew not fear nor danger.

'Tis you diſpenſe the favourite meat
To nature's ſilmy people;
Know what conſerves they chuſe to eat,
And what liqueurs to tipple.

And if her brood of inſects dies,
You ſage aſſiſtance lend her;
Can ſtoop to pimp for amorous flies,
And help them to engender.

'Tis you protect their pregnant hour;
And when the birth 's at hand,
Exerting your obſtetric power,
Preſent a mo.hleſs land.

Yet oh howe'er your towering view
Above groſs objects ries,
Whate'er refinements you purſue,
Hear, what a friend adviſes:

A friend, who, weigh'd with your's, muſt prize
Domitian's idle paſſion;
That wrought the death of teazing flies,
But ne'er their propagation.

Let Flavia's eyes more deeply warm,
Nor thus your hearts determine,
To ſlight dame nature's faireſt form
And ſigh for nature's vermin.

And ſpeak with ſome reſpect of beaux,
Nor more as triflers treat em:
'Tis better learn to ſave one's cloaths,
Than cheriſh moths, that eat 'em.

The Extent of COOKERY.

"Aliuſque et idem."

WHEN Tom to Cambridge firſt was ſent,
A plain brown bob he wore;
Read much, and look'd as though he meant
To be a ſop no more.

See him to Lincoln's inn repair,
His reſolution flag;
He cheriſhes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
But gets into the houſe
And ſoon a judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye bobs! ye bags, give place!
Full ottoms come inſtead!
Good Lord! to ſee the various ways
Of dreſſing—a calve's head?

The Progreſs of ADVICE.

A common Caſe.

"Suade non certum eſt."

SAYS Richard to Thomas (and ſeem'd half a ſtrain)
"I am thinking to marry thy miſtreſs's maid:
Now, becauſe Mrs. Lucy to thee is well known,
I will do the thou bid'ſt me, or let it alone.

Nay don't make a jeſt on't; 'tis no jeſt to me;
For 'faith I am in earneſt, ſo pr'ythee be free.
I have no fault to find with the girl ſince I knew her,
But I'd have thy advice, ere I tye myſelf to her."

Said Thomas to Richard, "to ſpeak my opinion,
There is not ſuch a bitch in king George's dominion,
And I firmly believe, if thou knowſt her as I do,
Thou wouldſt chuſe out a whipping-poſt, firſt to be ty'd to.

She's peeviſh, ſhe thieviſh, ſhe's ugly, ſhe's old,
And a liar, and a fool, and a jilt and a ſcold."
Next day Richard meeting to church he and was wed
And ere night had inform'd her what Thomas had ſaid.

* Famous for a coarſe woollen manufacture.

A BALLAD.

" Trahit ſua quemque voluptas "

FROM Lincoln to London rode forth our young ſquire,
To bring down a wife, whom the ſwains might admire;
But, in ſpite o' whatever the mortal could ſay,
The goddeſs objected the length of the way!

To give up the opera, the park, and the ball,
For to view the ſtag's horns in an old country hall;
To have neither China nor India to ſee!
Nor a laceman to plague in a morning—not ſhe!

To forſake the dear play-houſe, Quin, Garrick, and Clive,
Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive;
To forego the dull box for his lonеſome abode,
O heavens! ſhe ſhould faint, ſhe ſhould die on the road;

To forego the gay faſhions and geſtures of France,
And leave dear Auguſte in the midſt of the dance,
And Harlequin too!—'twas in vain to require it;
And ſhe wonder'd how folks had the face to deſire it.

She might yield to reſign the ſweet-ſingers of Ruckholt,
Where the citizen-matron ſeduces her cuckold;
But Ranelagh ſoon would her ſootſteps recal,
And the muſic, the lamps, and the glare of Vauxhall.

To be ſure ſhe could breathe no where elſe but in town,
Thus ſhe talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown;
But the while honeſt Harry deſpair'd to ſucceed,
A coach with a coronet trail'd her to Tweed.

SLENDER's Ghoſt. Vide Shakeſpear.

BENEATH a church-yard yew,
Decay'd and worn with age,
At duſk of eve methought I ſpy'd
Poor Slender's ghoſt, that whimpering cried,
O ſweet, O ſweet Anne Page!

Ye gentle bards! give ear!
Who talk of amorous rage,
Who ſpoil the lily, rob the roſe,
Come learn of me to weep your woes:
O ſweet, O ſweet Anne Page!

Why ſhould ſuch labour'd ſtrains
Your formal Muſe engage?
I never dream'd of flame or dart,
That fir'd my breaſt or pierc'd my heart,
But ſigh'd, O ſweet Anne Page!

And you! whoſe love-ſick minds
No med'cine can aſſuage!
Accuſe the leech's art no more,
But learn of Slender to deplore;
O ſweet, O ſweet Anne Page!

And ye! whoſe ſouls are held,
Like linnets in a cage!
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
Attend and imitate my ſtrains?
O ſweet, O ſweet Anne Page!

And you who boaſt or grieve,
What horrid wars we wage!
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye,
Yet mean as I do, when I ſigh,
O ſweet, O ſweet Anne Page!

Hence every fond conceit
Of ſhepherd or of ſage;
'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way
Expreſſes all you have to ſay,
O ſweet, O ſweet Anne Page!

The INVIDIOUS. MART.

O Fortune! if my prayer of old
Was ne'er ſolicitous for gold,
With better grace thou may'ſt allow
My ſuppliant wiſh, that aſks it now.
Yet think not, goddeſs! I require it
For the ſame end your clowns deſire it.
In a well made effectual ſtring,
Fain would I ſee Lividio ſwing!
Hear him, from Tyburn's height haranguing,
But ſuch a cur's not worth one's hanging.
Give me, O goddeſs! ſtore of pelf,
And he will tye the knot himſelf.

The PRICE of an EQUIPAGE.

" Servum ſi potes, Ole, non habere,
" Et regem potes, Ole non habere." MART.

I Aſk'd a friend, amidſt the throng,
Whoſe coach it was that trail'd along:
" The gilded coach there—don't ye mind?
That with the footmen ſtuck behind."
O Sir! ſays he, what! han't you ſeen it?
'Tis Damon's coach, and Damon in it.
'Tis odds, methinks, you have forgot
Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not!
Your old acquaintance Damon!—" True;
But faith his equipage is new."
" Bleſs me, ſaid I, where can it end?
What madneſs has poſſeſs'd my friend?
Four powder'd ſlaves, and thoſe the talleſt,
Their ſtomachs doubtleſs not the ſmalleſt!
Can Damon's revenue maintain
In lace and food, ſo large a train?
I know his land—each inch of ground—
'Tis not a mile to walk it round—
If Damon's whole eſtate can bear
To keep his lad and one-horſe chair,
I own 'tis paſt my comprehenſion."
Yes, Sir, but Damon has a penſion—

Thus

Thus does falſe ambition rule us,
Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us;
To keep a race of flickering knaves,
He grows himſelf the worſt of ſlaves.

HINT from VOITURE.

LET Sol his annual journeys run
And when the radiant taſk is done,
Confeſs, through all the Globe, 'twould poſe him
To match the charms that Celia ſhews him.

And ſhould he boaſt he once had ſeen
As juſt a form, as bright a mien,
Yet muſt it ſtill for ever poſe him,
To match—what Celia never ſhews him.

INSCRIPTION,

To the memory
Of A. L. Eſquire,
Juſtice of the peace for this county;
Who, in the whole courſe of his pilgrimage
Through a trifling ridiculous world,
Maintaining his proper dignity,
Notwithſtanding the ſcoffs of ill-diſpoſed perſons,
And wits of the age,
That ridiculed his behaviour,
Or cenſured his breeding;
Following the dictates of nature,
Deſiring to eaſe the afflicted,
Eager to ſet the priſoners at liberty,
Without having for his end
The noiſe, or report ſuch things generally cauſe in the world,
(As he was ſeen to perform them of none)
But the ſole relief and happineſs
Of the party in diſtreſs;
Himſelf reſting eaſy
When he could render that ſo;
Not griping, or pinching himſelf,
To hoard up ſuperfluities;
Not coveting to keep in his poſſeſſion
What gives more diſquietude, than pleaſure;
But charitably diffuſing it
To all round about him:
Making the moſt ſorrowful countenance
To ſmile
In his preſence;
Always beſtowing more than he was aſked,
Always imparting before he was deſired;
Not proceeding in this manner
Upon every trivial ſuggeſtion,
But the moſt mature and ſolemn deliberation;
With an incredible preſence and undauntedneſs of mind;
With an inimitable gravity and œconomy of face;
Bidding loud defiance
To politeneſs and the faſhion,
Dared let a f—t.

To a FRIEND.

HAVE you ne'er ſeen, my gentle ſquire,
The humours of your kitchen fire?

Says Ned to Sal, "I lead a ſpade.
Why don't ye play?—the girl's afraid—
Play ſomething—any thing—but play—
'is but to paſs the time away—
Phoo—how ſhe ſtands—biting her nails—
As though ſhe play'd for half her vails—
Sorting her cards, hagling and picking—
We play for nothing, do us chicken?—
That card will do—'blood never doubt it,
It's not worth while to think about it."

Sal thought, and thought, and miſs'd her aim,
And Ned, ne'er ſtudying, won the game.

Methinks, old friend, 'tis wondrous true,
That verſe is but a game at loo.
While many a bard, that ſhews ſo clearly
He writes for his amuſement merely,
Is known to ſtudy, fret and toil;
And play for nothing, all the while:
Or praiſe at moſt, for wreaths of yore
Ne'er ſignify'd a farthing more:
Till, having vainly toil'd to gain it,
He ſees your flying pen obtain it.

Through fragrant ſcenes the trifler roves,
And hallow'd haunts that Phœbus loves:
Where with ſtrange heats his boſom glows,
And myſtic flames the God beſtows.
You now none other flame require,
Than a good blazing parlour fire;
Write verſes—to defy the ſcorners,
In ſhit-houſes and chimney-corners.

Sal found her deep-laid ſchemes were vain—
The cards are cut—come deal again—
No good comes on it when one lingers—
I'll play the cards come next my fingers—
Fortune could never let Ned loo her,
When ſhe had left it wholly to her.

Well, now who wins?—why, ſtill the ſame—
For Sal has loſt another game.

"I've done; (ſhe mutter'd) I was ſaying,
It did not anſwer my playing.
Some folks will win, they cannot chuſe,
But think or not think—ſome muſt loſe.
I may have won a game or ſo—
But then it was an age ago—
It ne'er will be my lot again—
I won it of a baby then—
Give me an ace of trumps and ſee,
Our Ned will beat me with a three.
'Tis all by luck that things are carry'd—
He'll ſuffer for it, when he's marry'd."

Thus Sal, with tears in either eye;
While victor Ned ſat tittering by.

Thus I, long envying your ſucceſs,
And bent to write and ſtudy leſs,
Sate down and ſcribbled in a trice,
Juſt what you ſee,—and you deſpiſe.

You,

You, who can frame a tuneful ſong,
And hum it as you ride along;
And, trotting on the king's high-way,
Snatch from the hedge a ſprig of bay;
Accept this verſe, howe'er it flows,
From one that is your friend in proſe.

What is this wreath, ſo green! ſo fair!
Which many wiſh, and few muſt wear?
Which ſome men's indolence can gain,
And ſome men's vigils ne'er obtain?
For what muſt Sal or poet ſue,
Ere they engage with Ned or you?
For luck in verſe, for luck at loo?

Ah no! 'tis genius gives you fame,
And Ned, through ſkill, ſecures the game.

The POET and the DUN. 1741.

"Theſe are meſſengers
"That feelingly perſuade me what I am."
SHAKES.

COMES a dun in the morning and raps at my door—
"I made bold to call—'tis a twelvemonth and more—
I'm ſorry, believe me, to trouble you thus, ſir,
But Job would be paid, Sir, had Job been a mercer."
My friend have but patience—"Ay theſe are your ways."
I have got but one ſhilling to ſerve me two days—
But Sir—pr'ythee take it, and tell your attorney,
If I han't paid your bill, I have paid for your journey.

Well, now thou art gone, let me govern my paſſion,
And calmly conſider—conſider? vexation!
What whore that muſt paint, and muſt put on falſe locks,
And counterfeit joy in the pangs of the pox!
What beggar's wife's nephew, now ſtarv'd and now beaten,
Who, wanting to eat, fears himſelf ſhall be eaten!
What porter, what turnſpit, can deem his caſe hard!
Or what dun boaſt of patience that thinks of a bard!
Well, I'll leave this poor trade, for no trade can be poorer,
Turn ſhoe-boy, or courtier, or pimp, or procurer;
Get love, and reſpect, and good living, and pelf,
And dun ſome poor dog of a poet myſelf.
One's credit, however, of courſe will grow better;
Here enters the footman, and brings me a letter.

"Dear ſir! I received your obliging epiſtle,
Your fame is ſecure—bid the critics go whiſtle.
I read over with wonder the poem you ſent me;
And I muſt ſpeak your praiſes, no ſoul ſhall prevent me,
The audience, believe me, cry'd out every line
Was ſtrong, was affecting, was juſt, was divine;
All pregnant, as gold is, with worth, weight, and beauty,
And to hide ſuch a genius was—far from your duty.
I foreſee that the court will be hugely delighted:
Sir Richard, for much a leſs genius was knighted.
Adieu, my good friend, and for high life prepare ye;
I could ſay much more, but you're modeſt, I ſpare ye."
Quite fir'd with the flattery, I call for my paper,
And waſte that, and health, and my time and my taper:
I ſcribble till morn, when, with wrath no ſmall ſtore,
Comes my old friend the mercer, and raps at my door.
"Ah! friend, 'tis but idle to make ſuch a pother,
Fate, fate has ordain'd us to plague one another."

Written at an Inn at HENLEY.

TO thee, fair freedom! I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and dine;
Nor art they found in manſions higher
Than the low cott, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundleſs power I reign;
And every health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champaigne;
Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from p'ate!
I fly from falſehood's ſpecious grin!
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And chuſe my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my ſordid ore,
Which lacqueys elſe might hope to win;
It buys, what courts have not in ſtore;
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travel'd life's dull round,
Where'er his ſtages may have been,
May ſigh to think he ſtill has found
The warmeſt welcome at an inn.

A SIMILE.

A SIMILE.

WHAT vilage but has ſometime ſeen
The clumſy ſhape, the frightful mien,
Tremendous claws, and ſhagged hair,
Of that grim brute yclept a bear?
He from his dam, the learn'd agree,
Received the curious form you ſee;
Who, with her plaſtic tongue alone,
Produc'd a viſage—like her own—
And thus they hint, in myſtic faſhion,
The powerful force of education * —
Perhaps you crowd of ſwains is viewing
E'en now, the ſtrange exploits of Bruin;
Who plays his antics, roars aloud;
The wonder of a gaping crowd!

So have I known an awkward lad,
Whoſe birth has made a pariſh glad,
Forbid, for fear of ſenſe, to roam,
And taught by kind mamma at home;
Who gives him many a well-try'd rule,
With ways and means—to play the fool.
In ſenſe the ſame, in ſtature higher,
He ſhines, 'ere long, a rural ſquire,
Pours forth unwitty jokes, and ſwears,
And bawls, and drinks, but chiefly ſtares:
His tenants of ſuperior ſenſe
Carouze, and laugh, at his expence;
And deem the paſtime I 'm relating,
To be as pleaſant, as bear-baiting.

The CHARMS of PRECEDENCE.

A TALE.

"SIR, will you pleaſe to walk before?"
—No, pray Sir—you are next the door.
—"Upon mine honour, I 'll not ſtir—"
Sir, I 'm at home, conſider, Sir—
"Excuſe me, Sir, I 'll not go firſt."
Well, if I muſt be rude, I muſt—
But yet I wiſh I could evade it—
'Tis ſtrangely clowniſh, be perſuaded—
Go forward, cits! go forward, ſquires!
Nor ſcruple each, what each admires.
Life ſquares not, friends, with your proceeding;
It flies, while you diſplay your breeding:
Such breeding as one's granam preaches,
Or ſome old dancing-maſter teaches,
O for ſome rude tumultuous fellow,
Half crazy, or, at leaſt, half mellow,
To come behind you unawares,
And fairly puſh you both down ſtairs!
But death's at hand—let me adviſe ye,
Go forward, friends! or he'll ſurpriſe ye.

Beſides, how inſincere you are!
Do ye not flatter, lye, forſwear
And daily cheat, and weekly pray,
And all for this—to lead the way?

Such it my theme, which means to prove,
That though we drink, or game, or love,
As that or this is moſt in faſhion,
Precedence is our ruling paſſion.

When college-ſtudents take degrees,
And pay the beadle's endleſs fees,
What moves that ſcientific body,
But the firſt cutting at a gawdy?
And whence ſuch ſhoals, in bare conditions,
That ſtarve and languiſh as phyſicians,
Content to trudge the ſtreets, and ſtare at
The fat apothecary's chariot?
But that, in Charlot's chamber (ſee
Moliere's "Medicin malgre lui")
The leach, howe'er his fortunes vary,
Still walks before th' apothecary.

Flavia in vain has wit and charms,
And all that ſhines, and all that warms;
In vain all human race adore her,
For—Lady Mary ranks before her.

O Celia, gentle Celia! tell us,
You who are neither vain nor jealous!
The ſofteſt breaſt, the mildeſt mien!
Would'ſt you not feel ſome little ſpleen,
Nor bite your lip nor furl your brow,
If Florimel, your equal now,
Should, one day, gain precedence of ye?
Firſt ſerv'd—though in a diſh of coffee?
Plac'd firſt, although, where you are found,
You gain the eyes of all around?
Nam'd firſt, though not with half the ſame,
That waits my charming Celia's name?

Hard fortune! barely to inſpire
Our fix'd eſteem, and fond deſire!
Barely where'er you go, to prove
The ſource of univerſal love!—
Yet be content, obſerving this,
Honour 's the offſpring of caprice:
And worth, howe'er you have purſued it,
Has now no power—but to exclude it.
You 'll find your general reputation
A kind of ſupplemental ſtation.

Poor Swift with all his worth, could ne'er,
He tells us, hope to riſe a peer;
So, to ſupply it, wrote for fame:
And well the wit ſecur'd his aim.
A common patriot has a drift,
Not quite ſo innocent as Swift:
In Britain's cauſe he rants, he labours;
"He's honeſt, faith"—have patience, neighbours,
For patriots may ſometime deceive,
May beg their friends' reluctant leave,
To ſerve them in a higher ſphere;
And drop their virtue, to get there.—
As Lucian tells us, in his faſhion,
How ſouls put off each earthly paſſion,
Ere on Elyſium's flowery ſtrand
Old Charon ſuffer'd them to land;
So ere we meet a court's careſſes.
No doubt our ſouls muſt change their dreſſes:
And ſouls there be, who, bound that way,
Attire themſelves ten times a day,

If

* Of a fond matron's education.

If then 'tis rank which all men covet,
And ſaints alike and ſinners love it;
If place, for which our courtiers throng
So thick, that few can get along;
For which ſuch ſervile toils are ſeen,
Who 's happier than a king?—a queen.

Howe'er men aim at elevation,
'Tis properly a female paſſion:
Women, and beaux, beyond all meaſure
Are charm'd with rank's extatic pleaſure

Sir, if your drift I rightly ſcan,
You'd hint a beau was not a man:
Say, women then are fond of places;
I wave all diſputable caſes.
A man perhaps would ſomething linger,
Were his lov'd rank to coſt—a finger;
Or were an ear or toe the price on 't,
He might deliberate once or twice on 't:
Perhaps aſk Gataker's advice on 't,
And many, as their frame grows old,
Would hardly purchaſe it with gold.

But women with precedence ever;
'Tis their whole life's ſupreme endeavour.
It fires their youth with jealous rage,
And ſtrongly animates their age.
Perhaps they would not ſell out-right,
Or maim a limb—that was in ſight;
Yet on worſe terms they ſometimes chuſe it;
Nor ev'n in puniſhments refuſe it.

Pre-eminence in vain you cry!
All fierce and pregnant with reply.
But lend your patience, and your ear,
An argument ſhall make it clear.
But hold, an argument may fail,
Beſide my title ſays, a tale.

Where Avon rolls her winding ſtream,
Avon, the Muſes' favourite theme!
Avon, that fills the farmers' purſes,
And decks with flowers both farms and verſes,
She viſits many a fertile vale—
Such was the ſcene of this my tale.
For 'tis in Eveſham's vale, or near it,
That folks with laughter tell and hear it.

The ſoil with annual plenty bleſt
Was by young Corydon poſſeſt.
His youth alone I lay before ye,
As moſt material to my ſtory:
For ſtrength and vigour too, he had them,
And 'twere not much amiſs, to add them.

Thrice happy lout! whoſe wide domain
Now green with graſs, now gilt with grain,
In ruſſet robes of clover deep,
Or thinly veil'd, and white with ſheep;
Now fragrant with the bean's perfume,
Now purpled with the pulſe's bloom,
Might well with bright alluſion ſtore me;
—But happier bards have been before me!
Amongſt the various year's increaſe,
The ſtripling own'd a field of peaſe;
Which, when at night he ceas'd his labours,
Were haunted by ſome female neighbours.
Each morn diſcover'd to his ſight,
The ſhameful havock of the night:
Traces of this they left behind them,
But no inſtructions where to find them.
The Devil's works are plain and evil,
But few or none have ſeen the Devil.
Old Noll, indeed, if we may credit
The words of Echard, who has ſaid it,
Contriv'd with Satan how to fool us;
And bargain'd face to face to rule us;
But then old Noll was one in ten,
And fought him more than other men.
Our ſhepherd too, with like attention,
May meet the female fiends we mention.
He roſe one morn at break of day,
And near the field in ambuſh lay:
When lo! a brace of girls appears,
The third, a matron much in years,
Smiling, amidſt the peaſe, the ſinners
Sate down to cull their future dinners;
And, caring little who might own them,
Made free as though themſelves had ſown them.

'Tis worth a ſage's obſervation,
How love can make a jeſt of paſſion.
Anger had forc'd the ſwain from bed,
His early dues to love unpaid!
And love, a god that keeps a pother,
And will be paid one time or other,
Now baniſh'd anger out of door;
And claim'd the debt withheld before.
If anger bid our youth revile,
Love form'd his features to a ſmile:
And knowing well 'twas all grimace,
To threaten with a ſmiling face,
He in few words expreſs'd his mind—
And none would deem them much unkind.

The amorous youth, for their offence,
Demanded inſtant recompence:
That recompence from each, which ſhame
Forbids a baſhful Muſe to name.
Yet, more this ſentence to diſcover,
'Twas what Det * * grants her lover,
When he, to make the ſtrumpet willing,
Has ſpent his fortune—to a ſhilling.

Each ſtood a while, as 'twere ſuſpended,
And loth to do, what—each intended.

At length, with ſoft pathetic ſighs,
The matron, bent with age, replies:
'Tis vain to ſtrive—juſtice, I know
And our ill ſtars, will have it ſo—
But let my tears your wrath aſſuage,
And ſhew ſome deference for age!
I from a diſtant village came,
Am old, God knows and ſomething lame;
And if we yield, as yield we muſt,
Diſpatch my crazy body firſt.
Our ſhepherd, like the Phrygian ſwain,
When circled round on Ida's plain
With goddeſſes he ſtood ſuſpended,
And Pallas's grave ſpeech was ended,
Own'd what ſhe aſk'd might be his duty;
But paid the compliment to beauty.

ODE

ODE to be performed by Dr. BRETTLE, and a Chorus of Hales-owen Citizens.

The Inſtrumental Part, a Viol d'Amour.

AIR by the DOCTOR.

AWAKE! I ſay, awake good people
And be for once alive and gay;
Come let 's be merry; ſtir the tipple;
How can you ſleep,
Whilſt I do play? how can you ſleep, &c.

CHORUS of CITIZENS.

Pardon, O! pardon, great muſician!
On drowſy ſouls ſome pity take!
For wonderous hard it is our condition,
To drink thy beer,
Thy ſtrains to hear;
To drink,
To hear,
And keep awake!

SOLO by the DOCTOR.

Hear but this ſtrain—'twas made by Handel,
A wight of ſkill, and judgment deep!
Zooners they're gone—Sal, bring a candle—
No, here is one, and he's aſleep.

DUETTE.

Dr.—How could they go *Soft muſic.*
Whilſt I do play?
Sal.—How could they go! *Warlike muſic.*
How ſhould they ſtay?

CUPID AND PLUTUS.

WHEN Celia, Love's eternal foe,
To rich old Gomez firſt was marry'd;
And angry Cupid came to know,
His ſhafts had err'd, his bow miſcarry'd;
He ſigh'd, he wept, he hung his head,
On the cold ground, full ſad, he laid him;
When Plutus, there by fortune led,
In this deſpoiling plight ſurvey'd him.

And ſure, he cry'd, you 'll own at laſt
Your boaſted power by mine exceeded:
Say, wretched boy, now all is paſt,
How little ſhe your efforts heeded.
If with ſucceſs you would aſſail,
Gild, Youngſter, doubly gild your arrows:
Little the feather'd ſhafts avail,
Thou wing'd from Mamma's doves and ſparrows.

What though each reed, each arrow grew,
Where Venus bath'd herſelf; depend on't.
'Twere more for uſe, for beauty too,
A diamond ſparkled at the end on't.
Peace, Plutus, peace!—the boy reply'd;
Were not my arts by yours infeſted,
I could each other power deride,
And rule this circle, unmoleſted.
See yonder pair! no worldly views
In Chloe's generous breaſt reſided;
Love bade her the ſpruce valet chuſe,
And ſhe by potent love was guided.
For this! ſhe quits her golden dreams,
In her gilt coach no more ſhe ranges:
And her rich crimſon, bright with gems,
For cheeks impearl'd with tears, ſhe changes.
Though ſordid Celia own'd your power,
Think not ſo monſtrous my diſgrace is:
You gain'd this nymph—that very hour
I gain'd a ſcore in different places.

EPILOGUE to the Tragedy of Cleone.

WELL, ladies—ſo much for the tragic ſtile—
And now the cuſtom is to make you ſmile.
To make us ſmile —methinks I hear you ſay—
'Why, who can help it, at ſo ſtrange a play?
The Captain gone three years!—and then to blame
The faultleſs conduct of his virtuous dame!
My ſtars!—what gentle belle would think it treaſon,
When thus provok'd, to give the brute ſome reaſon?
Out of my houſe!—this night, forſooth depart?
A modern wife had ſaid—"With all my heart—
But think not, haughty Sir, I'll go alone!
Order your coach—conduct me ſafe to town—
Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—
And pray take care my pin-money be paid."
Such is the language of each modiſh fair;
Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare
The time has been when modeſty and truth
Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth:
When women hid their necks, and veil'd their faces,
Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor ſtar'd at public places,
Nor took the airs of Amazons for graces:
Then plain domeſtic virtues were the mode,
And wives ne'er dreamt of happineſs abroad;
They lov'd their children, learn'd no flaunting airs,
But with the joys of wedlock mix'd the cares.
Thoſe times are paſt—yet ſure they merit praiſe,
For marriage triumph'd in thoſe golden days:
By chaſte decorum they affection gain'd;
By faith and fondneſs what they won maintain'd.
'Tis yours, ye fair to bring thoſe days again,
And form a new the hearts of thoughtleſs men;
Make beauty's luſtre amiable as bright,
And give the ſoul, as well as ſenſe, delight;
Reclaim from folly a fantaſtic age,
That ſcorns the preſs, the pulpit, and the ſtage.
Let truth and tenderneſs your breaſts adorn,
The marriage chain with tranſport ſhall be worn;
Each blooming virgin rais'd into a bride
Shall double all their joys, their cares divide;
Alleviate grief, compoſe the jars of ſtrife,
And pour the balm that ſweetens human life.

MORAL PIECES.

The JUDGMENT of HERCULES.

WHILE blooming ſpring deſcends from genial ſkies,
By whoſe mild influence inſtant wonders riſe;
From whoſe ſoft breath Elyſian beauties flow;
The ſweets of Hagley, or the pride of Stowe;
Will Lyttleton the rural landſkip range
Leave noiſy fame, and not regret the change?
Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early ſcenes,
And learn a moral from the riſing greens?
There, warm'd alike by Sol's enlivening power,
The weed, aſpiring, emulates the flower:
The drooping flower, its fairer charms diſplay'd,
Invites, from grateful hands, their generous aid:
Soon, if none check th' invaſive foe's deſigns,
The lively luſtre of theſe ſcenes declines!
'Tis thus the ſpring of youth, the morn of life,
Rears in our minds the rival ſeeds of ſtrife.
Then paſſion riots, reaſon then contends;
And, on the conqueſt, every bliſs depends:
Life, from the nice deciſion, takes its hue;
And bleſt theſe judges who decide like you!
On worth like theirs ſhall every bliſs attend!
The world their favourite, and the world their friend.
There are, who, blind to thought's fatiguing ray,
As fortune gives examples, urge their way:
Nor virtues foes, though they her paths decline,
And ſcarce her friends, though with her friends they join
In her's, or vice's caſual road advance
Thoughtleſs, the ſinners or the ſaints of chance!
Yet ſome more nobly ſcorn the vulgar voice;
With judgement fix, with zeal purſue their choice,
When ripen'd thought, when reaſon born to reign,
Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein;
While paſſion's lawleſs tides, at their command,
Glide through more uſeful tracts, and bleſs the land.
Happieſt of theſe is he whoſe matchleſs mind,
By learning ſtrenghten'd, and by taſte refin'd,
In virtue's cauſe eſſay'd its earlieſt powers;
Choſe virtue's paths, and ſtrew'd her paths with flowers.
The firſt alarm'd, if freedom waves her wings:
The fitteſt to adorn each art ſhe brings:
Lov'd by that prince whom every virtue fires;
Prais'd by that bard whom every Muſe inſpires:
Bleſt in tuneful art, the ſocial flame;
In all that wins, in all that merits fame:
'Twas youth's perplexing ſtage his doubts inſpir'd,
When great Alcides to a grove retir'd.
Through the lone windings of a devious glade,
Reſign'd to thought, with lingering ſteps he ſtray'd;
Bleſt with a mind to taſte ſincerer joys:
Arm'd with a heart each falſe one to deſpiſe.
Dubious he ſtray'd, with wavering thoughts poſſeſt,
Alternate paſſions ſtruggling ſhar'd his breaſt;
The various arts which human cares divide,
In deep attention all his mind employ'd:
Anxious if fame an equal bliſs ſecur'd;
Or ſilent eaſe with ſofter charms allur'd.
The ſylvan choir, whoſe numbers ſweetly flow'd,
The ſount that murmur'd, and the flowers that blow'd;
The ſilver flood that in meanders led
His glittering ſtreams along th' enliven'd mead;
The ſoothing breeze, and all thoſe beauties join'd,
Which, whilſt they p'eaſe, effeminate the mind,
In vain! while diſtant, on a ſummit rais'd,
Th' imperial towers of fame attractive blaz'd.
While thus he trac'd through fancy's puzzling maze
The ſeparate ſweets of pleaſure and of praiſe;
Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,
And now a luſtre gain'd upon the ſhade.
At once, before his wondering eyes were ſeen
Two female forms, of more than mortal mien.
Various their charms; and in their dreſs and face,
Each ſeem'd to vie with ſome peculiar grace,
This, whoſe attire leſs clogg'd with art appear'd,
The ſimple ſweets of innocence endear'd.
Her ſprightly bloom, her quick ſagacious eye,
Shew'd native merit, mix'd with modeſty.
Her air diffus'd a mild yet aweful ray,
Severely ſweet, and innocently gay.
Such the chaſte image of the martial maid,
In artleſs folds of virgin white array'd!
She let no ſorrow'd roſe her cheeks adorn,
Her bluſhing cheeks, that ſham'd the purple morn.
Her charms nor had, nor wanted artful foils,
Or ſtudy'd geſtures, or well-practis'd ſmiles.
She ſcorn'd the toys which render beauty leſs:
She prov'd th' engaging chaſtity of dreſs;
And while ſhe choſe in native charms to ſhine,
Ev'n thus ſhe ſeem'd, nay more than ſeem'd, divine.
One modeſt emerald claſp'd the robe ſhe wore,
And, in her hand, th' imperial ſword ſhe bore.
Sublime her height, majeſtic was her pace,
And match'd the awful honours of her face.
The ſhrubs, the flowers, that deck'd the verdant ground,
Seem'd, where ſhe trod, with riſing luſtre crown'd.
Still her approach with ſtronger influence warm'd;
She pleas'd, while diſtant; but, when near, ſhe charm'd,
So ſtrikes the gazer's eye, the ſilver gleam
That glittering quivers o'er a diſtant ſtream:
But from its banks we ſee new beauties riſe,
And, in its cryſtal boſom, trace the ſkies.
With other charms the rival viſion glow'd;
And from her dreſs her tinſel beauties flow'd.
A fluttering robe her pamper'd ſhape conceal'd,
And ſeem'd to ſhade the charms it beſt reveal'd,
Its form, contriv'd her faulty ſize to grace,
Its hue, to give freſh luſtre to her face.

Her

Her plaited hair diſguis'd with brilliants glar'd;
Her cheeks the ruby's neighbouring luſtre ſhar'd;
The gawdy topaz lent its gay ſupplies,
And every gem that ſtrikes leſs curious eyes;
Expos'd her breaſt with foreign ſweets perfum'd;
And, round her brow, a roſeate garland bloom'd.
Soft ſmiling, bluſhing lips conceal'd her wiles;
Yet, ah! the bluſhes artful as the ſmiles.
Oft-gazing on her ſhade, th' enraptur'd fair
Decreed the ſubſtance well deſerv'd her care:
Her thoughts, to others charms malignly blind,
Center'd in that, and were to that confin'd:
And if on others eyes a glance were thrown,
'Twas but to watch the influence of her own.
Much like her guardian, fair Cythera's queen,
When for her warrior ſhe refines her mien;
Or when, to bleſs her Dehan favourite's arms,
The radiant fair invigorates her charms.
Much like her pupil, Egypt's ſportive dame,
Her dreſs expreſſive, and her air the ſame,
When her gay bark o'er ſilver Cydnos roll'd,
And all th' emblazon'd ſtreamers wav'd in gold.
Such ſhone the viſion, nor forbore to move
The fond contagious airs of lawleſs love.
Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,
And amorous dimples on each cheek conſpir'd.
Lifeleſs her gait, and flow, with ſeeming pain,
She dragg'd her loitering limbs along the plain;
Yet made ſome faint efforts, and firſt approach'd the ſwain.
So glaring draughts, with taudry luſtre bright,
Spring to the view, and ruſh upon the ſight:
More ſlowly charms a Raphael's chaſtier air,
Waits the calm ſearch, and pays the ſearcher's care.

Wrap'd in a pleas'd ſuſpence, the youth ſurvey'd
The various charms of each attractive maid:
Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,
And found, alternate, varying flames inſpir'd.
Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleaſure ran,
When ſhe, who firſt approach'd him firſt began,

"Hither, dear boy, direct thy wandering eyes;
'Tis here the lovely vale of pleaſure lies.
Debate no more, to me thy life reſign;
Each ſweet which nature can diffuſe is mine,
For me the nymph diverſifies her power,
Springs in a tree, or bloſſoms in a flower;
To pleaſe my ear, ſhe tunes the linnet's ſtrains;
To pleaſe my eye, with lilies paints the plains;
To form my couch, in moſſy beds ſhe grows;
To gratify my ſmell, perfumes the roſe;
Reveals the fair, the fertile ſcene you ſee,
And ſwells the vegetable world, for me.

Let the gull'd fool the toils of war purſue,
Where bleed the many to enrich the few:
Where chance from courage claims the boaſted prize:
Where, though ſhe give, your country oft denies,
Induſtrious thou ſhalt Cupid'
And ever gently fight his ſof
His darts alone ſhalt wield, l
Yet only ſuffer, to enjoy the
Yie d but to me—a choir of
And fire thy breaſt, and blei
Their beauteous cheeks a fai
A brighter lily on their neck
Where fondly thou thy favo
Soft as the down that ſwells
While Philomel in each ſoft
And gently lulls thee with n
Whilſt, with each accent, ſ
And ſpicy gums round every
Not the fam'd bird Arabian
Shall in ſuch luxury of ſweet
At ſloth let war's victorious
In vain! for pleaſure is my
Nor envy thou the head with
No, ſeek thou roſes to adorn
For well each opening ſce
care,
Suits and deſerves the beaute

Let others prune the vine
Shall crown thy table, and e
Let vulgar hands explore the
So the gay produce glitter ſti
Indulgent Bacchus loads his
And, guarding, gives its
me.
For my lov'd train, Apollo'
Darts through the paſſive g
gem
See in my cauſe conſenting g
Nor ſlight thoſe gods, their
For thee the poplar ſhall its
For thee, in clouded beauty,
Some coſtly tribute every cli
Some charming treaſure eyer
Each object round ſome
yield;
Art built thy dome, while na
Of Corinth's order ſhall the
The ſpiring turrets glitter tha
Thy coſtly robe ſhall glow w
Thy vale ſhall ſparkle, and th
Yes thou, whatever pomp th
Shalt own the amorous night

When melting flutes, an
lyres
Wake the gay loves, and cite
Or, in th' Ionian dance, ſom
Improves the flame her ſpark
Think, canſt thou quit a glo
To feed on virtue's viſionary
Or ſlight the joys which wit a
For the faint honour of a fro
To find dull envy ev'n that h
And, where you toil'd for glo

O! think that beauty waits
And thy lov'd loveliеſt charm
She, whoſe ſoft ſmile, or gen
You vow'd the wild extremiti

In whoſe endearments years, like moments, flew;
For whoſe endearments millions ſeem'd too few;
She, ſhe implores; ſhe bids thee ſeize the prime,
And tread with her the flowery tract of time;
Nor thus her lovely bloom of life beſtow
On ſome cold lover, or inſulting foe
Think, if againſt that tongue thou canſt rebel,
Where love yet dwelt, and reaſon ſeem'd to dwell;
What ſtrong perſuaſion arms her ſofter ſighs!
What full conviction ſparkles in her eyes!

See nature ſmiles, and birds ſalute the ſhade,
Where breathing jaſmin ſcreens the ſleeping maid:
And ſuch her charms, as to the vain may prove,
Ambition ſeeks more humble joys than love!
There buſy toil ſhall ne'er invade thy reign,
Nor ſciences perplex thy labouring brain:
Or none, but what with equal ſweets invite;
Nor other arts, but to prolong delight:
Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing,
To praiſe a pendant, or to grace a ring;
To fix the dreſs that ſuits each varying mien;
To ſhew where beſt the cluſtering gems are ſeen;
To ſigh ſoft ſtrains along the vocal grove,
And tell the charms the ſweet effects of love!
Nor fear to find a coy diſdainful Muſe;
Nor think the ſiſter will their aid refuſe.
Cool grots, and tinkling rills, or ſilent ſhades,
Soft ſcenes of leiſure! ſuit th' harmonious maids;
And all the wiſe, and all the grave decree
Some of that ſacred train ally'd to me.

But if more ſpecious eaſe thy wiſhes claim,
And thy breaſt glow with faint deſire of fame,
Some ſofter ſcience ſhall thy thoughts amuſe,
And learning's name a ſolemn ſound diffuſe:
To thee all nature's curious ſtores I'll bring,
Explain the beauties of an inſect's wing;
The plant, which nature, leſs diffuſely kind,
Has to few climes with partial care confin'd:
The ſhell ſhe ſcatters with more careleſs air,
And, in her frolicks, ſeems ſupremely fair;
The worth that dazzles in the tulip's ſtains,
Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.

Sleep's downy god, averſe to war's alarms,
Shall o'er thy head diffuſe his ſofteſt charms;
Ere anxious thought thy dear repoſe aſſail,
Or care, my moſt deſtructive foe, prevail.
The watery nymphs ſhall tune the vocal vales,
And gentle zephyrs harmonize their gales,
For thy repoſe inform, with rival joy,
Their ſtreams to murmur, and their winds to ſigh.
Thus ſhalt thou ſpend the ſweetly-flowing day,
Till loſt in bliſs thou breath'ſt thy ſoul away:
Till ſhe t' Elyſian bowers of joy repair,
Nor find my charming ſcenes exceeded there."

She ceas'd; and on a lily bank reclin'd,
Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind:
One tender hand her drooping head ſuſtains;
One points, expreſſive, to the flowery plains.
Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll,
Deep in his breaſt, to melt his manly ſoul.
As when Favonius joins the ſolar blaze,
And each fair fabric of the froſt decays.
Soon, to his breaſt, the ſoft harangue convey'd
Reſolves too partial to the ſpecious maid.

He ſigh'd, he gaz'd, ſo ſweetly ſmil'd the dame;
Yet, ſighing, gazing, ſeem'd to ſcorn his flame,
And, oft as virtue caught his wandering eye,
A crimſon bluſh condemn'd the riſing ſigh.
'Twas ſuch the lingering Trojan's ſhame betray'd
When Maia's ſon the frown of Jove diſplay'd:
When wealth, fame, empire, could no balance prove,
For the ſoft reign of Dido, and of love.
Thus ill with arduous glory love conſpires;
Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires!

Some hovering doubts his anxious boſom mov'd,
And virtue, zealous fair! theſe doubts improv'd.

"Fly, fly, fond youth, the too indulgent maid,
Nor err, by ſuch fantaſtic ſcenes betray'd.
Though in my path the rugged thorn be ſeen,
And the dry turf diſcloſe a fainter green;
Though no gay roſe or flowery product ſhine,
The barren ſurface ſtill conceals the mine.
Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that grows
In virtue's path, ſuperior ſweets beſtows—
Yet ſhould thoſe boaſted, ſpecious toys alluze,
Whence could fond ſloth the flattering gifts procure?
The various wealth that tempts thy fond deſire,
'Tis I alone her greateſt foe, acquire.
I from old ocean rob the treaſur'd ſtore;
I through each region, latent gems explore;
'Twas I the rugged brilliant firſt reveal'd,
By numerous ſtrata deep in earth conceal'd,
'Tis I the ſurface yet refine, and ſhow
The modeſt gem's intrinſic charms to glow.
Nor ſwells the grape, nor ſpires its feeble tree
Without the firm ſupports of induſtry.

But grant we ſloth the ſcene herſelf has drawn,
The moſſy grotto, and the flowery lawn;
Let Philomela tune th' harmonious gale,
And with each breeze eternal ſweets exhale;
Let gay Pomona flight the plains around,
And chuſe, for faireſt fruits, the favour'd ground;
To bleſs the fertile vale ſhould virtue ceaſe,
Nor moſſy grots, nor flowery lawns could pleaſe;
Nor gay Pomona's luſcious gifts avail,
The ſound harmonious, or the ſpicy gale.

See'ſt thou yon rocks in dreadful pomp ariſe,
Whoſe rugged cliffs deform th' encircling ſkies?
Thoſe fields whence Phœbus all their moiſture drains,
And, too profuſely fond, diſrobes the plains?
When I vouchſafe to tread the barren ſoil,
Thoſe rocks ſeem lovely, and thoſe deſerts ſmile.
The form thou view'ſt, to every ſcene with eaſe
Transfers its charms, and every ſcene can pleaſe.
When I have on thoſe pathleſs wilds appear'd;
And the lone wanderer with my preſence chear'd;
Thoſe cliffs the exile has with pleaſure view'd,
And call'd the deſert bliſsful ſolitude!

Nor I alone to ſuch extend my care:
Fair-blooming health ſurveys her altars there.
Brown exerciſe will lead thee where ſhe reigns,
And with reflected luſtre gild the plains.

With

With her, in flower of youth, and beauty's pride,
Her offspring, calm content and peace, reſide.
One ready offering ſuits each neighbouring ſhrine;
And all obey their laws, who practiſe mine.
But health averſe from ſloth's ſmooth region flies;
And, in her abſence, pleaſure droops and dies.
Her bright companions, mirth, delight, repoſe,
Smile where ſhe ſmiles and ſicken when ſhe goes.
A galaxy of powers! whoſe forms appear
For ever beauteous, and for ever near.
Nor will ſoft ſleep to ſloth's requeſt incline,
He from her couches flies unbid to mine.
Vain is the ſparkling bowl, the warbling ſtrain,
Th' incentive ſong, the labour'd viand vain!
Where ſhe relentleſs reigns without control,
And checks each gay excurſion of the ſoul:
Unmov'd, though beauty, deck'd in all its charms,
Grace the rich couch and ſpread the ſofteſt arms:
Till joyleſs indolence ſuggeſts deſires;
Or drugs are ſought to furniſh languid fires:
Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,
Barren of bliſs, but fertile of decay.
As artful heats, apply'd to thirſty lands,
Produce no flowers, and but debaſe the ſands.
But let fair health her chearing ſmiles impart,
How ſweet is nature, how ſuperfluous art!
'Tis ſhe the fountain's ready draught commends,
And ſmooths the flinty couch which fortune lends,
And when my hero from his toils retires,
Fills his gay boſom with unuſual fires,
And, while no checks th' unbounded joy reprove,
Aids and refines the genuine ſweets of love.
His faireſt proſpect riſing trophies frame;
His ſweeteſt muſic is the voice of fame;
Pleaſures to ſloth unknown! ſhe never found
How fair the proſpect, or how ſweet the ſound.
See fame's gay ſtructure from yon ſummit charms,
And fires the manly breaſt to arts or arms;
Nor dread the ſteep aſcent, by which you riſe
From groveling vales to towers which reach the ſkies.

Love, fame, eſteem, 'tis labour muſt acquire
The ſmiling offspring of a rigid ſire!
To fix the friend, your ſervice muſt be ſhewn;
All, ere they lov'd your merit, lov'd their own.
That wondering Greece your portrait may admire,
That tuneful bards may ſtring for you their lyre,
That books may praiſe, or coins record your name,
Such, ſuch rewards 'tis toil alone can claim!
And the ſame column which diſplays to view
The conqueror's name, diſplays the conqueſt too.
'Twas ſlow experience, tedious miſtreſs! taught
All that e'er nobly ſpoke, or bravely fought.
'Twas ſhe the patriot, ſhe the bard refin'd,
In arts that ſerve, protect, or pleaſe mankind.
Not the vain viſions of inactive ſchools;
Not fancy's maxims, not opinion's rule,
E'er form'd the man whoſe generous warmth extends
T' enrich his country, or to ſerve his friends.
On active worth the laurel war beſtows:
Peace rears her olive for induſtrious brows;
Nor earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind ſupplies;
Nor heaven, its ſhowers without a ſacrifice.
See far below ſuch groveling ſcenes of ſhame,
As lull to reſt Ignavia's ſlumbering dame.
Her friends, from all the toils of fame ſecure,
Alas! inglorious, greater toils endure.
Doom'd all to mourn, who in her cauſe engage
A youth enervate, and a painful age;
A ſickly ſapleſs maſs, if reaſon flies;
And, if ſhe linger, impotently wiſe!
A thoughtleſs train, who pamper'd, ſleek, and gay,
Invite old age, and revel youth away;
From life's freſh vigour move the load of care,
And idly place it where they leaſt can bear.
When to the mind, diſeas'd, for aid they fly,
What kind reflection ſhall the mind ſupply?
When, with loſt health, what ſhould the loſs allay,
Peace, peace is loſt: a comfortleſs decay!
But to my friends, when youth, when pleaſure flies,
And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes,
Through death's dark viſta flowery tracts are ſeen,
Elyſian plains, and groves for ever green.
If o'er their lives a refluent glance they caſt,
Their's is the preſent who can praiſe the paſt.
Life has its bliſs for theſe, when paſt its bloom,
As wither'd roſes yield a late perfume.
Serene, and ſafe from paſſion's ſtormy rage,
How calm they glide into the port of age!
Of the rude voyage leſs depriv'd than eas'd;
More tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than diſeas'd.
For health on age, 'tis temperance muſt beſtow;
And peace from piety alone can flow;
And all the incenſe bounteous Jove requires,
Has ſweets for him who feeds the ſacred fires.—
Sloth views the towers of fame with envious eyes;
Deſirous ſtill, ſtill impotent to riſe.
Oft, when reſolv'd to gain thoſe bliſsful towers,
The penſive queen the dire aſcent explores,
Comes onward, wafted by the balmy trees,
Some ſylvan muſic, or ſome ſcented breeze:
She turns her head, her own gay realm ſhe ſp'es,
And all the ſhort-liv'd reſolution dies.
Thus ſome fond inſect's faultering pinions wave,
Claſp'd in its favourite ſweets, a laſting ſlave:
And thus in vain theſe charming viſions pleaſe
The wretch of glory, and the ſlave of eaſe:
Doom'd ever in ignoble ſtate to pine,
Boaſt her own ſcenes, and languiſh after mine.
But ſhun her ſnares, nor let the world exclaim,
Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy ſhame.
With early hope thine infant actions fir'd;
Let manhood crown what infancy inſpir'd.
Let generous toils reward with health thy days,
Prolong thy prime, and eternize thy praiſe.
The bold exploit that charms th' atteſting age,
To-lateſt times ſhall generous hearts engage;

And

And with that myrtle ſhall thy ſhrine be crown'd,
With which, alive, thy graceful brows were bound:
Till time ſhall bid thy virtues freely bloom,
And raiſe a temple where it found a tomb.
Then in their feaſts thy name ſhall Grecians join;
Shall pour the ſparkling juice to Jove's and thine.
Thine, us'd in war, ſhall raiſe their native fire;
Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inſpire.
Dulneſs perhaps, through want of ſight, may blame,
And ſpleen, with odious induſtry, defame;
And that, the honours given, with wonder view,
And this, in ſecret ſadneſs, own them due:
Contempt and envy were by fate deſign'd
The rival tyrants which divide mankind;
Contempt, which none, but who deſerve, can bear;
While envy's wounds the ſmiles of fame repair.
For know, the generous thine exploits ſhall fire,
Thine every friend it ſuits thee to require.
Lov'd by the gods, and, till their ſeats I ſhew,
Lov'd by the good their images below."

Ceaſe, lovely maid, fair daughter of the ſkies!
My guide! my queen, th' extatic youth replies.
In thee I trace a form deſign'd for ſway;
Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride obey,
And, by thy bright immortal friends I ſwear,
Thy fair idea ſhall no toils impair.
Lead me! O lead me where whole hoſts of foes
Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppoſe!
Welcome all toils th' inequal fates decree,
While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee.
Such be my cares, to bind th' oppreſſive hand,
And cruſh the fetters of an injur'd land;
To ſee the monſter's noxious life reſign'd,
And tyrants quell'd, the monſters of mankind!
Nature ſhall ſmile to view the vanquiſh'd brood,
And none, but envy, riot unſubdued.
In cloiſter'd ſtate let ſelfiſh ſages dwell,
Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell:
And boaſt their lazy labyrinth of rules,
Far leſs the friends of virtue, than the fools:
Yet ſuch in vain thy favouring ſmiles pretend;
For he is thine, who proves his country's friend.
Thus when my life well-ſpent the good enjoy,
And the mean envious labour to deſtroy;
When, ſtrongly lur'd by fame's contiguous ſhrine,
I yet devote my choiſer vows to thine;
If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,
O lead thy favourite through the gates of fame!

He ceas'd his vows, and, with diſdainful air,
He turn'd to blaſt the late exulting fair.
But vaniſh'd, fled to ſome more friendly ſhore,
The conſcious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more:
Convinc'd, her ſpurious charms of dreſs and face
Claim'd a quick conqueſt, or a ſure diſgrace.
Fantaſtic Power! whoſe tranſient charms allur'd,
While error's miſt the reaſoning mind obſcur'd:
Not ſuch the victreſs, virtue's conſtant queen,
Endur'd the teſt of truth, and dar'd be ſeen.
Her brightning form and features ſeem'd to own,
'Twas all her wiſh, her intereſt, to be known:
And when his longing view the fair declin'd
Left a full image of her charms behind.
Thus reigns the moon, with furtive ſplendour crown'd,
While glooms oppreſs us, and thick ſhades ſurround.
But let the ſource of light its beams diſplay,
Languid and faint the mimic flames decay,
And all the ſickening ſplendor fades away.

The PROGRESS of TASTE.

OR,

The FATE of DELICACY.

A POEM on the Temper and Studies of the AUTHOR; and how great a Misfortune it is, for a Man of ſmall Eſtate to have much TASTE.

PART the FIRST.

PERHAPS ſome cloud eclips'd the day,
When thus I tun'd my penſive lay.
"The ſhip is launch'd—we catch the gale—
On life's extended ocean ſail:
For happineſs our courſe we bend,
Our ardent cry, our general end!
Yet, ah! the ſcenes which tempt our care
Are like the forms diſpers'd in air,
Still dancing near diſorder'd eyes;
And weakeſt his, who beſt deſcries!
Yet let me not my birth-right barter,
(For wiſhing is the poet's charter;
All bards have leave to wiſh what's wanted,
Though few e'er found their wiſhes granted;
Extenſive field; where poets pride them
In ſinging all that is deny'd them.)

For humble eaſe, ye powers! I pray;
That plain warm ſuit for ev'ry day!
And pleaſure, and brocade beſtow;
To flaunt it—once a month, or ſo.
The firſt for conſtant wear we want;
The firſt, ye powers! for ever grant;
But conſtant wear the laſt beſpatters,
And turns the tiſſue into tatters.

Where'er my vagrant courſe I bend,
Let me ſecure one faithful friend.
Let me, in public ſcenes, requeſt
A friend of wit and taſte, well dreſs'd;
And, if I muſt not hope ſuch favour,
A friend of wit and taſte, however.
Alas! that wiſdom ever ſhuns
To congregate her ſcatter'd ſons;
Whoſe nervous forces well combin'd
Would win the field, and ſway mankind.
The fool will ſqueeze, from morn to night,
To fix his follies full in ſight;
The note he ſtrikes, the plume he ſhows,
Attract whole flights of ſops and beaux;
And kindred-fools, who ne'er had known him,
Flock at the ſight; careſs, and own him;

But

But ill-ſtarr'd ſenſe, nor gay nor loud,
Steals ſoft on tip-toe through the crowd:
Conveys his meagre form between;
And ſlides, like pervious air, unſeen:
Contracts his known tenuity,
As though 'twere ev'n a crime, to be:
Nor ev'n permits his eyes to ſtray,
And win acquaintance in their way.
In company, ſo mean his air,
You ſcarce are conſcious he is there,
Till from ſome nook, like ſharpen'd ſteel,
Occurs his face's thin profile,
Still ſeeming, from the gazer's eye,
Like Venus, newly bath'd, to fly.
Yet, while reluctant he diſplays
His real gems before the blaze,
The fool hath, in its centre, plac'd
His tawdry ſtock of painted paſte,
Diſus'd to ſpeak, he tries his ſkill;
Speaks coldly, and ſucceeds but ill;
His penſive manner, dulneſs deem'd
His modeſty, reſerve eſteem'd;
His wit unknown, his learning vain,
He wins not one of all the train.
And thoſe who mutually known,
In friendſhip's faireſt liſt had ſhone,
Leſs prone, than pebbles, to unite,
Retire to ſhades from public ſight;
Grow ſavage, quit their ſocial nature;
And ſtarve, to ſtudy mutual ſatire.
But friends, and favourites, to chagrin them,
Find counties, countries, ſeas between them:
Meet once a year, then part, and then
Retiring, wiſh to meet again.
Sick of the thought, let me provide,
Some human form to grace my ſide;
At hand, where'er I ſhape my courſe;
An uſeful, pliant, ſtalking-horſe!
No geſture free from ſome grimace;
No ſeam, without its ſhare of lace;
But, mark'd with gold or ſilver either,
Hint where his coat was piec'd together.
His legs be lengthen'd, I adviſe,
And ſtockings roll'd abridge his thighs.
What though Vandyck had other rules,
What had Vandyck to do with fools?
Be nothing wanting, but his mind:
Before, a ſolitaire; behind,
A twiſted ribbon, like the track
Which nature gives an aſs's back.
Silent as midnight! pity 'twere
His wiſdom's ſlender wealth to ſhare!
And, whilſt in flocks our fancies ſtray,
To wiſh the poor man's lamb away.

This form attracting every eye,
I ſtroll all unregarded by:
This wards the jokes of every kind,
As an umbrella ſun or wind;
Or, like a ſponge, abſorbs the ſallies,
And peſtilential fumes of malice;
Or, like a ſplendid ſhield, is fit
To ſcreen the templar's random wit;
Or what ſome gentler cits let fall,
As wool-packs quaſh the leaden ball.

Alluſions theſe of weaker force,
And aptet ſtill the ſtalking-horſe!
O let me wander all unſeen,
Beneath the ſanction of his mien!
As lilies ſoft, as roſes fair!
Empty as air-pumps drain'd of air!
With ſteady eye and peace remark
The ſpeckled flock that haunts the park*;
Level my pen with wondrous heed
At follies flocking there to feed:
And, as my ſatire burſts amain,
See, feather'd foppery ſtrew the plain.
But when I ſeek my rural grove,
And ſhare the peaceful haunts I love,
Let none of this unhallow'd train
My ſweet ſequeſter'd paths profane,
Oft may ſome poliſh'd virtuous friend,
To the ſoft-winding vales deſcend;
And love with me inglorious things,
And ſcorn with me the pomp of kings,
And check me, when my boſom burns
For ſtatues, paintings, coins, and urns.
For I in Damon's prayer could join,
And Damon's wiſh might now be mine—
But all diſpers'd! the wiſh, the prayer,
Are driven to mix with common air.

PART THE SECOND.

HOW happy once was Damon's lot,
While yet romantic ſchemes were not!
Ere yet he ſent his weakly eyes,
To plan frail caſtles in the ſkies;
Forſaking pleaſures cheap and common,
To court a blaze, ſtill flitting from one.
Ah happy Damon! thrice and more,
Had taſte ne'er touch'd thy tranquil ſhore!

Oh! days! when to a girdle ty'd
The couples jingled at his ſide;
And Damon ſwore he would not barter
The ſportſman's girdle, for a garter!

Whoever came to kill an hour,
Found eaſy Damon in their power;
Pure ſocial nature all his guide,
"Damon had not a grain of pride."
He wiſh'd not to elude the ſnares
Which knavery plans, and craft prepares;
But rather wealth to crown their wiles:
And win their univerſal ſmiles:
For who are chearful, who at eaſe,
But they who cheat us as they pleaſe?
He winked at many a groſs deſign,
The new-fallen calf might countermine:
Thus every fool allow'd his merit;
"Yes! Damon had a generous ſpirit!"
A coxcomb's jeſt, however vile,
Was ſure, at leaſt, of Damon's ſmile:
That coxcomb ne'er denied him ſenſe;
For why, it prov'd his own pretence:
All own'd, were modeſty away,
Damon could ſhine as much as they.

* St. James's.

When

When wine and folly came in ſeaſon,
Damon ne'er ſtrove to ſave his reaſon;
Obnoxious to the mad uproar:
A ſpy upon a hoſtile ſhore!
'Twas this his company endear'd:
Mirth never came till he appear'd:
His lodgings—every drawer could ſhow them;
The ſlave was kick'd, who did not know them,
Thus Damon, ſtudious of his eaſe,
And pleaſing all, whom mirth could pleaſe;
Defy'd the world, like idle Colley,
To ſhew a ſofter word than folly.
Since wiſdom's gorgon-ſhield was known
To ſtare the gazer into ſtone;
He choſe to truſt in folly's charm,
To keep his breaſt alive and warm,
At length grave learning's ſober train
Remark'd the trifler with diſdain;
The ſons of taſte contemn'd his ways,
And rank'd him with the brutes that graze;
While they to nobler heights aſpir'd,
And grew belov'd, eſteem'd, admir'd.
Hence with our youth, not void of ſpirit,
His old companions loſt their merit:
And every kind well-natur'd ſot
Seem'd a dull play, without a plot;
Where every yawning gueſt agrees,
The willing creature ſtrives to pleaſe:
But temper never could amuſe;
It barely led us to excuſe;
'Twas true, converſing they aver'd,
All they had ſeen, or felt or heard:
Talents of weight! for wights like theſe,
The law might chuſe for witneſſes:
But ſure th' atteſting dry narration
Ill ſuits a judge of converſation,
What were their freedoms? mere excuſes
To vent ill-manners, blows, and bruiſes.
Yet freedom, gallant freedom! hailing,
At form, at form, inceſſant railing,
Would they examine each offence,
Its latent cauſe, its known pretence,
Punctilio ne'er was known to breed them,
So ſure as fond prolific freedom.
Their courage! but a loaded gun;
Machine the wiſe would wiſh to ſhun;
Its guard unſafe, its lock an ill one,
Where accident might fire and kill one.
In ſhort, diſguſted out of meaſure,
Through much contempt, and ſlender pleaſure,
His ſenſe of dignity returns;
His native pride his boſom burns;
He ſeeks reſpect—but how to gain it?
Wit, ſocial mirth, could ne'er obtain it;
And laughter, where it reigns uncheck'd,
Diſcards and diſſipates reſpect.
The man who bravely bows, enjoy it;
But ſhaking hands, at once, deſtroys it.
Precarious plant, which, freſh and gay,
Shrinks at the touch, and fades away!
Come then, reſerve! yet from thy train
Baniſh contempt, and curſt diſdain.
Teach me, he cry'd thy magic art,
To act the decent diſtant part:

* Boiſterous mirth.

To huſband well my complaiſance,
Nor let ev'n wit too far advance;
But chuſe calm reaſon for my theme,
In theſe her royal realms ſupreme;
And o'er her charms, with caution ſhown,
Be ſtill a graceful umbrage thrown;
And each abrupter period crown'd,
With nods, and winks, and ſmiles profound,
Till, reſcued from the crowd beneath,
No more with pain to move or breathe,
I riſe with head elate, to ſhare
Salubrious draughts of purer air.
Reſpect is won by grave pretence
And ſilence, ſurer ev'n than ſenſe—
'Tis hence the ſacred grandeur ſprings
Of Eaſtern—and of other kings
Or whence this awe to virtue due,
While virtue's diſtant as Peru?
The ſheathleſs ſword the guard diſplays,
Which round emits its dazzling rays:
The ſtately fort, the turrets tall,
Portcullis'd gate, and battled wall,
Leſs ſcreens the body, than controls,
And wards contempt from royal ſouls.
The crowns they wear but checks the eye,
Before it fondly pierce too nigh;
That dazzled crouds may be employ'd
Around the ſurface of—the void.
O! 'tis the ſtateſman's craft profound
To ſcatter his amuſements round!
To tempt us from the conſcious breaſt,
Where full-fledg'd crimes enjoy their neſt.
Nor awes us every worth reveal'd
So deeply, as each vice conceal'd.
The lordly log, diſpatch'd of yore,
That the frog people might adore,
With guards to keep them at a diſtance,
Had reign'd, nor wanted wit's aſſiſtance:
Nay—had addreſſes from his nation,
In praiſe of log-adminiſtration.

PART THE THIRD.

THE buoyant fires of youth were o'er,
And fame and finery pleas'd no more;
Productive of that general ſtare,
Which cool reflection ill can bear!
And, crowds commencing mere vexation,
Retirement ſent its invitation.
Romantic ſcenes of pendant hills,
And verdant vales, and falling rills,
And moſſy banks, the fields adorn,
Where Damon, ſimple ſwain, was born,
The Dryads rear'd a ſhady grove;
Where ſuch as think, and ſuch as love,
May ſafely ſigh their ſummer's day:
Or muſe their ſilent hours away.
The Oreads lik'd the climate well;
And taught the level plain to ſwell.
In verdant mounds, from whence the eye
Might all their larger works deſcry.

The

The Naiads pour'd their urns around,
From nodding rocks o'er vales profound.
They form'd their ſtreams to p eaſe the view,
And bade them wind, as ſerpents do:
And having ſhewn them where to ſtray,
Threw little pebbles in their way

Theſe Fancy, all-ſagacious maid,
Had at their ſeveral taſks ſurvey'd:
She ſaw and ſmil'd; and oft would lead
Our Damon's foot o'er hi l and mead;
There, with deſcriptive finger, trace
The genuine beauties of the place;
And when ſhe all its charms had ſhewn,
Preſcribe improvements of her own.

"See yonder hill, ſo green, ſo round,
Its brow with ambient beeches crown'd!
'Twould well become thy gentle care
To raiſe a dome to Venus there:
Pleas'd would the nymph thy zeal ſurvey;
And Venus, in their arms, repay,
'Twas ſuch a ſhade, and ſuch a nook,
In ſuch a vale, near ſuch a brook;
From ſuch a rocky fragment ſpringing;
That fam'd Apollo choſe, to ſing in.
There let an altar wrought with art
Engage thy tuneful pa:ron's heart.
How charming there to muſe and warble
Beneath his buſt of breathing marble!
With laurel wreath and mimic lyre,
That crown a poet's vaſt deſire.
Then, near it, ſcoop the vaulted cell
Where muſic's * charming maids may dwell;
Prone to indulge thy tender paſſion,
And make thee many an aſſignation.
Deep in the grove's obſcure retreat
Be plac'd Minerva's ſacred ſeat;
There let her aw ul turrets riſe,
(For wiſdom flies from vulgar eyes:)
There her calm dictates ſhalt thou hear
Diſtinctly ſtrike thy liſtening ear:
And who would ſhun the pleaſing labour,
To have Minerva for his neighbour?"

In ſhort, ſo charm'd each wild ſuggeſtion,
Its truth was little call'd in queſtion:
And Damon dreamt he ſaw the fawns,
And Nymphs, diſtinctly, ſkim the lawns;
Now trac'd amid the trees, and then
Loſt in the circling ſhades again.
With leer oblique their lover viewing—
And Cupid—panting—and purſuing—
Fancy, enchanting fair, he cry'd,
Be thou my goddeſs! thou my guide!
For thy bright viſions I deſpiſe
What foes may think, or friends adviſe,
The feign'd concern, when folks ſurvey
Expence, time, ſtudy, caſt away:
The real ſpleen, with which they ſee:
I pleaſe myſelf, and follow thee.
Thus glow'd his breaſt by fancy warm'd;
And thus the fairy landſkip charm'd.
But moſt he hop'd his conſtant care
Might win the favour of the fair;
And, wandering late through yonder glade,
He thus the ſoft deſign betray'd.

"Ye doves! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lays ſalute my love!
My Delia with your notes detain,
Or I have rear'd the grove in vain!
Ye flowers! which early ſpring ſupplies,
Diſplay at once your brighteſt dyes!
That ſhe your opening charms may ſee;
Or what were elſe your charms to me?
Kind Zephyr! bruſh each fragrant flower,
And ſhed its odours round my bower;
Or ne'er again, O gentle wind!
Shall I, in thee refreſhment find.
Ye ſtreams, if e er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native ſounds improv'd,
May each ſoft murmur ſoothe my fair;
Or, oh, 'twill deepen my deſpair!
Be ſure, ye willows you b ſeen
Array'd in livelieſt robes of green;
Or I will tear your ſlighted boughs,
And let them fade around my brows.
And thou, my grot! whoſe lonely bounds
The melancholy pine ſurrounds!
May ſhe admire the peaceful gloom,
Or thou ſhalt prove her lover's tomb."
And now the lofty domes were rear d;
Loud laugh'd the ſquires, th: rabble ſtar'd.
"See, neighbours, what our Damon's doing?
I think ſome folks are fond of ruin!
I ſaw his ſheep at random ſtray—
But he has thrown his crook away—
And build ſuch huts, as in foul weather,
Are fit for ſheep nor ſhepherd neither."
'Whence came the ſober ſwain miſled?
Why, Phœbus put it in his head.
Phœbus befriends hi n, we are told;
And Phœbus c ins bright tons of gold.
'Twere prudent not to be ſo vain on't,
I think he'll never touch a grain on't.
And if, from Phœbus, and his Muſe,
Mere earthly lazineſs enſues;
'Tis plain, for aught that I can ſay,
The Devil inſpires, as well as they.
So they—while fools of groſſer kind,
Leſs weeting what our bard deſign'd,
Impute his ſchemes to real evil;
That in theſe haunts he met the Devil.
He own'd, though their advice was vain,
It ſuited wights who trod the plain:
For dulneſs—though he might abhor it—
In them he made allowance for it.
Nor wonder'd, if, beholding mottos,
And urns, and domes, and cells, and grottos,
Folks, little dreaming of the Muſes,
Were plagu'd to gueſs their proper uſes.
But did the Muſes haunt his cell?
Or in his dome did Venus dwell?
Did Pallas in his counſels ſhare?
The Delian God reward his prayer?
Or did his zeal engage the fair?
When all the ſtructures ſhone compleat;
Not much convenient, wondrous neat;
Adorn d with gilding, painting, planting,
And the fair gueſts alone were wanting;
Ah, me! ('twas Damon's own confeſſion)
Came poverty and took poſſeſſion.

* The Muſes.

PART THE FOURTH.

WHY droops my Damon, whilſt he roves
Through ornamented meads and groves?
Near columns, obeliſks, and ſpires,
Which every critic eye admires?
'Tis poverty, deteſted maid,
Sole tenant of their ample ſhade!
'Tis ſhe, that robs him of his eaſe;
And bids their very charms diſpleaſe.
But now, by fancy, long controul'd,
And with the ſons of taſte enroll'd,
He deem'd it ſhameful to commence
Firſt miniſter to common ſenſe:
Far more elated to purſue
The loweſt taſk of dear vertù.
And now behold his lofty ſoul,
That whilom flew from pole to pole,
Settle on ſome elaborate flower;
And, like a bee, the ſwees devour!
Now, of a roſe enamour'd, prove
The wild ſolicitudes of love!
Now, in a lily's cup enſhrin'd,
Forego the commerce of mankind!
As in theſe toils he wore away
The calm remainder of his day;
Conducting ſun, and ſhade, and ſhower,
As moſt might glad the new-born flower,
So fate ordain'd before his eye—
Starts up the long-ſought butterfly!
While, fluttering round, her plumes unfold
Celeſtial crimſon, dropt with gold.
Adieu, ye bands of flowrets fair!
The living beauty claims his care,
For this he ſtrips—nor bolt, nor chain,
Could Damon's warm purſuit reſtrain.
See him o'er hill, moraſs, or mound,
Where'er the ſpeckled game is found,
Though bent with age, with zeal purſue;
And totter towards the prey in view.
Nor rock, nor ſtream, his ſteps retard,
Intent upon the bleſt reward!
One vaſſal fly repays the chace!
A wing, a ſilm, reward the race!
Rewards him, though diſeaſe attend,
And in a fatal ſurfeit end.
So fierce Camilla ſkimm'd the plain,
Smit with the purple's pleaſing ſtain,
She ey'd intent the glittering ſtranger,
And knew, alas! nor fear, nor danger:
Till deep within her panting heart,
Malicious fate impell'd the dart!
How ſtudious he what favourite food
Regale dame nature's tiny brood?
What junkets fat the ſilmy people!
And what liqueurs they chuſe to tipple!
Behold him, at ſome criſe, preſcribe,
And raiſe with drugs the ſickening tribe!
Or haply, when their ſpirits ſau'ter,
Sprinkling my Lord of Cloyne's tar-water.
When nature's brood of inſects dies,
See how he pimps for amorous flies!
See him the timely ſuccour lend her,
And helps the wanton to engender!
Or ſee him guard their pregnant hour;
Exert his ſoft obſtretic power:
And, lending each his lenient hand,
With new-born grubs enrich the land!
* O Wilks! what poet's loftieſt lays
Can match thy labours, and thy praiſe,
Immortal ſage! by fate decreed
To guard the moth's illuſtrious breed;
Till fluttering ſwarms on ſwarms ariſe,
And all our wardrobes teem with flies!
And muſt we praiſe this taſte for toys?
Admire it then in girls and boys,
Ye youths of fifteen years, or more,
Reſign your moths—the ſeaſon's o'er.
'Tis time more ſocial joys to prove;
'Twere now your nobler taſk—to love.
Let * * * *'s eyes more deeply warm;
Nor ſlighting nature's faireſt form,
The bias of your ſouls determine
Towards the mean love of nature's vermin.
But, ah! how wonderous few have known,
To give each ſtage of life its own!
'Tis the pretexta's utmoſt bound,
With radiant purple edg'd around,
To pleaſe the child; whoſe glowing dyes
Too long delight maturer eyes,
And few, but with regret, aſſume
The plain wrought labours of the loom.
Ah! let not me by fancy ſteer,
When life's autumnal clouds appear;
Nor ev'n in learning's long delays
Conſume my faireſt, fruitleſs days;
Like him, who ſhould in armour ſpend
The ſums that armour ſhould defend.
A while, in pleaſure's myrtle-bower,
We ſhare her ſmiles, and bleſs her power;
But find at laſt, we vainly ſtrive
To fix the worſt coquette alive.
O you! that with aſſiduous flame
Have long purſued the faithleſs dame;
Forſake her ſoft abodes a while,
And dare her frown, and ſlight her ſmile.
Nor ſcorn, whatever wits may ſay,
The foot-path road, the king's high-way.
No more the ſcrupulous charmer teize.
But ſeek the roofs of honeſt eaſe;
The rival fair, no more purſued,
Shall there with forward pace intrude;
Shall there her every art eſſay,
To win you to her ſlighted ſway;
And grant your ſcorn a glance more fair
Than e'er ſhe gave your fondeſt prayer.
But would you happineſs purſue?
Partake both eaſe, and pleaſure too!
Would you, through all your days, diſpenſe
The joys of reaſon, and of ſenſe?
Or give to life the moſt you can,
Let ſocial virtue ſhape the plan,
For does not to the virtuous deed
A train of pleaſing ſweets ſucceed?

Or,

* Alluding to moths and butterflies delineated by Benjamin Wilks. See his very expenſive propoſals.

Or, like the ſweets of wild deſire,
Did ſocial pleaſures ever tire?
Yet midſt the groupe be ſome preferr'd,
Be ſome abhorr'd—for Damon err'd:
And ſuch there are—of fair addreſs—
As 't were unſocial to careſs.
O learn by reaſon's equal rule
To ſhun the praiſe of knave, or fool!
Then, though you deem it better ſtill
To gain ſome ruſtic 'ſquires good will;
And ſouls, however mean or vile,
Like features, brighten by a ſmile;
Yet reaſon holds it for a crime,
The trivial breaſt ſhould ſhare thy time:
And virtue, with reluctant eyes,
Beholds this human ſacrifice!
Through deep reſerve, and air erect,
Miſtaken Damon won reſpect:
But could the ſpecious homage paſs,
With any creature, but an aſs?
If conſcious, they who fear'd the ſkin,
Would ſcorn the ſluggiſh brute within.
What awe-ſtruck ſlaves the towers encloſe,
Where Perſian monarchs eat and doze!
What proſtrate reverence all agree,
To pay a prince they never ſee!
Mere vaſſals of a royal throne!
Theſophi's virtues muſt be ſhewn,
To make the reverence his own.
As for Thalia—wouldſt thou make her
Thy bride without a portion?—take her,
She will with duteous care attend,
And all thy duteous hours befriend;
Will ſwell thy joys, will ſhare thy pain;
With thee rejoice, with thee complain;
Will ſmooth thy pillow, pleat thy bowers;
And bind thy aching head with flowers.
But be this previous maxim known,
If thou canſt feed on love alone;
If, bleſt with her, thou canſt ſuſtain
Contempt, and poverty, and pain:
If ſo—then riſle all her graces—
And fruitful be your fond embraces.

Too ſoon, by caitiff-ſpleen inſpir'd,
Sage Damon to his groves retir'd.
The path diſclaim'd by ſober reaſon;
Retirement claims a later ſeaſon;
Ere active youth and warm deſires
Have quite withdrawn their lingering fires.
With the warm boſom, ill agree,
Or limpid ſtream, or ſhady tree.
Love lurks within the roſy bower,
And claims the ſpeculative hour;
Ambition finds his calm retreat,
And bids his pulſe too fiercely beat!
Ev'n ſocial friendſhip duns his ear,
And cites him to the public ſphere,
Does he reſiſt their genuine force?
His temper takes ſome froward courſe;
Till paſſion, miſdirected, ſighs
For weeds, or ſhells, or grubs, or flies!

Far happieſt he, whoſe early days
Spent in the ſocial paths of praiſe,
Leave, fairly printed on his mind,
A train of virtuous deeds behind:
From this rich fund, the memory draws
The laſting meed of ſelf-applauſe.
Such fair ideas lend their aid
To people their ſequeſter'd ſhade.
Such are the naiads, nymphs, and fauns,
That haunt his floods, or chear his lawns.
If, where his devious ramble ſtrays,
He virtue's radiant form ſurveys;
She ſeems no longer now to wear
The rigid mien, the frown ſevere *;
To ſhew him her remote abode;
To point the rocky arduous road:
But from each flower, his fields allow,
She twines a garland for his brow.

OECONOMY,

A Rhapſody, addreſſed to young Poets.

"Inſanis: omnes gelidis quæcunque lacernis
"Sunt tibi, Naſones Virgilioſque vides."
MART.

PART THE FIRST.

TO you, ye bards! whoſe laviſh breaſt requires
This monitory lay, the ſtrains belong;
Nor think ſome miſer vents his ſapient ſaw,
Or ſome dull cit, unfeeling of the charms
That tempt profuſion, ſings; while friendly zeal,
To guard from fatal ills the tribe he loves,
Inſpires the meaneſt of the Muſes' train!
Like you I loath the groveling progeny,
Whoſe wily arts, by creeping time matur'd,
Advance them high on power's tyrannic throne:
To lord it there in gorgeous uſeleſſneſs,
And ſpurn ſucceſsleſs worth that pines below!
See the rich churl, amid the ſocial ſons
Of wine and wit, regaling! hark he joins
In the free jeſt delighted, ſeems to ſhew
A meliorated heart! he laughs! he ſings!
Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee,
And drunken anthems ſet agape the board.
Like Demea, in the play, benign and mild,
And pouring forth benevolence of ſoul,
Till Micio wonders: or, in Shakeſpear's line,
Obſtreperous Silence; drowning Shallow's voice,
And ſtartling Falſtaff, and his mad compeers.
He own's 'tis prudence, ever and anon,
To ſmooth his careful brow! to let his purſe
Ope to a ſixpenc's diameter!
He likes our ways; he own the ways of wit
Are ways of pleaſaunce, and deſerve regard.
True we are dainty good ſociety,
But what are thou? alas! conſider well,
Thou bane of ſocial pleaſure, know thyſelf.
Thy fell approach, like ſome invaſive damp
Breath'd through the pores of earth from Stygian caves,
Deſtroy the lamp of mirth; the lamp which we
It flamens boaſt to guard: we know not how
But at thy ſight the fading flame aſſumes
A ghaſtly blue, and in a ſtench expires.

* Alluding to—the allegory in Cebes's tablet.

True, thou ſeem'ſt chang'd; all ſainted, all enſky'd
The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes
Say thou art honeſt, and of gentle kind,
But all is falſe! an intermitting ſigh
Condemns each hour, each moment giv'n to ſmiles,
And deems theſe only loſt, thou doſt not loſe.
Ev'n for a demi groat, this open'd ſoul,
This boon companion, this elaſtic breaſt
Revibrates quick: and ſends the tuneful tongue
To laviſh muſic on the rugged walls
Of ſome dark dungeon. Hence thou caitiff, fly!
Touch not my glaſs, nor drain my ſacred bowl,
Monſter ingrate! beneath one common ſky,
Why ſhouldſt thou breathe? beneath one common roof
Thou ne'er ſhalt harbour; nor my little boat
Receive a ſoul with crimes to preſs it down.
Go to thy bags, thou recreant! hourly go,
And, gazing there bid them be wit, be mirth,
Be converſation. Not a face that ſmiles
Admit thy preſence! not a ſoul that glows
With ſocial purport, bid or ev'n or morn
Inveſt thee happy! but when life declines,
May thy ſure heirs ſtand tittering round thy bed,
And, uſhering in their favourites, burſt thy locks,
And fill their lamps with gold; till want and care
With joy depart, and cry, "We aſk no more."
Ah never never may th' harmonious wind
Endure the worldly! poets ever void
Of guile, diſtruſtleſs, ſcorn the treaſur'd gold,
And ſpurn the miſer, ſpurn his deity.
Balanc'd with friendſhip, in the poet's eye
The rival ſcale of intereſt kicks the beam,
Than lightning ſwifter From his cavern'd ſtore
The ſordid ſoul, with ſelf-applauſe, remarks
The kind propenſity, remarks and ſmiles,
And hies with impious haſte to ſpread the ſnare.
Him we deride, and in our comic ſcenes
Contemn the niggard form Moliere has drawn.
We loath with juſtice; but alas the pain
To bow the knee before this calf of gold;
Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown!
But 'tis not Gomez, 'tis no he whoſe heart
Is cruſted o'er with droſs, whoſe callous mind
Is ſenſeleſs as his gold, the ſlighted Muſe
Intenſely loaths. 'Tis ſure no equal taſk
To pardon him who laviſhes his wealth
On racer, fox-hound, hawk or ſpaniel, all
But human merit; who with gold eſſays
All but the nobleſt pleaſure, to remove
The want of genius, and its ſmiles enjoy.

But you, ye titled youths, whoſe nobler zeal
Would burniſh o'er your coronets with fame;
Who liſten pleas'd when poet tunes his lay;
Permit him not, in diſtant ſolitudes,
To pine, to languiſh out the fleeting hours
Of active youth! then virtue pants for praiſe
That ſeaſon unadorn'd, the careleſs bard
Quits your worn threſhold, and like honeſt Gay
Contemns the niggard boon ye time ſo ill.
Your favours then, like trophies given the tomb,
Th' enfranchis'd ſpirit ſoaring not perceives,
Or ſcorns perceiv'd; and execrates the ſmile
Which bade his vigorous bloom, to treacherous hopes
And ſervile cares a prey, expire in vain!—
Two lawleſs powers, engag'd by mutual hate
In endleſs war, beneath their flags enroll
The vaſſal world. This avarice is nam'd,
That luxury, 'tis true their partial friends
Alliga them ſofter names; uſurpers both;
That ſhare by dint of arms the legal throne
Of juſt œconomy; yet both betray'd
By fraudful miniſters The niggard chief,
Liſtening to want all faithleſs, and prepar'd
To join each moment in his rival's train,
His conduct models by the needleſs fears
The ſlave inſpires; while luxury a chief
Of ampleſt faith, to plenty's rule reſigns
His whole campaign. 'Tis plenty's flattering ſounds
Engroſs his ear; 'tis plenty's ſmiling form
Moves ſtill before his eyes. Diſcretion ſtrives,
But ſtrives in vain, to baniſh from the throne
The perjur'd minion. He, ſecure of truſt,
With latent malice to the hoſtile camp
Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth conveys.

Ye towering minds, ye ſublimated ſouls!
Who, careleſs of your fortunes, ſeal and ſign,
Set, let, contract acquit, with eaſier mien
Than fops take ſnuff whoſe œconomic care
Your green ſilk purſe engroſſes eaſy, pleas'd,
To ſee gold ſparkle through the ſubtle folds;
Lovely, as when th' Heſperian fruitage ſmil'd
Amid the verdurous grove! who fondly hope
Spontaneous harveſts! harveſts all the year!
Who ſcatter wealth, as though the radiant crop
Glitter'd on every bough; and every bough
Like that the Trojan gather'd, once avuls'd
Were by a ſplendid ſucceſſor ſupply'd
Inſtant, ſpontaneous! liſten to my lays.
For 'tis not fools, whate'er proverbial phraſe
Have long decreed, that quit with greateſt eaſe
The treaſur'd gold. Of words indeed profuſe,
Of gold tenacious, their torpeſcent ſoul
Clenches their coin, and what electral fire
Shall ſolve the froſty gripe, and bid it flow?
'Tis genius, fancy, that to wild expence
Of health! of treaſure! ſtimulates the ſoul:
Theſe, with officious care, and fatal art,
Improve the vinous flavour; theſe the ſmile
Of Cloe ſoften; theſe the glare of dreſs
Illume; the glittering chariot gild anew,
And add ſtrange wiſdom to the furs of power.

Alas! that he, amid the race of men,
Should with unfated appetite demand,
And vainly court the pleaſure it procures!
When fancy's vivid ſpark impels the ſoul
To ſcorn quotidian ſcenes, to ſpurn the bliſs
Of vulgar minds, what noſtrum ſhall compoſe
Its fatal tenſion? in what lonely vale
Of balmy medicine's various field, aſpires
The bleſt refrigerant? Vain, ah vain the hope
Of future peace, this orgaſm uncontrol'd!
Impatient, hence, of all the frugal mind
Requires;

Requires; to eat, to drink, to ſleep, to fill
A cheſt with gold, the ſprightly breaſt demands
Inceſſant rapture; life, a tedious load
Deny'd its continuity of joy.
But whence obtain? philoſophy requires
No laviſh coſt; crown its utmoſt prayer
Suffice the root-built cell, the ſimple fleece,
The juicy viand, and the chryſtal ſtream.
Ev'n mild ſtudipidy rewards her train
With cheap contentment. Taſte alone requires
Entire profuſion! Days and nights, and hours,
Thy voice, hydropic fancy! calls aloud
For coſtly draughts, inundant bowls of joy,
Rivers of rich regalement! ſeas of bliſs!
Seas without ſhore! infinity of ſweets!
And yet, unleſs ſage reaſon join her hand
In pleaſure's purchaſe, pleaſure is unſure:
And yet, unleſs œconomy's conſent
Legitimate expence, ſome graceleſs mark,
Some ſymptom ill-conceal'd, ſhall, ſoon or late,
Burſt like a pimple from the vicious tide
Of acid blood, proclaiming want's diſeaſe,
Amidſt the bloom of ſhow. The ſcanty ſtream
Slow-loitering in its channel, ſeems to vie
With Vaga's depth; but ſhould the ſedgy power
Vain-glorious empty his penurious urn
O'er the rough rock, how muſt his fellow ſtreams
Deride the tinklings of the boaſtive rill!
I not aſpire to mark the dubious path
That leads to wealth, to poets mark'd in vain!
But, ere ſelf-flattery ſooth the vivid, breaſt
With dreams of fortune near ally'd to fame,
Reflect how few, who charm'd the liſtening ear
Of ſatrap or of king, her ſmiles enjoy'd!
Conſider well, what meagre alms repay'd
The great Mæonian ſire of tuneful ſong,
And prototype of all that ſoar'd ſublime,
And left dull cares below; what griefs impell'd
The modeſt bard of learn'd Eliza's reign,
To ſwell with tears his Mulla's parent ſtream,
And mourn aloud the pang "to ride, to run,
"To ſpend to give, to want, to be undone."
Why ſhould I tell of Cowley's penſive muſe
Belov'd in vain? too copious is my theme!
Which of your boaſted race might hope reward
Like loyal Butler, when the liberal Charles,
The judge of wit, perus'd the ſprightly page,
Triumphant o'er his foes? believe not hope,
The poet's paraſite; but learn alone
To ſpare the ſcanty boon the fates decree.
Poet and rich! 'tis ſolecciſm extreme!
'Tis heighten'd contradiction! in his frame,
In every nerve and fibre of his ſoul
The latent ſeeds and principles of want,
Has nature wove; and fate confirm'd the clue.
Nor yet deſpair to ſhun the ruder gripe
Of penury; with nice preciſion learn
A dollar's value. Foremoſt in the page
That marks th' expence of each revo ving year,
Place inattention. When the luſt of praiſe,
Or honour's falſe idea, tempts thy ſoul
To ſlight frugality, aſſure thine heart
That danger's near. This periſhable coin
Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty,
It fetters miſers, but it muſt alone
Enfranchiſe thee. The world, the cit like world,
Bids thee beware; thy little craft eſſay;
Nor, piddling with a tea-ſpoon's ſlender form,
See with ſoup-ladles devils gormandize.
Oeconomy! thou good old aunt whoſe mien
Furrow'd with age and care the wiſe adore,
The wits contemn! reſerving ſtill thy ſtores
To chear thy friends at laſt! why with the cit,
Or bookleſs churl with each ignoble name,
Each earthly nature, deign'ſt thou to reſide?
And, ſhunning all who by thy favours crown'd
Might glad the world, to ſeek ſome vulgar mind
Inſpiring pride, and ſelfiſh ſhapes of ill?
Why with the old, infirm, and impotent,
And chilleſs, love to dwell: yet leave the breaſt
Of youth unwar'd, unguided, uninform'd?
Of youth, to whom thy monitory voice
Were doubly kind? for ſure to youthful eyes
(How ſhort ſoe'er it prove) the road of life
Appears protracted: fair on either ſide
The Loves the Graces play, on Fortune's child
Profuſely ſmiling; well might you eſſay
The frugal plan, the lucrative employ,
Source of their favour all the live-long day,
But fate conſents not. Age alone contracts
His meagre palm, to clench the tempting bane
Of all his peace, the glittering ſeeds of care!
O that the Muſe's voice might pierce the ear
Of generous youth! for youth deſerves her ſong,
Youth is fair virtue's ſeaſon, virtue then
Requires the pruner's hand; the frequent ſtage
It barely vegetates: nor long the ſpace
Ere robb'd of warmth its arid trunk diſplay
Fell winter's total reign O lovely ſource
Of generous foibles, youth! when opening minds
Are honeſt as the light, lucid as air
As ſoftering breezes kind, as linnets gay,
Tender as buds, and laviſh as the ſpring!
Yet hapleſs ſtate of man! his earlieſt youth
Cozens itſelf; his age defrauds mankind.
Nor deem it ſtrange that rolling years abrade
The facial bias. Life's extenſive page
What does it but unfold repeated proofs
Of gold's omnipotence? with patriots, friends,
Sickening beneath its ray, enervate ſome,
And others dead, whoſe putrid name exhales
A noiſome ſcent, the bulky volume teems.
With kinſmen, brothers, ſons, moiſtening the ſhroud,
O'honouring the grave with ſpecious grief.
Of ſhort duration; ſoon in fortune's beams
Alert, and wondering at the tears they ſhed.
But who ſhall ſave by tame proſaic ſtrain
That glowing breaſt, where wit with youth conſpires
To ſweeten luxury? The fearful Muſe
Shall yet proceed though by the faineſt gleam
Of hope inſpir'd, to warn the train ſhe loves.

PART THE SECOND.

IN ſome dark ſeaſon, when the miſty ſhower
Obſcures the ſun, and hideous all the ſky;
When linnets drop the wing, nor grove nor ſtream
Invite thee forth to ſport thy drooping Muſe;
Seize the dull hour, nor with regret aſſign
To worldly prudence. She nor nice nor coy

Accepts

Accepts the tribute of a joyleſs day;
She ſmiles well-pleas'd, when wit and mirth recede,
And not a Grace, and not a Muſe will hear.
Then, from majeſtic Maro's awful ſtrain,
Or towering Homer, let thine eye deſcend
To trace, with patient induſtry, the page
Of income and expence. And oh! beware
Thy breaſt ſelf flattery, place no courtly ſmile,
No golden promiſe of your faithleſs Muſe,
Nor latent mine which fortune's hand may ſhew,
Amid thy ſolid ſtore. The ſyren's ſong
Wrecks not the liſtening ſailor, half ſo ſure.
See by what avenues, what devious paths,
The foot of want deteſted, ſteals along,
And bars each fatal paſs. Some few ſhort hours
Of punctual care, the refuſe of thy year
On frugal ſchemes employ'd, ſhall give the Muſe
To ſing intrepid many a chearful day.
But if too ſoon before the tepid gales
Thy reſolution melt; and ardent vows,
In wary hours preferr'd, or dye forgot,
Or ſeem'd the forc'd effect of hazy ſkies;
Then, ere ſurprize, by whoſe impetuous rage
The naſty ſort, with which thy gentler breaſt
I not compare, is won, the ſong proceeds.
Know too by nature's undiminiſh'd law,
Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts
Of deep creation, atoms, ſyſtems, all!
Attract and are attracted: nor prevails the law
Alone in matter; ſoul alike with ſoul
Aſpires to join; nor yet in ſouls alone,
In each idea it imbibes, is found
The kind propenſity. And when they meet,
And grow familiar, various though their tribe,
Their tempers various, vow perpetual faith:
That, ſhould the world's diſjointed frame once more
To chaos yield the ſway, amid the wreck
Their union ſhould ſurvive; with Roman warmth,
By ſacred hoſpitable laws endear'd
Should each idea recollect its friend.
Here then we fix; on this perennial baſe
Erect thy ſafety, and defy thy ſtorm.
Let ſoft profuſion's fair idea join
Her hand with poverty: nor here deſiſt,
Till, o'er the group that forms their various train
Thou ſing loud hymenæals. Let the pride
Of outward ſhew in laſting leagues combine
With ſhame thread-bare; the gay vermilion face
Of raſh intemperance, be diſcreetly pair'd
With ſallow hunger; the licentious joy,
With mean dependance; ev'n the dear delight
Of ſculpture, paint, intaglios, books, and coins,
Thy breaſt, ſagacious prudence! ſhall connect
With filth and beggary; nor diſdain to link
With black inſolvency. Thy ſoul alarm'd
Shall ſhun the ſyren's voice; nor boldly dare
To bid the ſoft enchantreſs ſhare thy breaſt,
With ſuch a train of horrid fiends conjoin'd.
Nor think, ye ſordid race! ye groveling minds;
I frame the ſong for you! for you, the Muſe
Could other rules impart; the friendly ſtrain,
For gentler bloſſoms plann'd, to yours would prove
The juice of lurid aconite, exceed
Whatever Colchos bore: and in your breaſt
Compaſſion, love, and friendſhip, all deſtroy!
It greatly ſhall avail, if e'er thy ſtores
Increaſe apace, by periodic days
Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon,
The lean reward of groſs unbounded praiſe!
It much avails, to ſeize the preſent hour,
And, undeliberating, call around
Thy hungry creditors; their horrid rage
When once appeas'd, the ſmall remaining ſtore
Shall riſe in weight tenfold, in luſtre riſe,
As gold improv'd by many a fierce eſſay.
'Tis thus the frugal huſbandman directs
His narrow ſtream, if, o'er its wonted banks
By ſudden rains impell'd, it proudly ſwell;
His timely hand through better tracts conveys
The quick decreaſing tide; ere borne along
Or through the wild moraſs, or culcur'd field,
Or bladed graſs mature, or barren ſands,
It flow deſtructive, or it flow in vain!
But happieſt he who ſanctifies expence
By preſent pay! who ſubjects not his fame
To tradeſmens varlets, nor bequeaths his name,
His honour'd name, to deck the vulgar page
Of baſe mechanic, ſordid, unſincere!
There haply, while thy Muſe ſublimely ſoars
Beyond this earthly ſphere, in heaven's abodes,
And dreams of nectar and ambroſial ſweets,
Thy growing debt ſteals unregarded o'er
The punctual record; till nor Phœbus ſelf,
Nor ſage Minerva's art, can aught avail
To ſoothe the ruthleſs dun's deteſted rage.
Frantic and fell, with many a curſe profane
He leads the gentle Muſe; then hurls thee down
To want, remorſe, captivity, and ſhame.
Each public place, the glittering haunts of men,
With horrour fly. Why loiter near thy bane?—
Why fondly linger on a hoſtile ſhore,
Diſarm'd, defenceleſs? why require to tread
The precipice? or why alas to breathe
A moment's ſpace, where every breeze is death?
Death to thy future peace? Away, collect
Thy diſſipated mind; contract thy train
Of wild ideas o'er the flowery fields
Of ſhew diffus'd, and ſpeed to ſafer climes.
Oeconomy preſents her glaſs, accept
The faithful mirrour; powerful diſcloſe
A thouſand forms, unſeen by careleſs eyes,
That plot thy fate. Temptation, in a robe
Of Tyrian dye, with every ſweet perfum'd,
Beſets thy ſenſe; extortion follows cloſe
Her wanton ſtep, and ruin brings the rear.
Theſe and the reſt ſhall her myſterious glaſs
Embody to thy view; like Venus kind,
When to her labouring ſon, the vengeful powers
That urg'd the fall of Ilium, ſhe diſplay'd,
He not imprudent, at the fight declin'd
Th' unequal conflict, and decreed to raiſe
The Trojan welfare on ſome happier ſhore.
For here to drain thy ſwelling purſe await
A thouſand arts, a thouſand frauds attend,
" The cloud-wrought canes, the gorgeous ſnuff-boxes,
" The twinkling jewels, and the gold etwee,
" With all its bright inhabitants, ſhall waſte,

" Its

" Its melting ſtores, and in the dreary void
" Leave not a doit behind." Ere yet exhauſt
Its flimſy folds offend thy penſive eye,
Away! emboſom'd deep in diſtant ſhades,
Nor ſeen nor ſeeing, thou mayſt vent thy ſcorn
Of lace, embroidery, purple, gems, and gold!
There of the farded fop, and eſſenc'd beau,
Ferocious with a ſtoic's frown diſcloſe
Thy manly ſcorn, averſe to tinſel pomp;
And fluent thine harangue. But can thy ſoul
Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of dreſs,
Where dreſs is merit! where thy graver friend
Shall wiſh thee burniſh'd! where the ſprightly fair
Demand embelliſhment! ev'n Delia's eye,
As in a garden, roves, of hues alone
Inquirent, curious? Fly the curſt domain;
Theſe are the realms of luxury and ſhew;
No claſſic ſoil: away! the bloomy ſpring
Attracts thee hence; the waning autumn warns;
Fly to thy native ſhades, and dread ev'n there,
Leſt buſy fancy tempt thy narrow ſtate
Beyond its bounds. Obſerve Florelio's mien.
Why treads my friend with melancholy ſtep
That beauteous lawn? why penſive ſtrays his eye
O'er ſtatues, grottos, urns, by critic art
Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome,
Bright glittering through the grove, returns his eye
Unpleas'd, diſconſolate? And is it love,
Diſaſtrous love, that robs the finiſh'd ſcenes
Of all their beauty? centering all in her
His ſoul adores? or from a blacker cauſe
Springs this remorſeful gloom? is conſcious guilt
The latent ſource of more than love's deſpair?
It cannot be within that poliſh'd breaſt
Where ſcience dwells, that guilt ſhould harbour there;
No! 'tis the ſad ſurvey of preſent want,
And paſt profuſion! Loſt to him the ſweets
Of yon pavillion, fraught with every charm
For other eyes; or, if remaining, proofs
Of criminal expence! ſweet interchange
Of river, valley, mountain, woods, and plains!
How gladſome once he rang'd your native turf,
Your ſimple ſcenes, how raptur'd! ere expence
Had laviſh'd thouſand ornaments, and taught
Convenience to perplex him, art to pall,
Pomp to deject, and beauty to diſpleaſe.

Oh! for a ſoul to all the glare of wealth,
To fortune's wide exhauſtleſs treaſury,
Nobly ſuperior! but let caution guide
The coy diſpoſal of the wealth we ſcorn,
And prudence be our almoner! Alas!
The pilgrim wandering o'er ſome diſtant clime,
Sworn foe of avarice! not diſdains to learn
Its coin's imputed worth; the deſtin'd means
To ſmooth his paſſage to the favour'd ſhrine.
Ah let not us, who tread this ſtranger-world,
Let none who ſojourn on the realms of life,
Forget the land is mercenary, nor waſte
His fare, ere landed on no venal ſhore.

Let never bard conſult Palladio's rules;
Let never bard, O Burlington! ſurvey
Thy learned art, in Chiſwick's dome diſplay'd;
Dangerous incentive! nor with lingering eye
Survey the window Venice calls her own.
Better for him, with no ingrateful Muſe,
To ſing a requiem to that gentle ſoul
Who plann'd the ſky-light; which to laviſh bards
Conveys alone the pure etherial ray.
For garrets him, and ſqualid walls await,
Unleſs, preſageful, from this friendly ſtrain,
He glean advice, and ſhun the ſcribbler's doom.

PART THE THIRD.

YET once again, and to thy doubtful fate
The trembling Muſe conſigns thee. Ere contempt,
Or want's empoiſon'd arrow, ridicule,
Transfix thy weak unguarded breaſt, behold!
The poet's roofs, the careleſs poet's, his
Who ſcorns advice, ſhall cloſe my ſerious lay.
When Gulliver, now great, now little deem'd,
The play-thing of compariſon, arriv'd
Where learned boſoms their aerial ſchemes
Projected, ſtudious of the public weal;
'Mid theſe, one ſubtler artiſt he deſcry'd,
Who cheriſh'd in his duſty tenement
The ſpider's web, injurious to ſupplant
Fair Albion's fleeces! Never, never may
Our monarchs on ſuch fatal purpoſe ſmile,
And irritate Minerva's beggar'd ſons
The Melkſham weavers! Here in every nook
Their wefts they ſpun: here revel'd uncontroul'd,
And, like the flags from Weſtminſter's high roof
Dependent, here their fluttering textures wav'd.
Such, ſo adorn'd, the cell I mean to ſing!
Cell ever ſqualid! where the ſneerful maid
Will not fatigue her hand! broom never comes,
That comes to all! o'er whoſe quieſcent walls
Arachne's unmoleſted care has drawn
Curtains ſubſuſk, and ſav'd th'expence of art.
Survey thoſe walls, in ſady texture clad,
Where wandering ſnails in many a flimſy path,
Free, unreſtrain'd, their various journeys crawl;
Peregrinations ſtrange, and labyrinths
Confus'd, inextricable! ſuch the clue
Of Cretan Ariadne ne'er explain'd!
Hooks! angles! crooks! and involutions wild!
Mean time, thus ſilver'd with meanders gay,
In mimic pride the ſnail-wrought tiſſue ſhines,
Perchance of tabby, or of harateen,
Not ill expreſſive! ſuch the power of ſnails.
Behold the chair, whoſe fractur'd ſeat infirm
An aged cuſhion hides: replete with duſt
The foliag'd velvet; pleaſing to the eye
Of great Eliza's reign, but now the ſnare
Of weary gueſt that on the ſpecious bed
Sits down confiding. Ah! diſaſtrous wight!
In evil hour and raſhly doſt thou truſt
The fraudful couch! for, though in velvet cas'd,
Thy fated thigh ſhall kiſs the duſty floor.
The traveller thus, that o'er Hibernian plains
Hath ſhap'd his way; on beds profuſe of flowers,
Cowſlip, or primroſe, or the circular eye
Of daiſie fair, decrees to baſk ſupine.

And

And ſee! delighted, down he drops, ſecure
Of ſweet refreſhment, eaſe without annoy,
Or luſcious noon-day nap Ah much deceiv'd,
Much ſuffering pilgrim thou nor noon-day nap,
Nor ſweet repoſe ſhall find; the falſe morals
In quivering undulations yields beneath
Thy burden, in the miry gulph enclos'd!
And who would truſt appearance? caſt thine eye
Where 'mid machines of heterogeneous form
His coat depends; alas! his only coat,
Eldeſt of things! and napleſs, as an heath
Of ſmall extent by fleecy myriads graz'd.
Not different have I ſeen in dreary vault
Diſplay'd, a coffin; on each ſable ſide
The texture unmoleſted ſeems entire.
Fraudful, when touch'd it glides to duſt away!
And leaves the wondering ſwain to gape, or ſtare,
And with expreſſive ſhrug, and piteous ſigh,
Declare the fatal force of rolling years,
Or dire extent of frail mortality.
This aged veſture, ſcorn of gazing beaux,
And formal cits, (themſelves too haply ſcorn'd)
Both on its ſleeve and on its ſkirt, retains
Full many a pin wide ſparkling: for, if e'er
Their well-known creſt met his delighted eye,
Though rapt in thought, commercing with the ſky,
He, gently ſtooping, ſcorn'd not to upraiſe,
And on each ſleeve, as conſcious of their uſe,
Indenting fix them; nor when arm'd with theſe,
The cure of rents and ſeparations dire,
And chaſms enormous, did he view diſmay'd
Hedge, bramble, thicket, buſh, portending fate
To breeches, coat, and hoſe! had any wight
Of vulgar ſkill, the tender texture own'd;
But gave his mind to form a ſonnet quaint
Of Silvia's ſhoe-ſtring, or of Chloe's fan,
Or ſweetly faſhion'd tip of Celia's ear.
Alas! by frequent uſe decays the force
Of mortal art! the refractory robe
Eludes the taylor's art, eludes his own;
How potent once, in union quaint conjoin'd!
See near his bed his bed too falſely call'd
The place of reſt, while it a Bard ſuſtains;
Pale, meagre, Muſe-rid wight! who reads in vain
Narcotic volumes o'er his candleſtick,
Radiant machine, when from the plaſtic hand
Of Mulciber, the mayor of Birmingham,
The engine iſſued; now alas diſguis'd
By many a muncuous tide, that wandering down
Its ſides congeal. what he perhaps, eſſays
With humour forc'd, and ill-diſſembled ſmile,
Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk
When o'er its bark the lucid amber, wound
In many a pleaſing fold, incruſts the tree.
Or ſuits him more the winter's candy'd thorn,
When from each branch, anneal'd the works of froſt
Pervaſive, radiant icicles depend?
How ſhall I ſing the various ill that waits
The careful ſoneteer? or who can paint
The ſhifts enormous, that in vain he forms
To patch his paneleſs window; to cement
His batter'd tea-pot, ill-retentive vaſe?
To war with ruin? anxious to conceal
Want's fell appearance, of the real ill
Nor foe, nor fearful. Ruin unforeſeen
Invades his chattels; ruin will invade,
Will claim his whole invention to repair,
Nor, of the gift, for tuneful ends deſign'd,
Allow one part to decorate his ſong.
While ridicule, with ever pointing hand
Conſcious of every ſhift, of every ſhirt
Indicative, his inmoſt plot betrays,
Points to the nook, which he his ſtudy calls
Pompous and vain! for thus he might eſteem
His cheſt, a wardrobe; purſe a treaſury:
And ſhews, to crown her full diſplay, himſel.
One whom the powers above, in place of health,
And wonted vigour; of paternal cot,
Or little farm; of bag, or ſcrip, or ſtaff,
Cup, diſh, ſpoon, plate, or worldly implement,
A poet fram'd; yet fram'd not to repine,
And wiſh the cobler's loftieſt ſite his own;
Nor, partial as they ſeem, upbraid the fates,
Who to the humbler mechaniſm, join'd
Goods ſo ſuperior, ſuch exalted bliſs!
See with what ſeeming eaſe, what labour'd peace,
He, hapleſs hypocrite refines his nail,
His chief amuſement! then how feign'd, how forc'd.
That care-defying ſonnet, which implies
His debts diſcharg'd, and he of half a crown
In full poſſeſſion, unconteſted right
And property! Yet ah! whoe'er this wight
Admiring view, if ſuch there be, diſtruſt
The vain pretence; the ſmiles that harbour grief
As lurks the ſerpent deep in flowers unwreath'd.
Forewarn'd, be frugal; or with prudent rage
Thy pen demoliſh; chuſe the truſtier flail,
And bleſs thoſe labours which the choice inſpir'd.
But if thou view'ſt a vulgar mind, a wight
Of common ſenſe, who ſeeks no brighter name,
Him envy, him admire, him, from thy breaſt,
Preſcient of future dignities, ſalute
Sheriff, or mayor, in comfortable furs
Enwrapt, ſecure; nor yet the laureat's crown
In thought exclude him! He perchance ſhall riſe
To nobler heights than foreſight can decree
When, fir'd with wrath, for his intrigues diſplay'd,
In many an idle ſong, Saturnian Jove
Vow'd ſure deſtruction to the tuneful race;
Appeas'd by ſuppliant Phœbus, "Bards, he ſaid,
Henceforth of plenty, wealth, and pomp debar'd.
But fed by frugal cares, might wear the bay
Secure of thunder."—Low the Delian bow'd,
Nor at th' invidious favour dar'd repine.

The RUINED ABBEY;
OR,
The EFFECTS of SUPERSTITION.

AT length fair peace with olive crown'd regains
Her lawful throne, and to the ſacred haunts
Of wood or fount the frighted Muſe returns.
Happy

Happy the Bard, who, from his native hills,
Soft muſing on a ſummer's eve, ſurveys
His azure ſtream, with penſile woods enclos'd!
Or o'er the glaſſy ſurface, with his friend,
Or faithful fair, through bordering willows green
Wafts his ſmall frigates. Fearleſs he of ſhouts,
Or taunts, the rhetoric of the watery crew
That ape confuſion from the realms they rule!
Fearleſs of theſe; who ſhares the gentler voice
Of peace and muſic; birds of ſweeteſt ſong
Attune from native boughs their various lay,
And chear the foreſt; birds of brighter plume
With buſy pinion ſkim the glittering wave,
And tempt the ſun; ambitious to diſplay
Their ſeveral merit, while the vocal flute,
Or number'd verſe, by female voice endear'd,
Crowns his delight, and mollifies the ſcene.
If ſolitude his wandering ſteps invite
To ſome more deep receſs (for hours there are,
When gay, when ſocial minds to friendſhip's voice,
Or beauty's charm, her wild abodes prefer);
How pleas'd he treads her venerable ſhades,
Her ſolemn courts! the centre of the grove!
The root-built cave, by far-extended rocks
Around emboſom'd, how it ſoothes the ſoul!
If ſcoop'd at firſt by ſuperſtitious hands
The rugged cell receiv'd alone the ſhoals
Of bigot minds, religion dwells not here,
Yet virtue pleas'd, at intervals, retires:
Yet here may wiſdom, as ſhe walks the maze,
Some ſerious truths collect, the rules of life,
And ſerious truths of mightier weight than gold!
I aſk not wealth; but let me hoard with care,
With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art,
A few fix'd principles; in early life,
Ere indolence impede the ſearch, explor'd.
Then, like old Latimer, when age impairs
My judgment's eye, when quibbling ſchools attack
My grounded hope, or ſubtler wits deride,
Will I not bluſh to ſhun the vain debate,
And this mine anſwer: "Thus, 'twas thus I thought;
"My mind yet vigorous, and my ſoul entire;
"Thus will I think, averſe to liſten more
"To intricate diſcuſſion, prone to ſtray.
"Perhaps my reaſon may but ill defend
"My ſettled faith; my mind, with age impair'd,
"Too ſure its own infirmities declare.
"But I am arm'd by caution, ſtudious youth,
"And early foreſight; now the winds may riſe,
"The tempeſt whiſtle, and the billows roar;
"My pinnace rides in port, deſpoil'd and worn,
"Shatter'd by time and ſtorms, but while it ſhuns
"Th' inequal conflict, and declines the deep,
"Sees the ſtrong veſſel fluctuate leſs ſecure."
Thus while he ſtrays, a thouſand rural ſcenes
Suggeſt inſtruction, and inſtructing pleaſe.
And ſee betwixt the grove's extended arms
An abbey's rude remains attract thy view,
Gilt by the mid-day ſun: with lingering ſtep
Produce thine axe, (for, aiming to deſtroy
Tree, branch, or ſhade, for never ſhall thy breaſt
Too long deliberate) with timorous hand
Remove th' obſtructive bough; nor yet refuſe,
Though ſighing, to deſtroy that favourite pine,
Rais'd by thine hand, in its luxuriant prime
Of beauty fair, that ſcreens the vaſt remains.
Aggriev'd but conſtant as the Roman ſire,
The rigid Manlius, when his conquering ſon
Bled by a parent's voice; the cruel meed
Of virtuous ardour, timeleſsly diſplay'd;
Nor ceaſe till, through the gloomy road, the pile
Gleam unobſtructed; thither oft thine eye
Shall ſweetly wander; thence returning, ſoothe,
With penſive ſcenes thy philoſophic mind.
Theſe were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes,
O ſuperſtition! hence the dire diſeaſe,
(Balanc'd with which the fam'd Athenian peſt
Were a ſhort head-ach, were the trivial pain
Of tranſient indigeſtion) ſeiz'd mankind.
Long time ſhe rag'd, and ſcarce a ſouthern gale
Warm'd our chill air, unloaded with the threats
Of tyrant Rome; but futile all, till ſhe,
Rome's abler legate, magnify'd their power,
And in a thouſand horrid forms attir'd.
Where then was truth to ſanctify the page
Of Britiſh annals? if a foe expir'd,
The perjur'd monk ſuborn'd infernal ſhrieks,
And fiends to ſnatch at the departing ſoul
With helliſh emulation. If a friend,
High o'er his roof exultant angels tune
Their golden lyres, and waft him to the ſkies.
What then were vows, were oaths, were plighted faith?
The ſovereign's juſt, the ſubject's loyal pact,
To cheriſh mutual good, annull'd and vain
By Roman magic, grew an idle ſcroll
Ere the frail ſanction of the wax was cold.
With thee, * Plantagenet from civil broils
The land a while reſpir'd, and all was peace.
Then Becket roſe, and, impotent of mind,
From regal courts with lawleſs fury march'd
The church's blood-ſtain'd convicts, and forgave;
Bid murderous prieſts the ſovereign frown contemn,
And with unhallow'd croſier bruis'd the crown.
Yet yielded not ſupinely tame a prince
Of Henry's virtues; learn'd, courageous, wiſe,
Of fair ambition. Long his regal ſoul
Firm and erect the peeviſh prieſt exil'd,
And brav'd the fury of revengeful Rome.
In vain! let one faint malady diffuſe
The penſive gloom which ſuperſtition loves,
And ſee him, dwindled to a recreant groom,
Rein the proud palfrey whilſt the prieſt aſcends!
Was † Cœur-de-lion bleſt with whiter days?
Here the cowl'd zealots with united cries
Urg'd the cruſade; and ſee, of half his ſtores
Deſpoil'd the wretch, whoſe wiſer boſom choſe
To bleſs his friends, his race, his native land.
Of ten fair ſuns that roll'd their annual race,
Not one beheld him on his vacant throne;
While haughty ‡ Longchamp, 'mid his livery'd files

Of,

* Henry II. † Richard I.
‡ Biſhop of Ely, Lord Chancellor.

Of wanton vaſſals, ſpoil'd his faithful realm,
Battling in foreign fields, collecting wide
A laurel harveſt for a pillag'd land.
Oh dear-bought trophies! when a prince deſerts
His drooping realm, to pluck the barren ſprays!
When faithleſs John uſurp'd the ſully'd crown,
What ample tyranny! the groaning land
Deem'd earth, deem'd heaven its foe: ſix tedious years
Our helpleſs fathers in deſpair obey'd
The papal interdict: and who obey'd,
The ſovereign plunder'd. O inglorious days!
When the French tyrant, by the futile grant
Of papal reſcript, claim'd Britannia's throne,
And durſt invade; be ſuch inglorious days
Or hence forgot, or not recall'd in vain!
Scarce had the tortur'd ear dejected heard
Rome's loud anathema, but heartleſs, dead
To every purpoſe, men nor wiſh'd to live,
Nor dar'd to die. The poor laborious hind
Heard the dire curſe, and from his trembling hand
Fell the neglected crook that rul'd the plain.
Thence journeying home, in every cloud he ſees
A vengeful angel, in whoſe waving ſcroll
He reads damnation; ſees its ſable train
Of grim attendants, penci'd by deſpair!
The weary pilgrim from remoter climes
By painful ſteps arriv'd; his home, his friends,
His offspring left, to laviſh on the ſhrine
Of ſome far-honour'd ſaint his coſtly ſtores,
Inverts his footſtep; ſickens at the ſight
Of the barr'd fane, and ſilent ſheds his tear.
The wretch whoſe hope by ſtern oppreſſion chas'd
From every earthly bliſs, ſtill as it ſaw
Triumphant wrong, took wing, and flew to heaven,
And reſted there, now mourn'd his refuge loſt
And wonted peace. The ſacred fane was barr'd,
And the lone altar, where the mourners throng'd
To ſupplicate remiſſion, ſmok'd no more;
While the green weed luxuriant round uproſe.
Some from the death-bed, whoſe delirious faith
Through every ſtage of life to Rome's decrees
Obſequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace,
Now ſaw the ghaſtly king approach, begirt
In tenfold terrors; now expiring heard
The laſt loud clarion ſound, and heaven's decree
With unremitting vengeance bar the ſkies.
Nor light the grief, by ſuperſtition weigh'd,
That their diſhonour'd corſe, ſhut from the verge
Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane,
Muſt ſleep with brutes their vaſſals, on the field;
Unneath ſome path, in marle unexorcis'd!
No ſolemn bell extort a neighbour's tear!
No tongue of prieſt pronounce their ſoul ſecure!
Nor fondeſt friend aſſure their peace obtain'd!
The prieſt! alas, ſo boundleſs was the ill!
He, like the flock he pillaged, pin'd forlorn;
The vivid vermeil fled his ſady cheek,
And his big paunch, diſtended with the ſpoils
Of half his flock; emaciate, groan'd beneath
Superior pride, and mightier luſt of power!
'Twas now Rome's fondeſt friend, whoſe meagre hand
Told to the midnight lamp his holy beads
With nice preciſion, felt the deeper wound
As his gull'd ſoul rever'd the conclave more.
Whom did the ruin ſpare? for wealth, for power,
Earth, honour, virtue, enemy, and friend,
Sunk helpleſs in the dreary gulph involv'd;
And one capricious curſe envelop'd all!
Were kings ſecure? in towering ſtations born,
In flattery nurs'd, inur'd to ſcorn mankind,
Or view diminiſh'd from their ſite ſublime;
As when a ſhepherd, from the lofty brow
Of ſome proud cliff, ſurveys his leſſening flock
In ſnowy groups diffuſive ſcud the vale.
A while the furious menace John return'd,
And breath'd defiance loud. Alas! too ſoon
Allegiance ſickening ſaw its ſovereign yield,
An angry prey to ſcruples not his own.
The loyal ſoldier girt around with ſtrength,
Who ſtole from mirth and wine his blooming years,
And ſeiz'd the faulchion, reſolute to guard
His ſovereign's right, impaſſy'd at the news,
Finds the firm bias of his ſoul revers'd
For ſoul deſertion; drops the lifted ſteel,
And quits fame's nobleſt harveſt, to expire
The death of Monks, of ſurfeit and of ſloth!
At length fatigued with wrongs, the ſervile king
Drain'd from his land its ſmall remaining ſtores
To buy remiſſion. But could theſe obtain?
No! reſolute in wrongs the prieſts obdur'd;
Till crawling baſe to Rome's deputed ſlave,
His fame, his people and his crown, he gave.
Mean monarch! ſlighted, brav'd, abhorr'd before!
And now, appeas'd by delegated ſway,
The wily pontiff ſcorns not to recall
His interdictions. Now the ſacred doors
Admit repentant multitudes, prepar'd
To buy deceit; admit obſequious tribes
Of ſatraps! princes! crawling to the ſhrine
Of ſainted villainy! the pompous tomb
Dazzling with gems and gold, or in a cloud
Of incenſe wreath'd, amidſt a drooping land
That ſigh'd for bread! 'tis thus the Indian clove
Diſplays its verdant leaf, its crimſon flower,
And ſheds its odours; while the flocks around
Hungry and faint the barren ſands explore
In vain! nor plant nor herb endears the ſoil;
Drain'd and exhauſt to ſwell its thirſty pores
And furniſh luxury.—Yet in vain
Britannia ſtrove; and whether artful Rome
Careſs'd or curs'd her, ſuperſtition rag'd
And blinded, fetter'd, and deſpoil'd the land.
At length ſome murderous monk, with poiſonous art
Expell'd the life his brethern robb'd of peace.
Nor yet ſurceas'd with John's diſaſtrous reign
Pontific fury! Engliſh wealth exhauſt,
The ſequent reign * beheld the beggar'd ſhore
Grim with Italian uſurers; prepar'd
To lend, for griping unexampled hire,
To lend—what Rome might pillage uncontrol'd.
For

* Henry III. who cancelled the Magna Charta.

For now with more extenſive havoc rag'd
Relentleſs Gregory, with a thouſand arts,
And each rapacious, born to drain the world!
Nor ſhall the Muſe repeat, how oft he blew
The croiſe's trumpet; then for ſums of gold
Annull'd the vow, and bade the falſe alarm
Swell the groſs hoards of Henry, or his own.
Nor ſhall ſhe tell, how pontiffs dar'd repeal
The beſt of charters! dar'd abſolve the tye
Of Britiſh kings by legal oath reſtrain'd.
Nor can ſhe dwell on argoſies of gold
From Albion's realm to ſervile ſhores convey'd,
Wrung from her ſons, and ſpeeded by her kings!
Oh irkſome day! when wicked thrones combine
With papal craft, to gull their native land!
Such was our fate, while Rome's director taught
Of ſubjects, born to be their monarch's prey,
To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil
For vacant gluttony; extortion, fraud,
For avarice, envy, pride, revenge, and ſhame!
O doctrine breath'd from Stygian caves! exhal'd
From inmoſt Erebus!—Such Henry's reign!
Urging his loyal realm's reluctant hand
To wield the peaceful ſword by John ere while
Forc'd from his ſcabbard; and with burniſh'd lance
Eſſay the ſavage cure, domeſtic war!
And now ſome nobler ſpirits chas'd the miſt
Of general darkneſs. Groſted* now adorned
The mitred wreath he wore, with reaſon's ſword
Staggering deluſion's frauds; at length beneath
Rome's interdict expiring calm, reſign'd
No vulgar ſoul, that dar'd to heaven appeal!
But ah this fertile glebe, this fair domain,
Had well nigh ceded, to the ſlothful hands
Of monks libidinous; ere Edward's care
The laviſh hand of death-bed fear reſtrain'd.
Yet was he clear of ſuperſtition's taint?
He too, miſdeemful of his wholeſome law,
Ev'n he, expiring, gave his treaſur'd gold
To fatten monks on Salem's diſtant ſoil!
Yes, the third Edward's breaſt, to papal ſway
So little prone, and fierce in honour's cauſe,
Could ſuperſtition quell! before the towers
Of haggard Paris, at the thunder's voice
He drops the ſword, and ſigns ignoble peace!
But ſtill the night by Romiſh art diffus'd
Collects her clouds, and with ſlow peace recedes,
When by ſoft Bourdeau's braver queen approv'd,
Bold Wickliff roſe: and while the bigot power
Amidſt her native darkneſs ſkulk'd ſecure,
The demon vaniſh'd as he ſpread the day.
So from his boſom Cacus breath'd of old
The pitchy cloud, and in a night of ſmoke
Secure a while his recreant life ſuſtain'd;
Till fam'd Alcides, o'er his ſubtleſt wiles
Victorious chear'd the ravag'd nations round.
Hail honour'd Wickliff! enterprizing ſage!
An Epicurus in the cauſe of truth!
For 'tis not radiant ſuns, the jovial hours
Of youthful ſpring, an æther all ſerene,
Nor all the verdure of Campania's vales,
Can chaſe religious gloom! 'Tis reaſon, thought,
The light, the radiance that pervades the ſoul,
And ſheds its beams on heav'ns myſterious ſway!
As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again
Error prevail'd; while kings by force uprais'd
Let looſe the rage of bigots on their foes,
And ſeek affection by the dreadful boon
Of licens'd murder. Ev'n the kindeſt prince,
The moſt extended breaſt, the royal Hal!
All unrelenting heard the Lollards cry
Burſt from the centre of remoſeleſs flames;
Their ſhrieks endur'd! Oh ſtain to martial praiſe!
When Cobham, generous as the noble peer
That wears his honours, pay'd the fatal price
Of virtue blooming ere the ſtorms were laid!
'Twas thus, alternate, truth's precarious flame
Decay'd or flouriſh'd. With malignant eye
The pontiff ſaw Britannia's golden fleece,
Once all his own, inveſt his worthier ſons!
Her verdant valleys, and her fertile plains,
Yellow with grain, abjure his hateful ſway!
Eſſay'd his utmoſt art, and inly own'd
No labours bore proportion to the prize.
So when the tempter view'd, with envious eye
The firſt fair pattern of the female frame,
All nature's beauties in one form diſp'ay'd,
And centering there, in wild amaze he ſtood;
Then only envying heaven's creative hand:
Wiſh'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts
Might win this prize, and doubled every ſnare.
And vain were reaſon, courage, learning, all,
Till power accede: till Tudor's wild caprice
Smile on their cauſe; Tudor, whoſe tyrant reign
With mental freedom crown'd the beſt of kings
Might envious view, and ill prefer their own!
Then Wolſey roſe, by nature form'd to ſeek
Ambition's trophies, by addreſs to win,
By temper to enjoy—whoſe humbler birth
Taught the gay ſcenes of pomp to dazzle more.
Then from its towering height with horrid ſound
Ruſh'd the proud abbey. Then the vaulted roofs,
Torn from their walls, diſcloſ'd the wanton ſcene
Of monkiſh chaſtity! Each angry friar
Crawl'd from his beadded ſtrumpet! muttering low
An ineffectual curſe. The pervious nooks
That, ages paſt, convey'd the guileful prieſt
To play ſome image on the gaping crowd,
Imbibe the novel day-light; and expoſe
Obvious the fraudful enginery of Rome.
As though this opening earth to nether realms
Should ſwift meridian dey, the hooded race
Shudder abaſh'd to find their cheats diſplay'd:
And conſcious of their guilt, and pleas'd to wave
Its fearful meed, reſign'd their fair domain.
Nor yet ſupine, nor void of rage, retir'd
The peſt gigantic; whoſe revengeful ſtroke
Ling'd the red annals of Maria's reign.
When from the tendereſt breaſt each wayward prieſt
Could baniſh mercy and implant a fiend!
When cruelty the funeral pyre uprear'd,
And bound religion there, and fir'd the baſe!
When the ſame blaze, which on each torture'd limb
Fed with luxuriant rage, in every face

* Biſhop of Lincoln, called Malleus Romanorum.

Triumphant faith appear'd, and ſmiling hope.
O bleſt Eliza! from thy piercing beam
Forth flew this hated fiend, the child of Rome;
Driven to the verge of Albion, linger'd there,
Then with her James receding, caſt behind
One angry frown, and ſought more ſervile climes.
Henceforth they ply'd the long-continued taſk
Of righteous havock, covering diſtant fields
With the wrought remnants of the ſhatter'd pile.
While through the land the muſing pilgrim ſees
A tract of brighter green, and in the midſt
Appears a mouldering wall, with ivy crown'd;
Or Gothic turret, pride of ancient days!
Now but of uſe to grace a rural ſcene;
To bound our viſtas, and to glad the ſons
Of George's reign, reſerv'd for fairer times!

LOVE and HONOUR.

" Sed neque Medorum ſylvæ, ditiſſima terra
" Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hæmus,
" Laudibus Angligenûm certent: non Bactra, nec Indi,
" Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis,"

LET the green olive glad Heſperian ſhores;
Her tawny citron and her orange-groves,
Theſe let Iberia boaſt; but if in vain,
To win the ſtranger plant's diffuſive ſmile,
The Briton labours, yet our native minds,
Our conſtant boſoms, theſe, the dazzled world
May view with envy; theſe, Iberian dames
Survey with fixt eſteem and fond deſire.
Hapleſs Elvira! thy diſaſtrous fate
May well this truth explain; nor ill adorn
The Britiſh lyre: then chiefly, if the Muſe,
Nor vain, nor partial, from the ſimple guiſe
Of antient record catch the penſive lay;
And in leſs groveling accents give to fame.
Elvira! loveliеſt maid! th' Iberian realm
Could boaſt no purer breaſt, no ſprightlier mind,
No race more ſplendent, and no form ſo fair.
Such was the chance of war, this peerleſs maid
In life's luxuriant bloom, enrich'd the ſpoil
Of Britiſh victors, victory's nobleſt pride!
She, ſhe alone, amid the wailful train
Of captive maids, aſſign'd to Henry's care;
Lord of her life, her fortune, and her fame;
He, generous youth, with no penurious hand,
The tedious moments that unjoyous roll
Where freedom's chearful radiance ſhines no more,
Eſſay'd to ſoften; conſcious of the pang
That beauty feels, to waſte its fleeting hours
In ſome dim fort, by foreign rule reſtrain'd,
Far from the haunts of men, or eye of day!
Sometimes, to cheat her boſom of its cares,
Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils
Himſelf had worn: the frowns of angry ſeas,
Or hoſtile rage, or faithleſs friend, more fell
Than ſtorm or foe: if haply ſhe might find
Her cares diminiſh'd; fruitleſs fond eſſay!
Now to her lovely hand, with modeſt awe
The tender lute he gave: ſhe not averſe
Nor deſtitute of ſkill, with willing hand
Call'd forth angelic ſtrains; the ſacred debt
Of gratitude, ſhe ſaid; whoſe juſt commands
Still might her hand with equal pride obey!
Nor to the melting ſounds the nymph refus'd
Her vocal art; harmonious, as the ſtrain
Of ſome impriſon'd lark, who, daily chear'd
By guardian cares, repays them with a ſong,
Nor droops, nor deems ſweet liberty reſign'd.
The ſong, not artleſs, had ſhe fram'd to paint
Diſaſtrous paſſion; how, by tyrant laws
Of idiot cuſtom ſway'd, ſome ſoft-ey'd fair
Lov'd only one: nor dar'd that love reveal!
How the ſoft anguiſh baniſh'd from her cheek
The damaſk roſe full-blown; a fever came;
And from her boſom forc'd the plaintive tale.
Then, ſwift as light, he ſought the love-lorn maid,
But vainly ſought her; torn by ſwifter fate
To join the tenants of the myrtle ſhade,
Love's mournful victims on the plains below.
Sometimes as fancy ſpoke the pleaſing taſk,
She taught her artful needle to diſplay
The various pride of ſpring: then ſwift upſprung
Thickets of myrtle, eglantine, and roſe:
There might you ſee, on gentle toils intent,
A train of buſy loves; ſome pluck the flower,
Some twine the garland, ſome with grave grimace
Around a vacant warrior caſt the wreath.
'Twas paint, 'twas life! and ſure to piercing eyes
The warriors's face depictur'd Henry's mien.
Now had the generous chief with joy perus'd
The royal ſcroll, which to their native home
Their ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd,
Reſtor'd the captives. Forth with rapid haſte
To gladden his fair Elvira's ear, he ſprung;
Fir'd by the bliſs he panted to convey;
But fir'd in vain! ah! what was his amaze,
His fond diſtreſs, when o'er her pallid face
Dejection reign'd, and from her lifeleſs hand
Down dropt the myrtle's fair unfiniſh'd flower!
Speechleſs ſhe ſtood; at length with accents faint,
" Well may my native ſhore, ſhe ſaid, reſound
" Thy monarch's praiſe; and ere Elvira prove
" Of thine forgetful, flowers ſhall ceaſe to feel
" The foſtering breeze, and nature change her laws."
And now the grateful edict wide alarm'd
The Britiſh hoſt. Around the ſmiling youths
Call'd to their native ſcenes, with willing haſte
Their fleet unmoor, impatient of the love
That weds each boſom to its native ſoil.
The patriot paſſion ſtrong in every clime,
How juſtly theirs, who find no foreign ſweets
To diſſipate their loves, or match their own.
Not ſo Elvira! ſhe, diſaſtrous maid,
Was doubly captive! power nor chance could looſe
The ſubtle bands; ſhe lov'd her generous foe.
She, where her Henry dwelt, her Henry ſmil'd,
Could term her native ſhore; her native ſhore
By him deſerted, ſome unfriendly ſtrand,
Strange, bleak, forlorn! a deſert waſte and wild.

The

The fleet careen'd, the wind propitious fill'd
The ſwelling ſails, the glittering tranſports wav'd
Their pennants gay, and halcyon's azure wing
With flight auſpicious ſkimm'd the placid main.
On her lone couch in tears Elvira lay,
And chid th' officious wind, the tempting ſea,
And wiſh'd a ſtorm as mercileſs, as tore
Her labouring boſom. Fondly now ſhe ſtrove
To baniſh paſſion; now the vaſſal days,
The captive moments, that ſo ſmoothly paſt,
By many an art recall'd; now from her lute
With trembling fingers call'd the favourite ſounds
Which Henry deign'd to praiſe and now eſſay'd
With mimic chains of ſilken fillets wove
To paint her captive ſtate; if any fraud
Might to her love the ſcenes prolong,
And with the dear idea feaſt the ſoul.
But now the chief returned: prepared to launch
On ocean's willing breaſt, and bid adieu
To his fair priſoner. She, ſoon as ſhe heard
His hated errand, now no more conceal'd
The raging flame; but, with a ſpreading bluſh
And riſing ſigh, the latent pang diſclos'd.
"Yes, generous youth! I ſee thy boſom glow
With virtuous tranſport, that the taſk is thine
To ſolve my chains; and to my weeping friends,
And every longing relative, reſtore
A ſoft-ey'd maid, a mild offenceleſs prey!
But know, my ſoldier, never youthful mind,
Torn from the laviſh joys of wild expence
By him he loath'd, and in a dungeon bound
To languiſh out his bloom, could catch the pains
This ill-ſtar'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.
What call I freedom? is it that theſe limbs,
From rigid bolts ſecure, may wander far
From him I love? Alas! ere I may boaſt
That ſacred bleſſing, ſome ſuperior power
To mortal kings, to ſublunary thrones,
Muſt looſe my paſſion, muſt unchain my ſoul.
Ev'n that I loath; all liberty I loath!
But moſt the joyleſs privilege to gaze
With cold indifference, where deſert is love.
True, I was born an alien to thoſe eyes
I aſk alone to pleaſe; my fortune's crime!
And ah! this flatter'd form by dreſs endear'd
To Spaniſh eyes, by dreſs may thine offend,
Whilſt I, ill-fated maid! ordain'd to ſtrive
With cuſtom's load, beneath its weight expire.
Yet Henry's beauties knew in foreign garb
To vanquiſh me; his form, howe'er diſguis'd,
To me were fatal! no fantaſtic robe
That e'er caprice invented, cuſtom wore,
Or folly ſmil'd on, could eclipſe thy charms.
Perhaps by birth decreed, by fortune plac'd
Thy country's foe, Elvira's warmeſt plea
Seems but the ſubtler accent fraud inſpires;
My tendereſt glances, but the ſpecious flowers
That ſhade the viper while ſhe plots her wound.
And can the trembling candidate of love
Awake thy fears? and can a female breaſt
By ties of grateful duty bound, enſnare?
Is there no brighter mien, no ſofter ſmile
For love to wear, to dark deceit unknown?
Heaven ſearch my ſoul, and if through all its cells
Lurk the pernicious drop of poiſonous guile;
Full on my 'fenceleſs head its phial'd wrath
May fate exhauſt; and for my happieſt hour
Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee!
Ah me! nor Henry's, nor his country's foe,
On thee I gaz'd, and reaſon ſoon diſpell'd
Dim error's gloom, and to thy favour'd iſle
Aſſign'd its total merit, unreſtrain'd.
Oh! lovely region to the candid eye!
'Twas there my fancy ſaw the Virtues dwell,
The Loves, the Graces play; and bleſt the ſoil
That nurtur'd thee! for ſure the Virtues form'd
Thy generous breaſt; the Loves, the Graces, plann'd
Thy ſhapely limbs. Relation, birth, eſſay'd
Their partial power in vain: again I gaz'd,
And Albion's iſle appear'd, amidſt a tract
Of ſavage waſtes, the darling of the ſkies!
And thou by nature form'd, by fate aſſign'd,
To paint the genius of thy native ſhore.
'Tis true, with flowers, with many a dazzling ſcene
Of burniſh'd plants, to lure a female eye,
Iberia glows: but ah! the genial ſun,
That gilds the lemon's fruit, or ſcents the flower,
On Spaniſh minds, a nation's nobler boaſt!
Beams forth ungentle influences. There
Sits jealouſy enthron'd, and at each ray
Exultant lights his ſlow conſuming fires.
Not ſuch thy charming region; long before
My ſweet experience taught me to decide
Of Engliſh worth, the ſound had pleas'd mine ear.
Is there that ſavage coaſt, that rude ſojourn,
Stranger to Britiſh worth? the worth which forms
The kindeſt friends; the moſt tremendous foes;
Firſt, beſt ſupports of liberty and love!
No, let ſubjected India, while ſhe throws
O'er Spaniſh deeds the veil, your praiſe reſound.
Long as I heard, or ere in ſtory read
Of Engliſh fame, my bias'd partial breaſt
Wiſh'd them ſucceſs, and, happieſt ſhe, I cry'd,
Of woman happieſt ſhe, who ſhares the love,
The fame, the virtues of an Engliſh lord!
And now what ſhall I ſay? bleſt be the hour
Your fair-built veſſels touch'd th' Iberian ſhore;
Bleſt did I ſay the time? if I may bleſs
That lov'd event, let Henry's ſmiles declare.
Our hearts and cities won, will Henry's youth
Forego its nobler conqueſt? will he ſlight
The ſoft endearments of the lovelier ſpoil?
And yet Iberia's ſons, with every vow
Of laſting faith, have ſworn theſe humble charms
Were not excell'd; the ſource of all their pains,
And love her juſt deſert, who ſues for love;
But ſues to thee, while natives ſigh in vain.
Perhaps in Henry's eye (for vulgar minds
Diſſent from his) it ſpreads a hateful ſtain
On honeſt fame, amid his train to bear
A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth!
Not love himſelf, with all the pointed pains
That ſtore his quiver, ſhall ſeduce my ſoul
From honour's laws. Elvira once deny'd
A conſort's name, more ſwift than lightning flies,
When elements diſcordant vex the ſky,
Shall bluſhing from the form ſhe loves retire.

Yet

Yet if the ſpecious wiſh, the vulgar voice
Has titled prudence, ſways a ſoul like thine,
In gems or gold, what proud Iberian dame
Eclipſes me? Nor paint the dreary ſtorms
Or hair-breadth 'ſcapes that haunt the boundleſs deep,
And force from tender eyes the ſilent tear;
When memory to the penſive maid ſuggeſts,
In full contraſt, the ſafe domeſtic ſcene
For theſe reſign'd. Beyond the frantic rage
Of conquering heroes brave, the female mind,
When ſteel'd by love, in love's moſt horrid way
Beholds not danger, or beholding ſcorns.
Heaven take my life, but let it crown my love."
She ceas'd, and ere his words her fate decreed,
Impatient watch'd the language of his eye:
There pity dwelt, and from its tender ſphere
Sent looks of love, and faithleſs hopes inſpir'd.
"Forgive me, generous maid, the youth return'd,
If, by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore
To let ſuch ſweetneſs plead, alas! in vain!
Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield
Of ſolid bliſs, or happieſt love, beſtow.
But ere from native ſhore I plough'd the main,
To one dear maid, by virtue and by charms
Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave;
To guard my faith, whatever chance ſhould wait
My warring ſword: if conqueſt, fame, and ſpoil,
Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour
The glittering treaſure, and the laurel wreath;
Enjoying conqueſt then, and fame, and ſpoil,
If fortune frown'd adverſe, and death forbade
The bliſsful union, with my lateſt breath
To dwell on Medway's and Maria's name.
This ardent vow deep-rooted, from my ſoul
No dangers tore; this vow my boſom fir'd
To conquer danger, and the ſpoil enjoy.
Her ſhall I leave, with fair events elate,
Who crown'd mine humbleſt fortune with her love?
Her ſhall I leave, who now perchance alone
Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my ſlow return?
And ſhall that veſſel, whoſe approaching ſails
Shall ſwell her breaſt with extacies, convey
Death to her hopes, and anguiſh to her ſoul?
No! may the deep my villain-corſe devour,
If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal,
If all the charms Iberian maids diſcloſe,
If chine, Elvira, thine, uniting all?
Thus far prevail—nor can thy virtuous breaſt
Demand, what honour, faith, and love denies."

"Oh! happy ſhe, reſoin'd the penſive maid,
Who ſhares thy fame, thy virtue, and thy love!
And be ſhe happy! thy diſtinguiſh'd choice
Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim.
Farewell my luckleſs hopes, my flattering dreams
Of rapturous days! my guilty ſuit, farewell!
Yet, fond howe'er my plea, or deep the wound
That waits my fame, let not the random ſhaft
Of cenſure pierce with me th' Iberian dames:
They love with caution and with happier ſtars.
And oh! by pity mov'd, reſtrain the taunts
Of levity, nor brand Elvira's flame;
By merit rais'd; by gratitude approv'd;
By hope confirm'd; with artleſs truth reveal'd;
Let, let me ſay, but for one matchleſs maid
Of happier birth, with mutual ardor crown'd.
Theſe radiant gems, which burniſh happineſs,
But mock misfortune, to thy favourite's hand
With care convey. And well may ſuch adorn
Her chearful front, who finds in thee alone
The ſource of every tranſport; but diſgrace
My penſive breaſt, which doom'd to laſting woe,
In thee the ſource of every bliſs reſigns.
And now farewel, thou darling youth! the gem
Of Engliſh merit! peace, content, and joy,
And tender hopes, and young deſires, farewel!
Attend, ye ſmiling train, this gallant mind
Back to his native ſhores; there ſweetly ſmooth
His evening pillow; dance around his groves;
And, where he treads, with violets paint his way.
But leave Elvira! leave her, now no more
Your frail companion! in the ſacred cells
Of ſome lone cloiſter let me ſhroud my ſhame;
There, to the matin bell, obſequious, pour
My conſtant oriſons. The wanton Loves,
And gay Deſires, ſhall ſpy the glimmering towers,
And wing their flight aloof: but reſt confirmed,
That never ſhall Elvira's tongue conclude
Her ſhorteſt prayer, ere Henry's dear ſucceſs
The warmeſt accent of her zeal employ."
Thus ſpoke the weeping fair, whoſe artleſs mind
Impartial ſcorn'd to model her eſteem
By native cuſtoms; dreſs, and face, and air,
And manners, leſs; nor yet reſolv'd in vain.
He, bound by prior love, the ſolemn vow
Given and receiv'd, to ſoft compaſſion gave
A tender tear; then with that kind adieu
Eſteem could warrant, weary'd heaven with prayers
To ſhield that tender breaſt he left forlorn.
He ceas'd, and to the cloiſter's penſive ſcene
Elvira ſhap'd her ſolitary way.

The SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

In imitation of SPENSER.

"Auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
"Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo."
—VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

What particulars in Spenſer were imagined moſt proper for the Author's imitation on *this occaſion*, are his *language* his *ſimplicity*, his manner of *deſcription*, and a peculiar *tenderneſs* of *ſentiment* remarkable throughout his works.

AH me! full ſorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modeſt worth neglected lies;
While partial fame doth with her blaſts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp diſguiſe;

Deeds

Deeds of ill ſort, and miſchievous emprize:
Lend me thy clarion, goddeſs! let me try
To ſound the praiſe of merit, ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chaunced to eſpy,
Loſt in the dreary ſhades of dull obſcurity.

In every village mark'd with little ſpire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly ſhed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we ſchool-miſtreſs name;
Who boaſts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven ſore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the power of this relentleſs dame;
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or taſk unconn'd, are ſorely ſhent.

And all in ſight doth riſe a birchen tree,
Which learning near her little dome did ſtowe;
Whilom a twig of ſmall regard to ſee,
Though now ſo wide its waving branches flow:
And work the ſimple vaſſals mickle woe;
For not a wind might turl the leaves that blow,
But their limbs ſhudder'd, and their pulſe beat low;
And as they look'd they found their horror grew,
And ſhap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I ſeen (who has not, may conceive,)
A lifeleſs phantom near a garden plac'd;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of ſport, of ſong, of pleaſure, of repaſt;
They ſtare, they ſtare, they wheel, they look aghaſt;
Sad ſervitude! ſuch comfortleſs annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taſte!
Ne ſuperſtition clog his dance of joy,
Ne viſion empty, vain, his native bliſs deſtroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch ſo green,
On which the tribe their gambols do diſplay;
And at the door impriſoning board is ſeen,
Leſt weakly wights of ſmaller ſize ſhould ſtray;
Eager, perdie, to baſk in ſunny day!
The noiſes intermix'd which thence reſound,
Do learning's little tenement betray:
Where ſits the dame, diſguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven ſnow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hair-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for ſceptre, ſhe does wield
Tway birchen ſprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark diſtruſt, and ſad repentance fill'd;
And ſtedfaſt hate, and ſharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroul'd, and chaſtiſement unkind

Few but have ken'd, in ſemblance meet pourtray'd,
The childiſh faces of old Eol's train;
Libs, Notus, Auſter: theſe in frowns array'd,
How then would ſare or earth, or ſky or main,
Were the ſtern god to give his ſlaves the rein?
And were not ſhe rebellious breaſts to quell,
And were not ſhe her ſtatutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A ruſſet ſtole was o'er her ſhoulders thrown;
A ruſſet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas ſimple ruſſet, but it was her own:
'Twas her own country bred the flock ſo fair!
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, ſooth to ſay, her pupils, rang'd around,
Through pious awe, did term it paſſing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, ſhe been the greateſt wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, goſſip, n'aunt, forſooth,
Or dame the ſole additions ſhe did hear;
Yet theſe ſhe challeng'd, theſe ſhe held right dear:
Ne would eſteem him act as mought behove,
Who ſhould not honour'd eld with theſe revere:
For never title yet ſo mean cou'd prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen ſhe took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the buſy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her ſchool, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favour did her paſt deportment claim:
And, if neglect had laviſh'd on the ground,
Fragment of bread, ſhe did collect the ſame;
For well ſhe knew, and quaintly could expound,
What ſin it were to waſte the ſmalleſt crumb ſhe found.

Herbs too ſhe knew, and well of each could ſpeak
That in her garden ſip'd the ſilvery dew;
Where no vain flower diſclos'd a gawdy ſtreak
But herbs for uſe, and phyſic, not a few,
Of grey renown, within thoſe borders grew:
The tufted baſil, pun-provoking thyme,
Freſh balm, and mary-gold of chearful hue;
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would ſing, diſdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphraſy may not be left unſung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radiſh, biting infants tongue;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marjoram ſweet, in ſhepherd's poſie found;
And lavender, whoſe ſpikes of azure bloom
Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidſt the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

And

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer;
Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here;
Where edg'd with gold its glittering skirts appear.
Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere:
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete,
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song intreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And, in these elfins' ears, would oft deplore
The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed;
And tortious death was true devotion's meed;
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah! dearest lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,
The matron sate; and some with rank she grac'd,
(The source of children's and of courtiers pride!)
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she frays:
Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are;
To save from fingers wet the letters fair:
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high atchievments does declare;
On which thilk wight, that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
As erst the * bard by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
And down they drop, appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry-coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see:
All playful as she sate, she grows demure;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wings her so that all for pity she could dye.

No longer can she now her shrieks command;
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow;
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain?
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth ought of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,
Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care:
By turns, astony'd, every twig survey,
And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware;
Knowing, I twist, how each the same may share;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair;
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth them greet,
And ginger-bread y-rare; now certes, doubly sweet!

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he,
Abhorreth bench and stool, and fourm and chair;

(This,

* Spenser.

(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair:)
And eke with ſnubs profound, and heaving breaſt,
Convulſions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong; his dame's unjuſt beheſt;
And ſcorns her offer'd love, and ſhuns to be careſs'd.

His face beſprent with liquid cryſtal ſhines,
His blooming face that ſeems a purple flower,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All ſmear'd and fully'd by a vernal ſhower.
O the hard boſoms of depotic power!
All, all but ſhe, the author of his ſhame,
All, all, but ſhe, regret this mournful hour:
Yet, hence the youth, and hence the flower, ſhall claim,
If ſo I deem aright, tranſcending worth and fame.

Behind ſome door, in melancholy thought,
Mindleſs of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellows joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment reſigns;
And deems it ſhame, if he to peace inclines:
And many a ſullen look aſcance is ſent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he deſigns;
And ſtill the more to pleaſure him ſhe's bent,
The more doth he, perverſe, her 'haviour paſt reſent.

Ah me! how much I fear leſt pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inſpires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice diſcernment ſee,
Ye quench not too the ſparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the Muſes' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's generous heat;
The firm fixt breaſt which fit and right acquires,
Like Vernon's patriot ſoul; more juſtly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flowery falſe deceit.

Yet, nurs'd with ſkill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Ev'n now ſagacious foreſight points to ſhow
A little bench of heedleſs biſhops here,
And there a chancellour in embryo,
Or bard ſublime, if bard may e'er be ſo,
As Milton, Shakeſpeare, names that ne'er ſhall dye!
Though now he crawl along the ground ſo low,
Nor weeting how the Muſe ſhould ſoar on high,
Wiſheth, poor ſtarveling elf! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, cenſuring the deſign,
Low lays the houſe which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid fate incline,
And many an epic to his rage ſhall yield;
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;
And, four'd by age, profound he ſhall appear,
As he who now with diſdainful fury thrill'd
Surveys mine work; and levels many a ſneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What "ſtuff is here?"

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle ſkie,
And liberty unbars her priſon-door:
And like a ruſhing torrent out they fly,
And now the graſſy cirque had cover'd o'er
With boiſterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thouſand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven ſhield their ſhort-liv'd paſtimes, I implore!
For well may freedom erſt ſo dearly won,
Appear to Britiſh elf more gladſome than the ſun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your ſportive trade,
And chaſe gay flies, and cull the faireſt flowers;
For when my bones in graſs-green ſods are laid;
For never may ye taſte more careleſs hours
In knightly caſtles or in ladies bowers.
O vain to ſeek delight in earthly thing!
But moſt in courts where proud ambition towers:
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can ſpring;
Beneath the pompous dome of keſar or of king.

See in each ſprite ſome various bent appear!
Theſe rudely carol moſt incondite lay;
Thoſe ſauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the ſtranger paſſing on his way:
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the ſtanding lake their courſes bend,
With pebbles ſmooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's ſavory cottage tend,
In paſtry kings and queens th' allotted mite to ſpend.

Here, as each ſeaſon yields a different ſtore,
Each ſeaſon's ſtores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er
Galling full ſore th' unmoney'd wight, are ſeen;
And gooſe-b'rie clad in livery red or green;
And here of lovely dye, the catharine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:
O may no wight e'er penyleſs come there,
Leſt ſmit with ardent love he pine with hopeleſs care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread ſo white in tempting poſies ty'd,
Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aſide;
And muſt be bought, though penury betide,
The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,
And here each ſeaſon do thoſe cakes abide,
Whoſe honour'd names * th' inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's iſle Salopia's praiſes known.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
Her daughters lovely, and her ſtriplings brave:
Ah!

* Shrewſbury cakes.

XVI. On a Statue of Venus de Medicis.

——" Semi educta Venus."

" TO Venus, Venus here retir'd,
" My ſober vows I pay:
" Not her on Paphian plains admir'd,
" The bold, the pert, the gay.
" Not her whoſe amorous leer prevailed
" To bribe the Phrygian boy;
" Not her who, clad in armpur, ſail'd
" To ſave diſaſtrous Troy.
" Freſh riſing from the foamy tide,
" She every boſom warms;
" While half withdrawn ſhe ſeems to hide,
" And half reveals, her charms.
" Learn hence, ye boaſtful ſons of taſte,
" Who plan the rural ſhade;
" Learn hence to ſhun the vicious waſte
" Of pomp, at large diſplay'd.
" Let ſweet concealment's magic art
" Your mazy bounds inveſt;
" And while the ſight unveils a part,
" Let fancy paint the reſt.
" Let coy reſerve with coſt unite
" To grace your wood or field;
" No ray obtruſive pall the ſight,
" In aught you paint, or build.
" And far be driven the ſumptuous glare
" Of gold, from Britiſh groves;
" And far the meretricious air
" Of China's vain alcoves.
" 'Tis baſhful beauty ever twines
" The moſt coercive chain;
" 'Tis ſhe, that ſovereign rule declines
" Who beſt deſerves to reign."

XVII. Intended to be written at the Beginning of a Collection of Flowers, which Mr. SHENSTONE coloured for Mrs. JAGO.

ELEGANTISSIMAE PVELLAE
DOROTHEAE FANCOVRT
QVAE PERDILECTI SVI CONDISCIPVLI
RICHARDI IAGO
AMORES MERVIT,
D. D.
GVLIELMVS SHENSTONE:
DEBITAE NYMPHIS OPIFEX CORONAE.

XVIII. Propoſed to Mr. Graves by Mr. Shenſtone, as a proper Inſcription for himſelf.

AMICITIAE G. S.
QVI,
NAIADAS PARITER AC MVSAS
EXCOLENDO,
SIMUL ET VILLAM EIVS ELEGANTISSIMAM
NOMEN QVE SVVM
ILLVSTRAVIT.

" (FORTVNATVS ET ILLE DEOS QVI NOVIT
" AGRESTES)
" PANAQVE, SYLVANVMQVE, SENEM, NYM-
" PHASQVE SORORES." VIRG.

VERSES TO MR. SHENSTONE.

Written on a Ferme Ornee, near Birmingham, by the late Lady Luxborough.

'TIS Nature here bids pleaſing ſcenes ariſe,
And wiſely gives them Cynthio to reviſe:
To veil each blemiſh, brighten every grace;
Yet ſtill preſerve the lovely parent's face
How well the bard obeys, each valley tells;
Theſe lucid ſtreams, gay meads, and lonely cells
Where modeſt Art in ſilence lurks conceal'd,
While Nature ſhines ſo gracefully reveal'd,
That ſhe triumphant claims the total plan,
And, with freſh pride, adopts the work of man.

To WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Eſq. AT THE LEASOWES. By Mr. GRAVES.

" Vellem in amicitia ſic erraremus!" HOR.

SEE! the tall youth, by partial Fate's decree,
To affluence born, and from reſtraint ſet free.
Eager he ſeeks the ſcenes of gay reſort,
The mall, the rout, the play-houſe, and the court:
Soon for ſome varniſh'd nymph of dubious fame,
Or powder'd peereſs, counterfeits a flame.
Behold him now, enraptur'd, ſwear and ſigh,
Dreſs, dance, drink, revel, all he knows not why:
Till, by kind fate reſtor'd to country air,
He marks the roſes of ſome rural fair:
Smit with her unaffected native charms,
A real paſſion ſoon his boſom warms:
And, wak'd from idle dreams, he takes a wife,
And taſtes the genuine happineſs of life.
Thus, in the vacant ſeaſon of the year,
Some Templar gay begins his wild career.
From ſeat to ſeat o'er pompous ſcenes he flies,
Views all with equal wonder and ſurprize;
Till ſick of domes, arcades, and temples grown,
He hies fatigued, not ſatisfied, to town.
Yet if ſome kinder genius point his way
To where the Muſes o'er thy Leaſowes ſtray,
Charm'd with the ſylvan beauties of the place,
Where Art aſſumes the ſweets of Nature's face,
Each hill, each dale, each conſecrated grove,
Each lake, and falling ſtream, his rapture move.
Like the ſage captive in Calypſo's grott,
The cares, the pleaſures, of the world forgot,
Of calm content he hails the genuine ſphere,
And longs to dwell a bliſsful hermit here.

VERSES

VERSES received by the poſt, from a LADY unknown, 1761.

HEALTH to the Bard in Leaſowes' happy groves;
Health and ſweet converſe with the Muſe he loves!
The humbleſt votary of the tuneful Nine,
With trembling hand, attempts her artleſs line,
In numbers ſuch as untaught nature brings;
As flow, ſpontaneous, like thy native ſprings.

But ah! what airy forms around me riſe?
The ruſſet mountain glows with richer dies;
In circling dance a pigmy croud appear,
And hark! an infant voice ſalutes my ear:
'Mortal, thy aim we know, thy taſk approve;
'His merit honour, and his genius leve:
'For us what verdant carpets has he ſpread,
'Where nightly we our myſtic mazes tread!
'For us, each ſhady grove and rural ſeat,
'His falling ſtreams and flowing numbers ſweet!
'Didſt thou not mark, amid the winding dell,
'What tuneful verſe adorns the moſſy cell?
'There every fairy of our ſprightly train
'Reſort, to bleſs the woodland and the plain,
'There, as we move, unbidden beauties glow,
'The green turf brightens, and the violets blow;
'And there with thoughts ſublime we bleſs the ſwain,
'Nor we inſpire, nor he attends, in vain.

'Go, ſimple rhymer! bear this meſſage true:
'The truths that fairies dictate none ſhall rue,
'Say to the Bard in Leaſowes' happy grove,
Whom Dryads honour, and whom Fairies love—
"Content thyſelf no longer that thy lays,
"By others foſter'd, lend to others praiſe;
"No longer to the favouring world refuſe
"The welcome treaſures of thy poliſh'd Muſe;
"The ſcatter'd blooms, that boaſt thy valued name,
"Collect, unite, and give the wreath to fame:
"Ne'er can thy virtues, or thy verſe, engage
"More ſolid praiſe than in this happieſt age,
"When ſenſe and merit 's cheriſh'd by the throne,
"And each illuſtrious privilege their own.
"Though modeſt be thy gentle Muſe, I ween,
"Oh, lead her bluſhing from the daiſy'd green,
"A fit attendant on Britannia's Queen."

Ye ſportive elves, as faithful I relate
Th' intruſted mandates of your fairy ſtate,
Viſit theſe wilds again with nightly care;
So ſhall my kine, of all the herd, repair
In healthful plight to fill the copious pail!
My ſheep lie pent with ſafety in the dale:
My poultry fear no robber in the rooſt,
My linen more than common whiteneſs boaſt:
Let order, peace, and houſewifry be mine:
Shenſtone, be fancy, fame, and fortune thine.

COTSWOLDIA.

On the diſcovery of an Echo at Edgbaſton.

By ——— ———.

HA! what art thou, whoſe voice unknown
Pours on theſe plains its tender moan?
Art thou the nymph in Shenſtone's dale,
Who doſt with plaintive note bewail
That he forſakes th' Aonian maids,
To court inconſtant rills and ſhades?
Mourn not, ſweet nymphs—alas, in vain
Do they invite, and thou complain—
Yet, while he woo'd the gentle throng,
With liquid lay and melting ſong,
The liſtening herd around him ſtray'd,
In wanton friſk the lambkins play'd,
And every Naïad ceas'd to lave
Her azure limbs amid the wave.
The Graces danc'd; the roſy band,
Of Smiles and Loves went hand in hand;
And purple Pleaſures ſtrew'd the way
With ſweeteſt flowers: and every ray
Of each fond Muſe, with rapture fir'd,
To glowing thought his breaſt inſpir'd.
The hills rejoic'd, the valleys rung,
All nature ſmil'd, while Shenſtone ſung.
So charm'd his lay; but now no more—
Ah! why doſt thou repeat—"no more?"
Ev'n now he hies to deck the grove,
To deck the ſcene the Muſes love;
And ſoon again will own their ſway,
And thou retound the peerleſs lay,
And with immortal numbers fill
Each rocky cave and vocal hill.

VERSES by Mr. Dodſley, on his firſt arrival at the LEASOWES, 1754.

"HOW ſhall I fix my wandering eye! Where find
"The ſource of this enchantment? Dwells it in
"The woods? or waves there not a magic wand
"O'er the tranſlucent waters? Sure, unſeen,
"Some favouring power directs the happy lines
"That ſketch theſe beauties; ſwells the riſing hills,
"And ſcoops the dales, to Nature's fineſt forms,
"Vague, undetermin'd, infinite; untaught
"By line or compaſs, yet ſupremely fair."
So ſpake Philenor, as with raptur'd gaze
He travers'd Damon's farm. From diſtant plains
He ſought his friend's abode: nor had the fame
Of that new-form'd Arcadia reach'd his ear.
And thus the ſwain, as o'er each hill and dale,
Through lawn or thicket he purſued his way:
"What is it gilds the verdure of theſe meads
"With hues more bright than fancy paints the flowers
"Of Paradiſe? What Naïad's guiding hand
"Leads, through the broider'd vale, the lucid rills,
"That, murmuring as they flow, bear melody
"Along their banks; and through the vocal ſhades,
"Improve the muſic of the woodland choir?

"What

" What penſive Dryad rais'd yon ſolemn grove,
" Where minds contemplative, at cloſe of day
" Retiring, muſe o'er Nature's various works,
" Her wonders venerate, or her ſweets enjoy—
" What room for doubt? Some rural deity,
" Preſiding, ſcatters o'er th' unequal lawns,
" In beauteous wildneſs, yon fair-ſpreading trees;
" And mingling woods and waters, hills and dales,
" And herds and bleating flocks, domeſtic fowl,
" And thoſe that ſwim the lake, ſees riſing round
" More pleaſing landſkips than in Tempe's vale
" Penéus water'd. Yes, ſome ſylvan god
" Spreads wide the varied proſpect; waves the woods,
" Kiſts the proud hills, and clears the ſhining lakes;
" While, from the congregated waters pour'd,
" The burſting torrent tumbles down the ſteep
" In foaming fury; fierce, irregular,
" Wild, interrupted, croſs'd with rocks and roots
" And interwoven trees; till, ſoon abſorb'd,
" An opening cavern all its rage entombs.
" So vaniſh human glories! Such the pomp
" Of ſwelling warriors, of ambitious kings,
" Who fret and ſtrut their hour upon the ſtage
" Of buſy life, and then are heard no more!
" Yes, 'tis enchantment all—And ſee, the ſpells
" The powerful incantations, magic verſe,
" Inſcrib'd on every tree, alcove, or urn—
" Spells!—incantations!—ah, my tuneful friend!
" Thine are the numbers! thine the wondrous work!—
" Yes, great magician! now I read thee right,
" And lightly weigh all ſorcery but thine.
" No Naiad's leading ſtep conducts the rill;
" Nor ſylvan god preſiding ſkirts the lawn
" In beauteous wildneſs, with fair-ſpreading trees;
" Nor magic wand has circumſcrib'd the ſcene.
" 'Tis thine own taſte, thy genius that preſides,
" Nor needs there other deity, nor needs
" More potent ſpells than they."—No more the ſwain,
For lo, his Damon, o'er the tufted lawn
Advancing, leads him to the ſocial dome.

To Mr. R. D.
On the Death of Mr. SHENSTONE.

" Thee, ſhepherd, thee the woods and deſart caves,
" With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
" And all their echoes mourn."

'TIS paſt! my friend; the tranſient ſcene is cloſ'd!
The fairy pile, th' enchanted viſion rais'd
By Damon's magic ſkill, is loſt in air!
What though the lawns and pendant woods remain,
Each tinkling ſtream, each ruſhing cataract,
With lapſe inceſſant echoes through the dale?
Yet what avails the lifeleſs landſkip now?
The charm 's diſſolv'd; the genius of the wood,
Alas! is flown—for Damon is no more.
As when from fair Lyceum crown'd with pines,
Or Mænalus with leaves autumnal ſtrew'd,
The tuneful Pan retires; the vocal hills
Reſound no more, and all Arcadia mourns
Yet here we fondly dreamt of laſting joys:
Here we had hop'd from noiſy throngs retir'd,
To drink large draughts of friendſhip's cordial ſtream;
In ſweet oblivion wrapt by Damon's verſe
And ſocial converſe, many a ſummer's day.

Romantic wiſh! In vain frail mortals trace
Th' imperfect ſketch of human bliſs—whilſt yet
Th' enraptur'd ſire his well-plann'd ſtructure views,
Majeſtic riſing 'midſt his infant groves:
Sees the dark laurel ſpread its gloſſy ſhade,
Its languid bloom the purple lilach bend,
Or pale laburnum drop its penſile chain:
Death ſpreads the fatal ſhaft, and bids his heir
Tranſplant the cypreſs round his father's tomb.
Oh! teach me then, like you, my friend to raiſe
To moral truths my groveling ſong; for ah!
Too long by lawleſs fancy led aſtray,
Of nymphs and groves I've dreamt, and dancing fawns,
Or Naiad leaning o'er her tinkling urn.
Oh! could I learn to ſanctify my ſtrains
With hymns, like thoſe by tuneful Meyrick ſung
Or rather catch the melancholy ſounds
From Warton's reed, or Maſon's lyre—to paint
The ſudden gloom that damps my ſoul—But ſee!
Melpomene herſelf has ſnatch'd the pipe,
With which ſad Lyttleton his Lucia mourn'd;
And plaintive cries, My Shenſtone is no more!

R. GRAVES.

VERSES written at the gardens of William Shenſtone, Eſquire, near Birmingham, 1756.

" Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
" Angulus ridet."

WOULD you theſe lov'd receſſes trace,
And view fair Nature's modeſt face?
See her in every field-flower bloom?
O'er every thicket ſhed perfume?
By verdant groves, and vocal hills,
By moſſy grotts, near purling rills,
Where'er you turn your wandering eyes,
Behold her win without diſguiſe
What though no pageant trifles here,
As in the glare of courts, appear;
Though rarely here be heard the name
Of rank, or title, power or fame;

Yet,

Yet, if ingenuous be your mind,
A bliſs more pure and unconfin'd
Your ſtep attends—Draw freely nigh,
And meet the Bard's benignant eye;
On him no pedant forms await,
No proud reſerve ſhuts up thy gate;
No ſpleen, no party views control
That warm benevolence of ſoul,
Which prompts the friendly generous part,
Regardleſs of each venal art;
Regardleſs of the world's acclaim;
And courteous with no ſelfiſh aim.
Draw freely nigh, and welcome find,
If not the coſtly, yet the kind.
Oh, he will lead you to the cells
Where every Muſe and Virtue dwells,
Where the green Dryads guards his woods,
Where the blue Naiads guide his floods;
Where all the Siſter-Graces gay,
That ſhap'd his walk's meandering way,
Stark-naked, or but wreath'd with flowers,
Lie ſlumbering ſoft beneath his bowers.
Wak'd by the ſtock-dove's melting ſtrain,
Behold them riſe! and, with the train
Of nymphs that haunt the ſtream or grove,
Or o'er the flowery champion rove,
Join hand in hand—attentive gaze—
And mark the dance's myſtic maze.
"Such is the waving line," they cry,
"For ever dear to Fancy's eye!
"Yon ſtream that wanders down the dale,
"The ſpiring wood, the winding vale,
"The path which, wrought with hidden ſkill,
"Slow twining ſcales yon diſtant hill
"With fir inveſted—all combine
"To recommend the waving line.
"The wreathed rod of Bacchus fair,
"The ringlets of Apollo's hair,
"The wand by Maia's offspring borne,
"The ſmoothe volutes of Ammon's horn,
"The ſtructure of the Cyprian dame,
"And each fair female's beauteous frame,
"Shew, to the pupils of deſign,
"The triumphs of the waving line."
Then gaze, and mark that union ſweet,
Where fair convex and concave meet;
And while, quick ſhifting as you ſtray,
The vivid ſcene of fancy play;
The lawn, of aſpect ſmooth and mild;
The foreſt-ground grotesque and wild;
The ſhrub that ſcents the mounting gale;
The ſtream rough daſhing down the dale,
From rock to rock, in eddies toſt;
The diſtant lake in which 'tis loſt;
Blue hills gay beaming through the glade;
Lone urns that ſolemnize the ſhade;
Sweet interchange of all that charms
In groves, meads, dingles, rivulets, farms!
If aught the fair confuſion pleaſe,
With laſting health, and laſting eaſe,
To him who form'd the bliſsful bower,
And gave thy life one tranquil hour;
With peace and freedom—theſe poſſeſt,
His temperate mind ſecures the reſt.
But if thy ſoul ſuch bliſs deſpiſe,
Avert thy dull incurious eyes;
Go fix them there, where gems and gold,
Improv'd by art, their power unfold;
Go try in courtly ſcenes to trace
A fairer form of Nature's face:
Go ſcorn Simplicity—but know,
That all our heart-felt joys below,
That all which Virtue loves to name,
Which art conſigns to laſting fame,
Which fixes wit or beauty's throne,
Derives its ſource from Her alone.

ARCADIE

To William Shenſtone, Eſq. in h Sickneſs.

By Mr. WOODHOUSE.

YE flowery plains ye breezy woods,
Ye bowers and gay alcoves,
Ye falling ſtreams, ye ſilver floods,
Ye grottoes, and ye groves!

Alas! my heart feels no delight,
Though I your charms ſurvey;
While he conſumes in pain the night,
In languid ſighs the day.

The flowers diſcloſe a thouſand blooms,
A thouſand ſcents diffuſe;
Yet all in vain they ſhed perfumes,
In vain diſplay their hues.

Reſtrain, ye flowers, your thoughtleſs pride,
Recline your gaudy heads;
And ſadly drooping, ſide by ſide,
Embrace your humid beds.

Tall oaks, that o'er the woodland ſhade,
Your lofty ſummits rear!
Ah, why, in wonted charms array'd,
Expands your leaves ſo fair!

For lo, the flowers as gayly ſmile,
As wanton waves the tree;
And though I ſadly plain the while,
Yet they regard not me.

Ah, ſhould the Fates an arrow ſend,
And ſtrike the fatal wound,
Who, who ſhall then your ſweets defend,
Or fence your beauties round?

But hark, perhaps, the plumy throng
Have learnt my plaintive tale,
And ſome ſad dirge, or mournful ſong,
Comes floating in the gale.

Ah, no! they chaunt a ſprightly ſtrain
To ſoothe an amorous mate;
Unmindful of my anxious pain
And his uncertain fate.

But ſee, theſe little murmuring rills
With fond repinings rove;
And trickle wailing down the hills,
Or weep along the grove.

Oh, mock not if, beſide your ſtream,
Ye hear me too repine;
Or aid with ſighs your mournful theme,
And fondly call him mine.

Ye envious winds, the cauſe diſplay,
In whiſpers as ye blow,
Why did your treacherous gales convey
The poiſon'd ſhafts of woe?

Did he not plant the ſhady bower,
Where you ſo blithely meet?
The ſcented ſhrub, and fragrant flower,
To make your breezes ſweet?

And muſt he leave the wood, the field,
The dear Arcadian reign?
Can neither verſe nor virtue ſhield
The guardian of the plain?

Muſt he his tuneful breath reſign,
Whom all the Muſes love?
That round his brow their laurels twine,
And all his ſongs approve.

Preſerve him, mild Omnipotence!
Our Father, King, and God,
Who clear'ſt the paths of life and ſenſe,
Or ſtop'ſt them at thy nod.

Bleſt power, who calm'ſt the raging deep,
His valued health reſtore,
Nor let the ſons of Genius weep,
Nor let the good deplore.

But if thy boundleſs Wiſdom knows
His longer date an ill,
Let not my ſoul a wiſh diſcloſe
To contradict thy will.

For happy, happy were the change,
For ſuch a God-like mind,
To go where kindred ſpirits range,
Nor leave a wiſh behind.

And though, to ſhare his pleaſures here,
Kings might their ſtate forego:
Yet muſt he feel ſuch raptures there,
As none can taſte below.

VERSES LEFT ON A SEAT,

THE HAND UNKNOWN.

O EARTH! to his remains indulgent be,
Who ſo much care and coſt beſtow'd on thee!
Who crown'd thy barren hills with uſeful ſhade,
And chear'd with tinkling rill each ſilent glade;
Here taught the day to wear a thoughtful gloom,
And there enliven'd Nature's vernal bloom,
Propitious earth! lie lightly on his head,
And ever on his tomb thy vernal glories ſpread?

CORYDON, A PASTORAL.

TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Eſq.

COME, ſhepherds, we'll follow the hearſe,
And ſee our lov'd Corydon laid:
Though ſorrow may blemiſh the verſe,
Yet let the ſad tribute be paid.

They call'd him the pride of the plain;
In ſooth, he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd in his elegant ſtrain,
The Graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpoſe he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never would riſle their cell.

Ye lambkins, that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat—and your maſter bemoan;
His muſic was artleſs and ſweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure ſhall cover the vale,
No bloom on the bloſſoms appear;
The ſweets of the foreſt ſhall fail,
And Winter diſcolour the year.

No birds, in our hedges ſhall ſing
(Our hedges ſo vocal before,)
Since he that ſhould welcome the ſpring,
Can greet the gay ſeaſon no more.

His Phyllis was fond of his praiſe,
And poets came round in a throng;
They liſten'd and envy'd his lays,
But which of them equal'd his ſong?

Ye ſhepherds, henceforward be mute,
For loſt is the paſtoral ſtrain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

J CUNNINGHAM.

M. S. GULIELMI SHENSTONE!

Ah! Gulielme,
Hominum digniſſime,
Amicorum integerrime,
Indole optimâ,
Moribus gratiſſimis,
Eruditione diffusâ,
Ac corde quam maxime benigno
Prædite,
Morte, cheu! præmaturâ obrepte,
Ah! Gulielme,
Vale!
"Quanto minus eſt,
"Cum aliis verſari,
"Quam tui meminiſſe!"

T. H.

Extract from Mr. Maſon's 'Engliſh Garden," Book I.

—— Nor, Shenſtone, thou
Shalt paſs without thy meed, thou ſon of peace!
Who knew'ſt, perchance, to harmonize thy ſhades,
Still ſofter than thy ſong; yet was that ſong
Nor rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
To paſtoral plaint, or tale of ſlighted love.

THE

POEMS

OF

DAVID MALLET Esq.

OF VERBAL CRITICISM.

AMONG the numerous fools, by fate design'd
Oft to disturb, and oft divert, mankind,
The Reading Coxcomb is of special note,
By rule a Poet, and a Judge by rote:
Grave son of idle Industry and Pride,
Whom learning but perverts, and books misguide.
O fam'd for judging, as for writing well,
That rarest science, where so few excel;
Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends thy lays,
For wit supreme is but thy second praise:
'Tis thine, O Pope, who chuse the better part,
To tell how false, how vain, the Scholiast's art,
Which nor to taste, nor genius has pretence,
And, if 'tis learning, is not common sense.
In error obstinate, in wrangling loud,
For trifles eager, positive, and proud;
Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,
With all their refuse lumber'd in his head,
What every dunce from every dunghill drew
Of literary offals, old or new,
Forth steps at last the self-applauding wight,
Of points and letters, chaff and straws to write:
Sagely resolv'd to swell each bulky piece
With venerable toys, from Rome and Greece;
How oft, in Homer, Paris curl'd his hair;
If Aristotle's cap were round or square;
If in the cave, where Dido first was sped,
To Tyre she turn'd her heels, to Troy her head.
Such the choice anecdotes, profound and vain,
That store a Bently's and a Burman's brain:
Hence, Plato quoted, or the Stagyrite,
To prove that flame ascends, and snow is white:
Hence much hard study, without sense or breeding,
And all the grave impertinence of reading.
If Shakespeare says, the noon-day sun is bright,
His Scholiast will remark, it then was light;
Turn Caxton, Winkin, each old Goth and Hun,
To rectify the reading of a pun.
Thus, nicely trifling, accurately dull,
How one may toil, and toil—to be a fool!
But is there then no honour due to age?
No reverence to great Shakespear's noble page?
And he, who half a life has read him o'er,
His mangled points and commas to restore,
Meets he such slight regard in nameless lays,
Whom Bufo treats, and Lady Would-be pays?
Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
Who first created, and yet rules, the stage,
Bold to design, all-powerful to express,
Shakespear each passion drew in every dress:
Great above rule, and imitating none;
Rich without borrowing, Nature was his own.
Yet is his sense debas'd by gross allay:
As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay.
Now, eagle-wing'd, his heavenward flight he takes;
The big stage thunders, and the soul awakes:
Now, low on earth, a kindred reptile creeps;
Sad Hamlet quibbles, and the hearer sleeps.
Such was the Poet: next the Scholiast view;
Faint through the colouring, yet the features true.
Condemn'd to dig and dung a barren soil,
Where hardly tares will grow with care and toil,
He, with low industry, goes gleaning on
From good, from bad, from mean; neglecting none:
His brother book-worm so, in shelf or stall,
Will feed alike on Woolston and on Paul.
By living clients hopeless now of bread,
He pettifogs a scrap from authors dead:
See him on Shakespeare pore, intent to steal
Poor farce, by fragments, for a third-day meal.
Such that grave bird in northern seas is found,
Whose name a Dutchman only knows to sound.
Where e'er the king of fish moves on before,
This humble friend attends from shore to shore;
With eye still earnest, and with bill inclin'd,
He picks up what his patron drops behind;
With whose choice cates his palate to regale,
And is the careful Tibbald of a whale.
Blest genius! who bestows his oil and pains
On each dull passage, each dull book contains;
The toil more grateful, as the task more low:
So carrion is the quarry of a crow.
Where his fam'd author's page is flat and poor,
There, most exact the reading to restore;
By dint of plodding, and by sweat of face,
A bull to change, a blunder to replace:
Whate'er is refuse critically gleaning,
And mending nonsense into doubtful meaning.
For this dread Dennis (and who can forbear.
Dunce or not Dunce, relating it, to stare?)

O'er her grey roofs, with baneful ivy bound,
Time, ſure deſtroyer, walks his hoſtile round:
Silent, and ſlow, and ceaſeleſs in his toil,
He mines each wall, he moulders every pile!
Ruin hangs hovering o'er the fated place:
And dumb Oblivion comes with meaſured pace.
Sad Learning's genius, with a father's fear,
Beheld the total deſolation near:
Beheld the Muſes ſtretch the wing to fly;
And fix'd on heaven his ſorrow-ſtreaming eye!
From heaven, in that dark hour, commiſſion'd came
Mild Charity, ev'n there the foremoſt name.
Swift Pity flew before her, ſoftly bright;
At whoſe felt influence, Nature ſmil'd with light.
"Hear, and rejoice!—the gracious Power "begun—
"Already, fir'd by me thy favourite ſon,
"This ruin'd ſcene remarks with filial eyes;
"And, from its fall, bids fairer fabrics riſe.
"Ev'n now, behold! where crumbling frag- "ments grey,
"In duſt deep-bury'd, loſt to memory lay,
"The column ſwells, the well-knit arches bend,
"The round dome widens, and the roofs aſcend!
"Nor ends the bounty thus: by him beſtow'd,
"Here, Science ſhall her richeſt ſtores unload.
"Whate'er, long-hid, Philoſophy has found;
"Or the Muſe ſung, with living laurel crown'd;
"Or Hiſtory deſcry'd, far-looking ſage,
"In the dark doubtfulneſs of diſtant age;
"Theſe, thy beſt wealth, with curious choice "combin'd,
"Now treaſur'd here, ſhall form the ſtudious "mind:
"To wits unborn the wanted ſuccours give,
"And fire the Bard, whom Genius means to "live.
"But, teach thy ſons the gentle laws of peace;
"Let low Self-love and pedant-Diſcord ceaſe:
"Their object Truth, Utility their aim,
"One ſocial ſpirit reign, in all the ſame.
"Thus aided arts ſhall with freſh vigour ſhoot;
"Their cultur'd bloſſoms ripen into fruit;
"Thy faded ſtar diſpenſe a brighter ray,
"And each glad Muſe renew her nobleſt lay,"

PROLOGUE

TO THE

SEIGE OF DAMASCUS

SPOKEN BY LORD SANDWICH.

WHEN arts and arms, beneath Eliza's ſmile,
Spread wide their influence o'er this happy iſle;
Wiſdom reign, uncurſt with party rage,
That foe to taſte, and tyrant of our age;
Free all our learning in a libel lay,
And all our talk, in politics, or play:
The ſtateſman oft would ſoothe his toils with wit,
What Spenſer ſung, and Nature's Shakeſpeare writ;
Or to the laurel'd grove, at times, retire,
There, woo the Muſe, and wake the moving lyre.
As fair examples, like aſcending morn,
The world at once enlighten and adorn;
From them diffus'd, the gentle arts of peace
Shot brightening o'er the land, with ſwift encreaſe:
Rough nature ſoften'd into grace and eaſe;
Senſe grew polite; and ſcience ſought to pleaſe.
Reliev'd from your rude ſcene of party-din,
Where open Baſeneſs vies with ſecret Sin,
And ſafe embower'd in Woburn's airy groves,
Let us recall the times our taſte approves;
Awaken to our aid the mourning Muſe;
Through every boſom tender thought infuſe;
Melt angry Faction into moral ſenſe,
And to his gueſts a Bedford's ſoul diſpenſe.
And now, while Spring extends her ſmiling reign,
Green on the mountain, flowery in the plain;
While genial Nature breathes, from hill and dale,
Health, fragrance, gladneſs, in the living gale;
The various ſoftneſs, ſtealing through the heart,
Impreſſions ſweetly ſocial, will impart.
When ſad Eudocia pours her hopeleſs woe,
The tear of pity will unbidden flow!
When erring Phocyas, whom wild paſſions blind,
Holds up himſelf, a mirror for mankind;
An equal eye on our own hearts we turn,
Where frailties lurk, where fond affections burn:
And, conſcious, Nature is in all the ſame,
We mourn the guilty, while the guilt we blame!

EPILOGUE

TO THE

BROTHERS,

A TRAGEDY, BY DR. YOUNG.

TO woman, ſure, the moſt ſevere affliction
Is, from theſe fellows, point-blank contradiction.
Our Bard, without—I wiſh he would appear—
Ud! I would give it him—but you ſhall hear—
Good Sir! quoth I—and curtſey'd as I ſpoke—
Our pit, you know, expects and loves a joke—
'Twere fit to humour them: for, right or wrong,
True Britons never like the ſame thing long.
To-day is fair—they ſtrut, huff, ſwear, harangue;
To-morrow's foul—they ſneak aſide, and hang.
Is there a war—peace! peace! is all their cry:
The peace is made—then, blood! they'll fight and die.
Gallants, in talking thus, I meant no treaſon:
I would have brought, you ſee, the man to reaſon.
But with ſome folks, 'tis labour loſt to ſtrive:
A reaſoning mule will neither lead nor drive,
He hum'd, and haw'd; then, waking from his dream,
Cry'd, I muſt preach to you his moral ſcheme.

A ſcheme, forſooth! to benefit the nation!
Some queer, odd whim of pious propagation!
Lord! talk ſo, here—the man muſt be a widgeon—
Drury may propagate—but not Religion.
Yet, after all, to give the Devil his due,
Our Author's ſcheme, though ſtrange, is wholly new:
Well, ſhall the novelty then recommend it?
If not from liking, from caprice befriend it.
For drums and routs, make him a while your paſſion,
A little while let Virtue be the faſhion:
And, ſpite of real or imagin'd blunders,
Ev'n let him live, nine days, like other wonders.

PROLOGUE

TO

MR. THOMSON'S AGAMEMNON.

WHEN this deciſive night, at length, appears,
The night of every author's hopes and fears,
What ſhifts to bribe applauſe, poor poets try!
In all the forms of wit they court and lye:
Theſe meanly beg it, as an alms; and thoſe,
By boaſtful bluſter dazzle and impoſe.
Nor poorly fearful, nor ſecurely vain,
Ours would, by honeſt ways, that grace obtain;
Would, as a free-born wit, be fairly try'd:
And then—let candor, fairly too, decide.
He courts no friend, who blindly comes to praiſe;
He dreads no foe—but whom his faults may raiſe.
Indulge a generous pride, that bids him own,
He aims to pleaſe, by noble means alone;
By what may win the judgment, wake the heart,
Inſpiring nature, and directing art;
By ſcenes, ſo wrought, as may applauſe command
More from the judging head, than thundering hand.
Important is the moral we would teach—
Oh may this iſland practiſe what we preach—
Vice in its firſt approach with care to ſhun;
The wretch, who once engages, is undone.
Crimes lead to greater crimes, and link ſo ſtraight,
What firſt was accident, at laſt is fate:
Guilt's hapleſs ſervant ſinks into a ſlave;
And Virtue's laſt ſad ſtrugglings cannot ſave.
"As ſuch our fair attempt, we hope to ſee
"Our judges,—here at leaſt—from influence free:
"One place,—unbiaſs'd yet by party-rage,—
"Where only honour votes—the Britiſh ſtage.
"We aſk for juſtice, for indulgence ſue:
"Our laſt beſt licence muſt proceed from you."

IMPROMPTU,

ON A LADY, WHO HAD PASSED SOME TIME IN PLAYING WITH A VERY YOUNG CHILD.

WHY, on this leaſt of little Miſſes,
Did Celia waſte ſo many kiſſes?
Quoth Love, who ſtood behind and ſmil'd,
She kiſs'd the father in the child.

EPIGRAM,

ON SEEING TWO PERSONS PASS BY IN VERY DIFFERENT EQUIPAGES.

IN modern, as in ancient days,
See what the Muſes have to brag on:
The Player in his own poſt-chaiſe;
The Poet in a carrier's waggon!

EPIGRAM,

ON A CERTAIN LORD'S PASSION FOR A SINGER.

NERINA's angel-voice delights;
Nerina's devil-face affrights;
How whimſical her Strephon's fate,
Condemn'd at once to like and hate!
But be ſhe cruel, be ſhe kind,
Love! ſtrike her dumb, or make him blind.

A SIMILE IN PRIOR,

APPLIED TO THE SAME PERSON.

DEAR Thomas, didſt thou never pop
Thy head into a tin-man's ſhop?
There, Thomas, didſt thou never ſee—
'Tis but by way of ſimile—
A ſquirrel ſpend its little rage,
In jumping round a rolling cage?
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The fooliſh creature thinks it climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
It never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with this little Peer,
So buſy and ſo buſtling here;
For ever flirting up and down,
And friſking round his cage, the town.

A world of nothing in his chat,
Of who ſaid this, and who did that:
With ſimilies, that never hit;
Vivacity, that has no wit;
Schemes laid this hour, the next forſaken;
Advice oft aſk'd, but never taken:
Still whirl'd, by every riſing whim,
From that to this, from her to him;
And when he hath his circle run,
He ends—juſt where he firſt begun.

ON AN AMOROUS OLD MAN.

STILL hovering round the fair at ſixty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er;
A fleſh-fly, that juſt flutters on the wing,
Awake to buz, but not alive to ſting;
Briſk where he cannot, backward where he can;
The teazing ghoſt of the departed man.

ON I. H. Esq.

THE youth had wit himſelf, and could afford
A witty neighbour his good word.
Though ſcandal was his joy, he would not ſwear:
An oath had made the ladies ſtare,
At them he duly dreſs'd, but without paſſion:
His only miſtreſs was the faſhion.
Her verſe with fancy glitter'd, cold and faint;
His proſe, with ſenſe, correctly quaint.
Trifles he lov'd; he taſted arts:
At once a fribble, and a man of parts.

A FRAGMENT.

* * *

FAIR morn aſcends: ſoft zephyr's wing
O'er hill and vale renews the ſpring:
Where, ſown profuſely, herb and flower,
Of balmy ſmell, of healing power,
Their ſouls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe freſh life in every gale.
Here, ſpreads a green expanſe of plains,
Where, ſweetly penſive, Silence reigns;
And there, at utmoſt ſtretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the ſky;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with ſounding ſweep,
Of human art no traces near,
I ſeem alone with Nature here!
Here are thy walks, O ſacred Health!
The monarch's bliſs, the beggar's wealth;
The ſeaſoning of all good below!
The ſovereign friend in joy or woe!
O thou, moſt courted, moſt deſpis'd,
And but in abſence duly priz'd!
Power of the ſoft and roſy face!
The vivid pulſe, the vermil grace,
The ſpirits when they gayeſt ſhine,
Youth, beauty, pleaſure, all are thine!
O ſun of life! whoſe heavenly ray
Lights up, and chears, our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The ſtorm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till Nature, with thy parting light,
Repoſes late in Death's calm night:
Feld from the trophy'd roofs of ſtate,
Abodes of ſplendid pain and hate;
Fled from the couch, where, in ſweet ſleep,
Hot riot would his anguiſh ſteep,
But toſſes through the midnight-ſhade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to ſhady cell,
Where Temperance, where the Muſes dwell;
Thou oft art ſeen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In ſilence feaſting ear and eye,
With ſong and proſpect, which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.
But when the ſun, with noontide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While Heat ſits fervent on the plain,
With Thirſt and Languor in his train;
All nature ſickening in the blaze:
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring ſteep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing coolneſs has her ſeat.
There, plung'd amid the ſhadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flowery nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf ſhivering in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The diſtant woodman's echoing ſtroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in viſion led,
He holds high converſe with the dead
Sages, or Poets. See they riſe!
And ſhadowy ſkim before his eyes.
Hark! Orpheus ſtrikes the lyre again,
That ſoftens ſavages to men:
Lo! Socrates, the ſent of heaven,
To whom its moral will was given.
Fathers and friends of human kind,
They form'd the nations, or refin'd;
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.
While thus I muſ'd beneath the ſhade,
At once the ſounding breeze was laid:
And Nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe.
Dumb ſilence grew upon the hour;
A browner night involv'd the bower:
When, iſſuing from the inmoſt wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's genius good.
O Freedom! ſovereign boon of heaven;
Great charter, with our being given;

For which the patriot, and the ſage,
Have plann'd, have bled through every age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
What but from God immediate came!

* * *

CUPID AND HYMEN:

OR THE

WEDDING-DAY.

THE riſing morn, ſerenely ſtill,
Had brightening ſpread o'er vale and hill,
Not thoſe looſe beams that wanton play,
To light the mirth of giddy May;
Nor ſuch red heats as burn the plain,
In ardent Summer's ſeveriſh reign:
But rays, all equal ſoft and ſober,
To ſuit the ſecond of October;
To ſuit the pair, whoſe wedding-day
This ſun now gilds with annual ray.
Juſt then, where our good-natur'd Thames is
Some four ſhort miles above St. James's,
And deigns, with ſilver-ſtreaming wave,
Th' abodes of earth-born pride to lave,
Aloft in air two gods were ſoaring;
While Putney-cits beneath lay ſnoring,
Plung'd deep in dreams of ten per cent,
Or ſums to their dear country lent:
Two gods of no inferior fame,
Whom ancient wits with reverence name;
Though wiſer moderns much diſparage—
I mean the Gods of Love and Marriage.
But Cupid firſt, his wit to ſhew,
Aſſuming a mere modern beau,
Whoſe utmoſt aim is idle mirth,
Look'd—juſt as coxcombs look on earth:
Then rais'd his chin, then cock'd his hat,
To grace this common-place chit-chat;
How! on the wing, by break of dawn!
Dear brother—there he forc'd a yawn—
To tell men, ſunk in ſteep profound,
They muſt, ere night, be gag'd and bound!
Who, having once put on thy chain,
'Tis odds, may ne'er ſleep ſound again.
So ſay the wits: but wiſer folks
Still marry, and contemn their jokes:
They know, each better bliſs is thine,
Pure nectar, genuine from the vine!
And Love's own hand that nectar pours,
Which never fails, nor ever ſours;
Well, be it ſo: yet there are fools,
Who dare demur to former rules;
Who laugh profanely at their betters,
And find no freedom plac'd in fetters;
But, well or ill, jog on through life
Without that ſovereign bliſs, a wife.
Leave theſe at leaſt, theſe ſad dogs free,
To ſtroll with Bacchus and with me;
And ſup, in Middleſex, or Surrey,
On coarſe cold beef, and Fanny Murray.
Thus Cupid—and with ſuch a leer,
You would have ſworn 'twas Ligonier.
While Hymen ſoberly reply'd
Yet with an air of conſcious pride:
Juſt come from yonder wretched ſcene,
Where all is venal, falſe, and mean,
(Looking on London as he ſpoke)
I marvel not at thy dull joke;
Nor, in ſuch cant, to hear thee vapour,
Thy quiver lin'd with South-ſea paper;
Thine arrows feather'd, at the tail,
With India-bonds, for hearts on ſale;
Their other ends too, as is meet,
Tipp'd with gold points from Lombard-ſtreet.
But could'ſt thou for a moment quit
Theſe airs of faſhionable wit,
And re-aſſume thy nobler name—
Look that way, where I turn my flame—
He ſaid, and held his torch inclin'd,
Which, pointed ſo, ſtill brighter ſhin'd—
Behold yon couple, arm in arm,
Whom I, eight years, have known to charm;
And, while they wear my willing chains,
A god dares ſwear that neither feigns.
This morn that bound their mutual vow,
That bleſt them firſt, and bleſſes now,
They grateful hail! and from the ſoul,
With thouſands o'er both heads may roll;
Till, from life's banquet, either gueſt,
Embracing, may retire to reſt.
Come then, all raillery laid aſide,
Let this their day ſerenely glide:
With mine thy ſerious aim unite,
And both ſome proper gueſts invite;
That not one minute's running ſand
May find their pleaſures at a ſtand.
At this ſevere and ſad rebuke,
Enough to make a coxcomb puke;
Poor Cupid, bluſhing, ſhrug'd and wince'd,
Not yet conſenting, though convinc'd:
For 'tis your witling's greateſt terror,
Ev'n when he feels, to own, his error.
Yet, with a look of arch grimace,
He took his penitental face:
Said, 'twas, perhaps, the ſurer play,
To give your grave good ſouls their way:
That, as true humour was grown ſcarce,
He choſe to ſee a ſober farce;
For, of all cattle and all fowl,
Your ſolemn-looking aſs and owl
Rais'd much more mirth, he durſt aver it,
Than thoſe jack-puddings, pug and parrot.
He ſaid, and eaſtward ſpread his wing,
From London ſome few friends to bring.
His brother too, with ſober cheer,
For the ſame end d d weſtward ſteer:
But firſt, a penſive love forlorn,
Who three long weeping years has borne
His torch revers'd, and all around,
Where once it flam'd, with cypreſs bound,
Sent off, to call a neighbouring friend,
On whom the mournful train attend:
And bid him, this one day, at leaſt,
For ſuch a pair, at ſuch a feaſt,

Stript off the fable veil, and wear
His once-gay look and happier air.
But Hymen, ſpeeding forward ſtill,
Obſerv'd a man on Richmond-hill,
Who now firſt tries a country life;
Perhaps, to fit him for a wife.
But, though not much on this he reckon'd,
The paſſing god look'd in and beckon'd:
He knows him rich in ſocial merit,
With independent taſte and ſpirit;
Though he will laugh with men of whim,
For fear ſuch men ſhould laugh at him.
But lo, already on his way,
In due obſervance of the day,
A friend and favourite of the Nine,
Who can, but ſeldom cares to ſhine,
And one ſole virtue would arrive at—
To keep his many virtues private.
Who tends, well pleas'd, yet as by ſtealth,
His lov'd companions eaſe and health:
Or in his garden, barring out
The noiſe of every neighbouring rout,
At penſive hour of eve and prime,
Marks how the various hand of time
Now feeds and rears, now ſtarves and ſlaughters,
His vegetable ſons and daughters.
While theſe are on their way, behold!
Dan Cupid, from his London-fold,
Firſt ſeeks and ſends his new Lord Warden
Of all the nymphs in Covent-Garden:
Brave as the ſword he wears in fight;
Sincere, and briefly in the right;
Whom never miniſter or king
Saw meanly cringing in their ring.
A ſecond ſee! of ſpecial note,
Plump Comus in a colonel's coat;
Whom we, this day, expect from far,
A jolly firſt-rate man of war;
On whom we boldly dare repoſe.
To meet our friends, or meet our foes.
Or comes a brother in his ſtead?
Strong-body'd too, and ſtrong of head:
Who, in whatever path he goes,
Still looks right on before his noſe;
And holds it little leſs than treaſon,
To baulk his ſtomach or his reaſon.
True to his miſtreſs and his meat,
He eats to love, and loves to eat.
Laſt comes a virgin—pray admire her!
Cupid himſelf attends, to ſquire her:
A welcome gueſt! we much had midſt her;
For 'tis our Kitty, or his ſiſter.
But, Cupid, let no knave or fool
Snap up this lamb, to ſhear her wool;
No Teague of that unbluſhing band,
Juſt landed, or about to land;
Thieves from the womb, and train'd at nurſe,
To ſteal an heireſs or a purſe.
No ſcraping, ſaving, ſaucy cit,
Sworn foe of breeding, worth, and wit;
No half-form'd inſect of a Peer,
With neither land nor conſcience clear;
Who if he can, 'tis all he can do,
Juſt ſpell the motto on his landau.
From all, from each of theſe defend her;
But thou and Hymen both befriend her,
With truth, taſte, honour, in a mate,
And much good ſenſe, and ſome eſtate.
But now, ſuppoſe th' aſſembly met,
And round the table cordial ſet;
While in fair order, to their wiſh,
Plain neatneſs ſends up every diſh,
And Pleaſure at the ſide-board ſtands,
A nectar'd goblet in his hands,
To pour libations, in due meaſure,
As Reaſon wills when join'd with Pleaſure—
Let theſe white moments all be gay,
Without one cloud of dim allay:
In every face let joy be ſeen,
As truth ſincere, as hope ſerene:
Let Friendſhip, Love, and Wit combine,
To flavour both the meat and wine,
With that rich reliſh to each ſenſe,
Which they, and they alone, diſpenſe;
Let Muſic too their mirth prolong,
With warbled air and feſtive ſong:
Then, when at eve, the ſtar of love
Glows with ſoft radiance from above,
And each companionable gueſt
Withdraws, repleniſh'd, not oppreſt,
Let each, well-pleas'd, at parting ſay—
My life be ſuch a wedding-day!

EPIGRAM:

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS, M,DCC,LX.

WHEN Churchill led his legions on,
Succeſs ſtill follow'd where he ſhone.
And are thoſe triumphs, with the dead,
All from his houſe, for ever fled?
Not ſo: by ſofter furer arms,
They yet ſurvive in beauty's charms;
For, look on blooming Pembroke's face,
Even now he triumphs in his race.

AN ODE

IN THE

MASQUE OF ALFRED:

SUNG BY A SHEPHERDESS WHO HAS LOST HER LOVER IN THE WARS.

A Youth, adorn'd with every art,
To warm and win the coldeſt heart,
In ſecret mine poſſeſt.
The morning bud that faireſt blows,
The vernal oak that ſtraighteſt grows,
His face and ſhape expreſt.
In moving ſounds he told his tale,
Soft as the ſighings of the gale,
That wakes the flowery year.
What wonder he could charm with eaſe,
Whom happy Nature taught to pleaſe,
Whom Honour made ſincere.

At morn he left me—fought—and fell!
The fatal evening heard his knell,
And ſaw the tears I ſhed:
Tears that muſt ever, ever fall;
For ah! no ſighs the paſt recall,
No cries awake the dead!

THE

EXCURSION.

CANTO I.

INVOCATION, addreſſed to Fancy. Subject propoſed; a ſhort excurſive ſurvey of the Earth and Heavens. The poem opens with a deſcription of the face of Nature in the different ſcenes of morning, ſun-riſe, noon, with a thunder-ſtorm, evening, night, and a particular night-piece, with the character of a friend deceaſed.

With the return of morning Fancy continues her excurſion, firſt northward—A view of the arctic continent and the deſerts of Tartary—From thence ſouthward: a general proſpect of the globe, followed by another of the mid-land part of Europe, ſuppoſe Italy. A city there upon the point of being ſwallowed up by an earthquake: ſigns that uſher it in: deſcribed in its cauſes and effects at length—Eruption of a burning mountain, happening at the ſame time and from the ſame cauſes, likewiſe deſcribed.

COMPANION of the Muſe, creative power,
Imagination! at whoſe great command
Ariſe unnumber'd images of things,
Thy hourly offſpring: thou, who can'ſt at will
People with air-born ſhapes the ſilent wood,
And ſolitary vale, thy own domain,
Where Contemplation haunts: Oh come, invok'd,
To waft me on thy many-tictur'd wing,
O'er Earth's extended ſpace: and thence, on high,
Spread to ſuperior Worlds thy bolder flight,
Excurſive, unconfin'd. Hence from the haunts
Of vice and folly, vanity and man—
To yon expanſe of plains, where truth delights,
Simple of heart; and, hand in hand with her,
Where blameleſs virtue walks. Now parting Spring,
Parent of beauty and of ſong, has left
His mantle, flower-embroider'd, on the ground.
While Summer laughing comes, and bids the Months
Crown his prime ſeaſon with their choiceſt ſtores;
Freſh roſes opening to the ſolar ray,
And fruits ſlow-ſwelling on the loaded bough.
Here let me frequent roam, preventing morn,
Attentive to the cock, whoſe early throat,
Heard from the diſtant village in the vale,
Crows clearly out, far-ſounding thro' the gloom.
Night hears from where, wide-hovering in mid-ſky,
She rules the ſable hour: and calls her train
Of viſionary fears; the ſhrouded ghoſt,
The dream diſtreſsful, and th' encumbent hag,
That riſe to Fancy's eye in horrid forms,
While Reaſon ſlumbering lies. At once they fly,
As ſhadows paſs, nor is their path beheld.
And now, pale-glimmering on the verge of heaven,
From eaſt to north in doubtful twilight ſeen,
A whitening luſtre ſhoots its tender beam;
While ſhade and ſilence yet involve the ball.
Now ſacred Morn, aſcending, ſmiles ſerene
A dewy radiance, brightning o'er the world.
Gay daughter of the air, for ever young,
For ever pleaſing! lo, ſhe onward comes,
In fluid gold and azure looſe-array'd,
Sun-tinctur'd, changeful hues. At her approach,
The weſtern grey of yonder breaking clouds
Slow-reddens into flame: the riſing miſts,
From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away
In curling ſpires; and open all his woods,
High waving in the ſky: th' uncolour'd ſtream,
Beneath her glowing ray, tranſlucent ſhines.
Glad Nature feels her through her boundleſs realms
Of life and ſenſe: and calls forth all her ſweets,
Fragrance and ſong. From each unfolding flower
Tranſpires the balm of life, that Zephyr waſts,
Delicious on his roſy wing: each bird,
Or high in air, or ſecret in the ſhade,
Rejoicing warbles wild his mattin hymn.
While beaſts of chace, by ſecret inſtinct mov'd,
Scud o'er the lawns, and plunging into night,
In brake, or cavern, ſlumber out the day.
Invited by the chearful morn abroad,
See, from his humble roof, the good Man comes,
To taſte her freſhneſs, and improve her riſe
In holy muſing. Rapture in his eye,
And kneeling wonder ſpeak his ſilent ſoul,
With gratitude o'erflowing, and with praiſe!
Now Induſtry is up. The village pours
Her uſeful ſons abroad to various toil:
The labourer here, with every inſtrument
Of future plenty arm'd; and there the ſwain,
A rural king amid his ſubject-flocks,
Whoſe bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.
The traveller, too, purſues his early road,
Among the dews of morn. Aurora calls:
And all the living landſcape moves around.
But ſee, the fluſh'd horizon flames intenſe,
With vivid red, in riſh profuſion ſtream'd
O'er heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds aſſume
Their gayeſt liveries; theſe with ſilvery beams
Fring'd lovely, ſplendid thoſe in liquid gold:
And ſpeak their ſovereign's ſtate. He comes, behold!
Fountain of light and colour, warmth and life!
The King of Glory! round his head divine,
Diffuſive ſhowers of radiance circling flow,
As o'er the Indian wave up-riſing fair
He looks abroad on Nature, and inveſts,
Where'er his univerſal eye ſurveys,
Her ample boſom, earth, air, ſea, and ſky,
In one bright robe, with heavenly tinctures gay.
From this hoar hill, that climbs above the plain,
Half-way up heaven ambitious, brown with woods
Of broadeſt ſhade, and terraſs'd round with walks,
Winding and wild, that deep embowering riſe,
Maze above maze, thro' all its ſhelter'd height:

From hence, th' ærial concave without cloud,
Tranſluecnt, and in pureſt azure dreſt;
The boundleſs ſcene beneath, hill, dale, and plain:
The precipice abrupt; the diſtant deep,
Whoſe ſhores remurmur to the ſounding ſurge;
The neareſt foreſt in wide circuit ſpread,
Solemn receſs, whoſe ſolitary walks,
Fair Truth and Wiſdom love; the bordering lawn,
With flocks and herds enrich'd; the daiſy'd vale;
The river's cryſtal, and the meadows green—
Grateful diverſity! allure the eye
Abroad, to rove amid ten thouſand charms.
Theſe ſcenes, where every Virtue, every Muſe
Delighted range, ſerene the ſoul, and liſt,
Borne on devotion's wing, beyond the pole,
To higheſt heaven her thought; to Nature's God,
Firſt ſource of all things lovely, all things good,
Eternal, infinite! before whoſe throne
Sits ſovereign Bounty, and through heaven and earth
Careleſs diffuſes plenitude of bliſs.
Him all things own: he ſpeaks, and it is day.
Obedient to his nod, alternate night
Obſcures the world. The ſeaſons at his call
Succeed in train, and lead the year around.
While reaſon thus and rapture fill the heart;
Friends of mankind, good angels, hovering near,
Their holy influence, deep-infuſing, lend;
And in ſtill whiſpers, ſoft as Zephyr's breath
When ſcarce the green leaf trembles, through her powers
Inſpire new vigour, purer light ſupply,
And kindle every virtue into flame.
Celeſtial intercourſe! ſuperior bliſs,
Which vice ne'er knew! health of th' enliven'd ſoul,
And heaven on earth begun! Thus ever fix'd
In ſolitude, may I, obſcurely ſafe,
Deceive mankind, and ſteal through life along,
As ſlides the foot of time, unmark'd, unknown!
Exalted to his noon the fervent ſun,
Full-blazing o'er the blue immenſe, burns out
With fierce effulgence. Now the embowering maze
Of vale ſequeſter'd, or the fir-crown'd ſide
Of airy mountain, whence with lucid lapſe
Falls many a dew-fed ſtream, invites the ſtep
Of muſing Poet, and ſecures repoſe
To weary pilgrim. In the flood of day,
Oppreſſive brightneſs deluging the world,
Sick Nature pants: and from the cleaving earth,
Light vapours, undulating through the air,
Contagious ſpy, engendering dire diſeaſe,
Red plague, and fever; or, in fogs aloft
Condenſing, ſhew a ruffling tempeſt nigh.
And ſee, exhaling from th' Atlantic ſurge,
Wild world of waters, diſtant clouds aſcend
In vapoury confluence, deepening cloud on cloud:
Then rolling duſk along to eaſt and north,
As the blaſt bears them on his humid wing,
Draw total night and tempeſt o'er the noon!
Lo, bird and beaſt, impreſs'd by Nature's hand
In homeward warnings through each feeling nerve,
Haſte from the hour of terror and of ſtorm.
The Thunder now, from forth his cloudy ſhrine,
Amid conflicting elements, where Dread
And Death attend, the ſervants of his nod,
Firſt, in deaf murmurs, ſounds the deep alarm,
Heard from afar, awakening awful thought.
Dumb ſadneſs fills this nether world: the gloom
With double blackneſs lours; the tempeſt ſwells,
And expectation ſhakes the heart of man.
Where yonder clouds in duſky depth extend
Broad o'er the ſouth; fermenting in their womb,
Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempeſt ſwells,
Sulphureous ſteam and nitrous, late exhal'd
From mine or unctuous ſoil: and lo, at once,
Forth darted in ſlant ſtream, the ruddy flaſh,
Quick glancing, ſpreads a moment's horrid day.
Again it flames expanſive; ſhects the ſky,
Wide and more wide, with mournful light around,
On all ſides burning; now the face of things
Diſcloſing, ſwallowed now in tenfold night.
Again the thunder's voice, with peeling roar,
From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,
Amazing burſts! Air, ſea, and ſhore reſound.
Horror ſits ſhuddering in the felon-breaſt,
And feels the deathful flaſh before it flies;
Each ſleeping ſin, excited, ſtarts to view;
And all is ſtorm within The Murderer, pale
With conſcious guilt, though hid in deepeſt ſhade,
Hears and flies wild, purſued by all his fears:
And ſees the bleeding ſhadow of the Slain
Riſe hideous, glaring on him through the gloom!
Hark! through th' aërial vault, the ſtorm inflam'd
Comes nearer, hoarſely loud, abrupt and fierce,
Peal hurl'd on peal inceſſant, burſt on burſt:
Torn from its baſe, as if the general frame
Were tumbling into chaos—There it fell,
With whirlwind-wing, in red diffuſion flaſh'd,
Deſtruction marks its path. Yon riven oak
Is hid in ſmoulder'ring fires: ſurpriz'd beneath,
The traveller ill-omen'd proſtrate falls,
A livid corſe. Yon cottage flames to heaven:
And in its fartheſt cell, to which the hour,
All-horrible, had ſped their ſteps, behold!
The parent breathleſs lies; her orphan-babes
Shuddering and ſpeechleſs round—O power divine!
Whoſe will, unerring, points the bolt of fate!
Thy hand, though terrible, ſtill man decide
If puniſhment, or mercy, dealt the blow?
Appeas'd at laſt, the tumult of the ſkies
Subſides, the thunder's falling roar is huſh'd:
At once the clouds fly ſcattering, and the ſun
Breaks out with boundleſs ſplendor o'er the wor'd,
Parent of light and joy! to all things he
New life reſtores, and from each drooping field
Draws the redundant rain, in climbing miſts
Faſt-riſing to his ray; till every flower
Lift up its head, and Nature ſmiles reviv'd.
At firſt 'tis awful ſilence over all,
From ſenſe of late-felt danger; till confirm'd,
In grateful chorus mixing, beaſt and bird
Rejoice aloud to heaven: on either hand,
The woodlands warble, and the valleys low.
So paſs the ſongful hours: and now the ſun,
Declin'd, hangs verging on the weſtern main,
Whoſe fluctuating boſom, bluſhing red
The ſpace of many ſeas beneath his eye,

Heaves in ſoft ſwellings murmuring to the ſhore,
A circling glory glows around his diſk
Of milder beams: part, ſtreaming o'er the ſky,
Inflame the diſtant azure; part below
In level lines ſhoot through the waving wood,
Clad half in light, and half in pleaſing ſhade,
That lengthens o'er the lawn. Yon evening clouds,
Lucid or duſk, with flamy purple edg'd,
Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,
Amuſive, change-ful, ſhifting into ſhapes
Of viſionary beauty, antique towers
With ſhadowy domes and pinacles adorn'd;
Or hills of white extent, that riſe and ſink
As ſportful Fancy liſts: till late, the ſun
From human eye, behind earth's ſhading orb
Total withdrawn, th' aerial landſcape fades.
Diſtinction fails: and in the darkening weſt,
The laſt light, quivering, dimly dies away.
And now th' illuſive flame, oft ſeen at eve,
Up-borne and blazing on the light-wing'd gale,
Glides o'er the lawn, betokening Night's approach:
Ariſing awful o'er the eaſtern ſky,
Onward ſhe comes with ſlent ſtep and ſlow,
In her brown mantle wrapt, and brings along
The ſtill, the mild, the melancholy hour,
And Meditation, with his eye on heaven.
Muſing, in ſober mood, of Time and Life,
That fly with unreturning wing away
To that dark world, untravell'd and unknown,
Eternity! through deſert ways I walk:
Or to the cypreſs-grove, at twilight ſhun'd
By paſſing ſwains. The chill breeze murmurs low;
And the boughs ruſtle round me where I ſtand,
With fancy all-arous'd—Far on the left,
Shoots up a ſhapeleſs rock of duſky height,
The raven's haunt: and down its woody ſteep
A daſhing flood in headlong torrent hurls
His ſounding waters; white on every cliff
Hangs the light foam, and ſparkles through the gloom.
Behind me riſes huge a reverend pile
Sole on his blaſted heath, a place of tombs,
Waſte, deſolate, where Ruin dreary dwells.
Brooding o'er ſightleſs ſculls, and crumbling bones,
Ghaſtful he ſits, and eyes with ſtedfaſt glare,
(Sad trophies of his power, where ivy twines
Its fatal green around) the falling roof,
The time-ſhook arch, the column grey with moſs,
The leaning wall, the ſculptur'd ſtone defac'd,
Whoſe monumental flattery, mix'd with duſt,
Now hides the name it vainly meant to raiſe.
All is dread ſilence here, and undiſturb'd,
Save what the wind ſighs, and the wailing owl
Screams ſolitary to the mournful moon,
Glimmering her weſtern ray through yonder iſle,
Where the ſad ſpirit walks with ſhadowy foot
His wonted round, or lingers o'er his grave.
Hail, midnight-ſhades! hail, venerable dome
By age more venerable; ſacred ſhore,
Beyond Time's troubled ſea, where never wave,
Where never wind of paſſion, or of guilt,
Of ſuffering or of ſorrow, ſhall invade
The calm ſound night of thoſe who reſt below.
The weary are at peace: the ſmall and great,
Life's voyage ended, meet and mingle here.
Here ſleeps the priſoner ſafe, nor feels his chain,
Nor hears th' oppreſſor's voice. The poor and old,
With all the ſons of mourning, fearleſs now
Of want or woe, find unalarm'd repoſe.
Proud greatneſs, too, the tyranny of power,
The grace of beauty, and the force of youth,
And name and place, are here—for ever loſt!
But, at near diſtance, on the mouldering wall
Behold a monument, with emblem grac'd,
And fair inſcription: where with head declin'd,
And folded arms, the Virtues weeping round
Lean o'er a beauteous youth who lies below.
Thyrſis—'tis he! the wiſeſt and the beſt!
Lamented ſhade! whom every gift of heaven
Profuſely bleſt: all learning was his own.
Pleaſing his ſpeech, by Nature taught to flow,
Perſuaſive ſenſe and ſtrong, ſincere and clear.
His manners greatly plain; a noble grace,
Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic Art,
Adorn'd him: his calm temper winning mild;
Nor Pity ſofter, nor was Truth more bright.
Conſtant in doing well, he neither ſought
Nor ſhunn'd applauſe. No baſhful merit ſigh'd
Near him neglected; ſympathizing he
Wip'd off the tear from Sorrow's clouded eye
With kindly hand, and taught her heart to ſmile.
'Tis morning: and the ſun, his welcome light,
Swift, from beyond dark ocean's orient ſtream,
Caſts through the air, renewing Nature's face
With heaven-born beauty. O'er her ample breaſt,
O'er ſea and ſhore, light Fancy ſpeeds along,
Quick as the darted beam, from pole to pole,
Excurſive traveller. Now beneath the north,
Alone with Winter in his inmoſt realm,
Region of horrors! Here, amid the roar
Of winds and wave, the drifted turbulence
Of hail-mix'd ſnows, reſides th' ungenial Power,
For ever ſilent, ſhivering, and forlorn!
From Zembla's cliffs on to the ſtraits ſurmiz'd
Of Anian eaſtward, where both worlds oppoſe
Their ſhores contiguous, lies the polar ſea,
One glittering waſte of ice, and on the morn
Caſts cold a chearleſs light. Lo, hills of ſnow,
Hill behind hill, and Alp on Alp, aſcend,
Pil'd up from eldeſt age, and to the ſun
Impenetrable; riſing from afar
In miſty proſpect dim, as if on air
Each floating hill, an azure range of clouds.
Yet here, e'en here, in this diſaſtrous clime,
Horrid and harbourleſs, where all life dies,
Adventurous mortals, urg'd by thirſt of gain,
Through floating iſles of ice and fighting ſtorms,
Roam the wild waves, in ſearch of doubtful ſhores,
By Weſt or Eaſt; a path yet unexplor'd.
Hence eaſtward to the Tartar's cruel coaſt,
By utmoſt ocean waſh'd, on whoſe laſt wave
The blue ſky leans her breaſt, diffus'd immenſe
In ſolitary length the Deſert lies,
Where Deſolation keeps his empty court.

No bloom of ſpring, o'er all the thriſty waſt,
Nor ſpiry graſs is found; but ſands inſtead
In ſteril hills, and rough rocks riſing grey.
A land of fears! where viſionary forms,
Of grielly ſpectres from air, flood, and fire,
Swarm: and before them ſpeechleſs horror ſtalks!
Here, night, by night, beneath the ſtarleſs duſk,
The ſecret hag and ſorcerer unbleſt
Their ſabbath hold, and potent ſpells compoſe,
Spoils of the violated grave: and now,
Late, at the hour that ſevers night from morn,
When ſleep has ſilenc'd every thought of man,
They to their revels fall, infernal throng!
And as they mix in circling dance, or turn
To the four winds of heavens with haggard gaze;
Shot ſtreaming from the boſom of the north,
Opening the hollow gloom, red meteors blaze,
To lend them light, and diſtant thunders roll,
Heard in low murmurs thro' the lowering ſky.
From theſe ſad ſcenes, the waſte abodes of death,
With devious wing, to fairer climes remote
Southward I ſtray; where Caucaſus in view,
Bulwark of nations, in broad eminence
Upheaves from realm to realm a hundred hills,
On from the Caſpian to the Euxine ſtretch'd,
Pale-glittering with eternal ſnows to heaven.
From this chill ſteep, which midnight's higheſt ſhades
Scarce climb to darken, rough with mumuring woods,
Imagination travels with quick eye
Unbounded o'er the globe, and wondering views
Her rolling ſeas and intermingled iſles;
Her mighty continents out-ſtretch'd immenſe,
Where Europe, Aſia, Afric, of old fame,
Their regions numberleſs extend: and where
To fartheſt point of weſt, Columbus late,
Thro' untry'd oceans borne to ſhores unknown,
Moor'd his firſt keel adventurous, and beheld
A new, a fair, a fertile world ariſe!
But nearer ſcenes of happy rural view,
Green dale, and level down, and bloomy hill,
The Muſe's walk, on which the ſun's bright eye
Propitious looks, invite her willing ſtep.
Here ſee, around me ſmiling, myrtle groves,
And mountains crown'd with aromatic woods
Of vegetable gold, with vales amidſt,
Laviſh of flowers and fragrance; where ſoft Spring,
Lord of the year, indulges to each field
The fanning breeze, live ſpring, and ſheltering grove.
In theſe bleſt plains, a ſpacious city ſpreads
Its round extent magnificent, and ſeems
The ſeat of empire. Dazzling in the ſky,
With far-ſeen blaze her towery ſtructures ſhine,
Elaborate works of art! each opening gate
Sends forth its thouſands: Peace and plenty round
Environ her. In each frequented ſchool
Learning exalts his head: and Commerce pours
Into her arms a thouſand foreign realms.
How fair and fortunate! how worthy all
Of laſting bliſs ſecure! Yet all muſt fail,
O'erturn'd and loſt—nor ſhall their place be found.

A fullen calm unuſual, dark and dead,
Ariſes inauſpicious o'er the heavens.
The beamleſs ſun looks wan; a ſighing cold
Winters the ſhadow'd air; the birds on high,
Shrieking, give ſign of fearful change at hand:
And now, within the boſom of the globe,
Where ſulphur ſtor'd, and nitre peaceful ſlept,
For ages, in their ſul terranean bed,
Ferments th' approaching tempeſt. Vapoury ſtreams,
Inflammable, perhaps by winds ſublim'd,
Their deadly breath apply. Th' enkindled maſs,
Mine fir'd by mine in train, with boundleſs rage,
With horror unconceiv'd, diſploded burſts
Its central priſon—Shook from ſhore to ſhore,
Reels the broad continent with all its load,
Hills, foreſts, cities. The lone deſert quakes:
Her ſavage ſons howl to the thunder's groan,
And lightning's ruddy glare: while from beneath,
Deaf diſtant roarings, thro' the wide profound,
Rueful are heard, as when Deſpair complains.

Gather'd in air, o'er that proud Capital,
Frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,
Caſting dun night and terror o'er the heads
Of her inhabitants. Aghaſt they ſtand,
Sad-gazing on the mournful ſkies around;
A moment's dreadful ſilence! Then loud ſcreams
And eager ſupplications rend the ſkies.
Lo, crouds on crouds, in hurry'd ſtream along,
From ſtreet to ſtreet, from gate to gate roll'd on,
Tide, that way burſt in waves, by horror wing'd
To diſtant hill or cave: while half the globe,
Her frame convulſive rocking to and fro,
Trembles with ſecond agony. Upheav'd
In ſurges, her vext ſurface rolls a ſea.
Ruin enſues: towers, temples, palaces,
Flung from their deep foundations roof on roof
Cruſh'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd,
Fall total—In that univerſal groan,
Sounding to heaven, expir'd a thouſand lives,
O'erwhelm'd at once, one undiſtinguiſh'd wreck!

Sight full of fate! up from the centre torn,
The ground yawns horrible a hundred mouths,
Flaſhing pale flames—down through the gulphs profound,
Screaming, whole crouds of every age and rank,
With hands to heaven raiſ'd high imploring aid,
Prone to th' abyſs deſcend; and o'er their heads
Earth ſhuts her ponderous jaws. Part loſt in night
Return no more: part on the waſting wave,
Borne through the darkneſs of th' infernal world,
Far diſtant riſe, emerging with the flood;
Pale as aſcending ghoſts caſt back to day,
A ſhuddering band! Diſtraction in each eye
Stares wildly motionleſs: they pant, they catch
A gulp of air, and graſp with dying aim
The wreck that drives along, to gain from fate,
Short interval! a moment's doubtful life.
For now earth's ſolid ſphere aſunder rent
With final diſſolution, the huge maſs
Fails undermin'd—down, down th' extenſive ſeat
Of this fair city, down her buildings ſink!
Sinks the full pride her ample walls enclos'd,

In one wild hovock craſh'd, with burſt beyond
Heaven's loudeſt thunder! Uproar unconceiv'd!
Image of Nature's general frame deſtroy'd!
Now greatly terrible, how dark and deep
The purpoſes of heaven! At once o'erthrown,
White age and youth, the guilty and the juſt,
O, ſeemingly ſevere! promiſcuous fall.
Reaſon, whoſe daring eye in vain explores
The fearful providence, confus'd ſubdued
To ſilence and amazement, with due praiſe
Acknowledges th' Almighty, and adores
His will unerring, wiſeſt, juſteſt, beſt!
The country mourns around with alter'd look.
Fields, where but late the many-colour'd Spring
Sat gaily dreſt, amid the vernal breath
Of roſes, and the ſong of nightingales,
Soft-warbled, ſilent languiſh now and die.
Rivers engulph'd their ample channels leave
A ſandy tract; and goodly mountains, hurl'd
In whirlwind from their ſeat, obſtruct the plain
With rough incumbrance; or through depths of earth
Fall ruinous, with all their woods immers'd.
Sulphureous damps of dark and deadly power,
Steam'd from th' abyſs, fly ſecret over-head,
Wounding the healthful air; whence foul diſeaſe,
Murrain and rot, in tainted herds and flocks:
In man ſore ſickneſs, and the lamp of life
Dimm'd and diminiſh'd; or more fatal ill
Of mind unſettling reaſon overturn'd.
Here into madneſs work'd, and boiling o'er
Outrageous fancies, like the troubled ſea
Foaming out mud and filth: here downward ſunk
To folly, and in idle muſing wrapt;
Now chacing with fond aim the flying cloud;
Now numbering up the drops of falling rain.

A while the fiery Spirit in its cell
Inſidious ſlumbers, till ſome chance unknown,
Perhaps ſome rocky fragment from the roof
Detach'd, and roll'd with rough colluſion down
Its echoing vault, ſtrikes out the fatal ſpark
That blows it into rage. Shakes earth again,
Wide through her entrails torn. To all ſides flaſh'd,
The flames bear downward on the central deep,
Immeaſurable ſource, whence ocean fills
His numerous ſeas, and pours them round the globe.
The liquid orb, through all its dark expanſe,
In dire commotion boils; and burſting way
Up through th' unfounded bottoms of the main.
Where never tempeſt ruffled, lifts the deeps,
At once, in billowy mountains to the ſky,
With raving violence. And now, their ſhores
Rebellowing to the ſurge, they ſwallow fierce,
O'erſwelling mound and cliff: now ſwift and ſtrange,
With refluent wave retreating, leave the beach
A naked waſte of ſands—Meantime, behold!
Yon neighbouring Mountain riſing bleak and bare,
Its double top in ſteril aſhes hid,
But green around its baſe with oil and wine,
Gives ſign of ſtorm and deſolation near:
Storehouſe of fate! from whoſe infernal womb
With fiery minerals and metallic ore
Pernicious fraught, aſcends eternal ſmoke:
Now wavering looſe in air; now borne on high,
A duſky column heightening to the ſun!
Imagination's eye looks down diſmay'd
The ſteepy gulph, pale-flaming and profound,
With hourly tumult vext, but now incens'd
To ſevenfold fury. Firſt diſcordant ſounds,
As of a clamouring multitude enrag'd,
The daſh of floods, and hollow howl of winds
Through wintery woods or cavern'd ruins heard,
Riſe from the diſtant depth where uproar reigns.
Anon, with black eruption, from its jaws,
A night of ſmoke, thick driving, wave on wave,
In ſtormy flow, and cloud involving cloud,
Rolls furging forth, extinguiſhing the day;
With vollied ſparkles mix'd, and whirling drifts
Of ſtones and cinders rattling up the air.
Inſtant, in one broad burſt, a ſtream of fire,
Red-iſſuing, floods the hemiſphere around.
Nor pauſe, nor reſt; again the mountain groans
Amazing, from its inmoſt cavern ſhook:
Again, with loudening rage, intenſely fierce,
Diſgorges pyramids of quivering flame,
Spire after ſpire enormous, and torn rocks,
Flung out in thundering ruins to the ſky.
But ſee, in ſecond pangs, the rearing hill
From forth its depth a cloudy pillar ſhoots,
Gradual and vaſt, in one aſcending trunk
Of length immenſe, heav'd by the force of fire,
On its own baſe direct, aloft in air,
Beyond the ſoaring eagle's ſunward flight.
Still as it ſwells, through all the dark extent,
With wonder ſeen! ten thouſand lightnings play
In flaſh'd vibrations; and from height to height
Inceſſant thunders roar. No longer now
Protruded by the explo.ive breath below,
At once the ſhadowy ſummit breaks away
To all ſides round, in billows broad and black,
As of a turbid ocean ſtirr'd by winds,
A vapoury deluge hiding earth and heaven.

Thus all day long: and now the beamleſs ſun
Sets as in blood. A dreadful pauſe enſues;
Deceitful calm, portending fiercer ſtorm.
Sad night at once, with all her deep-dy'd ſhades,
Falls back and boundleſs o'er the ſcene. Suſpenſe
And terror rule the hour. Behold, from far,
Imploring heaven with ſupplicating hands
And ſtreaming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd,
Yon peopled City ſtands; each ſaddened face
Turn'd toward the hill of fears: and hark! once more
The riſing tempeſt ſhakes its ſounding vaults,
Now faint in diſtant murmurs, now more near
Rebounding horrible, with all the roar
Of winds and ſeas; or engines big with death,
That, planted by the murderous hand of War
To ſhake the round of ſome proud capital,
At once diſploded, in one burſting peal
Their mortal thunders mix. Along the ſky,
From eaſt to ſouth, a ruddy hill of ſmoke
Extends its ridge, with diſmal light inflam'd.
Meanwhile, the fluid Lake that works below,
Bitumen, ſulphur, ſalt, and iron-ſcum,
Heaves up its boiling tide. The labouring mount
Is torn with agonizing throes—at once,

Forth from its ſide diſparted, blazing pours
A mighty river, burning in prone waves,
That glimmer through the night, to yonder plain.
Divided there, a hundred torrent-ſtreams,
Each ploughing up its bed, rolls dreadful on,
Reſiſtleſs. Villages, and woods, and rocks,
Fall flat before their ſweep. The region round,
Where myrtle walks and groves of golden fruit
Roſe fair, where harveſt wav'd in all its pride,
And where the vineyard ſpread her purple ſtore,
Maturing into nectar, now deſpoil'd
Of herb, leaf, fruit, and flower, from end to end
Lies buried under fire, a glowing ſea!

Thus roaming with adventurous wing the globe,
From ſcene to ſcene excurſive, I behold
In all her workings, beauteous, great or new,
Fair Nature, and in all with wonder trace
The ſovereign Maker, firſt, ſupreme, and beſt,
Who actuates the whole: at whoſe command,
Odedient fire and flood tremendous riſe,
His miniſters of vengeance, to reprove,
And ſcourge the nations. Holy are his ways,
His works unnumber'd, and to all proclaim
Unfathom'd wiſdom, goodneſs unconfin'd.

THE

EXCURSION.

CANTO II.

Contains, on the plan of the former, a ſurvey of the ſolar ſyſtem, and of the fixed ſtars.

ENDLESS the wonders of creating power,
On earth, but chief on high through heaven diſplay'd.
There ſhines the full magnificence unveil'd
Of Majeſty divine: refulgent there
Ten thouſand ſuns blaze forth, with each his train
Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye
And equal rule of one eternal Lord.
To thoſe bright climes, awakening all her powers,
And ſpreading her unbounded wing, the Muſe,
Aſcending ſoars, on through the fluid ſpace,
The buoyant atmoſphere; whoſe vivid breath,
Soul of all ſublunary life, pervades
The realms of Nature, to her inmoſt depths
Diffus'd with quickening energy. Now ſtill,
From pole to pole the aerial ocean ſleeps,
One limpid vacancy; now rous'd to rage
By bluſtering meteors, wind, hail, rain, or cloud
With thunderous fury charg'd, its billows riſe,
And ſhake the nether orb. Still as I mount,
A path the vulture's eye hath not obſerv'd,
Nor foot of eagle trod, the ethereal ſphere
Receding flies approach; its circling arch
Alike remote, tranſlucent, and ſerene.
Glorious expanſion! by th' Almighty ſpread,
Whoſe limits who hath ſeen! or who with him
Hath walk'd the ſun-pav'd circuit from old time,
And viſited the hoſt of heaven around!

Gleaming a borrow'd light, whence how ſmall
The ſpeck of earth, and dim air circumfus'd!
Mutable region, vext with hourly change.
But here, unruffled calm her even reign
Maintains external: here the lord of day.
The neighbouring ſun, ſhines out in all his ſtrength,
Noon without night. Attracted by his beam,
I thither bend my flight, tracing the ſource
Where morning ſprings; whence her innumerous ſtreams
Flow lucid forth, and roll through trackleſs ways
Their white waves o'er the ſky. The fountain-orb,
Dilating as I riſe, beyond the ken
Of mortal eye, to which earth, ocean, air,
Are but a central point, expands immenſe,
A ſhoreleſs ſea of fluctuating fire,
That deluges all ether with its tide.
What power is that, which to its circle bounds
The violence of flame! in rapid whirls
Conflicting, floods with floods, as if to leave
Their place, and, burſting, overwhelm the world!
Motion incredible? to which the rage
Of oceans, when whole winter blows at once
In hurricane, is peace. But who ſhall tell
That radiance beyond meaſure, on the ſun
Pour'd out tranſcendent! thoſe keen-flaſhing rays
Thrown round his ſtate, and to yon worlds afar
Supplying days and ſeaſons, life and joy!
Such Virtue He, the Majeſty of Heaven,
Brightneſs original, all-bounteous king,
Hath to his creature lent, and crown'd his ſphere
With matchleſs glory. Yet not all alike
Reſplendent: in theſe liquid regions pure,
Thick miſts, condenſing, darken into ſpots,
And dim the day. Whence that malignant light,
When Cæſar bled, which ſadden'd all the year
With long eclipſe. Some at the centre riſe
In ſhady circles, like the moon beheld
From earth, when ſhe her unenlighten'd face
Turns thitherward opaque: a ſpace they brood
In congregated clouds; then breaking float
To all ſides round. Dilated ſome and denſe,
Broad as earth's ſurface each, by ſlow degrees
Spread from the confines of the light along,
Uſurping half the ſphere, and ſwim obſcure
On to its adverſe coaſt; till there they ſet,
Or vaniſh ſcatter'd: meaſuring thus the time,
That round its axle whirls the radiant orb.

Faireſt of beings! firſt-created light!
Prime cauſe of beauty! for from thee alone,
The ſparkling gem, the vegetable race,
The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their charms,
The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,
From thy unfailing ſource of ſplendor draw!
In thy pure ſhine, with tranſport I ſurvey
This Firmament, and theſe her rolling worlds,
Their magnitudes, and motions: thoſe how vaſt!
How rapid theſe! with ſwiftneſs unconceiv'd,
From weſt to eaſt in ſolemn pomp revolv'd,
Unerring, undiſturb'd; the ſun's bright train,
Progreſſive through the ſky's light fluent borne
Around their centre. Mercury the firſt,
Near bordering on the day, with ſpeedy wheel
Flies ſwifteſt on, inflaming where he comes,
With ſevenfold ſplendor, all his azure road,

Next Venus to the weſtward of the ſun,
Full orb'd her face, a golden plain of light,
Circles her larger round. Fair morning-ſtar!
That leads on dawning day to yonder world,
The ſeat of man, hung in the heavens remote,
Whoſe northern hemiſphere, deſcending, ſees,
The ſun ariſe; as through the zodiac roll'd,
Full in the middle path oblique ſhe winds
Her annual orb: and by her ſide the Moon,
Companion of her flight, whoſe ſolemn beams,
Nocturnal, to her darken'd globe ſupply
A ſofter day-light; whoſe attractive power
Swells all her ſeas and oceans into tides,
From the mid-deeps o'erflowing to their ſhores.
Beyond the ſphere of Mars, in diſtant ſkies,
Revolves the mighty magnitude of Jove,
With kingly ſtate, the rival of the ſun.
About him round, four planetary moons,
On earth with wonder all night long beheld,
Moon above moon, his fair attendants, dance.
There, in th' horizon, ſlow aſcending climb
The ſteep of heaven, and, mingling in ſoft flow
Their ſilver radiance, brighten as they riſe.
Thoſe oppoſite roll downward from their noon
To where the ſhade of Jove, outſtretch'd in length
A duſky cone immenſe, darkens the ſky
Through many a region. To theſe bounds arriv'd,
A gradual pale creeps dim o'er each ſad orb,
Fading their luſtre; till they ſink involv'd
In total night, and diſappear eclips'd.
By this, the Sage, who, ſtudious of the ſkies,
Heedful explores theſe late diſcover'd worlds,
By this obſerv'd, the rapid progreſs finds
Of light itſelf: how ſwift the headlong ray
Shoots from the ſun's height through unbounded ſpace,
At once enlightning air, and earth, and heaven.
Laſt, outmoſt Saturn walks his frontier-round,
The boundary of worlds; with his pale moons,
Faint-glimmering through the darkneſs night has thrown,
Deep-dy'd and dead, o'er his chill globe forlorn:
An endleſs deſart, where extreme of cold
Eternal ſits, as in his native ſeat,
On wintery hills of never-thawing-ice!
Such Saturn's earth; and yet ev'n here the ſight,
Amid theſe dreadful ſcenes, new matter finds
Of wonder and delight! a mighty ring,
On each ſide riſing from th' horizon's verge,
Self-poiſ'd in air, with its bright circle round
Encompaſſeth his orb. As night comes on,
Saturn's broad ſhade, caſt on its eaſtern arch,
Climbs ſlowly to its height: and at th' approach
Of morn returning, with like ſtealthy pace
Draws weſtward off; till through the lucid round,
In diſtant view th' illumin'd ſkies are ſeen.
Beauteous appearance! by th' Almighty's hand
Peculiar faſhion'd,—Thine theſe noble works,
Great, univerſal Ruler! earth and heaven
Are thine, ſpontaneous offspring of thy will,
Seen with tranſcendent raviſhment ſublime,
That lifts the ſoul to thee! a holy joy,
By reaſon prompted, and by reaſon ſwell'd
Beyond all height—for thou art infinite!
Thy virtual energy the frame of things
Pervading actuates; as at firſt thine hand
Diffus'd through endleſs ſpace this limpid ſky,
Vaſt ocean without ſtorm, where theſe huge globes
Sail undiſturb'd, a rounding voyage each;
Obſervant all of one unchanging law.
Simplicity divine! by this ſole rule,
The Maker's great eſtabliſhment, theſe worlds
Revolve harmonious, world attracting world
With mutual love, and to their central ſun
All gravitating: now with quicken'd pace
Deſcending tow'rd the primal orb, and now
Receding ſlow, excurſive from his bounds.
This ſpring of motion, this hid power infus'd
Through univerſal nature, firſt was known
To thee, great Newton! Britain's juſteſt pride,
The boaſt of human race; whoſe towering thought,
In her amazing progreſs unconfin'd,
From truth to truth aſcending, gain'd the height
Of ſcience, whither mankind from afar
Gaze up aſtoniſh'd. Now beyond that height,
By death from frail mortality ſet free,
A pure intelligence he wings his way
Through wondrous ſcenes, new-open'd in the world
Inviſible, amid the general quire
Of ſaints and angels, rapt with joy divine,
Which fills, o'erflows, and raviſhes the ſoul!
His mind's clear viſion from all darkneſs purg'd,
For God himſelf ſhines forth immediate there,
Through thoſe eternal climes, the frame of things,
In its ideal harmony, to him
Stands all reveal'd.—
But how ſhall mortal wing
Attempt this blue profundity of heaven,
Unfathomable, endleſs of extent!
Where unknown ſuns to unknown ſyſtems riſe,
Whoſe numbers who ſhall tell? ſtupendous hoſt!
In flaming millions through the vacant hung,
Sun beyond ſun, and world to world unſeen,
Meaſureleſs diſtance, unconceiv'd by thought!
Awful their order; each the central fire
Of his ſurrounding ſtars, whoſe whirling ſpeed,
Solemn and ſilent, through the pathleſs void,
Nor change, nor error knows. But, who their ways,
By reaſon, bold adventurer, unexplor'd,
Inſtructed can declare! What ſearch ſhall find
Their times and ſeaſons! their appointed laws.
Peculiar! their inhabitants of life,
And of intelligence, from ſcale to ſcale
Harmonious riſing and in fix'd degree;
Numberleſs orders, each reſembling each,
Yet all diverſe!—Tremendous depth and height
Of wiſdom and of power, that this great whole
Fram'd inexpreſſible, and ſtill preſerves,
An infinite of wonders!—Thou, ſupreme,
Firſt, Independent cauſe, whoſe preſence fills
Nature's vaſt circle, and whoſe pleaſure moves,
Father of human kind! the Muſe's wing
Suſtaining guide, while to the heights of heaven,
Roaming th' interminable vaſt of ſpace,
She riſes, tracing thy almighty hand
In its dread operations. Where is now
The ſeat of mankind, earth? where her great ſcenes
Of wars and triumphs? empires fam'd of old,

Aſſyrian, Roman? or of later name,
Peruvian, Mexican, in that new world,
Beyond the wide Atlantic, late diſclos'd?
Where is their place?—Let proud ambition pauſe,
And ſicken at the vanity that prompts
His little deeds—With earth, thoſe nearer orbs,
Surrounding planets, late ſo glorious ſeen,
And each a world, are now for ſight too ſmall;
Are almoſt loſt to thought. The ſun himſelf,
Ocean of flame, but twinkles from afar,
A glimmering ſtar amid the train of night!
While in theſe deep abyſſes of the ſky,
Spaces incomprehenſible, new ſons,
Crown'd with unborrow'd beams, illuſtrious ſhine;
Arcturus here, and here the Pleiades,
Amid the northern hoſt: nor with leſs ſtate,
At ſumleſs diſtance, huge Orion's orbs,
Each in his ſphere refulgent, and the noon
Of Syrius, burning through the ſouth of heaven.
Myriads beyond, with blended rays, inflame
The Milky Way, whoſe ſtream of vivid light,
Pour'd from innumerable fountains round,
Flows trembling, wave on wave, from ſun to ſun,
And whitens the long path to heaven's extreme:
Diſtinguiſh'd traſt! But as with upward flight,
Soaring, I gain th' immenſurable ſteep,
Contiguous ſtars, in bright profuſion ſown
Through theſe wide fields, all broaden into ſuns,
Amazing, ſever'd each by gulphs of air,
In circuit ample as the ſolar heavens.
From this dread eminence, where endleſs day,
Day without cloud abides, alone and fill'd
With holy horror, trembling I ſurvey
Now downward through the univerſal ſphere
Already paſt; now up to the heights untry'd,
And of th' enlarging proſpect find no bound!
About me on each hand new wonders riſe
In long ſucceſſion; here pure ſcenes of light,
Dazzling the view; here nameleſs worlds afar,
Yet undiſcover'd: there a dying ſun,
Grown dim with age, whoſe orb of flame extinct,
Incredible to tell! thick, vapoury miſts,
From every ſhore exhaling, mix obſcure
Innumerable clouds, diſpreading flow,
And deepening ſhade on ſhade; till the faint globe,
Mournful of aſpect, calls in all his beams.
Millions of lives, that live but in his light,
With horror ſee, from diſtant ſpheres around,
The ſource of day expire, and all his worlds
At once involv'd in everlaſting night!

Such this dread revolution: heaven itſelf,
Subject to change, ſo feels the waſte of years.
So this cerulian round, the work divine
Of God's own hand, ſhall fade; and empty night
Reign ſolitary, where theſe ſtars now roll
From weſt to eaſt their periods: where the train
Of comets wander their eccentric ways
With infinite excurſion, through th' immenſe
Of æther, traverſing from ſky to ſky
Ten thouſand regions in their winding road,
Whoſe length to trace imagination fails!
Various their paths; without reſiſtance all
Through theſe free ſpaces borne: a various face;
Enkindled this with beams of angry light,
Shot circling from its orb in ſanguine ſhowers
That, through the ſhade of night, projecting huge,
In horrid trail, a ſpire of duſky flame,
Embody'd miſts and vapours, whoſe fir'd maſs
Keen vibrates, ſtreaming a red length of air.
While diſtant orbs, with wonder and amaze,
Mark its approach, and night by night alarm'd
Its dreaded progreſs watch, as of a foe
Whoſe march is ever fatal; in whoſe train
Famine, and war, and deſolating plague,
Each on his pale horſe rides; the miniſters
Of angry heaven, to ſcourge offending worlds!
But lo, where one, from ſome far world return'd,
Shines out with ſudden glare through yonder ſky,
Region of darkneſs, where a ſun's loſt globe,
Deep overwhelm'd with night, extinguiſh'd lies.
By ſome hid power attracted from his path,
Fearful commotion! into that duſk tract,
The devious comet, ſteep deſcending, falls
With all his flames, rekindling into life
Th' exhauſted orb: and ſwift a flood of light
Breaks forth diffuſive through the gloom, and ſpreads
In orient ſtreams to his fair train afar
Of moving fires, from night's dominion won,
And wondering at the morn's unhop'd return.
In ſtill amazement loſt, th' awaken'd mind
Contemplates this great view, a ſun reſtor'd
With all his worlds! while thus at large her flight
Ranges theſe untrac'd ſcenes, progreſſive borne
Far through æthereal ground, the boundleſs walk
Of ſpirits, daily travellers from heaven:
Who paſs the myſtic gulph to journey here,
Searching th' Almighty Maker in his works
From worlds to worlds, and, in triumphant quire
Of voice and harp, extolling his high praiſe.
Immortal natures! cloath'd with brightneſs round,
Empyreal, from the ſource of light effus'd,
More orient than the noon-day's ſtainleſs beam.
Their will unerring; their affections pure,
And glowing fervent warmth of love divine,
Whoſe object God alone: for all things elſe,
Created beauty, and created good,
Illuſive all, can charm the ſoul no more.
Sublime their intellect, and without ſpot,
Enlarg'd to draw Truth's endleſs proſpect in,
Ineffable, eternity and time;
The train of beings, all by gradual ſcale
Deſcending, ſumleſs orders and degrees;
Th' unfounded depth, which mortals dare not try,
Of God's perfections; how theſe heavens firſt ſprung
From unprolific night; how mov'd and rul'd
In number, weight, and meaſure; what hid laws,
Inexplicable, guide the moral world.

Active as flame, with prompt obedience all
The will of heaven fulfil: ſome his fierce wrath
Bear through the nations, peſtilence and war:
His copious goodneſs ſome, life, light, and bliſs,
To thouſands. Some the fate of empires rule,
Commiſſion'd, ſheltering with their guardian wings
The pious monarch, and the legal throne.

Nor is the ſovereign, nor th' illuſtrious great,
Alone their care. To every leſſ'ning rank
Of worth propitious, theſe bleſt minds embrace
With univerſal love the juſt and good,
Wherever found; unpriz'd, perhaps unknown,
Depreſt by fortune, and with hate purſued,
Or inſult from the proud oppreſſor's brow.
Yet dear to heaven, and meriting the watch
Of angel's o'er his unambitious walk,
At morn or eve, when Nature's faireſt face,
Calmly magnificent, inſpires the ſoul
With virtuous raptures, prompting to forſake
Theſin-born vanities, and low purſuits,
That buſy human kind; to view their ways
With pity; to repay, for numerous wrongs,
Meekneſs and charity. Or, rais'd aloft,
Fir'd with ethereal ardour, to ſurvey
The circuit of creation, all theſe ſuns
With all their worlds: and ſtill from height to height,
By things created riſing, laſt aſcend
To that Firſt Cauſe, who made, who governs all,
Fountain of being, ſelf-exiſtent power,
All-wiſe, all-good, who from eternal age
Endures, and fills th' immenſity of ſpace;
That infinite diffuſion, where the mind
Conceives no limits; undiſtinguiſh'd void,
Invariable, where no land-marks are,
No paths to guide Imagination's flight.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA:
OR
THE HERMIT.

(ADDRESSED TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.)

CANTO I.

FAR in the watery waſte, where his broad wave
From world to world the vaſt Atlantic rolls,
On from the piny ſhores of Labrador
To frozen Thule eaſt, her airy height
Aloft to heaven remoteſt Kilda lifts;
Laſt of the ſea-girt Hebrides, that guard,
In filial train, Britannia's parent-coaſt.
Thrice happy land! though freezing on the verge
Of arctic ſkies; yet, blameleſs ſtill of arts
That poliſh to deprave, each ſofter clime,
With ſimple nature, ſimple virtue bleſt!
Beyond Ambition's walk: where never War
Uprear'd his ſanguine ſtandard; nor unſheath'd,
For wealth or power, the deſolating ſword.
Where Luxury, ſoft ſyren, who around
To thouſand nations deals her neſſar'd cup
Of pleaſing bane, that ſoothes at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown. But calm content
That lives to reaſon; ancient Faith that binds
The plain community of guileleſs hearts
In love and union; Innocence of ill
Their guardian genius: theſe, the powers that rule

This little world, to all its ſons ſecure
Man's happieſt life; the ſoul ſerene and ſound
From paſſion's rage, the body from diſeaſe.
Red on each cheek behold the roſe of health;
Firm in each ſinew Vigor's pliant ſpring,
By temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,
Amid the floods they ſtem, or on the ſteep
Of upright rocks their ſtraining ſteps ſurmount,
For food or paſtime. Theſe light up their morn,
And cloſe their eve in ſlumbers ſweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling ſwell
Of ocean's raging ſound. But laſt and beſt,
What Avarice, what Ambition ſhall not know,
True liberty is theirs, the heaven-ſent gueſt,
Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,
With Independence dwells; and Peace of mind,
In youth, in age, their ſun that never ſets.

Daughter of heaven and nature, deign thy aid,
Spontaneous Muſe! O whether from the depth
Of evening foreſt, brown with broadeſt ſhade;
Or from the brow ſublime of vernal Alp
As morning dawns; or from the vale at noon,
By ſome ſoft ſtream that ſlides with liquid foot
Through bowery groves, where Inſpiration ſits
And liſtens to thy lore, auſpicious come!
O'er theſe wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd ſhore,
Thy wing high-hovering ſpread; and to the gale,
The boreal ſpirit breathing liberal round
From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune
With anſwering cadence free, as beſt beſeems
The tragic theme my plaintive verſe unfolds.

Here, good Aurelius—and a ſcene more wild
The world around, or deeper ſolitude,
Affliction could not find—Aurelius hers,
By fate unequal and the crime of war
Expell'd his native home, the ſacred vale
That ſaw him bleſt, now wretched and unknown,
Wore out to ſlow remains of ſetting life
In bitterneſs of thought: and with the ſurge,
And with the ſounding ſtorm, his murmur'd moan,
Would often mix—Oft as remembrance ſad
Th' unhappy paſt recall'd; a faithful wife,
Whom Love firſt choſe, whom Reaſon long endear'd,
His ſoul's companion and his ſoſter friend;
With one fair daughter, in her roſy prime,
Her dawn of opening charms, defenceleſs left
Within a tyrant's graſp! his foe profeſs'd,
By civil madneſs, by intemperate zeal
For differing rites, embitter'd into hate,
And cruelty remorſeleſs!—Thus he liv'd:
If this was life, to load the blaſt with ſighs;
Hung o'er its edge, to ſwell the flood with tears,
At midnight hour: for midnight frequent heard
The lonely mourner, deſolate of heart,
Pour all the huſband, all the father forth
In unavailing anguiſh; ſtretch'd along
The naked beach; or ſhivering on the cliff,
Smote with the wintery pole in bitter ſtorm,
Hail, ſnow, and ſhower, dark-driving round his head.

Such were his hours; till Time, the wretch's friend,
Life's great phyſician, ſkill'd alone to cloſe,
Where ſorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,
Each full n ſpectre chace, his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, through every fever'd pulſe
With gentleſt hand infus'd, A penſive calm
Aroſe, but unaſſur'd: as, after winds
Of ruffling wing, the ſea ſubſiding flow
Still trembles from the ſtorm. Now Reaſon firſt,
Her throne reſuming, bid Devotion raiſe
To heaven his eye; and through the turbid miſt,
By ſenſe dark-drawn between, adoring own,
Sole arbiter of fate, one Cauſe ſupreme,
All-juſt, all-wiſe, who bids what ſtill is beſt,
In cloud or ſun-ſhine; whoſe ſevereſt hand
Wounds but to heal, and chaſtens to amend.
Thus, in his boſom, every weak exceſs,
The rage of grief, the fellneſs of revenge,
To healthful meaſure temper'd and reduc'd
By Virtue's hand; and in her brightening beam
Each error clear'd away, as ſen-born fogs
Before th' aſcending ſun; through faith he lives
Beyond Time's bounded continent, the walks
Of Sin and Death. Anticipating heaven
In pious hope, he ſeems already there,
Safe on her ſacred ſhore; and ſees beyond,
In radiant view, the world of light and love,
Where Peace delights to dwell; where one fair morn
Still orient ſmiles, and one diffuſive ſpring,
That fears no ſtorm, and ſ all no winter know,
Th' immortal y ar empurples I a gh
Yet murmurs from his breaſt; 'tis for the pangs
Thoſe deareſt names, a wife, a child muſt feel,
Still ſuffering in his fate: 'tis for a foe,
Who, deaf himſelf to mercy, may of heaven
That mercy, when moſt wanted, aſk in vain.
The ſun, now ſtation'd with the lucid Twins,
O'er every ſouthern clime had pour'd profuſe
The roſy year; and ly each pleaſing hue,
That greens the leaf, or through the bloſſom glows
With florid light, his faireſt month array'd:
While Zephyre, while the lver-footed dews,
Her ſoft attendants, wide o'er field and grove
Freſh ſpirit breathe, a d ſhed perfuming balm.
Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
Of winter's waſte dominion, i unfelt
The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the riſe
Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,
With wild-thyme flowering, betony, and balm,
Blue lavender and carmel's ſpicy root,
Song, fragrance, health, ambroſate every breeze.
But, high above, the ſeaſon full exerts
Its ver al force in yonder peopled rocks,
To whoſe wild ſolitude, from worlds unknown,
The birds of paſſage tranſmigrating come,
Unnumber'd colonies o foreign wing,
At Nature's ſummons their aërial ſtate
Annual to found; and in bold voyage ſteer,
O'er this wide ocean, through yon pathleſs ſky,
One certain flight to one appointed ſhore:
By heaven's directive ſpirit, here to raiſe
Their temporary realm; and form ſecure,
Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And ſhelter from the roc , their nuptial leagues:
Each tribe apart, and all on taſks of love,
To hatch the preg nant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpleſs infants, piouſly intent.
Led by the day abroad, with lonely ſtep,
And ruminating ſweet and bitter thought,
Aurelius, from the weſtern bay, his eye
Now raiſ'd to this amuſive ſcene in air,
With wonder mark'd; now caſt with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderneſs of waves,
From pole to pole through boundleſs ſpace diffuſ'd,
Magnificently dreadful! where, at large,
Leviathan, with each inferior name
Of ſea-born kinds, ten thouſand thouſand tribes,
Finds endleſs range for paſture and for ſport,
Amaz'd he gazes, and adoring owns
The hand Almighty, who its channel'd bed
Immeaſurable ſunk, and pour'd abroad,
Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid ſphere;
With every wind to waft large commerce on,
Join pole to pole, conſociate ſever'd worlds,
And link in bonds of intercourſe and love
Earth's univerſal family. Now roſe
Sweet evening's ſolemn hour. The ſun declin'd
Hung golden o'er this nether firmament;
Whoſe broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
Gave back his beamy viſage to the ſky
With ſplendor undiminiſh'd; and each cloud,
White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
In fair aëreal landſcape. Here, alone
On earth' remoteſt verge, Aurelius breath'd
The healthful gale, and felt the ſmiling ſcene
With awe-mix'd pleaſure, muſing as he ſung
In ſilence o'er the billows huſh'd beneath.
When lo! a ſound, amid the wave-worn rocks,
Deaf-murmuring roſe, and plaintive roll'd along
From cliff to cavern: as the breath of winds,
At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard
Through wintery pines, high-waving o'er the ſteep
Of ſky-crown'd Appennine. The Sea-pye ceas'd
At once to warble. Screaming, from his neſt
The Fulmar ſoar'd, and ſhot a weſtward flight
From ſhore to ſea. On came, before her hour,
Invading night, and hung the troubled ſky
With fearful blackneſs round*. Sad ocean's face
A curling undulation ſhivery ſwept
From wave to wave: and now impetuous roſe,
Thick cloud and ſtorm and ruin on his wing,
The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep
Fell horrible, with broad-deſcending blaſt.
Aloft, and ſafe beneath a ſheltering cliff,
Whoſe moſs-grown ſummit on the diſtant flood
Projected frowns, Aurelius ſtood appall'd:
His ſtunn'd ear ſmote with all the thundering main!
His eye with mountains ſurging to the ſtars!
Commotion infinite. Where yon laſt wave

Line 152. The root of this plant, otherwiſe named "arg. tilis ſylvaticus," is aromatic; and by the native s reckoned cordial to the ſtomach. See Martin's Weſtern Iſles of Scotland, p. 180.

* *See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p. 58.*

Blends with the ſky its foam, a ſhip in view
Shoots ſudden forth, ſteep-falling from the clouds:
Yet diſtant ſeen and dim, till, onward borne
Before the blaſt, each growing ſail expands,
Each maſt aſpires, and all th' advancing frame
Bounds on his eye diſtinct. With ſharpen'd ken
Its courſe he watches, and in awful thought
That power invokes, whoſe voice the wild winds hear,
Whoſe nod the ſurge reveres, to look from heaven,
And ſave, who elſe muſt periſh, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyſs,
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compaſs'd round.
But O, ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads!
For death beſtrides the billow, nor your own,
Nor others' offer'd vows can ſtay the flight
Of inſtant fate. And, lo! his ſecret ſeat,
Where never ſun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidſt
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vaſt,
The ſtormy Genius of the deep forſakes:
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
Aſcending baleful, bids the tempeſt ſpread,
Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,
Its blackeſt pinion, pour its loudening blaſts
In whirlwind forth, and from their loweſt depth
Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
The tortur'd ſhip, at his imperious call,
Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
Breaks ſhort; her maſts in craſhing ruin fall;
And each rent ſail flies looſe in diſtant air.
Now, fearful moment! o'er the foundering hull,
Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve,
Steep from the clouds with horrid ſhade impends—
Ah! ſave them, heaven! it burſts in deluge down
With boundleſs undulation. Shore and ſky
Rebellow to the roar. At once engulph'd,
Veſſel and crew beneath its torrent ſweep
Are ſunk, to riſe no more. Aurelius wept:
The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek.
He turn'd his ſtep; he fled the fatal ſcene,
And brooding, in ſad ſilence, o'er the ſight
To him alone diſcloſ'd, his wounded heart
Pour'd out to heaven in ſighs: Thy will be done,
Not mine, ſupreme Diſpoſer of Events!
But death demands a tear, and man muſt feel
For human woes: the reſt ſubmiſſion checks.
Not diſtant far, where this receding bay*
Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch
Expands its ſelf-pois'd concave; as the gate,
Ample, and broad, and pillar'd maſſy-proof,
Of ſome unfolding temple. On its height
Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
That, o'er the green roof ſpread, their fragrant food
Untended crop. As through this cavern'd path,
Involv'd in penſive thought Aurelius paſt,
Struck with ſad echoes from the ſounding vault
Remurmur'd ſhrill, he ſtopt, he rais'd his head;
And ſaw th' aſſembled natives in a ring,
With wonder and with pity bending o'er
A ſhipwreck'd man. All-motionleſs on earth
He lay. The living luſtre from his eye,
The vermil hue extinguiſh'd from his cheek:
And in their place, on each chill feature ſpread,
The ſhadowy cloud and ghaſtli eſs of death
With pale ſuffuſion ſat. So looks the moon,
So faintly wan, through hovering miſts at eve,
Grey autumn's train. Faſt from his hairs diſtill'd
The briny wave: and cloſe within his graſp
Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
Had ſtem'd the flood with agonizing breaſt,
And ſtruggled ſtrong for life. Of youthful prime
He ſeem'd, and built by Nature's nobleſt hand;
Where bold proportion, and where ſoftening grace,
Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.
Aurelius, from the breathleſs clay, his eye
To heaven imploring raiſ'd: then, for he knew
That life, within her central cell retir'd,
May lurk unſeen, diminiſh'd but not quench'd,
He bid tranſport it ſpeedy through the vale,
To his poor cell that lonely ſtood and low,
Safe from the north beneath a ſloping hill:
An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd
On columns rude; its roof with reverend moſs
Light-ſhaded o'er; its front in ivy hid,
That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand
They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd
The vapoury air with aromatic ſmells:
Then, drops of ſovereign efficacy, drawn
From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.
Slow, from the mortal trance, as men from dreams
Of direful viſion, ſhuddering he awakes:
While life, to ſcarce-felt motion, faintly lifts
His fluttering pulſe, and gradual o'er his cheek
The roſy current wins its reſluent way.
Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd
Severe on heaven, on the ſurrounding hills
With twilight dim, and on the croud unknown
Diſſolv'd in tears around: then cloſ'd again,
As loathing light and life. At length, in ſounds
Broken and eager, from his heaving breaſt
Diſtraction ſpoke—Down, down with every ſail.
Mercy, ſweet heaven!—Ha! now whole ocean ſweeps
In tempeſt o'er our heads—My ſoul's laſt hope!
We will not part—Help, help! yon wave, behold!
That ſwells betwixt, has borne her from my ſight.
O, for a ſun to light this black abyſs!
Gone—loſt—for ever loſt! He ceas'd. Amaze
And trembling on the pale aſſiſtants fell:
Whom now, with greeting and the words of peace,
Aurelius bid depart. A pauſe enſued,
Mute, mournful, ſolemn. On the ſtranger's face
Obſervant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard:
Watchful his ear, each murmur, every breath,
Attentive ſeiz'd; now eager to begin
Conſoling ſpeech; now doubtful to invade

* *See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p. 20.*

The ſacred ſilence due to grief ſupreme.
Then thus at laſt. O from devouring ſeas,
By miracle eſcap'd! if, with thy life,
Thy ſenſe return'd, can yet diſcern the Hand
All-wonderful, that through yon raging ſea,
Yon whirling weſt of tempeſt, led thee ſafe;
That Hand divine with grateful awe confeſs,
With proſtrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!
Waſt number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
Th' unfathom'd gulph; when human hope was fled,
And human help in vain—th' Almighty Voice,
Then bade deſtruction ſpare, and bade the deep
Yield up its prey: that, by his mercy ſav'd,
That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
A monument of wonder as of love,
May juſtify; to all the ſons of men,
Thy brethren, ever preſent in their need.
Such praiſe delights him moſt—
He hears me not.
Some ſecret anguiſh, ſome tranſcendent woe,
Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
Through the cloſ'd lids, now rolls in bitter ſtream!
Yet, ſpeak thy ſoul, afflicted as thou art!
For knew, by mournful privilege 'tis mine,
Myſelf moſt wretched and in ſorrow's ways
Severely train'd, to ſhare in every pang
The wretched feel; to ſoothe the ſad of heart;
To number tear for tear, and groan for groan,
With every ſon and daughter of diſtreſs.
Speak then, and give thy labouring boſom vent:
My pity is, my friendſhip ſhall be, thine;
To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
Through reaſon's paths, to happineſs and heaven.
The hermit thus; and, after ſome ſad pauſe
Of muſing wonder, thus the Man unknown.
What have I heard?—On this untravel'd ſhore,
Nature's laſt limit, hemm'd with oceans round
Howling and harbourleſs, beyond all faith
A comforter to find! whoſe language wears
The garb of civil life; a friend, whoſe breaſt
The gracious meltings of ſweet pity move!
Amazement all! my grief to ſilence charm'd
Is loſt in wonder—But, thou good unknown,
If woes, for ever wedded to deſpair,
That wiſh no cure, are thine, behold in me
A meet companion; one whom earth and heaven
Combine to curſe; whom never future morn
Shall light to joy, nor evening with repoſe
Deſcending ſhade—O, ſon of this wild world!
From ſocial converſe though for ever barr'd,
Though chill'd with endleſs winter from the pole,
Yet warm'd by goodneſs, form'd to tender ſenſe
Of human woes, beyond what milder climes,
By fairer ſuns attemper'd, courtly boaſt;
O ſay, did, e'er thy breaſt, in youthful life,
Touch'd by a beam from Beauty all-divine,
Did e'er thy boſom her ſweet influence own,
In pleaſing tumult pour'd through every vein,
And panting at the heart, when firſt our eye
Receives impreſſion! Then, as paſſion grew,
Did heaven conſenting to thy wiſh indulge
That bliſs no wealth can bribe, no power beſtow,
That bliſs of angels, love by love repaid?
Heart ſtreaming full to heart in mutual flow
Of faith and friendſhip, tenderneſs and truth—
If theſe thy fate diſtinguiſh'd, thou wilt then,
My joys conceiving, in age my deſpair,
How total! how extreme! For this, all this,
Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
Lies loſt and bury'd there—O, awful heaven!
Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
Her blameleſs head devoted, thou alone
Can'ſt tell what I have loſt—O, ill-ſtarr'd maid!
O, moſt undone Amyntor!—Sighs and tears,
And heart-heav'd groans, at this, his voice ſuppreſs'd:
The reſt was agony and dumb deſpair.
Now o'er their heads damp night her ſtormy gloom
Spread, ere the glimmering twilight was expir'd,
With huge and heavy horror cloſing round
In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful ſcene,
The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt:
And thus reply'd, as one in Nature ſkill'd,
With ſoft aſſenting ſorrow in his look,
And words to ſoothe, not combat helpleſs love.
Amyntor, by that heaven who ſees thy tears!
By faith and friendſhip's ſympathy divine!
Could I the ſorrows heal I more than ſhare,
This boſom, truſt me, ſhould from thine transfer
Its ſharpeſt grief. Such grief, alas! how juſt?
How long in ſilent anguiſh to deſcend,
When reaſon and when for dneſs o'er the tomb
Are fellow-mourners? He, who can refuſe,
Has never lov'd: and were thou to the ſenſe,
The ſacred feeling of a loſs like thine,
Cold and inſenſible, thy breaſt were then
No manſion for humanity, or thought
Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love,
And tender pity; whoſe kind tears adorns
The clouded cheek, and ſanctifies the ſoul
They ſoften, not ſubdue. We both will mix,
For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
Our ſocial ſighs: and ſtill, as morn unveils
The brightening hill, or evening's miſty ſhade
Its brow obſcures, her graceful neſs of form,
Her mind all-lovely, each ennobling each,
Shall be our frequent theme. Then ſhalt thou hear
From me, in ſad return, a tale of woes,
So terrible—Amyntor, thy pain'd heart
Amid its own, will ſhudder at the ills
That mine has bled with—But behold! the dark
And drowſy hour ſteals faſt upon our talk.
Here break we off: and thou, ſad mourner, try
Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
With timely ſleep. Each gracious wing from heaven
Of thoſe that miniſter to erring man,
Near-hovering, huſh thy paſſion into calm;
Serene thy ſlumbers with preſented ſcenes
Of brighteſt viſions; whiſper to thy heart
That holy peace which goodneſs ever ſhares:
And to us both be friendly as we need.

CANTO II.

NOW midnight roſe, and o'er the general ſcene,
Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackeſt veil,
Vapour and cloud. Around th' unſleeping iſle,
Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd;
And, in mix'd horror, to Amyntor's ear
Borne through the gloom, his ſhrieking ſenſe appall'd.
Shook by each blaſt, and ſwept by every wave,
Again pale memory labours in the ſtorm:
Again from her is torn, whom more than life
His fondneſs lov'd. And now, another ſhower
Of ſorrow, o'er the dear unhappy maid,
Effuſive ſtream'd; till late, through every power
The ſoul ſubdued ſunk ſad to ſlow repoſe:
And all her darkening ſcenes, by dim degrees,
Were quench'd in total night. A pauſe from pain
Not long to laſt: for Fancy, oft awake
While reaſon ſleeps, from her illuſive cell
Call'd up wild ſhapes of viſionary fear,
Of viſionary bliſs, the hour of reſt
To mock with mimic ſhews. And lo! the deeps
In airy tumult ſwell. Beneath a hill
Amyntor heaves of overwhelming fear;
Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
The billow's back. Anon, the ſhadowy world
Shifts to ſome boundleſs continent unknown,
Where ſolitary, o'er the ſtarleſs void,
Dumb ſilence broods. Through heaths of dreary length,
Slow on he drags his ſtaggering ſtep infirm
With breathleſs toil; hears torrent floods afar
Roar through the wild; and, plung'd in central caves,
Falls headlong many a fathom into night.
Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
And brightening with their glow the brown abyſs,
Roſe Theodora. Smiling, in her eye
Sat, without cloud, the ſoft-conſenting ſoul,
That, guilt unknowing, had no wiſh to hide.
A ſpring of ſudden myrtles flowering round
Their walk embower'd; while nightingales beneath
Sung ſpouſals, as along th' enamel'd turf
They ſeem'd to fly, and interchang'd their ſouls,
Melting in mutual ſoftneſs. Thrice his arms
The Fair encircled: thrice ſhe fled his graſp,
And fading into darkneſs mix'd with air—
O, turn! O, ſtay thy flight!—ſo loud he cry'd,
Sleep and its train of humid vapours fled.
He groan'd, he gaz'd around: his inward ſenſe
Yet glowing with the viſion's vivid beam,
Still, on his eye, the hovering ſhadow blaz'd:
Her voice ſtill murmur'd in his tinkling ear;
Grateful deception! till returning thought
Left broad awake, amid th' incumbent lour
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
His grief inflam'd throb freſh in every vein.
To phrenſy ſtung, upſtarting from his couch,
The vale, the ſhore, with darkling ſtep he roam'd,
Like ſome drear ſpectre from the grave unbound:
Then, ſcaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood
Scarce from that height diſcern'd. Nor reaſon's voice,
Nor ow'd ſubmiſſion to the will of heaven,
Reſtrains him; but, as paſſion whirls his thought,
Fond expectation, that perchance eſcap'd,
Though paſſing all belief, the frailer ſkiff,
To which himſelf had borne th' unhappy Fair,
May yet be ſeen. Around, o'er ſea and ſhore,
He roll'd his ardent eye; but nought around
On land or wave within his ken appears,
Nor ſkiff, nor floating corſe, on which to feed
The laſt ſad tear, and lay the covering mold!
And now, wide open'd by the wakeful hours
Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progreſs comes
Aurora ſmiling, and her purple lamp
Lifts high o'er earth and ſea: while, all-unveil'd,
The vaſt horizon on Amyntor's eye
Pours full its ſcenes of wonder, wildly great,
Magnificently various. From this ſteep,
Diffus'd immenſe in rolling proſpect lay
The northern deep. Amidſt, from ſpace to ſpace,
Her numerous iſles, rich gems of Albion's crown,
As flow th' aſcending miſts diſperſe in air,
Shoot gradual from her boſom: and beyond,
Like diſtant clouds blue-floating on the verge
Of evening ſkies, break forth the dawning hills.
A thouſand landſcapes! barren ſome and bare,
Rock pil'd on rock, amazing, up to heaven,
Of horrid grandeur: ſome with ſounding aſh,
Or oak broad-ſhadowing, or the ſpiry growth
Of waving pine high-plum'd, and all beheld
More lovely in the ſun's adorning beam;
Who now, fair-riſing o'er yon eaſtern cliff,
The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.
Meanwhile Aurelius, wak'd from ſweet repoſe,
Repoſe that Temperance ſheds in timely dews
On all who live to her, his mournful gueſt
Came forth to hail, as hoſpitable rites
And Virtue's rule enjoin: but firſt to Him,
Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
With kindly ſenſe to glow, his matin-ſong,
Superior duty, thus the ſage addreſt:
Fountain of light! from whom yon orient ſun
Firſt drew his ſplendor; Source of life and love!
Whoſe ſmile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
The boundleſs bluſh of ſpring; O, Firſt, and Beſt!
Thy eſſence, though from human ſight and ſearch,
Though from the climb of all created thought,
Ineffably remov'd; yet man himſelf,
Thy loweſt child of reaſon, man may read
Unbounded power, intelligence ſupreme,
The Maker's hand, on all his works impreſt,
In characters coeval with the ſun,
And with the ſun to laſt; from world to world,
From age to age, in every clime, diſcloſ'd,
Sole revelation through all time the ſame.
Hail, univerſal Goodneſs! with full ſtream
For ever flowing from beneath the throne

Through earth, air, ſea, to all things that have life:
From all that live on earth, in air and ſea,
The great community of Nature's ſons,
To thee, firſt Father, ceaſeleſs praiſe aſcend!
And in the reverent hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works not leaſt,
Nor loweſt; with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee, and adore; with free-will crown'd,
Where Virtue leads, to follow and be bleſt.
O, whether by thy prime decree ordain'd
To days of future life; or whether now
The mortal hour is inſtant, ſtill vouchſafe,
Parent and friend, to guide me blameleſs on
Through this dark ſcene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to chear.
All elſe, of me unaſk'd, thy will ſupreme
With-hold or grant: and let that will be done.
This from the ſoul in ſilence breath'd ſincere,
The hill's ſteep ſide with firm elaſtic ſtep
He lightly ſcal'd; ſuch health the frugal board,
The morn's freſh breath that exerciſe reſpires
In mountain-walks, and conſcience free from blame,
Our life's beſt cordial, can through age prolong.
There, loſt in thought, and ſelf-abandon'd, lay
The man unknown; nor heard approach his hoſt,
Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius mov'd
By ſoft compaſſion, which the ſavage ſcene,
Shut up and barr'd amid ſurrounding ſeas
From human commerce, quicken'd into ſenſe
Of ſharper ſorrow, thus apart began.
O ſight, that from the eye of wealth or pride,
Ev'n in their hour of vaineſt thought, might draw
A feeling tear; Whom yeſterday beheld
By love and fortune crown'd, of all poſſeſt
That Fancy, trane'd in faireſt viſion, dreams;
Now loſt to all, each hope that ſoftens life,
Each bliſs that chears, there, on the damp earth ſpread,
Beneath a heaven unknown, behold him now!
And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
The proud, be taught, what now the wretched feel,
The happy have to fear. O man forlorn,
Too plain I read thy heart, by fondneſs drawn
To this ſad ſcene, to ſights that but inflame
Its tender anguiſh—
Hear me, heaven! exclaim'd
The frantic mourner, could that anguiſh riſe
To madneſs and to mortal agony,
I yet would bleſs my fate; by one kind pang,
From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought
For ever freed. To me the ſun is loſt:
To me the future flight of days and years
Is darkneſs, is deſpair—But who complains
Forgets that he can die. O, fainted maid!
For ſuch in heaven thou art, if from thy ſeat
Of holy reſt, beyond theſe changeful ſkies,
If names on earth moſt ſacred once and dear,
A lover and a friend, if yet theſe names
Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
Thy lifeleſs limbs: that I—O grief ſupreme!
O fate remorſeleſs! was thy lover ſav'd
For ſuch a taſk?—that I thoſe dear remains,
With maiden-rites adorn'd, at laſt may lodge
Beneath the hallow'd vault; and, weeping there
O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to cloſe
Theſe eyes in peace, and mix this duſt with thine!

Such, and ſo dire, reply'd the cordial friend
In pity's look and language, ſuch, alas!
Were late my thoughts. Whate'er the human heart
Can moſt afflict, grief, agony, deſpair,
Have all been mine, and with alternate war
This boſom ravag'd. Hearken then, good youth;
My ſtory mark, and from another's fate,
Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
Sad as it ſeems, to balance and to bear.
In me, a man behold, whoſe morn ſerene,
Whoſe noon of better life, with honour ſpent,
In virtuous purpoſe, or in honeſt act,
Drew fair diſtinction on my public name,
From thoſe among mankind, the nobler few,
Whoſe praiſe is fame: but there, in that true ſource
Whence happineſs with pureſt ſtream deſcends,
In home-found peace and love, ſupremely bleſt!
Union of hearts, conſent of wedded wills,
By friendſhip knit, by mutual faith ſecur'd
Our hopes and fears, our earth and heaven the ſame!
At laſt, Amyntor, in my failing age,
Fallen from ſuch height, and with the felon-herd,
Robbers and out-laws, number'd—thought that ſtill
Stings deep the heart, and clothes the cheek with ſhame!
Then doom'd to feel what guilt alone ſhould fear,
The hand of public vengeance: arm'd by rage,
Not juſtice; rais'd to injure, not redreſs;
To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:
And all, O ſovereign Reaſon! all deriv'd
From power that claims thy warrant to do wrong!
A right divine to violate unblam'd
Each law, each rule, that, by himſelf obſerv'd,
The God preſcribes whoſe ſanction kings pretend!
O Charles! O monarch! in long exile train'd,
Whole hopeleſs years, th' oppreſſor's hand to know
How hateful and how hard; thyſelf reliev'd,
Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs
Of equal load, adjure thee by thoſe days
Of want and woe, of danger and deſpair,
As heaven has thine, to pity their diſtreſs!
Yet, from the plain good meaning of my heart,
Be far th' unhallow'd licence of abuſe;
Be far th' bitterneſs of ſaintly zeal,
That impious hid behind the patriot's name
Maſks hate and malice to the legal throne,
In juſtice founded, circumſcrib'd by laws,
The prince to guard—but guard the people too:
Chief, one prime good to guard inviolate,
Soul of all worth, and ſum of human bliſs,
Fair Freedom, birthright of all thinking kinds,
Reaſon's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine,
Which God, who gave, indelible pronounc'd.

But if, diſclaiming this his heaven-own'd right,
This firſt beſt tenure by which monarchs rule;
If, meant the bleſſing, he becomes the bane,
The wolf, not ſhepherd, of his ſubject-flock,
To grind and tear, not ſhelter and protect,
Wide-waſting where he reigns—to ſuch a prince,
Allegiance kept were treaſon to mankind;
And loyalty, revolt from virtue's law.
For ſay, Amyntor, does juſt heaven enjoin
That we ſhould homage hell? or bend the knee
To earthquake, or volcano, when they rage,
Rend earth's firm frame, and in one boundleſs grave
Engulph their thouſands? Yet, O grief to tell!
Yet ſuch, of late, o'er this devoted land,
Was public rule. Our ſervile ſtripes and chains,
Our ſighs and groans reſounding from the ſteep
Of wintery hill, or waſte untravel'd heath,
Laſt refuge of our wretchedneſs, not guilt,
Proclaim'd it loud to heaven; the arm of power
Extended fatal, but to cruſh the head
It ought to ſcreen, or with a parent's love
Reclaim from error; not with deadly hate,
The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.
In this wide-ruin were my fortunes ſunk:
Myſelf, as one contagious to his kind,
Whom nature, whom the ſocial life renounc'd,
Unſummon'd, unimpleaded was to death,
To ſhameful death, adjudg'd; againſt my head
The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
Let looſe the murderous cry of human hounds.
And this blind fury of commiſſion'd rage,
Of party-vengeance, to a fatal foe,
Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direſt name,
Was given in charge: a foe, whom blood-ſtain'd zeal
For what—O hear it not, all-righteous heaven!
Left thy rous'd thunder burſt—for what was deem'd
Religion's cauſe, had ſavag'd to a brute,
More deadly fell than hunger ever ſtung
To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
Sons of perdition, miſcreants with all guilt
Familiar, and in each dire art of death
Train'd ruthleſs up. As tigers on their prey,
On my defenceleſs lands thoſe fiercer beaſts
Devouring fell: nor that ſequeſter'd ſhade,
That ſweet receſs, where Love and Virtue long
In happy league had dwelt, which war itſelf
Beheld with reverence, could their fury ſcape;
Deſpoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in watteful flames!
For flame and rapine their conſuming march,
From hill to vale, by daily ruin mark'd.
So borne by winds along, in baneful cloud,
Embody'd locuſts from the wing deſcend
On herb, fruit, flower, and kill the ripening year:
While, waſte behind, deſtruction on their track
And ghaſtly famine wait. My wife and child
He dragg'd, the ruffian dragg'd—O heaven! do I,
A man, ſurvive to tell it? At the hour
Sacred to reſt, amid the ſighs and tears
Of all who ſay and curs'd his coward rage,
He forc'd, unpitying, from their midnight-bed,
By menace, or by torture, from their fears
My laſt retreat to learn; and ſtill detains
Beneath his roof accurſt, that beſt of wives,
Emelia, and our only pledge of love,
My blooming Theodora! Manhood ſhere,
And nature bleed—Ah! let not buſy thought
Search thither, but avoid the fatal coaſt:
Diſcovery, there, once more my peace of mind
Might wreck; once more to deſperation ſink
My hopes in heaven. He ſaid; but O ſad Muſe!
Can all thy moving energy, of power
To ſhake the heart, to freeze th' arreſted blood,
With words that weep, and ſtrains that agonize;
Can all this mourniul magic of thy voice
Tell what Amyntor feels? O heaven! art thou—
What have I heard?—Aurelius! art thou he?—
Confuſion! horror!—that moſt wrong'd of men!
And, O moſt wretched too! alas! no more,
No more a father—On that fatal flood,
Thy Theodora—At theſe words he fell.
A deadly cold ran freezing through his veins:
And life was on the wing her loath'd abode
For ever to forſake. As on his way
The traveller, from heaven by lightning ſtruck,
Is fix'd at once immoveable; his eye
With terror glaring wild; his ſtiffening limbs
In ſudden marble bound: ſo ſtood, ſo look'd
The heart-ſmote parent at this tale of death,
Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No ſign to riſe,
No tear had force to flow; his ſenſes all,
Thro' all their powers, ſuſpended, and ſubdued
To chill amazement. Silence for a ſpace—
Such diſmal ſilence ſaddens earth and ſky
Ere firſt the thunder breaks—on either ſide
Fill'd up this interval ſevere. At laſt
As from ſome viſion that to phrenſy fires
The ſleeper's brain, Amyntor waking wild,
A poniard, hid beneath his various robe,
Drew furious forth—Me, me, he cry'd, on me
Let all thy wrongs be viſited; and thus
My horrors end—then madly would have plung'd
The weapon's hoſtile point.—His lifted arm,
Aurelius, though with deep diſmay and dread
And anguiſh ſtook, yet his ſuperior ſoul
Collecting, and reſuming all himſelf,
Seiz'd ſudden: then peruſing with ſtrict eye,
And beating heart, Amyntor's blooming form;
Nor from his air or feature gathering aught
To wake remembrance, thus at length beſpoke.
O dire attempt! Whoe'er thou art, yet ſtay
Thy hand ſelf-violent; nor thus to guilt,
If guilt is thine, accumulating add
A crime that nature ſhrink from, and to which
Heaven has indulg'd no mercy. Sovereign Judge!
Shall man firſt violate the law divine,
That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod,
Reſign'd, unmurmuring, to await his hour
Of fair diſmiſſion hence; ſhall man do this,
Then dare thy preſence, ruſh into thy ſight,
Red with the ſin, and recent from the ſtain,
Of unrepented blood? Call home thy ſenſe;
Know what thou art, and own his hand moſt juſt,
Rewarding or afflicting—But ſay on.
My ſoul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
Recalls thy words, recalls their dire import:
They urge me on; they bid me aſk no more—
What would I aſk? My Theodora's fate,
Ah! me! is known too plain. Have I then ſinn'd,

Good heaven! beyond all grace—But ſhall I blame
His rage of grief, and in myſelf admit
Its wild exceſs? Heaven gave her to my wiſh;
That gift Heaven has reſum'd: righteous in both,
For both his Providence be ever bleſt!
By ſhame repreſs'd, with riſing wonder fill'd,
Amyntor, ſlow recovering into thought,
Submiſſive on his knee, the good man's hand
Gra'p'd cloſe, and bore with ardour to his lips.
His eye, where fear, confuſion, reverence ſpoke,
Through ſwelling tears, what language cannot tell!
Now roſe to meet, now ſhunn'd the Hermit's glance,
Shot awful at him: till, the various ſwell
Of paſſion ebbing, thus he faultering ſpoke:
What haſt thou done? why ſav'd a wretch unknown?
Whom knowing ev'n thy goodneſs muſt abhor.
Miſtaken man! the honour of thy name,
Thy love, truth, duty, all muſt be my foes.
I am—Aurelius! turn that look aſide,
That brow of terror, while this wretch can ſay,
Abhorrent ſay, he is—Forgive me, heaven!
Forgive me, virtue! if I would renounce
Whom nature bids me reverence—by her bond,
Rolando's ſon: by your more ſacred ties,
As to his crimes, an alien to his blood;
For crimes like this—
Rolando's ſon? Juſt heaven!
Ha! here? and in my power? A war of thoughts,
All terrible ariſing, ſhakes my frame
With doubtful conflict By one ſtroke to reach
The father's heart, though ſeas are ſpread between,
Were great revenge!—Away: revenge? on whom?
Alas! on my own ſoul; by rage betray'd
Ev'n to the crime my reaſon moſt condemns
In him who ruin'd me. Deep-mov'd he ſpoke;
And his own poniard o'er the proſtrate youth
Suſpended held. But, as the welcome blow,
With arms diſplay'd, Amyntor ſeem'd to court,
Behold, in ſudden confluence gathering round
The natives ſtood; whom kindneſs hither drew,
The man unknown, with each relieving aid
Of love and care, as antient rites ordain,
To ſuccour and to ſerve. Before them came
Montano, venerable ſage, whoſe head
The hand of time with twenty winter's ſnow
Had ſhower'd; and to whoſe intellectual eye
Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
Stands in fair light diſcloſ'd. Him, after pauſe,
Aurelius drew apart, and in his care
Amyntor plac'd; to lodge him and ſecure;
To ſave him from himſelf, as one, with grief
Tempeſtuous, and with rage, diſtemper'd deep.
This done, nor waiting for reply, alone
He ſought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

CANTO III.

WHERE Kilda's ſouthern hills their ſummit lift
With triple fork to heaven, the mounted ſun
Full, from the midmoſt, ſhot in dazzling ſtream
His noon-tide ray. And now, in lowing train,
Were ſeen ſlow-pacing weſtward o'er the vale
The milky mothers, toot purſuing foot,
And nodding as they move; their oozy meal,
The bitter healthful herbage of the ſhore,
Around its rocks to graze: * for, ſtrange to tell!
The hour of ebb, though ever varying found,
As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
Her courſe inconſtant, their ſure inſtinct feels,
Intelligent of times; by heaven's own hand,
To all its creatures equal in its care,
Unerring mov'd. Theſe ſigns obſerv'd, that guide
To labour and repoſe a ſimple race,
Theſe native ſigns to due repaſt at noon,
Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temperate iſle:
All but Aurelius. He, unhappy man,
By Nature's voice ſolicited in vain,
Nor hour obſerv'd, nor due repaſt partook.
The child no more! the mother's fate untold!
Both in black proſpect riſing to his eye—
'Twas anguiſh there; 'twas here diſtracting doubt!
Yet, after long and painful conflict borne,
Where nature, reaſon, oft the doubtful ſcale
Inclin'd alternate, ſummoning each aid
That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
Superior riſing, in the might of Him,
Who ſtrength from weakneſs, as from darkneſs light,
Omnipotent can draw; again reſign'd,
Again he ſacrific'd, to heaven's high will,
Each ſoothing weakneſs of a parent's breaſt;
The ſigh ſoft memory prompts; the tender tear,
That, ſtreaming o'er an object lov'd and loſt,
With mournful tragic tortures and delights,
Relieves us, while its ſweet oppreſſion loads,
And, by admitting, blunts the ſting of woe.
As reaſon thus the mental ſtorm ſereen'd,
And through the darkneſs ſhot her ſun-bright ray
That ſtrengthens while it cheers; behold from far
Amyntor now-approaching! on his front,
O'er each ſunk feature ſorrow ſad diffus'd
Attraction, ſweetly ſad. His noble port,
Majeſtic in diſtreſs, Aurelius mark'd;
And, unreſiſting, felt his boſom flow
With ſocial ſoftneſs. Strait, before the door
Of his moſs-ſilver'd cell they ſat them down
In counterview: and thus the youth began.

With patient ear, with calm attention, mark
Amyntor's ſtory: then, as juſtice ſees,
On either hand, her equal balance weigh,
Abſolve him, or condemn—But oh, may I,
A father's name, when truth forbids to praiſe,

* *The cows often feed on the alga marina: and they can diſtinguiſh exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood; though, at the ſame time, they are not within view of the ſhore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they ſteer their courſe directly to the neareſt ſhore, in their uſual order, one after another. I had occaſion to make this obſervation thirteen times in one week. Martin's Weſtern Iſles of Scotland, p. 156.*

Unblam'd pronounce? that name to every ſon
By heaven made ſacred; and by Nature's hand,
With Honour, Duty, Love, her triple pale,
Fenc'd ſtrongly round, to bar the rude approach
Of each irreverent thought.—Theſe eyes, alas!
The curs'd effects of ſanguinary zeal
Too near beheld: its madneſs how extreme;
How blind its fury, by the prompting prieſt,
Each tyrant's ready inſtrument of ill,
Train'd on to holy miſchief. Scene abhorr'd!
Fell Cruelty let looſe in Mercy's name:
Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
Her heavieſt chains were caſt, her iron ſcourge
Severeſt hung, yet daring to appeal
That Power whoſe law is meekneſs; and, for deeds
That outrage heaven, belying heaven's command.
Flexile of will, misjudging, though ſincere,
Rolando caught the ſpread infection, plung'd
Implicit into guilt, and headlong urg'd
His courſe unjuſt to violence and rage.
Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine
Of Beauty, nor the Matron's ſacred age,
Secure from wrongs could innocence ſecure,
Found reverence or diſtinction. Yet ſuſtain'd
By conſcious worth within, the matchleſs pair
Their threatening fate, impriſonment and ſcorn
And death denounc'd, unſhrinking, unſubdued
To murmur or complaint, ſuperior bore,
With patient hope, with fortitude re'gn'd,
Nor built on pride, nor counting vain applauſe;
But calmly conſtant, without effort great,
What reaſon dictates, and what heaven approves.
But how proceed, Aurelius? in what ſounds
Of gracious cadence, of affuaſive power,
My further ſtory clothe? O could I ſteal
From Harmony her ſofteſt-warbled ſtrain
Of melting air! or Zephyre's vernal voice!
Or Philomela's ſong, when love diſſolves
To liquid blandiſhment his evening-lay,
All nature ſmiling round! then might I ſpeak;
Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell,
How unperceiv'd and ſecret through his breaſt,
As morning riſes o'er the midnight-ſhade,
What firſt was ow'd humanity to *beth*,
Aſſiſting piety and tender thought,
Grew ſwift and ſilent into love for *ore*:
My ſole offence—if love can then offend,
When virtue lights and reverence guards its flame.
O Theodora! who thy world of charms,
That ſoul of ſweetneſs, that ſoft glow of youth,
Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,
Unmov'd could ſee? that dignity of caſe,
That grace of air, by happy nature thine!
For all in thee was native; from within
Spontaneous flowing, as ſome equal ſtream
From its unfailing ſource! and then too ſeen
In milder lights; by ſorrow's ſhading hand
Touch'd into power more exquiſitely ſoft,
By tears adorn'd, intender'd by diſtreſs.
O ſweetneſs without name! when Love looks on
With Pity's melting eye, that to the ſoul
Endears, ennobles her, whom fate afflicts,
Or fortune leaves unhappy! Paſſion then
Refines to Virtue: then a purer train
Of heaven-inſpir'd emotions, undebas'd
By ſelf-regard, or thought of due return,
The breaſt expanding, all its powers exalt
To emulate what reaſon beſt conceives
Of love celeſtial; whoſe prevenient aid
Forbids approaching ill; or gracious draws,
When the lone heart with anguiſh inly bleeds,
From pain its ſting, its bitterneſs from woe!
By this plain courtſhip of the honeſt heart
To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
The gentle maid with unreluctant ear
Would oft admit; would oft endearing crown
With ſmiles of kind aſſent, with looks that ſpoke,
In bluſhing ſoftneſs, her chaſte boſom touch'd
To mutual love. O fortune's faireſt hour!
O ſeen, but not enjoy'd, juſt hail'd and loſt
Is flattering brightneſs! Theodora's form,
Event unfear'd! had caught Rolando's eye:
And Love, if wild Deſire, of Fancy born,
By furious paſſions nurs'd, that ſacred name
Profanes not, Love his ſtubborn breaſt diſſolv'd
To tranſient goodneſs. But my thought ſhrinks back,
Reluctant to proceed; and filial awe,
With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
The veil of ſilence and oblivious night
Permitted throw. His impious ſuit repell'd,
Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip ſevere
Daſh'd with indignant ſcorn; each harbour'd thought
Of ſoft emotion or of ſocial ſenſe,
Love, Pity, Kindneſs, alien to a ſoul
That Bigot-rage emboſoms, fled at once:
And all the ſavage reaſſum'd his breaſt.
'Tis juſt, he cry'd: who thus invites diſdain,
Deſerves repulſe; he who, by ſlave-like arts,
Would meanly ſteal what force may nobler take,
And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.
When next we meet, our mutual bluſh to ſpare,
Thine from diſſembling, from baſe flattery mine,
Shall be my care. This threat, by brutal ſcorn
Keen'd and embitter'd, terrible to both,
To one prov'd fatal. Silent-waſting grief,
The mortal worm that on Emilia's frame
Had prey'd unſeen, now deep thro' all her powers
Its poiſon ſpread, and kill'd their vital growth.
Sickening, ſhe ſunk beneath this double weight
Of ſhame and horror.—Dare I yet proceed?
Aurelius, O moſt injur'd of mankind!
Shall yet my tale, exaſperating, add
To woe, new anguiſh? and to grief, deſpair—
She is no more—
O Providence ſevere!
Aurelius ſmote his breaſt, and groaning cry'd;
But curb'd a ſecond groan, repell'd the voice
Of froward grief: and to the Will ſupreme,
In juſtice awful, lowly bending his,
Nor ſigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
By all the war of nature though aſſail'd,
Eſcap'd his lips. What! ſhall we from heaven's grace
With life receiving happineſs, our ſhare
Of ill refuſe? And are afflictions aught
But mercies in diſguiſe? th' alternate cup,
Medicinal though bitter, and prepar'd

By Love's own hand for ſalutary ends.
But were they ills indeed; can fond Complaint
Arreſt the wing of Time? Can Grief command
This noon-day ſun to roll his flaming orb
Back to yon eaſtern coaſt, and bring again
The hours of yeſterday? or from the womb
Of that unſounded deep the bury'd corſe
To light and life reſtore? Bleſt pair, farewell!
Yet, yet a few ſhort days of erring grief,
Of human fondneſs ſighing in the breaſt,
And ſorrow is no more. Now, gentle youth,
And let me call thee ſon (for O that name
Thy faith, thy friendſhip, thy true friendſhip borne
Of pains for me, too ſadly have deſerv'd)
On with thy tale. 'Tis mine, when heaven afflicts,
To hearken and adore. The patient man
Thus ſpoke: Amyntor thus his ſtory cloſ'd.
As dumb with anguiſh round the bed of death
Weeping we knelt, to mine ſhe faintly rais'd
Her cloſing eyes: then fixing, in cold gaze,
On Theodora's face—O ſave my child!
She ſaid; and, ſhrinking from her pillow, ſlept
Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth
I ſaw her ſhrouded; bade eternal peace
Her ſhade receive, and, with the trueſt tears,
Affection ever wept, her duſt bedew'd
What then remain'd for honour or for love?
What, but that ſcene of violence to fly,
With guilt profan'd, and terrible with death,
Rolando's fatal roof. Late at the hour,
When ſhade and ſilence o'er this nether orb
With drowſieſt influence reign, the waining moon
Aſcending mournful in the midnight ſphere;
On that drear ſpot, within whoſe cavern'd womb
Emilia ſleeps, and by the turf that veils
Her honour'd clay, alone and kneeling there
I found my Theodora! thrill'd with awe,
With ſacred terror, which the time, the place,
Pour'd on us, ſadly-ſolemn, I too bent
My trembling knee; and look'd in her's my hand
Acroſs her parent's grave. By this dread ſcene!
By night's pale regent! By yon glorious train
Of ever-moving fires that roued her burn!
By death's dark empire! by the ſheeted duſt
That once was man, now mouldering here below!
But chief by her's, at whoſe nocturnal tomb,
Reverent we kneel! and by her nobler part,
Th' unbody'd ſpirit hovering near, perhaps,
As witneſs to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
Nor aught but death's inevitable hand,
Shall e'er divide our loves—I led her thence:
To where ſafe-ſtation'd in a ſecret bay,
Rough of deſcent, and brown with pendent pines
That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
We ſail'd—But, O my father; can I ſpeak
What yet remains? yon ocean black with ſtorm!
Its uſeleſs ſails rent from the groaning pine!
The ſpeechleſs crew aghaſt! and that loſt fair!
Still, ſtill I ſee her! feel her heart pant thick!
And hear her voice, in ardent vows to heaven
For me alone preferr'd; as on my arm,
Expiring, ſinking with her fears ſhe hung!
I kiſs'd her pale cold cheek! with tears adjur'd,
And won at laſt, with ſums of proffer'd gold,
The boldeſt mariners, this precious charge
Inſtant to ſave; and, in the ſkiff ſecur'd,
Their oars acroſs the foamy flood to ply
With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
To follow her—That moment, from the deck,
A ſea ſwell'd o'er, and plung'd me in the gulph.
Nor me alone: its broad and billowing ſweep
Muſt have involv'd her too. Myſterious heaven!
My fatal love on her devoted head
Drew down—it muſt be ſo! the judgment due
To me and mine: or was Amyntor ſav'd
For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
For ſtorms more fierce? for pains of ſharper ſting!
And years of death to come?—Nor further voice,
Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief ſupply'd:
With arms out-ſpread, with eyes in hopeleſs gaze
To heaven uplifted, motionleſs and mute
He ſtood, the mournful ſemblance of deſpair.
The lamp of day, tho' from mid-noon declin'd,
Still flaming with full ardor, ſhot on earth
Oppreſſive brightneſs round; till in ſoft ſteams
From ocean's boſom his light vapours drawn,
With grateful intervention o'er the ſky
Their veil diffuſive ſpread: the ſcene abroad
Soft-ſhadowing, vale and plain, and dazzling hill.
Aurelius, with his gueſt, the weſtern cliff
Aſcending ſlow, beneath its marble roof,
From whence in double ſtream a lucid ſource
Roll'd ſounding forth, and, where with dewy wing
Freſh breezes play'd, ſought refuge and repoſe,
Till cooler hours ariſe. The ſubject iſle
Her village-capital, where health and peace
Are tutelary gods; her ſmall domain
Of arable and paſture, vein'd with ſtreams
That branching bear refreſhful moiſture on
To field and mead; her ſtraw-roof'd temple rude,
Where piety, not pride, adoring kneels,
Lay full in view. From ſcene to ſcene around
Aurelius gaz'd; and, ſighing, thus began.
Not we alone, alas! in every clime,
The human race are ſons of ſorrow born.
Heirs of tranſmitted labour and diſeaſe,
Of pain and grief, from ſire to ſon deriv'd,
All have their mournful portion; all muſt bear
Th' impos'd condition of their mortal ſtate,
Viciſſitude of ſuffering. Caſt thine eye
Where yonder vale, Amyntor, ſloping ſpreads
Full to the noon-tide beam its primroſe-lap,
From hence due caſt. Amyntor look'd, and ſaw,
Not without wonder at a ſight ſo ſtrange,
Where thrice three females, earneſt each and arm'd
With rural inſtruments, the ſoil prepar'd
For future harveſt. Theſe the trenchant ſpade,
To turn the mold and break th' adheſive clods,
Employ'd aſſiduous. Thoſe, with equal pace,
And arm alternate, ſtrew'd its freſh lap white
With fruitful Ceres: while, in train behind,
Three more th' incumbent harrow heavy on
O'er-labour'd drew, and cloſ'd the toilſome talk.
Behold! Aurelius thus his ſpeech renew'd,
From that ſoft ſex, too delicately fram'd
For toils like theſe, the taſk of rougher man,
What yet neceſſity demands ſevere.
Twelve ſuns have purpled theſe encircling hills
With orient beams, as many nights along
Their dewy ſummits drawn th' alternate veil
Of darkneſs, ſince, in unpropitious hour,
The huſbands of thoſe widow'd mates, who now

For both muſt labour, launch'd, in queſt of food,
Their iſland-ſkiff adventurous on the deep.
Them, while the ſweeping net ſecure they plung'd
The finny race to ſnare, whoſe fcodful ſhoals
Each creek and bay innumerable croud,
As annual on from ſhore to ſhore they move
In watery caravan; them, thus intent,
Dark from the ſouth a guſt of furious wing,
Up-ſpringing, drove to ſea: and left in tears,
This little world of brothers and of friends!
But when, at evening hour, diſjointed planks,
Borne on the ſurging-tide, and broken oars,
To fight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd
The wreck before ſurmiz'd; one general groan,
To heaven aſcending, ſpoke the general breaſt
With ſharpeſt anguiſh pierc'd. Their ceaſeleſs plaint,
Through theſe hoarſe rocks, on this reſounding ſhore,
At morn was heard: at midnight too were ſeen,
Diſconſolate on each chill mountain's height,
The mourners ſpread, exploring land and ſea
With eager gaze—till from yon leſſer iſle,
Yon round of moſs-clad hills, Borera nam'd—
Full north, behold! above the ſoaring lark,
Its dizzy cliffs aſpire, hung round and white
With curling miſts—at laſt from yon hoar hills,
Inflaming the brown air with ſudden blaze,
And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,
Like meteors waving in a moonleſs ſky,
Our eyes, yet unbelieving, ſaw diſtinct,
Succeſſive kindled, and from night to night
Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild exceſs,
Took her gay turn to reign: and Nature now
From rapture wept: yet ever and anon
By ſad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought
How from yon rocky priſon to releaſe
Whom the deep ſea immures (their only boat
Deſtroy'd) and whom th' inevitable ſiege
Of hunger muſt aſſault. But hope ſuſtains
The human heart: and now their faithful wives,
With love-taught ſkill and vigour not their own,
On yonder field th' autumnal year prepare*.

Amyntor, who the tale diſtreſsful heard
With ſympathizing ſorrow, on himſelf,
On his ſeverer fate, now pondering deep,
Wrapt by ſad thought the hill unheeding left;
And reach'd, with ſwerving ſtep, the diſtant ſtrand.
Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
Or ſailing level on the polar gale
That cool with evening roſe, a thouſand wings,
The ſummer-nations of theſe pregnant cliffs,
Play'd ſportive round, and to the ſun outſpread
Their various plumage; or in wild notes hail'd
His parent beam that animates and chears
All living kinds. He, glorious from amidſt
A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breaſt
Wav'd one unbounded bluſh: a ſcene to ſtrike
Both ear and eye with wonder and delight!
But, loſt to outward ſenſe, Amyntor paſs'd
Regardleſs on, through other walks convey'd
Of baleful proſpect; which pale Fancy rais'd
Inceſſant to herſelf, and fabled o'er
With darkeſt night, meet region for deſpair!
Till northward, where the rock its ſea-waſh'd baſe
Projects athwart and ſhuts the bounded ſcene,
Rounding its point, he rais'd his eyes and ſaw,
At diſtance ſaw, deſcending on the ſhore,
Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown
A double band, who by their geſtures ſtrange
There fix'd with wondering: for at once they knelt
With hands upheld; at once, to heaven, aſſeem'd,
One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praiſe.
Then, ſlowly riſing, forward mov'd their ſteps:
Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,
On either ſide ſupported, onward came
Pale and of piteous look, a penſive maid;
As one by waſting ſickneſs ſore aſſail'd,
Or plung'd in grief profound—Oh, all ye powers!
Amyntor ſtarting, cry'd, and ſhot his ſoul
In rapid glance before him on her face.
Illuſion! no—it cannot be. My blood
Runs chill: my feet are rooted here—and ſee!
To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form,
The ſpirits who this ocean waſte and wild
Still hover round, or walk theſe iſles unſeen,
Preſenting oft in pictur'd viſion ſtrange
The dead or abſent, have on yon ſhape adorn'd,
So like my love, of unſubſtantial air,
Embody'd featur'd it with all her charms—
And lo! behold! its eyes were fix'd on mine
With gaze tranſported—Ha! ſhe faints, ſhe falls!
He ran, he flew: his claſping arms receiv'd
Her ſinking weight—O earth, and air, and ſea!
'Tis ſhe! 'tis Theodora! Power divine,
Whoſe goodneſs knows no bounds, thy hand is here,
Omnipotent in mercy! As he ſpoke,
Adown his cheek, thro' ſhivering joy and doubt,
The tear faſt-falling ſtream'd. My love! my life!
Soul of my wiſhes; ſav'd beyond all faith!
Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,
Fly, and from yon tranſlucent fountain bring
The living ſtream. Thou dearer to my ſoul
Than all the ſumleſs wealth this ſea entombs,
My Theodora, yet awake: 'tis I,
'Tis poor Amyntor calls thee! At that name,
That potent name, her ſpirit from the verge
Of death recall'd, ſhe trembling rais'd her eyes;
Trembling, his neck with eager graſp entwin'd,
And murmur'd out his name: then ſunk again;
Then ſwoon'd upon his boſom, through exceſs
Of bliſs unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.
The roſe-bud thus, that to the beam ſerene
Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,
Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.

Moments of dread ſuſpenſe—but ſoon to ceaſe!
For now while on her face theſe men unknown
The ſtream, with cool aſperſion, buſy caſt,
His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze,
Beheld in them—his friends! th' adventurous few,
Who bore her to the ſkiff, whoſe daring ſkill
Had ſav'd her from the deep! As o'er her cheek,
Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd

* *The author who relates this ſtory adds, that the produce of grain that ſeaſon was the moſt plentiful they had ſeen for many years before. Vide Martin's Deſcription of the Weſtern Iſles of Scotland, p. 286.*

In dawning purple; from their lips he learn'd,
How to yon isle, yon sound of moss-clad hills,
Borea ram'd, before the tempest borne,
These islanders, thrice three, then prison'd there,
(So heaven ordain'd) with utmost peril run,
With toil invincible, from shelve and rock
Their boat preserv'd, and to this happy coast
Its prow directed safe—He heard no more:
The rest already known, his every sense,
His full collected soul, on her alone
Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while these sounds,
This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.

Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!
My soul's despair and rapture!—can this be?
Am I on earth? and these arms indeed
Thy real form enfold? Thou dreadful deep!
Ye shores unknown! ye wild impending hills!
Dare I yet trust my sense?—O yes, 'tis he!
'Tis he himself! My eyes, my bounding heart,
Confess their living lord! What shall I say?
How vent the boundless transport that expands
My labouring thought? th' unutterable bliss,
Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death
The breast they charm?—Amyntor, O support
This swimming brain: I would not now be torn
Again from life and thee; nor cause thy heart
A second pang. At this, dilated high
The swell of joy, most fatal where its force
Is felt most exquisite, a timely vent
Now found, and broke in tender dews away
Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge,
With sheltering wing, solicitously good,
The guardian-genius hovers, so the youth,
On her lov'd face, assiduous and alarm'd,
In silent fondness dwelt: while all his soul,
With trembling tenderness of hope and fear
Pleasingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
The rouz'd emotions warring in her breast,
Attempering, to compose, and gradual fit
For further joy her soft impressive frame.

O happy! though as yet thou know'st not half
The bliss that waits thee! but, thou gentle mind,
Whose high is pity, and whose rule is love,
For all who joy or sorrow, arm thy breast
With that best temperance, which from fond excess,
When rapture lifts to dangerous height its powers,
Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm thought
On wonder wait—safe refug'd in this isle,
Thy god-like father lives! and lo—but ours,
Repress the transport that o'erheaves thy heart;
'Tis he—look yonder—he, whose reverend steps
The mountain's side descend! A rapt from his
Her hand she drew; and, as on wings upborne,
Shot o'er the space between. He saw, he knew,
Astonished knew, before him, on her knee,
His Theodora! To his arms he rais'd
The lost lov'd fair, and in his bosom press'd.
My father!—O my child! at once they cry'd:
Nor more, The rest ecstatic silence spoke,
And Nature from her inmost seat of sense
Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this blest scene,
Where emulous in either bosom strove
Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,
Around with softening aspect seem'd to smile;
And heaven, approving look'd delighted down.
Nor theirs alone this blissful hour: the joy
With instant flow, from shore to shore along
Diffusive ran; and all th' exulting isle
About the new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad,
To hope long lost, by miracle regain'd!
In each plain bosom Love and Nature wept:
While each a sire, a husband, or a friend,
Embracing held and kiss'd

Now, while the song,
The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
What Nature dictates when the full heart prompts,
Best harmony, they grateful souls effus'd
Aloud to heaven; Montano, reverend Seer,
(Whose eye prophetic far through time's abyss
Could shoot its beam, and there the births of fate,
Yet immature and in their causes hid,
Illumin'd see) a space abstracted stood:
His frame with shivery horror stirr'd, his eyes
From outward vision held, and all the man
Entranc'd in wonder at th' unfolding scene,
On fluid air, as in a mirror see,
And glowing radiant, to his mental sight.

They fly! he cry'd, they melt in air away,
The clouds that long fair Albion's heaven o'ercast!
With tempest deluge'd, or with flame devour'd
Her drooping plains: while dawning rosy round
A purer morning lights up all her skies!
He comes, behold! the great deliverer comes!
Immortal William, borne triumphant on,
From yonder orient, o'er propitious seas,
White with the sail of his unnumber'd fleet,
A floating forest, stretch'd from shore to shore!
See! with spread wings Britannia's genius flies,
Before his prow: commands the speeding gales
To wait him on! and, o'er the hero's head,
Inwreath'd with olive bears the laurel crown,
Blest emblem, peace with liberty restor'd!
And hark! from either strand, which nations hide,
To welcome-in true freedom's day renew'd
What thunders of acclaim! Aurelius, man
By heaven belov'd, thou too that sacred sun
Shalt live to hail; shalt warm thee in his shine!
I see thee on the flowery lap dissus'd
Of thy lov'd vale, amid a smiling race
From this blest pair to spring: whom equal faith,
And equal fondness, in soft league shall hold
From youth to reverend age; the calmer hours
Of thy last day to sweeten and adorn;
Through life thy comfort, and in death thy crown.

TRUTH IN RHYME,

ADDRESSED TO A CERTAIN NOBLE LORD.

ASTREA, eldest born of Jove,
Whom all the gods revere and love,
Was sent, while man deserv'd their care,
On earth to dwell, and govern there:
Till finding earth by heaven unaw'd,
Till sick of violence and fraud,
Abandoning the guilty crew,
Back to her native sky she flew.

There, ſtation'd in the Virgin-ſign,
She long has ceas'd on earth to ſhine;
Or if, at times, ſhe deigns a ſmile,
'Tis chief o'er Britain's favour'd iſle.
For there—her eyes with wonder fix'd!
That wonder too with pleaſure mix'd!
She now beheld, in blooming youth,
The Patron of all worth and truth;
Not where the virtues moſt reſort,
On peaceful plains, but in a court!
Not in a cottage, all-unknown;
She found him ſeated on a throne!
What fables paint, what poets ſing,
She found in fact—a Patriot-king!
But as a ſight, ſo nobly new,
Deſerv'd, ſhe thought, a nearer view;
To where, by ſilver-ſtreaming Thames,
Aſcends the palace of St. James,
Swift through ſurrounding ſhades of night,
The goddeſs ſhot her beamy ſight.
She ſtopp'd; and the revealing ray
Blaz'd round her favourite, where he lay,
In ſweet repoſe: o'er all his face,
Repoſe ſhed ſofter bloom and grace!
But fearful left her ſun-bright glare
Too ſoon might wake him into care,
(For ſplendid toils and weary ſtate
Are every monarch's envy'd fate)
The ſtream of circling rays to ſhroud,
She drew an interpoſing cloud.
In all the ſilence of ſurprize,
She gaz'd him o'er; She ſaw ariſe,
For gods can read the human breaſt,
Her own ideas there impreſt!
And that his plan, to bleſs mankind,
The plan now brightening in his mind,
May ſtory's whiteſt page adorn,
May ſhine through nations yet unborn,
She calls Urania to her aid.
At once the fair ethereal maid,
Daughter of Memory and Jove,
Deſcending quits her laurel'd grove:
Looſe to the gale her azure robe;
Borne, in her left, a ſtarry globe,
Where each ſuperior ſon of fame
Will find inſcribed his deathleſs name,
Her right ſuſtains th' immortal lyre,
To praiſe due merit, or inſpire.
Behold—Aſtrea thus began—
The friend of virtue and of man!
Calm reaſon ſee, in early youth!
See, in a prince, the ſoul of truth!
With love of juſtice, tender ſenſe
For ſuffering worth and innocence!
Who means to build his happy reign
On this bleſt maxim, wiſe and plain—
Though plain, how ſeldom underſtood!
That, to be great, he muſt be good.
His breaſt is open to your eye;
Approach, Urania, mark, and try.
This boſom needs no thought to hide:
This virtue dares our ſearch abide.
The ſacred fountains to ſecure
Of juſtice, undiſturb'd and pure
From hopes or fears, from fraud or force,
To ruffle or to ſtain their courſe;
That theſe may flow ſerene and free,
The law muſt independent be:
Her miniſters, as in my ſight,
And mine alone, diſpenſing right;
Of piercing eye, of judgment clear,
As honour, juſt, as truth, ſincere.
With temper, firm, with ſpirit, ſage,
The Manſfields of each future age.
And this prime bleſſing is to ſpring
From youth in purple! from a king!
Who, true to his imperial truſt,
His greatneſs founds in being juſt;
Prepares, like you aſcending ſun,
His glorious race with joy to run,
And, where his gracious eye appears,
To bleſs the world he lights and cheers!
Such worth with equal voice to ſing,
Urania, ſtrike thy boldeſt ſtring;
And truth, whoſe voice alone is praiſe,
That here inſpires, ſhall guide the lays.
Begin! awake his gentle ear
With ſounds that monarchs rarely hear.
He merits, let him know our love,
And you record, what I approve.
She ended: and the heaven-born maid,
With ſoft ſurprize, his form ſurvey'd.
She ſaw what chaſtity of thought,
Within his ſtainleſs boſom wrought;
Then fix'd on earth her ſober eye,
And, pauſing, offer'd this reply.
Nor pomp of ſong, nor paint of art,
Such truths ſhould to the world impart.
My taſk is but, in ſimple verſe,
Theſe promis'd wonders to rehearſe:
And when on theſe our verſe we raiſe,
The plaineſt is the nobleſt praiſe.
Yet more; a virtuous doubt remains:
Would ſuch a prince permit my ſtrains?
Deſerving, but ſtill ſhunning fame,
The homage due he might diſclaim.
A prince, who rules, to ſave, mankind,
His praiſe would, in their virtues, find;
Would deem their ſtrict regard to laws,
Their faith and worth, his beſt applauſe.
Then, Britons, your juſt tribute bring,
In deeds, to emulate your king;
In virtues, to redeem your age
From venal views and party-rage.
On his example ſafely reſt;
He calls, he courts you to be bleſt;
As friends, as brethren, to unite
In one firm league of juſt and right.
My part is laſt; if Britain yet
A lover boaſts of truth and wit,
To him theſe grateful lays to ſend,
The Monarch's and the Muſe's friend;
And whoſe fair name, in ſacred rhymes,
My voice may give to lateſt times.
She ſaid; and, after thinning o'er
The men in place near half a ſcore,
To ſtrike at once all ſcandal mute,
The goddeſs ſound, and fix'd on BUTE.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE PRECEDING POEM.

BY S. J. ESQUIRE.

WELL—now, I think, we ſhall be wiſer,
Cries Grub, who reads the Advertiſer,
Here's Truth in Rhyme—a glorious treat!
It ſurely muſt abuſe the great;
Perhaps the king;—without diſpute
'Twill fall moſt deviliſh hard on Bute.
Thrice he reviews his parting ſhilling,
At laſt reſolves, though much unwilling,
To break all rules imbib'd in youth,
And give it up for Rhyme and Truth:
He reads—he frowns—Why, what's the matter?
Damn it—here's neither ſenſe, nor ſatyr—
Here, take it, boy, there's nothing in't:
Such fellows!—to pretend to print!
Blame not, good cit, the poet's rhymes,
The fault's not his, but in the times:
The times, in which a monarch reigns,
Form'd to make happy Britain's plains;
To ſtop in their deſtructive courſe,
Domeſtic phrenſy, foreign force,
To bid war, faction, party ceaſe,
And bleſs the weary'd world with peace.
The times in which is ſeen, ſtrange ſight!
A court both virtuous and polite,
Where merit beſt can recommend,
And ſcience finds a conſtant friend.
How then ſhould ſatyr dare to ſport,
With ſuch a king, and ſuch a court,
While Truth looks on with rigid eye,
And tells her, every line 's a lye?

THE DISCOVERY:

UPON READING SOME VERSES, WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY AT A BOARDING-SCHOOL, SEPTEMBER, M,DCC,LX.

APOLLO lately ſent to know,
If he had any ſons below:
For, by the traſh he long had ſeen
In male and female Magazine,
A hundred quires not worth a groat,
The race muſt be extinct, he thought.
His meſſenger to court repairs;
Walks ſoftly with the croud up ſtairs:
But when he had his errand told,
The courtiers ſneer'd, both young and old.
Auguſtus knit his royal brow,
And bade him let Apollo know it,
That from his infancy till now,
He lov'd nor poetry nor poet.
His next adventure was the Park,
When it grew faſhionably dark:
There beauties, boobies, ſtrumpets, rakes,
Talk much of commerce, whiſt, and ſtakes;
Who tips the wink, who drops the card:
But not one word of Verſe or Bard.
The ſtage, Apollo's old domain,
Where his true ſons were wont to reign,
His courier now paſt frowning by:
Ye modern Durfeys, tell us why.
Slow, to the city laſt he went:
There, all was proſe, of cent per cent.
There, alley-omnium, ſcript, and bonus,
(Latin, for which a Muſe would ſtone us,
Yet honeſt Gideon's claſſic ſtile)
Made our poor Nuncio ſtare and ſmile.
And now the clock had ſtruck eleven:
The meſſenger muſt back to heaven;
But, juſt as he his wings had ty'd,
Look'd up Queen-Square, the North-eaſt ſide.
A blooming creature there he found,
With pen and ink, and books around,
Alone, and writing by a taper:
He read unſeen, then ſtole her paper.
It much amus'd him on his way;
And reaching heaven by break of day,
He ſhew'd Apollo what he ſtole.
The god perus'd, and lik'd the whole:
Then, calling for his pocket-book,
Some right celeſtial vellum took;
And what he with a ſun-beam there
Writ down, the Muſe thus copies fair:
"If I no men my ſons muſt call,
"Here's one fair daughter worth them all:
"Mark then the ſacred words that follow,
"Sophia's mine"—ſo ſign'd APOLLO.

VERSES,

WRITTEN FOR, AND GIVEN IN PRINT TO, A BEGGAR.

O MERCY, heaven's firſt attribute,
Whoſe care embraces man and brute!
Behold me, where I ſhivering ſtand;
Bid gentle Pity ſtretch her hand
To want and age, diſeaſe and pain,
That all in one ſad object reign.
Still feeling bad, ſtill fearing worſe,
Exiſtence is to me a curſe:
Yet, how to cloſe this weary eye?
By my own hand I dare not die:
And death, the friend of human woes,
Who brings the laſt and ſound repoſe;
Death does at dreadful diſtance keep,
And leaves one wretch to wake and weep!

THE

REWARD:

OR,

APOLLO'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CHARLES STANHOPE.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LVII.

APOLLO, from the ſouthern ſky,
O'er London lately glanc'd his eye.
Juſt ſuch a glance our courtiers throw
At ſuitors whom they ſhun to know:
Or have you mark'd the averted mien,
The cheſt erect, the freezing look,

nbo, when a bard is ſeen
l with his dedication-book?
gods are never in the wrong:
hen diſpleas'd the power of ſong?
caſe was this: Where noble arts
ouriſh'd, as our fathers tell us,
can find, for men of parts,
ut rich blockheads and mere fellows;
rums and dice and diſſipation
tac'd all taſte from all the nation.
here, now, one table ſpread,
ſenſe and ſcience may be fed?
with a ſmile on every face,
Merit takes his place?
noughts put Phœbus in the ſpleen,
ds, like men, can feel chagrin)
t him on the point to ſhroud
d in one eternal cloud;
lo! his all-diſcerning eye
l one remaining friend to ſpy,
pt abroad, as is his way,
him in the noon-tide ray.
Phœbus noting, call'd aloud
y interpoſing cloud;
de their gather'd miſts aſcend,
might warm his good old friend:
as his chariot roll'd along,
o his lyre this grateful ſong.
ith talents, ſuch as God has given
mon mortals, ſix in ſeven;
t have titles, ribbons, pay,
vern whom they ſhould obey;
more frailties than are found
ſand others, count them round;
uch good-will, inſtead of parts,
'd for artiſts and for arts;
iles, if you have ſmartly ſpoke;
applauſe to his own joke;
arded child, this grey-hair'd boy,
ys with life, as with a toy;
ps amuſement full in view:
Now and then—but oftener new;
h, this hour, at Watſon's door;
t, in waiting on a whore.
e'er the welcome tidings ran
ſter ſtrange, or ſtranger man,
ke from his deſart-iſle,
ator from the Nile;
he monſter in its ſhrine,
l the man, next day, to dine.
it an hermaphrodite?
nd him in a two-fold hurry;
ng, for this he-ſhe-fight,
le charms of Fanny Murray.
g, from ſuburb and from city,
re, who would be, wiſe or witty;
-wigg'd ſons of pills and potions;
s, of maggot and new notions;
, of microſcopic eye,
ds him lectures on a fly;
ntiquaries, with their ſtamps;
ts, ſquirting epigrams:
ne few Lords—of thoſe that think,
, at times, their pen in ink:
dies too, of diverſe fame,
, and are not, of the game.

For he has look'd the world around,
And pleaſure, in each quarter, found.
Now young, now old, now grave, now gay,
He ſinks from life by ſoft decay;
And ſees at hand, without affright,
Th' inevitable hour of night."
But here, ſome pillar of the ſtate,
Whoſe life is one long dull debate;
Some pedant of the ſable gown,
Who ſpares no failings, but his own,
Set up at once their deep-mouth'd hollow:
Is this a ſubject for Apollo!
What! can the God of wit and verſe
Such trifles in our ears rehearſe?
"Know, puppies, this man's eaſy life,
Serene from cares, unvex'd with ſtrife,
Was oft employ'd in doing good;
A ſcience you ne'er underſtood:
And Charity, ye ſons of Pride,
A multitude of faults will hide.
I, at his board, more ſenſe have found,
Than at a hundred dinners round.
Taſte, learning, mirth, my weſtern eye
Could often, there, collected ſpy:
And I have gone well-pleas'd to bed,
Revolving what was ſung or ſaid.
"And he, who entertain'd them all
With much good liquor, ſtrong and ſmall;
With food in plenty, and a welcome,
Which would become my Lord of Melcombe*,
Whoſe ſoups and ſauces duly ſeaſon'd,
Whoſe wit well tim'd, and ſenſe well reaſon'd,
Give Burgundy a brighter ſtain,
And add new flavour to Champagne—
Shall this man to the grave deſcend,
Unown'd, unhonour'd as my friend?
No: by my deity I ſwear,
Nor ſhall the vow be loſt in air;
While you, and millions ſuch as you,
Are ſuch for ever from my view,
And loſt in kindred-darkneſs lye,
This good old man ſhall never die:
No matter where I place his name,
His love of learning ſhall be fame.

TYBURN:

TO THE

MARINE SOCIETY.

IT has been, all examples ſhow it,
The privilege of every poet,
From ancient down through modern time,
To bid dead matter live in rhyme;
With wit enliven ſenſeleſs rocks;
Draw repartee from wooden blocks;
Make buzzards ſenators of note,
And rooks harangue, that geeſe may vote.
Theſe moral fictions, firſt deſign'd
To mend and mortify mankind,

* *This Poem was certainly written in* 1757; *but the reader has only to remember, that Apollo is the God of Prophecy as well as of Poetry.* MALLET.

Old Æsop, as our children know,
Taught twice ten hundred years ago.
His fly, upon the chariot-wheel,
Could all a statesman's merit feel;
And, to its own importance just,
Exclaim with Bufo; What a dust!
His horse-dung, when the flood ran high,
In Colon's air and accent cry,
While tumbling down the turbid stream,
Lord love us, how we apples swim!
But farther instances to cite,
Would tire the hearer's patience quite.
No: what their numbers and their worth,
How these admire, while those hold forth,
From Hyde-park on to Clerkenwell,
Let clubs, let coffee-houses tell;
Where England, through the world renown'd,
In all its wisdom may be found:
While I, for ornament and use,
An orator of wood produce,
Why should the gentle reader stare?
Aare wooden orators so rare?
Saint Stephen's Chapel, Rufus' Hall,
That hears them in the pleader bawl,
That bears them in the patriot thunder,
Can tell if such things are a wonder,
So can Saint Dunstan's in the West,
When good Romaine harangues his best,
And tells his staring congregation,
That sober sense is sure damnation;
That Newton's guilt was worse than treason,
For using, what God gave him, reason.
A pox of all this prefacing!
Smart Balbus cries: come, name the thing:
That such there are we all agree:
What is this wood?—Tyburn tree.
Hear then this reverend oak harangue;
Who makes men do so, ere they hang.

Patibulum loquitur.

"Each thing whatever, when aggriev'd,
Of right complains, to be reliev'd.
When rogues so rai'd the price of wheat,
That few folks could afford to eat,
(Just as, when doctor's fees run high,
Few patients can afford to die)
The poor durst into murmurs break;
For losers must have leave to speak:
Then, from reproaching, fell to mawling
Each neighbour-rogue they found forestalling.
As these again, their knaves and fetters,
Durst vent complaints against their betters;
Whose only crime was in defeating
Their scheme of growing rich by cheating:
So, shall not I my wrongs relate,
An injur'd Minister of state?
The sinister of care and pain
May, sure, with better grace complain,
For reasons no less strong and true,
Marine Society, of you!
Of you, as every carman knows,
My latest and most fatal foes.
My property you basely steal,
Which e'en a British oak can feel;
Feel and resent! what wonder then
It should be felt by British men,
When France, insulting, durst invade
Their clearest property of trade?
For which both nations, at the bar
Of that supreme tribunal, war,
To show their reasons have agreed,
And lawyers, by ten thousands, fee'd;
Who now, for legal quirks and puns,
Plead with the rhetoric of great guns;
And each his client's cause maintains,
By knocking out th' opponent's brains:
While Europe all—but we adjourn
This wise digression, and return.
Your rules and statutes have undone me:
My surest cards begin to shun me.
My native subjects dare rebel,
Those who were born for me and hell:
And, but for you, the scoundrel-line
Had, every mother's son, died mine.
A race unnumber'd as unknown,
Whom town or suburb calls her own;
Of vagrant love the various spawn,
From rags and filth, from lace and lawn,
Sons of Fleet-ditch, of bulks, of benches,
Where peer and porter meet their wenches,
For neither health nor shame can wean us,
From mixing with the midnight Venus.
Nor let my cits be here forgot:
They know to sin, as well as sot.
When Night demure walks forth, array'd
In her thin negligee of shade.
Late risen from their long regale
Of beef and beer, and bawdy tale,
Abroad the common-council sally,
To poach for game in lane or alley;
This gets a son, whose first essay
Will filch his father's till away;
A daughter that, who may retire,
Some few years hence, with her own sire:
And, while his hand is in her placket,
The filial virtue picks his pocket.
Change-alley too, is grown so nice,
A broker dares refine on vice:
With lord-like scorn of marriage vows,
In her own arms he cuckolds spouse;
For young and fresh while he would wish her,
His louse thought glows with Kitty Fisher;
Or, after nobler quarry running,
Profanely paints her out a Gunning.
Now these, of each degree and sort,
At Wapping dropp'd, perhaps at Court,
Bred up for me, to swear and lie,
To laugh at hell, and heaven defy;
These, Tyburn's regimental train,
Who risk their necks to spread my reign,
From age to age, by right divine,
Hereditary rogues, were mine:
And each, by discipline severe,
Improv'd beyond all shame and fear,
From guilt to guilt advancing daily,
My constant friend the good Old-Bailey
To me made over, late or soon;
I think, at latest, once a noon:
But, by your interloping care,
Not one in ten shall be my share.
Ere 'tis too late your error see,
You foes to Britain, and to me.

: agreed—But to the nation;
: it thus by demonſtration.
, that there is much good in ill,
at apoſtle Mandevile
de moſt clear. Read, if you pleaſe,
ral fable of the bees
verend clergy next will own,
ll men good, their trade were gone;
ere it not for uſeful vice,
learned pains would bear no price:
re ſhould quickly bid defiance
r demonſtrated alliance.
, kingdoms are compos'd, we know,
ividuals, Jack and Joe.
eſe, our ſovereign lords the rabble,
r prone to growl and ſquabble,
onſtrous many-headed beaſt,
we muſt not offend, but feaſt,
rberus, ſhould have their ſop:
hat is that, but truſſing up?
ppy were their hearts, and gay,
return of hanging-day?
Page ſwinging they admire.
l ev'n Madox on his wire!
ing of a bull or bear,
y dangling in the air!
n, the being drunk a week,
, ſome Sheppard would not ſqueak!
v that theſe good times are o'er,
ill they mutiny and roar!
heme abſurd of ſober rules
k the race of men to mules;
r drudging, ſweating, broiling,
r for the public toiling:
afters! who, juſt when they need 'em,
few thiſtles deign to feed 'em,
nore—for it is ſeldom known
ult or folly ſtands alone—
t debauch their infant-mind
mes of honourable wind:
nuſt beget, in heads untry'd,
rſt of human vices, pride.
my humble paths forſake,
kon, each, to be a Blake;
on the deck, with arms a-kimbo,
ſtruts the future Bembow;
bred up to take delight in
ly thing but oaths and fighting.
urdy ſons of blood and blows,
ing Monſieur by the noſe,
ing kicks and cuffs the fashion,
t all Europe in a paſſion.
nd alliance, now quadruple,
us home, "juſqu' au centuple!"
rench king was heard to cry—
a king of Frenchmen lie?
, and more miſchiefs I foreſee
ndling brats of baſe degree.
rooms that on dunghills riſe,
dred-weeds beneath deſpiſe;
their fellows will contemn,
revenge, will rage at them:
ough each rank, what more offends,
behold the riſe of friends?
en our equals grow too great,
applaud, but we muſt hate.

Then, will it be endur'd, when John
Has put my hempen ribbon on,
To ſee his ancient meſs-mate Cloud,
By you made turbulent and proud,
And early taught my tree to bilk,
Paſs in another all of ſilk?
Yet, one more mournful caſe to put:
A hundred mouths at once you ſhut!
Half Grub-ſtreet, ſilenc'd in an hour,
Muſt curſe your interpoſing power!
If my loſt ſons no longer ſteal,
What ſon of hers can earn a meal?
You ruin many a gentle bard,
Who liv'd by heroes that die hard!
Their brother-hawkers too! that ſung
How great from world to world they ſwung;
And by ſad ſonnets, quaver'd loud,
Drew tears and half-pence from the crowd.
Blind Fielding too—a miſchief on him!
I wiſh my ſons would meet and ſtone him!
Sends his black ſquadrons up and down,
Who drive my beſt boys back to town.
They find that travelling now abroad,
To eaſe rich raſcals on the road,
Is grown a calling much unſafe;
That there are ſurer ways by half,
To which they have their equal claim,
Of earning daily food and fame:
So down, at home, they ſit, and think
How beſt to rob, with pen and ink.
Hence, red-hot letters and eſſays,
By the John Lilburn of theſe days;
Who guards his want of ſhame and ſenſe,
With ſhield of ſevenfold impudence.
Hence cards on Pelham, cards on Pitt,
With much abuſe and little wit.
Hence libels againſt Hardwicke penn'd,
That only hurt when they commend:
Hence oft aſcrib'd to Fox, at leaſt
All that defames his name-ſake beaſt.
Hence Cloacina hourly views
Unnumber'd labours of the Muſe,
That ſink, where myriads went before,
And ſleep within the chaos hoar:
While her brown daughters, under ground,
Are fed with politics profound.
Each eager hand a fragment ſnaps,
More excrement than what it wraps.
Theſe, ſingly, contributions raiſe,
Of caſual pudding and of praiſe.
Others again, who form a gang,
Yet take due meaſures not to hang,
In magazines their forces join,
By legal methods to purloin.
Whoſe weekly, or whoſe monthly, feat is
Firſt to decry, then ſteal, your treat ſe.
So rogues in France perform their job;
Aſſaſſinating, ere they rob.
But, this long narrative to cloſe:
They who would grievances expoſe,
In all good policy, no leſs,
Should ſhew the methods to redreſs.
If commerce, ſinking in one ſcale,
By fraud or hazard comes to fail:
The taſk is next, all ſtateſmen know it,
To find another where to throw it,

That, riſing there in due degree,
The public may no loſer be.
Thus having heard how you invade,
And, in one way, deſtroy my trade;
That we at laſt may part good friends,
Hear how you ſtill may make amends.
O ſearch this ſinful town with care:
What numbers, duly mine, are there!
The full-fed herd of money jobbers,
Jews, Chriſtians, rogues alike and robbers!
Who riot on the poor man's toils,
And fatten by a nations ſpoils!
The crowd of little knaves in place,
Our age's envy and diſgrace.
Secret and ſnug, by daily ſtealth,
The buſy vermin pick up wealth;
Then, without birth, control the great!
Then, without talents, rule the ſtate!
Some ladies too—for ſome there are,
With ſhame and decency at war;
Who, on a ground of pale three-ſcore,
Still ſpread the roſe of twenty-four,
And bid a nut-brown boſom glow
With purer white than lilies know:
Who into vice intrepid ruſh;
Put modeſt whoring to the bluſh;
And with more front engage a trooper
Than Jenny Jones, or Lucy Cooper.
Send me each miſchief-making nibbler;
'Tis equal, ſenator or ſcribbler:
Who, on the ſelf-ſame ſpot of ground,
The ſelf-ſame hearers ſtaring round,
Abjure and join with, praiſe and blame,
Both men and meaſures, ſtill the ſame.
Or ſerve our foes with all their might,
By proving Britons dare not fight:
Slim, ſimſy, ſiddling, futile elves,
They paint the nation from themſelves;
Leſs aiming to be wiſe than witty,
And mighty pert, and mighty pretty.
Send me each ſtring—ſave green and blue—
Theſe, brother Tower-hill, wait for you.
But, Lollius, be not in the ſpleen;
'Tis only Arthur's Knights I mean—
Not thoſe of old renown'd in fable,
Nor of the round, but gaming table;
Who, every night, the waiters ſay,
Break every law they make by day;
Plunge deep our youth in all the vice
Attendant upon drink and dice,
And, mixing in nocturnal battles,
Devour each other's goods and chattels;
While from the mouth of magic Box,
With curſes dire and dreadful knocks,
They fling whole tenements away,
Fling time, health, fame—yet call it play!
Till, by advice of ſpecial friends,
The titled dune a ſharper ends:
Or, if ſome drop of noble blood
Remains, not quite defil'd to mud,
The wretch, unpity'd and alone,
Leaps headlong to the world unknown!

ZEPHIR:
OR
THE STRATAGEM.

" Egregiam vero laudem et ſpolia ampla ref
" Una dola Divú ſi Foemina victa duorum e
VIR

ARGUMENT.

A certain young lady was ſurprized, on her ſe by a violent ſtorm of wind and rain from the S we; which made her diſmount, ſomewhat ci itately.

THE god, in whoſe gay train appear
Thoſe gales that wake the purple year
Who lights up health and bloom and grace
In Nature's, and in Mira's face;
To ſpeak more plain, the weſtern wind,
Had ſeen this brighteſt of her kind:
Had ſeen her oft with freſh ſurprize!
And ever with delring eyes!
Much, by her ſhape, her look, her air,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the vulgar fair;
More, by the meaning ſoul that ſhines
Through all her charms, and all refines.
Born to command, yet turn'd to pleaſe,
Her form is dignity, with eaſe:
Then—ſuch a hand, and ſuch an arm,
As age or impotence might warm!
Juſt ſuch a leg too, Zephir knows,
The Medicean Venus ſhows!
So far he ſees; ſo far admires.
Each charm is fewel to his fires:
But other charms, and thoſe of price,
That form the bounds of Paradiſe,
Can thoſe an equal praiſe command;
All turn'd by Nature's fineſt hand?
Is all the conſecrated ground
With plumpneſs, firm, with ſmoothneſs, ro
The world, but once, one Zeuxis ſaw,
A faultleſs form who dar'd to draw:
And then, that all might perfect be,
All rounded off in due degree,
To furniſh out the matchleſs piece,
Were rifled half the toaſts of Greece.
'Twas Pitt's white neck, 'twas Delia's thigh,
'Twas Waldegrave's ſweetly-brilliant eye;
'Twas gentle Pembroke's eaſe and grace,
And Hervey lent her maider-face.
But dares he hope, on Britiſh ground,
That theſe may all, in one, be found?
Theſe chiefly that ſtill ſhun his eye?
He knows not; but he means to try.
Aurora riſing, freſh and gay,
Gave promiſe of a golden day.
Up, with her ſiſter, Mira roſe,
Four hours before our London Beaux;
For theſe are ſtill aſleep and dead,
Save Arthur's ſons—not yet in bed.
A roſe, impearl'd with orient dew,
Had caught the paſſing fair-one's view;
To pluck the bud he ſaw her ſtoop,
And try'd, behind, to heave her hoop:

ile acroſs the daiſy'd lawn
, to feed her milk-white fawn,
/ard as her ſteps ſhe bore,
:ll her petticoat, before;
:tly ſteal his face between,
'hat never yet was ſeen!
'e, to fan it with his wing,
-month ſymptom ere can bring:
is but the nymph to pleaſe,
ly courts his cooling breeze."
n, fond believing Maid!
'e, ſoft traitor, would perſuade,
e moving ſkill and grace
'd paſſion in his face,
ıpproach, diſtruſt your power—
ıere is one ſhepherd's hour:
'h he long, his aim to cover,
ı the friend, diſguiſe the lover,
or nonſenſe, of his wooing
dore you into ruin.
hoſe butterflies, the beaux,
round in tinſel-rows,
ke them off, with quick diſdain;
:ıts ſettle, they will ſtain.
'ephir oft the nymph aſſail'd.
ittle arts had fail'd;
of ſilk, the ribs of whale,
ill his feeble gale.
: repulſes vex'd at heart,
ir has recourſe to art:
wn weakneſs to ſupply,
Brother of the ſky,
South-weſt: whoſe mildeſt play
ere war, the Ruſſian way:
-maker by his trade,
's to raviſh, not perſuade.
ns of their aërial league,
o harraſs and fatigue,
nd on ſome remoter plain,
cloſe with wind and rain;
ıs, writ fair, and ſeal'd and ſign'd,
:bb or Stukely wiſh to find,
uaries, who explore
s ever paſs'd—and more;
:re too tedious to be told,
r in ſome cloud enroll'd,
:ing regiſters in air:
ı mount, and lead them there.
nd alliance thus agreed,
action they proceed;
war a maxim known,
's monarch well has ſhown,
ıt once upon your foe,
the firſt preventive blow.
's lungs, in Toro's form,
'y how d' ye is a ſtorm,
South-Weſt his part begun,
ds extinguiſhing the ſun,
ımand, from pole to pole
dKing, o'er the fair-one roll;
ling now her favourite ſteed,
ıe pomp ſhe deigns to lead.
to the future blind,
ıs foe is cloſe behind!
ard your treaſure, while you can;
God ſhould be the Man.

For lo! the clouds, at his known call,
Are cloſing round—they burſt! they fall!
While at the charmer, all-aghaſt,
He pours whole winter in a blaſt:
Nor cares, in his impetuous mood,
If natives founder on the flood;
If Britain's coaſt be left as bare*
As he reſolves to leave the Fair.
Here, Gods reſemble human breed;
The world be damn'd—ſo they ſucceed.
Pale, trembling, from her ſteed ſhe fled,
With ſilk, lawn, linen, round her head;
And, to the fawns who fed above,
Unveil'd the laſt receſs of love.
Each wondering fawn was ſeen to bound†,
Each branchy deer o'erleap'd his mound,
A ſight of that ſequeſter'd glade,
In all its light, in all its ſhade,
Which riſes there for wiſeſt ends,
To deck the temple it defends.
Lo! gentle tenants of the grove,
For what a thouſand heroes ſtrove,
When Europe, Aſia, both in arms,
Diſputed one fair Lady's charms.
The war pretended Helen's eyes‡;
But this, believe it, was the prize.
This rous'd Achilles' mortal ire,
This ſtrung his Homer's epic lyre;
Gave to the world La Mancha's Knight,
And ſtill makes bulls and heroes fight.
Yet, though the diſtant conſcious Muſe
This airy rape delighted views;
Yet ſhe, for honour guides her lays,
Enjoying yet, diſdains to praiſe.
If Frenchmen always fight with odds,
Are they a pattern for the Gods?
Can Ruſſia, can th' Hungarian vampire§,
With whom caſt in the Swedes and Empire,
Can four ſuch powers, who one aſſail,
Deſerve our praiſe, ſhould they prevail?
O mighty triumph! high renown!
Two gods have brought one mortal down;
Have club'd their forces in a ſtorm,
To ſtrip one helpleſs female form!
Strip her ſtark naked; yet confeſs,
Such charms are Beauty's faireſt dreſs!
But, all-inſenſible to blame,
The ſky-born raviſhers on flame
Enchanted at the proſpect ſtood,
And kiſs'd with rapture what they view'd.
Sleek S * * r too had done no leſs:
Would parſons here the truth confeſs:
Nay, one brisk peer, yet all-alive,
Would do the ſame, at eighty-five.
But how, in colours ſoftly-bright,
Where ſtrength and harmony unite,

* *The very day on which the fleet under Admiral H——e was blown into Torbay.* MALLET.

† "*Immemor herbarum quos eſt mirata Juvenca.*" VIRG.

‡ "*Et fuit ante Helenam,*" &c. HOR.

§ *A certain miſchievous demon that delights much in human blood; of which there are many inſtances in Hungary.* MALLET.

To paint the limbs, that fairer ſhow
Than Meſſalina's borrow'd ſnow;
To paint the roſe, that, through its ſhade,
With theirs, one human eye ſurvey'd;
Would gracious Phœbus tell me how,
Would he the genuine draught avow,
The Muſe, a ſecond Titian then,
To Fame might conſecrate her pen!
That Titian, Nature gave of old
The Queen of Beauty to behold,
Like Mira unadorn'd by dreſs,
But all compleat in nakedneſs:
Then bade his emulating art
Thoſe wonders to the world impart.
Around the ready Graces ſtand,
Each heightening ſtroke, each happy line,
Awakes to life the form divine;
Till, rais'd and rounded every charm,
And all with youth immortal warm,
He ſees, ſcarce credlting his eyes,
He ſees a brighter Venus riſe!
But, to the gentle Reader's coſt,
His pencil, with his life, was loſt:
And Mira muſt contented be,
To live by Ramſay and by me.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

"Mark it, Ceſario, it is true and plain.
"The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
"And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
"Do uſe to chant it. It is ſilly ſooth,
"And dallies with the innocence of love,
"Like the old age."

SHAKESP. TWELFTH NIGHT.

I.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Faſt by a ſheltering wood,
The ſafe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage ſtood.

II.

There beauteous Emma flouriſh'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whoſe only wiſh on earth was now
To ſee her bleſt, and die.

III.

The ſofteſt bluſh that Nature ſpreads
Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour ſmiles through heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

IV.

Nor let the pride of great-ones ſcorn
This charmer of the plains:
That ſun, who bids their diamonds blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

V.

Long had ſhe fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with deſpair;
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not ſhe was fair.

VI.

Till Edwin came, the pride of ſwains,
A ſoul devoid of art;
And from whoſe eye, ſerenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

VII.

A mutual flame was quickly caught:
Was quickly too reveal'd:
For neither boſom lodg'd a wiſh,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

VIII.

What happy hours of home-felt bliſs
Did love on both beſtow!
But bliſs too mighty long to laſt,
Where fortune proves a foe.

IX.

His Siſter, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in miſchief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked ſkill,
Each darker art employ'd.

X.

The Father too, a ſordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-ſeeling as the clod,
From whence his riches grew.

XI.

Long had he ſeen their ſecret flame,
And ſeen it long unmov'd:
Then with a father's frown at laſt
Had ſternly diſapprov'd.

XII.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing paſſions ſtrove:
His heart, that durſt not diſobey,
Yet could not ceaſe to love.

XIII.

Deny'd her ſight he oft behind
The ſpreading hawthorn crept,
To ſnatch a glance, to mark the ſpot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

XIV.

Oft too on Stanemere's wintery waſte,
Beneath the moon-light ſhade,
In ſighs to pour his ſoften'd ſoul,
The midnight-mourner ſtray'd.

XV.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercaſt:
So fades the freſh roſe in its prime,
Before the northern blaſt.

XVI.

The parents now, with late remorſe,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And wearied heaven with fruitleſs vows,
And fruitleſs ſorrows ſhed.

XVII.

'Tis paſt! he cry'd—but if your ſouls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let theſe dim eyes once more behold,
What they muſt ever love!

XVIII.

She came: his cold hand ſoftly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Faſt-falling o'er the primroſe pale,
So morning dews appear.

XIX.

But oh! his ſiſter's jealous care,
A cruel ſiſter ſhe!
Forbade what Emma came to ſay;
"My Edwin, live for me!"

XX.

Now homeward as ſhe hopeleſs wept
The church-yard path along,
The blaſt blew cold, the dark owl ſcream'd
Her lover's funeral ſong.

XXI.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her ſtartling fancy found
In every buſh his hovering ſhade,
His groan in every ſound.

XXII.

Alone, appall'd, thus had ſhe paſs'd
The viſionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell ſmote her ear,
Sad ſounding in the gale!

XXIII.

Juſt then ſhe reach'd, with trembling ſtep,
Her aged mother's door—
He's gone! ſhe cry'd; and I ſhall ſee
That angel-face no more.

XXIV.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high againſt my ſide—
From her white arm down ſunk her head;
She ſhivering ſigh'd, and dy'd.

ON THE

DEATH

OF

LADY ANSON.

ADDRESSED TO HER FATHER, 1761.

O Crown'd with honour, bleſt with length of days,
Thou whom the wiſe revere, the worthy praiſe;
Juſt guardian of thoſe laws thy voice explain'd,
And meriting all titles thou haſt gain'd—
Though ſtill the faireſt from heaven's bounty flow;
For good and great no monarch can beſtow:
Yet thus, of health, of fame, of friends poſſeſt,
No fortune, Hardewicke, is ſincerely bleſt.
All human-kind are ſons of ſorrow born:
The great muſt ſuffer, and the good muſt mourn.
For ſay, can Wiſdom's ſelf, what late was thine,
Can fortitude, without a ſigh, reſign?
Ah, no! when Love, when Reaſon, hand in hand,
O'er the cold urn conſenting Mourners ſtand,
The firmeſt heart diſſolves to ſoften here:
And Piety applauds the falling tear.
Thoſe ſacred drops, by virtuous weakneſs ſhed,
Adorn the living, while they grace the dead:
From tender thought their ſource unblam'd they draw,
By Heaven approv'd, and true to Nature's law.
When his lov'd Child the Roman could not ſave,
Immortal Tully, from an early grave *,
No common torms his home-felt paſſion kept:
The ſage, the patriot, in the parent, wept.
And O by grief ally'd, as join'd in fame,
The ſame thy loſs, thy ſorrows are the ſame.
She whom the Muſes, whom the Loves deplore,
Ev'n ſhe, thy pride and pleaſure, is no more:
In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom,
Loſt to thy hopes, and ſilent in the tomb.
O ſeaſon mark'd by mourning and deſpair,
Thy blaſts, how fatal to the Young and Fair?
For vernal freſhneſs, for the balmy breeze,
Thy tainted winds come pregnant with diſeaſe:
Sick Nature ſunk before the mortal breath,
That ſcatter'd fever, agony, and death!
What funerals has thy cruel ravage ſpread!
What eyes have flow'd! what noble boſoms bled!
Here let Reflection fix her ſober view:
O think, who ſuffer, and who ſigh with you.
See, rudely ſnatch'd, in all her pride of charms,
Brigh. Granby from a youthful huſband's arms!
In climes far diſtant, ſee that huſband mourn;
His arms rever'd, his recent laurel torn!
Behold again, at Fate's imperious call,
In one dread inſtant blooming Lincoln fall!
See her lov'd Lord with ſpeechleſs anguiſh bend!
And, mixing tears with his, thy nobleſt friend,
Thy Pelham turn on heaven his ſtreaming eye:
Again in her, he ſees a brother die!
And he, who long, unſhaken and ſerene,
Had death, in each dire form of terror, ſeen,
Through worlds unknown o'er unknown oceans toſt,
By love ſubdued, now weeps a conſort loſt:
Now, ſunk to fondneſs, all the man appears,
His front dejected, and his ſoul in tears!
Yet more! nor thou the Muſe's voice diſdain,
Who fondly tries to ſoothe a father's pain—
Let thy calm eye ſurvey the ſuffering ball:
See kingdoms round thee verging to their fall!
What ſpring had promiſ'd and what autumn yields,
The bread of thouſands, raviſh'd from their fields!
See youth and age, th' ignoble and the great,
Swept to one grave, in one promiſcuous fate!
Hear Europe groan! hear all her nations mourn!
And be a private wound with patience borne.
Think too: and reaſon will confirm the thought:
Thy cares, for her, are to their period brought.
Yes, ſhe, fair pattern to a failing age,
With wit, chaſtis'd, with ſprightly temper, ſage:
Whom each endearing name could recommend,
Whom all became, wife, ſiſter, daughter, friend,
Unwarp'd by folly, and by vice unſtain'd,
The prize of virtue has, for ever, gain'd!
From life eſcap'd, and ſafe on that calm ſhore
Where ſin and pain and error are no more,
She now, no change, nor you no fear can feel:
Death, to her fame, has fix'd th' eternal ſeal!

* *Tullia died about the age of two and thirty. She is celebrated for her filial piety; and for having added, to the uſual graces of her ſex, the more ſolid accompliſhments of knowledge and belite letters.*
MALLET.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

I.

YE midnight ſhades, o'er Nature ſpread!
Dumb ſilence of the dreary hour!
In honour of th' approaching dead,
Around your awful terrors pour.
Yes, pour around,
On this pale ground,
Through all this deep ſurrounding gloom,
The ſober thought,
The tear untaught,
Thoſe meeteſt mourners at a tomb.

II.

Lo! as the ſurplic'd train draw near
To this laſt manſion of mankind,
The ſlow ſad bell, the ſable bier,
In holy muſings wrap the mind!
And while their beam,
With trembling ſtream,
Attending tapers faintly dart;
Each mouldering bone,
Each ſculptur'd ſtone,
Strikes mute inſtruction to the heart!

III.

Now, let the ſacred organ blow,
With ſolemn pauſe, and ſounding flow:
Now, let the voice due meaſure keep,
In ſtrains that ſigh, and words that weep;
Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depreſs, but lift the ſoaring ſoul.

IV.

To lift it in the Maker's praiſe,
Who firſt inform'd our frame with breath;
And, after ſome few ſtormy days,
Now, gracious, gives us o'er to Death.
No King of Fears,
In him appears,
Who ſhuts the ſcene of human woes:
Beneath his ſhade
Securely laid,
The dead alone find true repoſe.

V.

Then, while we mingle duſt with duſt,
To One, ſupremely good and wiſe,
Raiſe halelujahs! God is juſt,
And man moſt happy, when he dies!
His winter paſt,
Fair ſpring at laſt
Receives him on her flowery ſhore;
Where Pleaſure's roſe
Immortal blows,
And ſin and ſorrow are no more!

TO MIRA.

FROM THE COUNTRY.

AT this late hour, the world lies huſh'd below,
Nor is one breath of air awake to blow.
Now walks mute Midnight, darkling o'er the plain,
Reſt, and ſoft-footed Silence, in his train,
To bleſs the cottage, and renew the ſwain.
Their all-aſleep, me all-awake they find;
Nor reſt, nor ſilence, charm the lover's mind.
Already, I a thouſand torments prove,
The thouſand torments of divided love:
The rolling thought, impatient in the breaſt;
The fluttering wiſh on wing, that will not reſt;
Deſire, whoſe kindled flames, undying, glow;
Knowledge of diſtant bliſs, and preſent woe;
Unhuſh'd, unſleeping all, with me they dwell,
Children of abſence, and of loving well!
Theſe pale the cheek, and cloud the chearleſs eye,
Swell the ſwift tear, and heave the frequent ſigh:
Theſe reach the heart, and bid the health decline;
And theſe, O Mira! theſe are truly mine.
She, whoſe ſweet ſmile would gladden all the grove,
Whoſe mind is muſic, and whoſe looks are love;
She, gentle power! victorious ſoftneſs!—She,
Mira, is far from hence, from love, and me;
Yet, in my every thought, her form I find,
Her looks, her words—her world of charms combin'd!
Sweetneſs is her's, and unaffected eaſe;
The native wit, that was not taught to pleaſe.
Whatever ſoftly animates the face,
The eye's attemper'd fire, the winning grace,
Th' unſtudy'd ſmile, the bluſh that nature warms,
And all the graceful negligence of charms!
Ha! while I gaze, a thouſand ardours riſe;
And my fir'd boſom flaſhes from my eyes,
Oh! melting mildneſs! miracle of charms!
Receive my ſoul within thoſe folding arms!
On that dear boſom let my wiſhes reſt—
Oh! ſofter than the turtle's downy breaſt!
And ſee! where Love himſelf is waiting near!
Here let me ever dwell—for heaven is here!

A WINTER'S DAY.

WRITTEN IN A STATE OF MELANCHOLY.

NOW, gloomy ſoul! look out—now comes thy turn;
With thee, behold all ravag'd nature mourn.
Hail the dim empire of thy darling night,
That ſpreads, ſlow-ſhadowing, o'er the vanquiſh'd light.
Look out, with joy; the Ruler of the day,
Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimmering ray:
Already exil'd to the utmoſt ſky,
Hither, oblique, he turn'd his clouded eye.
Lo! from the limits of the wintery pole,
Mountainous clouds, in rude confuſion, roll:
In diſmal pomp, now, hovering on their way,
To a ſick twilight, they reduce the day.
And hark! impriſon'd winds, broke looſe, ariſe,
And roar their haughty triumph through the ſkies.
While the driven clouds, o'ercharg'd with floods of rain,
And mingled lightning, burſt upon the plain.
Now ſee ſad earth—like thine, her alter'd ſtate,
Like thee, ſhe mourns her ſad reverſe of fate!
Her ſmile, her wanton looks—where are they now?
Faded her face, and wrapt in clouds her brow!
No more, th' ungrateful verdure of the plain;
No more, the wealth-crown'd labours of the ſwain;

These scenes of bliss, no more upbraid my fate,
Torture my pining thought, and rouze my hate.
The leaf-clad forest, and the tufted grove,
Erewhile the safe retreats of happy love,
Stript of their honours, naked, now appear;
This is—my soul! the winter of their year!
The little, noisy songsters of the wing,
All, shivering on the bough, forget to sing.
Hail! reverend Silence! with thy awful brow!
Be Music's voice, for ever mute—as now:
Let no intrusive joy my dead repose
Disturb;—no pleasure disconcert my woes.
In this moss-cover'd cavern, hopeless laid,
On the cold cliff, I'll lean my aching head;
And, pleas'd with Winter's waste, unpitying, see
All nature in an agony with me!
Rough, rugged rocks, wet marshes, ruin'd towers,
Bare trees, brown brakes, bleak heaths, and rushy moors,
Dead floods, huge cataracts, to my pleas'd eyes—
(Now I can smile!)—in wild disorder rise:
And now, the various dreadfulness combin'd,
Black melancholy comes, to doze my mind.
See! Night's wish'd shades rise, spreading through the air,
And the lone, hollow gloom, for me prepare!
Hail! solitary ruler of the grave!
Parent of terrors! from thy dreary cave!
Let thy dumb silence midnight all the ground,
And spread a welcome horror wide around,—
But hark! a sudden howl invades my ear!
The phantoms of the dreadful hour are near.
Shadows, from each dark cavern, now combine.
And stalk around, and mix their yells with mine,
Stop, flying Time! repose thy restless wing;
Fix here—nor hasten to restore the spring:
Fix'd my ill fate, so fix'd let winter be—
Let never wanton season laugh at me!

PROLOGUE
TO THE
MASQUE OF BRITANNIA,

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, * 1755, IN THE CHARACTER OF A SAILOR, FUDDLED AND TALKING TO HIMSELF.

He enters singing,

"How pleasant a sailor's life passes—,,

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow!
A sailor, half seas o'er—'s a pretty fellow!
What cheer ho? * Do I carry too much sail?
* *to the pit.*
No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale *—
* *he staggers forward, then stops.*
But softly though—the vessel seems to heel:
Steady! my boy—she must not shew her keel.
And now thus ballasted—what course to steer?
Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer?
Or stay on shore, and toy with Sall and Sue—
Dost love 'em, boy?—by this right hand, I do!
A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting:
There's nothing better, faith—save flip and fighting:
* *Some of the lines too were written by him.*
For shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
Or lower our flag to slavery and soup?
What! shall these parly-vous make such a racket,
And we not lend a hand, to lace their jacket?
Still shall Old England be your Frenchman's butt?
Whene'er he shuffles, we should always cut.
I'll to 'em, faith—Avast—before I go—
Have I not promis'd Sall to see the show?
* *Pulls out a play-bill.*
From this same paper we shall understand
What work's to night—I'll read your printed hand!
But, first refresh a bit—for faith I need it—
I'll take one sugar-plum*—and then I'll read it,
* *Takes some tobacco.*
He reads the play-bill of Zara, which was acted that evening.
At the The-atre Royal—Drury-Lane—
will be presen-ta-ted a Tragedy called—
SARAH.
I'm glad 'tis Sarah—Then our Sall may see
Her namesake's Tragedy: and as for me,
I'll sleep as sound, as if I were at sea.
To which will be added—a new Masque.
Zounds! why a Masque? We sailors hate grimaces:
Above-board all, we scorn to hide our faces.
But what is here, so very large and plain?
Bri-ta-nia—oh Britania!—good again—
Huzza, boys! by the Royal George I swear,
Tom Coxen, and the crew, shall strait be there.
All free-born souls must take Bri-ta-nia's part,
And give her three round cheers, with hand and heart!
going off, he stops.
I wish you landmen, though, would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics:
And, like us, honest tars, drink, fight, and sing!
True to yourselves, your country, and your king!

INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE.

WITH no one talent that deserves applause;
With no one awkwardness that laughter draws;
Who thinks not, but just echoes what we say;
A clock, at morn, wound up, to run a day:
His larum goes in one smooth, simple strain;
He stops: and then, we wind him up again.
Still hovering round the fair at fifty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er;
A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,
Awake to buz, but not alive to sting;
Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can;
The teazing ghost of the departed man.

SONG.

TO A SCOTCH TUNE, MARY SCOT,

I.

WHERE Thames, along the daisy'd meads
His wave, in lucid mazes, leads,

Silent, flow, ſerenely-flowing,
Wealth on either ſhore beſtowing:
There, in a ſafe, though ſmall retreat,
Content and Love have fix'd their ſeat:
Love, that counts his duty, pleaſure;
Content that knows and hugs his treaſure.

II.

From art, from jealouſy ſecure;
As faith unblam'd, as friendſhip pure;
Vain opinion nobly ſcorning,
Virtue aiding, life adorning.
Fair Thames, along thy flowery ſide,
May thoſe whom truth and reaſon guide,
All their tender hours improving,
Live like us, belov'd and loving!

TO MR. THOMSON.

ON HIS PUBLISHING THE SECOND EDITION OF HIS POEM, CALLED WINTER.

CHARM'D, and inſtructed, by thy powerful ſong,
I have, unjuſt, with-held my thanks too long:
This debt of gratitude, at length, receive,
Warmly ſincere, 'tis all thy friend can give.
Thy worth new lights the Poet's darken'd name,
And ſhews it, blazing, in the brighteſt fame.
Through all thy various Winter, full are found
Magnificence of thought, and pomp of ſound,
Clear depth of ſenſe, expreſſion's heightening grace,
And goodneſs eminent in power, and place!
For this, the wiſe, the knowing few, commend
With zealous joy—for thou art Virtue's friend:
Ev'n age, and truth ſevere, in reading thee,
That heaven inſpires the Muſe, convinc'd, agree,
Thus I dare ſing of merit, faintly known,
Friendleſs—ſupported by its ſelf alone:
For thoſe, whoſe aided will could lift thee high,
In fortune, ſee not with Diſcernment's eye.
Nor place, nor power, beſtows the ſight refin'd;
And wealth enlarges not the narrow mind.
How could'ſt thou think of ſuch, and write ſo well?
Or hope reward, by daring to excell?
Unſkilful of the age! untaught to gain
Thoſe favours, which the fawning baſe obtain!
A thouſand ſhameful arts, to thee unknown,
Falſehood, and Flattery, muſt be firſt thy own.
If thy lov'd country lingers in thy breaſt,
Thou muſt drive out th' unprofitable gueſt:
Extinguiſh each bright aim, that kindles there,
And center in thyſelf thy every care.
But hence that vileneſs—pleas'd to charm mankind,
Caſt each low thought of intereſt far behind:
Neglected into noble ſcorn—away
From that worn path, where vulgar Poets ſtray:
Inglorious herd! profuſe of venal lays!
And by the pride deſpis'd, they ſtoop to praiſe!
Thou, careleſs of the ſtateſman's ſmile or frown,
Tread that ſtrait way, that leads to fair renown.
By Virtue guided, and by Glory fir'd,
And, by reluctant Envy, ſlow admir'd,
Dare to do well, and in thy boundleſs mind,
Embrace the general welfare of thy kind:
Enrich them with the treaſures of thy thought,
What Heaven approves, and what the Muſe has taught.
Where thy power fails, unable to go on,
Ambitious, greatly will the good undone.
So ſhall thy name, through ages, brightening ſhine,
And diſtant praiſe, from worth unborn, be thine;
So ſhalt thou, happy! merit heaven's regard,
And find a glorious, though a late reward.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

I.

'TWAS at the ſilent, ſolemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

II.

Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintery cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand,
That held her ſable ſhroud.

III.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

IV.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flower,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt opening to the view.

V.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early prime:
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

VI.

Awake! ſhe cry'd, thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to ſave.

VII.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghoſts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithleſs ſwain.

VIII.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

IX.

Why did you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe eyes to weep?

X.

How could you ſay my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could you win my virgin-heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

XI.

Why did you ſay, my lip was ſweet,
And made the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

XII.

, alas! no more is fair,
lips no longer red:
my eyes, now clos'd in death,
very charm is fled.

XIII.

gry worm my ſiſter is;
rinding-ſheet I wear;
and weary laſts our night,
at laſt morn appear.

XIV.

k! the cock has warn'd me hence;
and late adieu!
e, falſe man, how low ſhe lies,
ly'd for love of you.

XV.

ſung loud; the morning ſmil'd,
eams of roſy red:
liam qual'd in every limb,
ving left his bed.

XVI.

him to the fatal place
Margaret's body lay;
ch'd him on the green-graſs turf,
rap'd her breathleſs clay.

XVII.

e he call'd on Margaret's name,
rice he wept full ſore:
his cheek to her cold grave,
ord ſpoke never more!

EPITAPH,

AIKMAN, AND HIS ONLY SON; WHO BOTH INTERRED IN THE SAME E.

R to the wife and good, diſprais'd by none,
re ſleep in peace the father and the ſon:
, as by nature, cloſe ally'd,
ter's genius, but without the pride;
nambitious, wit afraid to ſhine,
clear light, and Friendſhip's warmth
ne.

The ſon, fair-riſing, knew too ſhort a date;
But oh! how more ſevere the parent's fate!
He ſaw him torn, untimely, from his ſide,
Felt all a father's anguiſh, wept and dy'd!

EPITAPH
ON A
YOUNG LADY.

THIS humble grave though no proud ſtruc-
tures grace,
Yet Truth and Goodneſs ſanctify the place:
Yet blameleſs Virtue that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb.
O ſcap'd from life! O ſafe on that calm ſhore,
Where ſin, and pain, and paſſion are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor power decree,
Regard and Pity, wait ſincere on thee:
Lo! ſoft Remembrance drops a pious tear;
And holy Friendſhip ſtands a mourner here.

SONG.
TO A SCOTCH TUNE.
THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.

I.

THE ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring,
Invite the tuneful birds to ſing:
And while they warble from each ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wiſe,
Like them improve the hour that flies;
And, in ſoft raptures, waſte the day
Among the ſhades of Endermay.

II.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this, thy living bloom muſt fade;
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade.
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er;
The feather'd ſongſters love no more:
And when they droop, and we decays
Adieu the ſhades of Endermay!

AKENSIDE'S POEMS.

THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

THE GENERAL ARGUMENT.

ſures of the imagination proceed either from natural objects, as from a flouriſhing grove, a clear urmuring fountain, a calm ſea by moon light; or from works of art, ſuch as a noble edifice, a tune, a ſtatue, a picture, a poem. In treating of theſe pleaſures, we muſt begin with the former they being original to the other; and nothing more being neceſſary, in order to explain them, than of our natural inclination toward greatneſs and beauty, and of thoſe appearances, in the world us, to which that inclination is adapted. This is the ſubject of the firſt book of the following poem leaſures which we receive from the elegant arts, from muſic, ſculpture, painting, and poetry, are ore various and complicated. In them (beſides greatneſs and beauty, or forms proper to the imagi- we find interwoven frequent repreſentations of truth, of virtue and vice, of circumſtances proper e us with laughter, or to excite in us pity, fear, and the other paſſions. Theſe moral and intel- objects are deſcribed in the ſecond book; to which the third properly belongs as an epiſode, though ge to have been included in it.

above-mentioned cauſes of pleaſure, which are univerſal in the courſe of human life, and appertain higher faculties, many others do generally concur, more limited in their operation, or of an inferior : ſuch are the novelty of objects, the aſſociation of ideas, affections of the bodily ſenſes, influences ation, national habits, and the like. To illuſtrate theſe, and form the whole to determine the er of a perfect taſte, is the argument of the fourth book.

Hitherto the pleaſures of the imagination belong to the human ſpecies in general. But there are certain particular men whoſe imagination is endowed with powers, and ſuſceptible of pleaſures, which the generality of mankind never participate, theſe are the men of genius, deſtined by nature to excell in one or other of the arts already mentioned. It is propoſed therefore, in the laſt place, to delineate that genius which in ſome degree appears common to them all; yet with a more peculiar conſideration of poetry: inaſmuch as poetry is the moſt extenſive of theſe arts, the moſt philoſophical, and the moſt uſeful.

BOOK THE FIRST.

MDCCLVII.

*THE ſubject propoſed. Dedication. The ideas of the Supreme Being, the exemplars of all things. The variety of conſtitution in the minds of men; with its final cauſe. The general character of a fine imagination. All the immediate pleaſures of the human imagination proceed either from greatneſs or beauty in external objects. The pleaſure from greatneſs; with its final cauſe. The natural connection of beauty with * truth and good. The different order of beauty in different objects. The infinite and all-comprehending form of beauty, which belongs to the divine mind. The partial and artificial forms of beauty, which belong to inferior intellectual beings. The origin and general conduct of beauty in man. The ſubordination of local beauties to the beauty of the univerſe. Concluſion.*

WITH what inchantment nature's goodly ſcene
Attracts the ſenſe of mortals; how the mind
For its own eye doth objects nobler ſtill
Prepare; how men by various leſſons learn
To judge of beauty's praiſe; what raptures fill
The breaſt with fancy's native arts indow'd
And what true culture guides it to renown;
My verſe unfolds. Ye gods, or godlike powers
Ye guardians of the ſacred taſk, attend
Propitious. Hand in hand around your bard
Move in majeſtic meaſures, leading on
His doubtful ſtep through many a ſolemn path
Conſcious of ſecrets which to human ſight
Ye only can reveal. Be great in him:
And let your favour make him wiſe to ſpeak
Of all your wonderous empire; with a voice
So temper'd to his theme, that thoſe, who hear,
May yield perpetual homage to yourſelves.
Thou chief, O daughter of eternal Love,
Whate'er thy name; or Muſe, or Grace, ador'd
By Grecian prophets; to the ſons of heaven
Known, while with deep amazement thou doſt there
The perfect councils read, the ideas old,
Of thine omniſcient father; known on earth
By the ſtill horror and the bliſsful tear
With which thou ſeizeſt on the ſoul of man;
Thou chief, Poetic Spirit, from the banks
Of Avon, whence thy holy fingers cull
Freſh flowers and dews to ſprinkle on the turf
Where Shakeſpeare lies, be preſent. And with thee
Let Fiction come; on her aërial wings
Wafting ten thouſand colours; which in ſport
By the light glances of her magic eye,
She blends and ſhifts at will through countleſs forms,
Her wild creation. Goddeſs of the lyre
Whoſe awful tones controul the moving ſphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony deſcend,
And join this happy train? for with thee comes,
The guide, the guardian of their myſtic rites,
Wiſe Order; and, where Order deigns to come,
Her ſiſter, Liberty, will not be far.
Be preſent all ye Genii, who conduct
Of youthful bards the lonely-wandering ſtep
Now to your ſprings and ſhades; who touch their ear
With finer ſounds, and heighten to their eye
The pomp of nature, and before them place
The faireſt, loftieſt countenance of things.
Nor thou, my Dyſon, to the lay refuſe
Thy wonted partial audience. What, though firſt
In years unſeaſon'd, haply ere the ſports
Of childhood yet were o'er, the adventurous lay
With many ſplendid proſpects, many charms,
Allur'd my heart, nor conſcious whence they ſprung.
Nor heedful of their end? yet ſerious truth
Her empire o'er the calm, ſequeſter'd theme
Aſſerted ſoon; while falſehood's evil brood,
Vice and deceitful pleaſure, ſhe at once
Excluded, and my fancy's careleſs toil
Drew to the better cauſe. Maturer aid
Thy friendſhip added, in the paths of life,
The buſy paths, my unaccuſtom'd feet
Preſerving: nor to truth's receſs divine,
Through this wide argument's unbeaten ſpace,
Withholding ſurer guidance: while by turns
We trac'd the ſages old, or while the queen
Of ſciences (whom manners and the mind
Acknowledge) to my true companion's voice
Not unattentive, o'er the wintery lamp
Inclin'd her ſceptre, favouring. Now the fates
Have other taſks impoſ'd. To thee, my friend,
The miniſtry of freedom and the faith
Of popular decrees, in early youth,
Not vainly they committed. Me they ſent
To wait on pain; and ſilent arts to urge,
Inglorious: not ignoble; if my cares,
To ſuch as languiſh on a grievous bed,
Eaſe and the ſweet forgetfulneſs of ill
Conciliate: nor delightleſs; if the Muſe,
Her ſhades to viſit and to taſte her ſprings,
If ſome diſtinguiſh'd hours the bounteous Muſe
Impart, and grant (what ſhe and ſhe alone
Can grant to mortals) that my hand thoſe wreaths
Of fame and honeſt favor, which the bleſs'd
Wear in Elyſium, and which never felt
The breath of envy or malignant tongues,
That theſe my hand for thee and for myſelf
May gather. Meanwhile, O my faithful friend,
O early choſen, ever found the ſame,
And truſted and belov'd; once more the verſe
Long deſtin'd, always obvious to thine ear,

* *Truth is here taken, not in a logical, but in a mixed and popular ſenſe, or for what has been called the truth of things; denoting as well their natural and regular condition, as a proper eſtimate or judgment concerning them.*

Attend, indulgent. So in late ſt years,
When time thy head with honours ſhall have cloath'd
Sacred to even virtue, may thy mind,
Amid the calm review of ſeaſons paſt,
Fair offices of friendſhip or kind peace,
Or public zeal, may then thy mind well-pleas'd
Recall theſe happy ſtudies of our prime.
From heaven my ſtrains begin. From heaven deſcends
The flame of genius to the choſen breaſt,
And beauty with poetic wonder join'd.
And inſpiration. Ere the riſing ſun
Shone o'er the deep, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon her ſilver lamp ſuſpended: ere
The vales with ſprings were water'd, or with groves
Of oak or pine the ancient hills were crown'd;
Then the great ſpirit, whom his works adore,
Within his own deep eſſence view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things:
The radiant ſun; the moon's nocturnal lamp;
The mountains and the ſtreams; the ample ſtores
Of earth, of heaven, of nature. From the firſt,
On that full ſcene his love divine he fix'd
His admiration. Till, in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd his vital power
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame:
Hence the green earth, and wild-reſounding waves:
Hence light and ſhade, alternate; warm the hand cold;
And bright autumnal ſkies, and vernal ſhowers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great ſcene unveil'd. For while the claims
Of ſocial life to different labours urge
The active powers of man, with wiſeſt care
Hath nature on the multitude of minds
Impreſs'd a various bias; and to each
Decreed its province in the common toil.
To ſome ſhe taught the fabric of the ſphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the ſtars,
The golden zones of heaven. To ſome ſhe gave
To ſearch the ſtory of eternal thought;
Of ſpace, and time; of fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick movement. Others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue dwells in every vein
Of herbs or trees. But ſome to nobler hopes
Were deſtin'd: ſome within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To theſe the Sire Omnipotent unfold,
In fuller aſpects and with fairer lights,
This picture of the world. Through every part
They trace the lofty ſketches of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's flowery ſtore,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's mien
Dreſs'd in attractive ſmiles, they ſee portray'd
(As far as mortal eyes the portrait ſcan)
Thoſe lineaments of beauty which delight
The mind ſupreme. They alſo feel their force,
Inamor'd: they partake the eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image long renown'd
Through fabling Egypt, at the genial touch
Of morning, from its inmoſt frame ſent forth
Spontaneous muſic; ſo doth nature's hand,
To certain attributes which matter claims,
Adapt the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulſe of thoſe kindred powers
(Of form, of colour's chearful pomp, of ſound
Melodious, or of motion aptly ſped)
Detains the enliven'd ſenſe; till ſoon the ſoul
Feels the deep concord, and aſſents through all
Her functions. Then the charm by fate prepar'd
Diffuſeth its inchantment. Fancy dreams,
Rapt into high diſcourſe with prophets old,
And wandering through Elyſium, fancy dreams
Of ſacred fountains, of o'erſhadowing groves,
Whoſe walks with godlike harmony reſound:
Fountains, which Homer viſits; happy groves,
Where Milton dwells. The intellectual power,
On the mind's throne, ſuſpends his graver cares,
And ſmiles. The paſſions, to divine repoſe
Perſuaded yield: and love and joy alone
Are waking: love and joy, ſuch as await
An angel's meditation. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art whom theſe delights can touch;
Whom nature's aſpect, nature's ſimple garb,
Can thus command; O! liſten to my ſong;
And I will guide thee to her bliſsful walks,
And teach thy ſolitude her voice to hear,
And point her gracious features to thy view.
Know then, whate'er of the world's ancient ſtore,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected ſcenes,
With love and admiration thus inſpire
Attentive fancy, her delighted ſons
In two illuſtrious orders comprehend,
Self-taught. From him whoſe ruſtic toil the lark
Cheers warbling, to the bard whoſe daring thoughts
Range the full orb of being, ſtill the form,
Which fancy worſhips, or ſublime or fair
Her votaries proclaim, I ſee them dawn:
I ſee the radiant viſions where they riſe,
More lovely than when Lucifer diſplays
His glittering forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the ſpring.
Say, why was man ſo eminently raiſ'd
Amid the vaſt creation; why impower'd
Through life and death to dart his watchful eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might ſend him forth,
In ſight of angels and immortal minds,
As on an ample theatre to join
In conteſt with his equals, who ſhall beſt
The taſk atchieve, the courſe of noble toils,
By wiſdom and by mercy preordain'd?
Might ſend him forth the ſovran good to learn;
To chaſe each meaner purpoſe from his breaſt;
And through the miſts of paſſion and of ſenſe,
And through the pelting ſtorms of chance and pain,
To hold ſtrait on with conſtant heart and eye
Still fix'd upon his everlaſting palm,
The approving ſmile of heaven? Elſe wherefore burns
In mortal boſoms this unquenched hope,
That ſeeks from day to day ſublimer ends;
Happy, though reſtleſs? Why departs the ſoul
Wide from the track and journey of her times,
To graſp the good ſhe knows not? in the field
Of things which may be, in the ſpacious field
Of ſcience, potent arts, or dreadful arms,

To raiſe up ſcenes in which her own deſires
Contented may repoſe; when things, which are,
Pall on her temper, like a twice-told tale:
Her temper, ſtill demanding to be free;
Spurning the rude control of wilful might;
Proud of her dangers brav'd, her grief endur'd,
Her ſtrength ſeverely prov'd? To theſe high aims,
Which reaſon and affection prompt in man,
Not adverſe nor unapt hath nature fram'd
His bold imagination. For, amid
The various forms which this full world preſents
Like rivals to his choice, what human breaſt
E'er doubts, before the tranſient and minute,
To prize the vaſt, the ſtable, the ſublime?
Who, that from heights aërial ſends his eye
Around a wild horizon, and ſurveys
Indus or Ganges rolling his broad wave
Through mountains, plains, through ſpacious cities old,
And regions dark with woods; will turn away
To mark the path of ſome penurious rill
Which murmureth at his feet? Where does the ſoul
Conſent her ſoaring fancy to reſtrain
Which bears her up, as on an eagle's wings,
Deſtin'd for higheſt heaven; or which of fate's
Tremendous barriers ſhall confine her flight
To any humbler quarry? The rich earth
Cannot detain her; nor the ambient air
With all its changes. For a while with joy
She hovers o'er the ſun, and views the ſmall
Attendant orbs, beneath his ſacred beam,
Emerging from the deep, like cluſter'd iſles
Whoſe rocky ſhores to the glad ſailor's eye
Reflect the gleams of morning. For a while
With pride ſhe ſees his firm, paternal ſway
Bend the reluctant planets to move each
Round its perpetual year. But ſoon ſhe quits
That proſpect: meditating loftier views,
She darts adventurous up the long career
Of Comets; through the conſtellation holds
Her courſe, and now looks back on all the ſtars
Whoſe blended flames as with a milky ſtream
Part the blue region. Empyrean tracts,
Where happy ſouls beyond their concave heaven
Abide, ſhe then explores, whence purer light
For countleſs ages travels through the abyſs
Nor hath in ſight of mortals yet arriv'd.
Upon the wide creation's utmoſt ſhore
At length ſhe ſtands, and the dread ſpace beyond
Contemplates, half-recoiling: nathleſs down
The gloomy void, aſtoniſh'd, yet unquell'd,
She plungeth; down the unfathomable gulph
Where God alone hath being. There her hopes
Reſt at the fated goal. For, from the birth
Of human kind, the Sovereign Maker ſaid
That not in humble, nor in brief delight,
Not in the fleeting echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleaſure's flowery lap,
The ſoul ſhould find contentment; but, from theſe
Turning diſdainful to an equal good,
Through nature's opening walks inlarge her aim,
Still every bound at length ſhould diſappear,
And infinite perfection fill the ſcene.

But lo, where beauty, dreſs'd in gentler pomp,
With comely ſteps advancing, claims the verſe
Her charms inſpire. O beauty, ſource of praiſe,
Of honour, even to mute and lifeleſs things;
O thou that kindleſt in each human heart
Love, and the wiſh of poets, when their tongue
Would teach to other boſoms what ſo charms
Their own; O child of nature and the ſoul,
In happieſt hour brought forth; the doubtful garb
Of words, of earthly language, all too mean,
Too lowly I account, in which to clothe
Thy form divine. For thee the mind alone
Beholds; nor half thy brightneſs can reveal
Through thoſe dim organs, whoſe corporeal touch
O'erſhadoweth thy pure eſſence. Yet, my Muſe,
If fortune call thee to the taſk, wait thou
Thy favourable ſeaſons: then, while fear
And doubt are abſent, through wide nature's bonds
Expatiate with glad ſtep, and chooſe at will
Whate'er bright ſpoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To manifeſt unblemiſh'd beauty's praiſe,
And o'er the breaſts of mortals to extend
Her gracious empire. Wilt thou to the iſles
Atlantic, to the rich Heſperian clime,
Fly in the train of Autumn; and look on,
And learn from him; while, as he roves around,
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches bloom with gold; where'er his foot
Imprints the ſoil, the ripening cluſters ſwell,
Turning aſide their foliage, and come forth
In purple lights, till every hillock grows
As with the bluſhes of an evening ſky?
Or wilt thou that Theſſalian landſcape trace,
Where ſlow Peneus his clear glaſſy tide
Draws ſmooth along, betwee. the winding cliffs
Of Oſſa and the pathleſs woods unſhorn
That wave o'er huge Olympus? Down the ſtream,
Look how the mountains with their double range
Imbrace the vale of Tempe; from each ſide
Aſcending ſteep to heaven, a rocky mound
Cover'd with ivy and the laurel boughs
That crown'd young Phœbus for the Python ſlain.
Fair Tempe! on whoſe primroſe banks the morn
Awoke moſt fragrant, and the noon repoſ'd
In pomp of light and ſhadows moſt ſublime:
Whoſe lawns, whoſe glades, ere human footſteps yet
Had trac'd an entrance, were the haunts and ſeats
Of ſylvan powers immortal; where they ſate
Oft in the golden age, the Nymphs and Fauns,
Beneath ſome arbor branching o'er the flood,
And leaning round hung on the inſtructive lips
Of hoary Pan, or o'er ſome open dale
Danc'd in light meaſures to his ſeven-fold pipe,
While Zephyr's wanton hand along their path
Flung flowers of painted bloſſoms, fertile dews
And one perpetual ſpring. But if our taſk
More lofty rites demand, with all good vows
Then let us haſten to the rural haunt
Where young Meliſſa dwells. Nor thou refuſe
The voice which call thee from thy lov'd retreat,
But hither, gentle maid, thy footſteps turn:
Here, to thy own unqueſtionable theme,
O fair, O graceful, bend thy poliſh'd brow,
Aſſenting; and the gladneſs of thy eyes
Impart to me, like morning's wiſhed light
Seen through the vernal air. By yonder ſtream

nd elm along the bordering mead
l melody from every bough,
s wander; where the hills
leeces to the lowing vale
: tidings of content and peace
igs. Lo, how the western sun,
floods, o'er every living soul,
repose! There while I speak
onours, thou, Melissa, thou
not unconscious. While I tell
heaven she came. how after all
life, the elemental scenes,
e seasons, she had oft explor'd,
favourite mansion and her throne
oman's form: what pleasing ties
d her; what effectual aid
:h other's power; and how divine
should some ambitious maid,
hantment of the Idalian queen,
nd wisdom: while my tongue
ale, Melissa, thou may'st feign
hence my rapture is inspir'd;
mile which dawns upon thy lip
nd the tenderer bloom o'er all
: springing to the marble neck,
aside in vain, revealing more
l then keep silent, and in vain
praise dissembling. Then my song
winning arts, which thus inform
love the rugged breast of man,
l in numbers worthy of such a

e souls have ever felt the force
anting passions, to my lyre
attentive, and receive once more
e, unobscur'd by any cloud
e, and purer than the hand
bestow; nor, to confirm
hould awful contemplation scorn
dates to the genuine strain
tongue; nor yet should pleasure's

se. Ye chiefly, gentle band
l virgins, who through many a wish
ond pursuit, as in some scene
ght and fleeting, are allur'd
auty; if the pleasing toil
oment's respite, hither turn
ble ear, and trust my words.
, on bless'd Religion's seat
perstition's gloomy form,
soothing hopes; I do not mean
lous thunderer fire the heavens,
rnal rend the groaning earth,
from your joys. My chearful song
omens calls you to the field,
your generous ardor in the chace,
e you. Then tell me (for ye know)
ver deign to dwell where use
are strangers? is her praise
ught whose most peculiar ends
fruitless? or did nature mean
call the herald of a lye,
ame of discord and disease,
fond admirer into snares,
l? No, With better providence

The general mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
Thus, to the choice of credulous desire,
Doth objects the compleatest of their tribe
Distinguish and commend. Yon flowery bank
Cloath'd in the soft magnificence of spring,
Will not the flocks approve it? will they ask
The reedy fen for pasture? That clear rill
Which trickleth murmuring from the mossy rock,
Yields it less wholesome beverage to the worn
And thirsty traveller, than the standing pool
With muddy weeds o'ergrown? yon ragged vine
Whose lean and sullen clusters mourn the rage
Of Eurus, will the wine-press or the bowl
Report of her, as of the swelling grape
Which glitters through the tendrils, like a gem
When first it meets the sun? Or what are all
The various charms to life and sense adjoin'd?
Are they not pledges of a state intire,
Where native order reigns, with every part
In health, and every function well perform'd?
Thus then at first was beauty sent from heaven,
The lovely ministress of truth and good
In this dark world. For truth and good are one;
And beauty dwells in them, and they in her
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O sons of earth, would ye dissolve the tie?
O! wherefore with a rash and greedy aim
Seek ye to rove through every flattering scene
Which beauty seems to deck, nor once inquire
Where is the suffrage of eternal truth,
Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
To save your search from folly? Wanting these,
Lo, beauty wither in your void embrace;
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows. Nor yet let hope,
That kindliest inmate of the youthful breast,
Be hence appall'd; be turn'd to coward sloth
Sitting in silence, with dejected eyes
Incurious and with folded hands. Far less
Let scorn of wild fantastic folly's dreams
Or hatred of the bigot's savage pride
Persuade you e'er that beauty, or the love
Which waits on beauty, may not brook to hear
The sacred lore of undeceitful good
And truth eternal. From the vulgar croud
Though superstition, tyranness abhorr'd,
The reverence due to this majestic pair
With threats and execration still demands;
Though the tame wretch, who asks of her the way
To their celestial dwelling, she constrains
To quench or set at naught the lamp of God
Within his frame; through many a cheerless wild
Though forth she leads him credulous and dark
And aw'd with dubious notion; though at length
Haply she plunge him into cloister'd cells
And mansions unrelenting as the grave
But void of quiet, there to watch the hours
Of midnight; there, amid the screaming owl's
Dire song, with spectres or with guilty shades
To talk of pangs and everlasting woe;
Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star
Presides o'er your adventure. From the bower
Where Wisdom sate with her Athenian sons,
Could but my happy hand intwine a wreath

Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then (for what need of cruel fear to you,
To you whom god-like love can well command?
Then ſhould my powerful voice at once diſpel
Thoſe monkiſh-horrors; ſhould in words divine
Relate how favour'd minds like you inſpir'd,
And taught their inſpiration to conduct
By ruling heaven's decree, through various walks
And proſpects various, but delightful all,
Move onward; while now myrtle groves appear,
Now arms and radiant trophies, now the rods
Of empire with the curule throne, are now
The domes of contemplation and the Muſe.
Led by that hope ſublime, whoſe cloudleſs eye
Through the fair toils and ornaments of earth
Diſcerns the nobler life reſerv'd for heaven,
Favour'd alike they worſhip round the ſhrine
Where truth conſpicuous with her ſiſter-twins,
The undivided partners of her ſway,
With Good and Beauty reigns. O! let not us
By Pleaſure's lying blandiſhments detain'd,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot Rage,
O! let not us one moment pauſe to join
That choſen band. And if the gracious power,
Who firſt awaken'd my untutor'd ſong,
Will to my invocation grant anew
The tuneful ſpirit, then through all our paths
Ne'er ſhall the ſound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting; whether on the roſy mead
When ſummer ſmiles, to warn the melting heart
Of luxury's allurement; whether firm
Againſt the torrent and the ſtubborn hill
To urge free virtue's ſteps, and to her ſide
Summon that ſtrong divinity of ſoul
Which conquers chance and fate; or on the height,
The goal aſſign'd her, haply to proclaim
Her triumph; on her brow to place the crown
Of uncorrupted praiſe; through future worlds
To follow her unterminated way,
And bleſs heaven's image in the heart of man.

Such is the worth of Beauty; ſuch her power,
So blameleſs, ſo rever'd. It now remains,
In juſt gradation through the various ranks
Of being, to contemplate how her gifts
Riſe in due meaſure, watchful to attend
The ſteps of riſing nature. Laſt and leaſt,
In colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth Beauty dwell. Then higher in the forms
Of ſimpleſt, eaſieſt meaſure; in the bounds
Of circle, cube, or ſphere. The third aſcent
To ſymmetry adds colour: thus the pearl
Shines in the concave of its purple bed,
And painted ſhells along ſome winding ſhore
Catch with indented folds the glancing ſun.
Next, as we riſe, appear the blooming tribes
Which clothe the fragrant earth; which draw from her
Their own nutrition; which are born and die;
Yet, in their ſeed, immortal; ſuch the flowers
With which young Maia pays the village-maids
That hail her natal morn; and ſuch the graves
Which blithe Pomona rears on Vaga's bank,
To feed the bowl of Ariconian ſwains
Who quaff beneath her branches. Nobler ſtill
In Beauty's name where, to the full conſent
Of members and of features, to the pride
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame with piercing ſenſe is given,
While active motion ſpeaks the temper'd ſoul:
So moves the bird of Juno: ſo the ſteed
With rival ſwiftneſs beats the duſty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. What ſublimer pomp
Adorns the ſeat where Virtue dwells on earth,
And Truth's eternal day-light ſhines around;
What palm belongs to man's imperial front,
And woman powerful with becoming ſmiles,
Chief of terreſtrial natures; need we now
Strive to inculcate? Thus hath Beauty there
Her moſt conſpicuous praiſe to Matter lent,
Where moſt conſpicuous through that ſhadowy veil
Breaks forth the bright expreſſion of a mind:
By ſteps directing our inraptur'd ſearch
To him, the firſt of minds; the chief, the ſole;
From whom, through this wide, complicated world,
Did all her various lineaments begin;
To whom alone, conſenting and intire,
At once their mutual influence all diſplay.
He, God moſt high (bear witneſs, earth and heaven)
The living fountains in himſelf contains
Of beauteous and ſublime. With him inthron'd
Ere days or years trod their ethereal way,
In his ſupreme intelligence inthron'd,
The queen of love holds her unclouded ſtate,
Urania. Thee, O Father, this extent
Of matter; thee the ſluggiſh earth and tract
Of ſeas, the heavens and heavenly ſplendors feel
Pervading, quickening, moving. From the depth
Of thy great eſſence, forth didſt thou conduct
Eternal Form; and there, where Chaos reign'd,
Gav'ſt her dominion to erect her ſeat,
And ſanctify the manſion: All her works
Well pleas'd thou didſt behold. The gloomy fres
Of ſtorm or earthquake, and the pureſt light
Of ſummer; ſoft Campania's new-born roſe
And the ſlow weed, which pines on Ruſſian hills,
Comely alike to thy full viſion ſtand:
To thy ſurrounding viſion, which unites
All eſſences and powers of the great world
In one ſole order, fair alike they ſtand,
As features well conſenting, and alike
Requir'd by nature ere ſhe could attain
Her juſt reſemblance to the perfect ſhape
Of univerſal beauty, which with thee
Dwelt from the firſt. Thou alſo, Ancient Mind,
Whom love and free beneficence await
In all thy doings; to inferior minds,
Thy offſpring, and to man, thy youngeſt ſon,
Refuſing no convenient gift nor good;
Their eyes didſt open, in this earth, yon heaven,
Thoſe ſtarry worlds, the countenance divine
Of Beauty to behold. But not to them
Didſt thou her awful magnitude reveal
Such as before thine own unbounded ſight
She ſtands (for never ſhall created ſoul
Conceive that object); nor, to all their kinds,
The ſame in ſhape or features didſt thou frame
Her image. Meaſuring well their different ſpheres

Of ſenſe and action, thy paternal hand
Hath for each race prepar'd a different teſt
Of Beauty, owa'd and reverenc'd as their guide
Moſt apt, moſt faithful. Thence inform'd, they ſcan
The objects that ſurround them; and ſelect,
Since the great whole diſclaims their ſcanty view,
Each for himſelf ſelects peculiar parts
Of nature; what the ſtandard fix'd by heaven
Within his breaſt approves: acquiring thus
A partial beauty, which becomes his lot;
A beauty which his eye may comprehend,
His hand may copy: leaving, O ſupreme,
O thou whom none hath utter'd, leaving all
To thee that infinite, conſummate form,
Which the great powers, the gods around thy throne
And neareſt to thy counſels, know with thee
For ever to have been; but who ſhe is,
Or what her likeneſs, know not. Man ſurveys
A narrower ſcene, where, by the mix'd effect
Of things corporeal on his paſſive mind,
He judgeth what is fair. Corporeal things
The mind of man impell with various powers,
And various features to his eye diſcloſe.
The powers which move his ſenſe with inſtant joy,
The features which attract his heart to love,
He marks, combines, repoſits. Other powers
And features of the ſelf-ſame thing (unleſs
The beauteous form, the creature of his mind,
Requeſt their cloſe alliance) he o'erlooks
Forgotten; or with ſelf-beguiling zeal,
Whene'er his paſſions mingle in the work,
Half alters, half diſowns. The tribes of men
Thus from their different functions and the ſhapes
Familiar to their eye, with art obtain,
Unconſcious of their purpoſe, yet with art
Obtain the beauty fitting man to love:
Whoſe proud deſires from nature's homely toil
Oft turn away, faſtidious: aſking ſtill
His mind's high aid, to purify the form
From matter's groſs communion: to ſecure
For ever, from the meddling hand of change
Or rude decay, her features; and to add
Whatever ornaments may ſuit her mein,
Where'er he finds them ſcatter'd through the paths
Of nature or of fortune. Then he ſeats
The accompliſh'd image deep within his breaſt,
Reviews it, and accounts it good and fair.
Thus the one beauty of the world intire,
The univerſal Venus, far beyond
The keeneſt effort of created eyes,
And their moſt wide horizon, dwells inthron'd
In ancient ſilence. At her footſtool ſtands
An altar burning with eternal fire
Unſullied, unconſum'd. Here every hour,
Here every moment, in their turns arrive
Her offspring; an innumerable band
Of ſiſters, comely all; but differing far
In age, in ſtature, and expreſſive mien,
More than bright Helen from her new-born babe.
To this maternal ſhrine in turns they come,
Each with her ſacred lamp; that from the ſource
Of living flame, which here immortal flows,
Their portions of its luſtre they may draw,
For days, or months, or years; for ages, ſome;
As their great parent's diſcipline requires.
Then to their ſeveral manſions they depart,
In ſtars, in planets, through the unknown ſhores
Of yon ethereal ocean. Who can tell,
Even on the ſurface of this rolling earth,
How many make abode? The fields, the groves,
The winding rivers, and the azure main,
Are render'd ſolemn by their frequent feet,
Their rites ſublime. There each her deſtin'd home
Informs with that pure radiance from the ſkies
Brought down, and ſhines throughout her little ſphere,
Exulting. Strait, as travellers by night
Turn towards a diſtant flame, ſo ſome fit eye
Among the various tenants of the ſcene,
Diſcerns the heaven-born phantom ſeated there,
And owns her charms. Hence the wide univerſe,
Through all the ſea ons of revolving worlds,
Bears witneſs with its people, gods and men,
To Beauty's bliſsful bower, and with the voice
Of grateful admiration ſtill reſounds:
That voice, to which is Beauty's frame divine
As is the cunning of the maſter's hand
To the ſweet accent of the well-tun'd lyre.
Genius of ancient Greece, whoſe faithful ſteps
Have led us to theſe awful ſolitudes
Of Nature and of Science; nurſe rever'd
Of generous counſels and heroic deeds;
O! let ſome portion of thy matchleſs praiſe
Dwell in my breaſt, and teach me to adorn
This unattempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Preſumptuous counted, if amid the calm
Which Heſper ſheds along the vernal heaven,
I, from vulgar ſuperſtition's walk,
Impatient ſteal, and from the unſeemly rites
Of ſplendid adulation, to attend
With hymns thy preſence in the ſylvan ſhade,
By their maligant footſteps unprofan'd.
Come, O renowned power; thy glowing mien
Such, and ſo elevated all thy form,
As when the great barbaric lord, again
And yet again diminiſh'd, hid his face
Among the herd of ſatraps and of kings;
And, at the lightning of thy lifted ſpear,
Crouch'd like a ſlave. Bring all thy martial ſpoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal ſongs,
Thy ſmiling band of arts, thy god-like ſires
Of civil wiſdom, thy unconquer'd youth
After ſome glorious day rejoicing round
Their new-erected trophy. Guide my feet
Through fair Lyceum's walk, the olive ſhades
Of Academus, and the ſacred vale
Haunted by ſteps divine, where once beneath
That ever-living platane's ample boughs
Iliſſus, by Socratic ſounds detain'd,
On his neglected urn attentive lay;
While Boreas, lingering on the neighbouring ſteep
With beauteous Orithyia, his love-tale
In ſilent awe ſuſpended. There let me
With blameleſs hand, from thy unenvious fields,
Tranſplant ſome living bloſſoms, to adorn
My native clime: while, far beyond the meed
Of Fancy's toil aſpiring, I unlock
The ſpring of antient Wiſdom: while I add
(What cannot be diſjoin'd from Beauty's praiſe)

Thy name and native dreſs, thy works belov'd
And honour'd: while to my compatriot youth
I point the great example of thy ſons,
And tune to Attic themes the Britiſh lyre.

THE

PLEASURES

OF THE

IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE SECOND.

MDCCLXV.

INTRODUCTION to this more difficult part of the ſubject. Of truth and its three claſſes, matter of fact, experimental or ſcientifical truth, (contradiſtinguiſhed from opinion) and univerſal truth: which laſt is either metaphyſical or geometrical, either purely intellectual or perfectly abſtracted. On the power of diſcerning truth depends that of acting with the view of an end; a circumſtance eſſential to virtue. Of virtue conſidered in the divine mind as a perpetual and univerſal beneficence. Of human virtue, conſidered as a ſyſtem of particular ſentiments and actions, ſuitable to the deſigns of providence and the condition of man; to whom it conſtitutes the chief good and the firſt beauty. Of vice and its origin. Of ridicule: its general nature and final cauſe. Of the paſſions; particularly of thoſe which relate to evil, natural or moral, and which are generally accounted painful, though not always unattended with pleaſure.

THUS far of beauty and the pleaſing forms
Which man's untutor'd fancy, from the ſcenes
Imperfect of this ever-changing world,
Creates; and views, inamour'd. Now my ſong
Severer themes demand: myſterious truth:
And virtue, ſovran good: the ſpells, the trains,
The progeny of error: the dreadful ſway
Of paſſion; and whatever hidden ſtores
From her own lofty deeds and from herſelf
The mind acquires. Severer argument:
Not leſs attractive; nor deſerving leſs
A conſtant ear. For what are all the forms
Educ'd by fancy from corporeal things,
Greatneſs, or pomp, or ſymmetry of parts?
Not tending to the heart, ſoon feeble grows,
As the blunt arrow 'gainſt the knotty trunk,
Their impulſe on the ſenſe: while the pall'd eye
Expects in vain its tribute; aſks in vain,
Where are the ornaments it once admir'd?
Not ſo the moral ſpecies, nor the powers
Of paſſion and of thought. The ambitious mind
With objects boundleſs as her own deſires
Can there converſe: by theſe unfading forms
Touch'd and awaken'd ſtill, with eager act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
Her gifts, her godlike fortune. Such the ſcenes
Now opening round us. May the deſtin'd verſe
Maintain its equal tenor, though in tracts
Obſcure and arduous! May the ſource of light,
All-preſent, all-ſufficient, guide our ſteps
Through every maze: and whom in childiſh years
From the loud throng the beaten paths of wealth
And power, thou didſt apart ſend forth to ſpeak
In tuneful Words concerning higheſt things,
Him ſtill do thou, O Father, at thoſe hours
Of penſive freedom when the human ſoul
Shuts out the rumour of the world, him ſtill
Touch thou with ſecret leſſons: call thou back
Each erring thought: and let the yielding ſtrains
From his full boſom, like a welcome rill
Spontaneous from its healthy fountain, flow!
But from what name, what favorable ſign,
What heavenly auſpice, rather ſhall I date
My perilous excurſion, than from truth,
That neareſt inmate of the human ſoul;
Eſtrang'd from whom, the countenance divine
Of man diſfigur'd and diſhonour'd ſinks
Among inferior things? For to the brutes
Perception and the tranſient boons of ſenſe
Hath fate imparted: but to man alone
Of ſublunary beings was it given,
Each fleeting impulſe on the ſenſual powers
At leiſure to review; with equal eye
To ſcan the paſſion of the ſtricken nerve
Or the vague object ſtriking: to conduct
From ſenſe, the portal turbulent and loud,
Into the mind's wide palace one by one
The frequent, preſſing, fluctuating forms,
And queſtion and compare them. Thus he learns
Their birth and fortunes; how allied they haunt
The avenues of ſenſe: what laws direct
Their union, and what various diſcords riſe,
Or fix'd or caſual: which when his clear thought
Retains and when his faithful words expreſs,
That living image of the external ſcene,
As in a poliſh'd mirror held to view,
Is truth: where'er it varies from the ſhape
And hue of its exemplar, in that part
Dim error lurks. Moreover, from without
When oft the ſame ſociety of forms
In the ſame order have approach'd his mind,
He deigns no more their ſteps with curious heed
To trace; no more their features or their garb
He now examines; but of them and their
Condition, as with ſome diviner's tongue,
Affirms what heaven in every diſtant place,
Through every future ſeaſon, will decree.
This too is truth: where'er his prudent lips
Wait till experience diligent and ſlow
Has authoriz'd their ſentence, this is truth;
A ſecond, higher kind: the parent this
Of ſcience; or the lofty power herſelf,
Science herſelf: on whom the wants and cares
Of ſocial life depend; the ſubſtitute
Of God's own wiſdom in this toilſome world;
The providence of man. Yet oft in vain,
To earn her aid, with fix'd and anxious eye
He looks on nature's and on fortune's courſe:
Too much in vain. His dulleſt viſual ray

llneſs and the perſevering acts
ure oft elude; and fortune oft
ſtep fantaſtic from the wonted walk
into mazes dim. His ſight is foil'd;
ıe crude ſentence of his faltering tongue
ppinion's verdict, half believ'd
rone to change. Here thou, who feel'ſt
ine ear
ıial to my lyre's profounder tone,
and be watchful. Hitherto the ſtores,
feed thy mind and exerciſe her powers,
the reliſh of their native ſoil,
parent earth. But know a nobler dower
e at death decreed her; purer gifts
his own treaſure; forms which never
ign'd
or ears to dwell, within the ſenſe
thly organs; but ſublime were plac'd
eſſential reaſon, leading there
aſt ideal hoſt which all his works
gh endleſs ages never will reveal.
hen indow'd, the feeble creature man,
ve of hunger, and the prey of death,
now, even here, in earth's dim priſon
ound,
nguage of intelligence divine
; repeating oft concerning one
any, paſt and preſent, parts and whole,
ſovran dictates which in fartheſt heaven,
no orb rowls, eternity's fix'd ear
from coeval truth, when chance nor
ange,
's loud progeny, nor nature's ſelf
intermeddle or approach her throne.
g, o'er this corporeal world he learns
tend her ſway; while calling from the
ep,
arth and air, their multitude untold
ires and of motions round his walk,
h wide family ſome ſingle birth
in view, the impartial type of all
thren; ſuffering it to claim, beyond
ommon heritage, no private gift,
pper fortune. Then whate'er his eye
diſcerns, his bold unerring tongue
meeth of the kindred, without bound,
ıt condition. Such the riſe of forms
ter'd far from ſenſe and every ſpot
r in the realms of ſpace or time:
the throne which man for truth amid
ths of mutability hath built,
, unſhaken, ſtill; and whence he views,
tter's moulder'ing ſtructures, the pure
rms
ngle, or circle, cube or cone,
ve all; whoſe attributes nor force
e can alter. There he firſt conceives
eing, and an intellectual world
me this hour and ever. Thence he deems
own lot: above the painted ſhapes
eeting move o'er this terreſtrial ſcene
up; beyond the adamantine gates
th expatiates; as his birthright claims
ance in all the works of God;
s for endleſs time his plan of life,

And counts the univerſe itſelf his home.
Whence alſo but from truth, the light of minds,
Is human fortune gladden'd with the rays
Of virtue? with the moral colours thrown
On every walk of this our ſocial ſcene,
Adorning for the eye of gods and men
The paſſions, action, habitudes of life,
And rendering earth like heaven, a ſacred place
Where love and praiſe may take delight to dwell?
Let none with heedleſs tongue from truth diſjoin
The reign of virtue. Ere the day ſpring flow'd,
Like ſiſters link'd in concord's golden chain,
They ſtood before the great eternal mind
Their common parent; and by him were both
Sent forth among his creatures, hand in hand,
Inſeparably join'd: nor e'er did truth
Find an apt ear to liſten to her love,
Which knew not virtue's voice; nor ſave where truth's
Majeſtic words are heard and underſtood
Doth virtue deign to inhabit. Go, inquire
Of nature: not among Tartarian rocks,
Whither the hungry vulture with its prey
Returns: not where the lion's ſullen roar
At noon reſounds along the lonely banks
Of ancient Tigris: but her gentler ſcenes,
The dove-cote and the ſhepherd's fold at morn,
Conſult; or by a meadow's fragrant hedge,
In ſpring-time when the woodlands firſt are green,
Attend the linnet ſinging to his mate,
Couch'd o'er their tender young. To this fond care
Thou doſt not virtue's honourable name
Attribute: wherefore, ſave that not one gleam
Of truth did e'er diſcover to themſelves
Their little hearts, or teach them, by the effects
Of that parental love, the love itſelf
To judge, and meaſure its officious deeds?
But man, whoſe eyelids truth has fill'd with day,
Diſcerns how ſkilfully to bounteous ends
His wiſe affections move; with free accord
Adopts their guidance; yields himſelf ſecure
To nature's prudent impulſe; and converts
Inſtinct to duty and to ſacred law.
Hence right and fit on earth; while thus to man
The Almighty Legiſlator hath explain'd
The ſprings of action fix'd within his breaſt;
Hath given him power to ſlacken or reſtrain
Their effort; and hath ſhewn him how they join
Their partial movements with the maſter wheel
Of the great world, and ſerve that ſacred end
Which he, the unerring reaſon, keeps in view.
For (if a mortal tongue may ſpeak of him
And his dread ways) even as his boundleſs eye,
Connecting every form and every change,
Beholds the perfect beauty; ſo his will,
Through every hour producing good to all
The family of creatures, is itſelf
The perfect virtue. Let the grateful ſwain
Remember this, as oft with joy and praiſe

He looks upon the falling dews which clothe
His lawns with verdure, and the tender ſeed
Nouriſh within his furrows: when between
Dead ſeas and burning ſkies, where long unmov'd
The bark had languiſh'd, now a ruſtling gale
Lifts o'er the fickle waves her dancing prow,
Let the glad pilot, burſting out in thanks,
Remember this: leſt blind o'erweening pride
Pollute their offerings: leſt their ſelfiſh heart
Say to the heavenly ruler, "At our call
"Relents thy power: by us thy arm is mov'd."
Fools! who of God as of each other deem;
Who his invariable acts deduce
From ſudden counſels tranſient as their own;
Nor farther of his bounty, than the event
Which haply meets their loud and eager prayer,
Acknowledge; nor, beyond the drop minute
Which haply they have taſted, heed the ſource
That flows for all; the fountain of his love
Which, from the ſummit where he ſits enthron'd,
Pours health and joy, unfailing ſtreams, throughout
The ſpacious region flouriſhing in view,
The goodly work of his eternal day,
His own fair univerſe; on which alone
His counſels fix, and whence alone his will
Aſſumes her ſtrong direction. Such is now
His ſovran purpoſe: ſuch it was before
All multitude of years. For his right arm
Was never idle: his beſtowing love
Knew no beginning; was not as a change
Of mood that woke at laſt and ſtarted up
After a deep and ſolitary ſloth
Of boundleſs ages. No: he now is good,
He ever was. The feet of hoary time
Through their eternal courſe have travel'd o'er
No ſpeechleſs, lifeleſs deſart; but through ſcenes
Cheerful with bounty ſtill; among a pomp
Of worlds, for gladneſs round the Maker's throne
Loud-ſhouting, or, in many dialects
Of hope and filial truſt, imploring thence
The fortunes of their people: where ſo fix'd
Were all the dates of being, ſo diſpos'd
To every living ſoul of every kind
The field of motion and the hour of reſt,
That each the general happineſs might ſerve;
And by the diſcipline of laws divine
Convinc'd of folly or chaſtiz'd from guilt,
Each might at length be happy. What remains
Shall be like what is paſs'd; but fairer ſtill,
And ſtill increaſing in the godlike gifts
Of life and truth. The ſame paternal hand,
From the mute ſhell-fiſh gaſping on the ſhore,
To men, to angels, to celeſtial minds,
Will ever lead the generations on
Through higher ſcenes of being; while, ſupply'd
From day to day by his enlivening breath
Inferior orders in ſucceſſion riſe
To fill the void below. As flame aſcends,
As vapours to the earth in ſhowers return,
As the pois'd ocean toward the attracting moon
[illegible]s, and the ever-liſtening planets charm'd
By the ſun's call their onward pace incline,
So all things which have life aſpire to God,
Exhauſtleſs fount of intellectual day,
Centre of ſouls. Nor doth the maſtering voice
Of nature ceaſe within to prompt aright
Their ſteps; nor is the care of heaven withheld
From ſending to the toil external aid;
That in their ſtations all may perſevere
To climb the aſcent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.
But this eternal fabric was not rais'd
For man's inſpection. Though to ſome be given
To catch a tranſient viſionary glimpſe
Of that majeſtic ſcene which boundleſs power
Prepares for perfect goodneſs, yet in vain
Would human life her faculties expand
To imboſom ſuch an object. Nor could e'er
Virtue or praiſe have touch'd the hearts of men,
Had not the ſovran guide, through every ſtage
Of this their various journey, pointed out
New hopes, new toils, which to their humble ſphere
Of ſight and ſtrength might ſuch importance hold
As doth the wide creation to his own.
Hence all the little charities of life,
With all their duties: hence that favorite palm
Of human will, when duty is ſuffic'd,
And ſtill the liberal ſoul in ampler deeds
Would manifeſt herſelf; that ſacred ſign
Of our rever'd affinity to him
Whoſe bounties are his own; to whom none ſaid,
"Create the wiſeſt, fulleſt, faireſt world,
"And make its offſpring happy;" who, intent
Some likeneſs of himſelf among his works
To view, hath pour'd into the human breaſt
A ray of knowledge and of love, which guides
Earth's feeble race to act their Maker's part,
Self-judging, ſelf-oblig'd: while, from before
That godlike function, the gigantic power
Neceſſity, though wont to curb the force
Of Chaos and the ſavage elements,
Retires abaſh'd, as from a ſcene too high
For her brute tyranny, and with her bears
Her ſcorned followers, terror, and baſe awe
Who blinds herſelf, and that ill-ſuited pair,
Obedience link'd with hatred. Then the ſoul
Ariſes in her ſtrength; and, looking round
Her buſy ſphere, whatever work ſhe views,
Whatever counſel bearing any trace
Of her Creator's likeneſs, whether apt
To aid her fellows or preſerve herſelf
In her ſuperior functions unimpair'd,
Thither ſhe turns exulting: that ſhe claims
As her peculiar good: on that, through all
The fickle ſeaſons of the day, ſhe looks
With reverence ſtill: to that, as to a fence
Againſt affliction and the darts of pain,
Her drooping hopes repair: and once oppoſ'd
To that all other pleaſure, other wealth
Vile, as the droſs upon the molten gold,
Appears, and loathſome as the briny ſea
To him who languiſhes with thirſt, and ſighs
For ſome known fountain pure. For what can ſtrive
With virtue? which of nature's regions vaſt

ſo many forms produce to ſight
owerful beauty? beauty, which the eye
red cannot look upon ſecure:
envy's ſelf contemplates, and is turn'd
g to tenderneſs, to infant ſmiles,
s of humbleſt love. Is aught ſo fair
the dewy landſcapes of the ſpring,
mmer's noontide groves, the purple eve
reſt-home, or in the froſty moon
ng on ſome ſmooth ſea, is aught ſo fair
uous friendſhip? as the honor'd roof
r from higheſt heaven immortal Love
ch ethereal and his golden bow
ous brings, and there a temple holds
ſo unſpotted ſervice gladly vow'd
cial band of parent, brother, child,
miles and ſweet diſcourſe and gentle deeds
us power? What gift of richeſt clime
ew ſuch eager eyes, or prompted ſuch
riſhes, as the zeal that ſnatches back
lander's poiſonous tooth a foe's renown;
ſeth danger in his lion-walk,
's life to reſcue? as the young
an warrior ſitting down in bonds,
s great father's body might not want
eful, humble tomb? the Roman wife
ng her lord how harmleſs was the wound
h, how impotent the tyrant's rage,
othing more could threaten to afflict
aithful love? Or is there in the abyſs,
, among the adamantine ſpheres
ng unſha en through the boundleſs void,
that with half ſuch majeſty can fill
man boſom, as when Brutus roſe
ent, from the ſtroke of Cæſar's fate
he croud of patriots; and his arm
xtending like eternal Jove
guilt brings down the thunder, call'd
oud
lly's name, and ſhook the crimſon ſword
ice in his rapt aſtoniſh'd eye,
id the father of his country hail,
he tyrant proſtrate on the duſt.
Rome again is free? Thus through the
ths
nan life, in various pomp array'd
the wiſe daughter of the judge of heaven,
rtue; from her Father's throne ſupreme
wn to utter laws, ſuch as on earth
ot he knew, moſt powerful to promote
eal of all his works, the gracious end
dread empire. And though haply man's
er ſight, ſo far beyond himſelf
e brief labors of his little home,
s not; yet, by the bright preſence won
divine inſtructreſs, to her ſway
he aſſents, nor heeds the diſtant goal
hich her voice conducts him. Thus hath
od,
oking toward his own high purpoſe, fix'd
rtues of his creatures; thus he rules
rent's fondneſs and the patriot's zeal;
he warm ſenſe of honor and of ſhame;
ws of gratitude, the faith of love;
l the comely intercourſe of praiſe,
The joy of human life, the earthly heaven.
How far unlike them muſt the lot of guilt
Be found! Or what terreſtrial woe can match
The ſelf-convicted boſom, which hath wrought
The bane of others, or inſlav'd itſelf
With ſhackles vile? Not poiſon; nor ſharp fire
Nor the worſt pangs that ever monkiſh hate
Suggeſted, or deſpotic rage impos'd,
Were at that ſeaſon an unwiſh'd exchange:
When the ſoul loaths herſelf: when flying thence
To crouds, on every brow ſhe ſees portray'd
Fell demons, hate or ſcorn, which drive her back
To ſolitude, her judge's voice divine
To hear in ſecret, haply ſounding through
The troubled dreams of midnight, and ſtill, ſtill
Demanding for his violated laws
Fit recompence, or charging her own tongue
To ſpeak the award of juſtice on herſelf.
For well ſhe knows what faithful hints within
Were whiſper'd to beware the lying forms
Which turn'd her footſteps from the ſafer way:
What cautions to ſuſpect their painted dreſs,
And look with ſteady eyelid on their ſmiles,
Their frowns, their tears. In vain. The dazzling hues
Of fancy, and opinion's eager voice,
Too much prevail'd. For mortals tread the path
In which opinion ſays they follow good
Or fly from evil: and opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the ſcene
Was drawn by fancy, pleaſing or deform'd:
Thus her report can never there be true
Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye
With glaring colors and diſtorted lines.
Is there a man to whom the name of death
Brings terror's ghaſtly pageants conjur'd up
Before him, death-bed groans, and diſmal vows,
And the frail ſoul plung'd head-long from the brink
Of life and day-light down the glomy air,
An unknown depth, to gulphs of torturing fire
Unviſited by mercy? Then what hand
Can ſnatch the dreamer from the fatal toils
Which fancy and opinion thus conſpire
To twine around his heart? or who ſhall huſh
Their clamour, when they tell him that to die,
To riſk thoſe horrors, is a direr curſe
Than baſeſt life can bring? Though love with prayers
Moſt tender, with affliction's ſacred tears,
Beſeech his aid; though gratitude and faith
Condemn each ſtep with loiters; yet let none
Make anſwer for him that, if any frown
Of danger thwart his path, he will not ſtay,
Content, and be a wretch to be ſecure.
Here vice begins then: at the gate of life,
Ere the young multitude to diverſe roads
Part, like fond pilgrims on a journey unknown,
Sits Fancy, deep inchantreſs; and to each
With kind maternal looks preſents her bowl,
A potent beverage. Heedleſs they comply:
Till the whole ſoul from that myſterious draught
Is ting'd, and every tranſient thought imbibes
Of gladneſs or diſguſt, deſire or fear,

One homebred colour, which not all the lights
Of ſcience e'er ſhall change; not all the ſtorms
Of adverſe fortune waſh away, nor yet
The robe of pureſt virtue quite conceal.
Thence on they paſs, where meeting frequent ſhapes
Of good and evil, cunning phantems apt
To fire or freeze the breaſt, with them they join
In dangerous parley; liſtening oft, and oft
Gazing with reckleſs paſſion, while its garb
The ſpectre heightens; and its pompous tale
Repeats with ſome new circumſtance to ſuit
That early tincture of the hearer's ſoul.
And ſhould the guardian, reaſon, but for one
Short moment yield to this illuſive ſcene
His ear and eye, the intoxicating charm
Involves him, till no longer he diſcerns,
Or only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that ſpurn him from the throne,
And all is uproar. Hence ambition climbs
With ſliding feet and hands impure, to graſp
Thoſe ſolemn toys which glitter in his view
On Fortune's rugged ſteep: hence pale Revenge
Unſheaths her murderous dagger: Rapine hence
And envious luſt, by venal fraud upborne,
Surmount the reverend barrier of the laws
Which kept them from their prey: hence all the crimes
That e'er defil'd the earth, and all the plagues
That follow them for vengeance, in the guiſe
Of honor, ſafety, pleaſure, eaſe, or pomp,
Stole firſt into the ſond believing mind,
Yet not by Fancy's witchcraft on the brain
Are always the tumultuous paſſions driven
To guilty deeds, nor reaſon bound in chains
That vice alone may lord it. Oft, adorn'd
With motley pageants, folly mounts his throne,
And plays her idiot antics, like a queen.
A thouſand garbs ſhe wears; a thouſand ways
She whirls her giddy empire. Lo, thus far
With bold adventure to the Mantuan lyre
I ſing ſor contemplation link'd with love
A penſive theme. Now haply ſhould my ſong
Unbend that ſerious countenance, and learn
Thalia's tripping gait, her ſhrill-ton'd voice,
Her wiles familiar: whether ſcorn ſhe darts
In wanton ambuſh from her lip and eye,
Or whether with a ſad diſguiſe of care,
Overmantling her gay brow, ſhe acts in ſport
The deeds of folly, and from all ſides round
Calls forth impetuous laughter's gay rebuke;
Her province. But through every comic ſcene
To lead my Muſe with her light pencil arm'd;
Through every ſwift occaſion which the hand
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful ſting
Diſtends her labouring ſides and chokes her tongue;
Were endleſs as to ſound each grating note
With which the rooks and chattering daws, and grave
Unwieldy inmates of the village pond,
The changing ſeaſons of the ſky proclaim;
Sun, cloud, or ſhower. Suffice it to have ſaid,
Where'er the power of ridicule diſplays
Her quaint-eye'd viſage, ſome incongruous form,
Some ſtubborn diſſonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on her quick perception: whether pomp,
Or praiſe, or beauty be dragg'd in and ſhown
Where ſordid faſhions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity is wont to dwell;
Or whether theſe with ſhrewd and wayward ſpite
Invade reſplendent pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of beauty, or the boaſt of praiſe.
Aſk, we for what fair end the Almighty Sire
In mortal boſoms ſtirs this gay contempt,
Theſe grateful pangs of laughter; from diſguſt
Educing pleaſure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy ſteps of reaſon, and at once
By this prompt impulſe urge us to depreſs
Wild Folly's aims? For though the ſober light
Of Truth ſlow dawning on the watchful mind
At length unfolds, through many a ſubtile tie,
How theſe uncouth diſorders end at laſt
In public evil; yet benignant Heaven,
Conſcious how dim the dawn of truth appears
To thouſands, conſcious what a ſcanty pauſe
From labour and from care the wider lot
Of humble life affords for ſtudious thought
To ſcan the maze of Nature, therefore ſtamp'd
Theſe glaring ſcenes with characters of ſcorn,
As broad, as obvious to the paſſing clown
As to the letter'd ſage's curious eye.
But other evils o'er the ſteps of man
Through all his walks impend; againſt whoſe might
The ſlender darts of laughter nought avail:
A trivial warfare. Some, like cruel guards,
On Nature's ever-moving throne attend;
With miſchief arm'd for him who'er ſhall thwart
The path of her inexorable wheels,
While ſhe purſues the work that muſt be done
Through ocean, earth, and air. Hence frequent forms
Of woe; the merchant, with his wealthy bark,
Bury'd by daſhing waves; the traveller
Pierc'd by the pointed lightning in his haſte;
And the poor huſtandman with ſolded arms,
Surveying his loſt labours, and a heap
Of blaſted chaff the product of the field
Whence he expected bread. But worſe than theſe
I deem, far worſe, that other race of ills
Which human kind rear up among themſelves;
That horrid offſpring which miſgovern'd will
Bears to fantaſtic error; vices, crimes,
Furies that curſe the earth, and make the blows,
The heavieſt blows, of nature's innocent hand
Seem ſport; which are indeed but as the care
Of a wiſe parent, who ſolicits good
To all her houſe, though haply at the price
Of tears and froward wailing and reproach
For ſome unthinking child, whom not the leſs
Its mother deſtines to be happy ſtill.
Theſe ſources then of pain, this double lot
Of evil in the inheritance of man,
Requir'd for his protection no ſlight force,
No careleſs watch. And therefore was his breaſt
Fenc'd round with paſſions quick to be alarm'd,
Or ſtubborn to oppoſe; with fear, more ſwift
Than beacons catching flame from hill to hill,
Where armies land; with anger, uncontrol'd
As the young lion bounding on his prey;
With ſorrow, that locks up the ſtruggling heart;

And ſhame, that overcaſts the drooping eye
As with a cloud of lightning. Theſe the part
Perform of eager monitors, and goad
The ſoul more ſharply than with points of ſteel,
Her enemies to ſhun or to reſiſt.
And as thoſe paſſions which converſe with good,
Are good themſelves; as hope, and love, and joy,
Among the faireſt and the ſweeteſt boons
Of life, we rightly count: ſo theſe which guard
Againſt invading evil, ſtill excite
Some pain, ſome tumult: theſe, within the mind
Too oft admitted or too long retain'd,
Shock their frail ſeat, and by their uncurb'd rage
To ſavages more fell than Libya breeds
Transform themſelves; till human thought becomes
A gloomy ruin, haunt of ſhapes unbleſs'd,
Of ſelf-tormenting fiends; horror, deſpair,
Hatred, and wicked envy: foes to all
The works of Nature and the gifts of Heaven.
But when through blameleſs paths to righteous ends
Theſe keener paſſions urge the awaken'd ſoul,
I would not, as ungracious violence,
Their ſway deſcribe, nor from their free career
The fellowſhip of pleaſure quite exclude.
For what can render, to the ſelf-approv'd,
Their temper void of comfort, though in pain?
Who knows not with what majeſty divine
The forms of truth and juſtice to the mind
Appear, ennobling oft the ſharpeſt woe
With triumph and rejoicing? Who that bears
A human boſom, hath not often felt
How dear are all thoſe ties which bind our race
In gentleneſs together, and how ſweet
Their force, let fortunes wayward hand the while
Be kind or cruel? Aſk the faithful youth
Why the cold urn, of her whom long he lov'd,
So often fills his arms; ſo often draws
His lonely footſteps, ſilent and unſeen,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er ſeduce his boſom to forego
Thoſe ſacred hours when, ſtealing from the noiſe
Of care and envy, ſweet remembrance ſoothes
With virtue's kindeſt looks his aching breaſt,
And turns his tears to rapture. Aſk the croud
Which flies impatient from the village walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The ſavage winds have hurl'd upon the coaſt
Some helpleſs bark; while holy pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their diſtorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother cloſer to her breaſt
Catches her child, and, pointing where the waves
Foam through the ſhatter'd veſſel, ſhrieks aloud
As one poor wretch, who ſpreads his piteous arms
For ſuccour, ſwallow'd by the roaring ſurge,
As now another, daſh'd againſt the rock,
Drops lifeleſs down. O! deemeſt thou indeed
No pleaſing influence here by nature given
To mutual terror and compaſſion's tears?
No tender charm myſterious, which attracts
O'er all that edge of pain the ſocial powers
To this their proper action and their end?
Aſk thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow through that penſive gloom thy pauſing eye,
Led by the glimmering taper, moves around
The reverend volumes of the dead, the ſongs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame
For Grecian heroes, where the Sovran Power
Of heaven and earth ſurveys the immortal page
Even as a father meditating all
The praiſes of his ſon, and bids the reſt
Of mankind there the faireſt model learn
Of their own nature, and the nobleſt deeds
Which yet the world hath ſeen. If then thy ſoul
Join in the lot of thoſe diviner men;
Say, when the proſpect darkens on thy view;
When, ſunk by many a wound, heroic ſtates
Mourn in the duſt, and tremble at the frown
Of hard ambition; when the generous band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their ſires
Lie ſide by ſide in death; when brutal force
Uſurps the throne of juſtice, turns the pomp
Of guardian power, the majeſty of rule,
The ſword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To poor diſhoneſt pageants, to adorn
A robber's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of ſuch as bow the knee; when beauteous works,
Rewards of virtue, ſculptur'd forms which deck'd
With more than human grace the warrior's arch
Or patriot's tomb, now victims to appeaſe
Tyrannic envy, ſtrew the common path
With awful ruins; when the Muſe's haunt,
The marble porch where Wiſdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more
Save the hoarſe jargon of contentious monks,
Or female ſuperſtition's midnight prayer;
When ruthleſs havock from the hand of time
Tears the deſtroying ſcythe, with ſurer ſtroke
To mow the monuments of glory down;
Till deſolation o'er the graſs-grown ſtreet
Expands her raven wings, and, from the gate
Where ſenates once the weal of nations plann'd,
Hiſſeth the gliding ſnake through hoary weeds
That claſp the mouldering column: thus when all
The widely mournful ſcene is fix'd within
Thy throbbing boſom; when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or daſh Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, doth thy ſacred ſoul repine to taſte
The big diſtreſs? or wouldſt thou then exchange
Thoſe heart-ennobling ſorrows for the lot
Of him who ſits amid the gaudy herd
Of ſilent flatterers bending to his nod,
And o'er them, like a giant, caſts his eye,
And ſays within himſelf, "I am a king,
And wherefore ſhould the clamorous voice of woe
"Intrude upon mine ear?" The dregs corrupt
Of barbarous ages, that Circæan draught
Of ſervitude and folly, have not yet,
Bleſs'd by the eternal ruler of the world!
Yet have not ſo diſhonour'd, ſo deform'd,
The native judgment of the human ſoul,
Nor ſo effac'd the image of her ſire.

THE

PLEASURES

OF THE

IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE THIRD.

MDCCLXX.

WHAT tongue then may explain the various fate
Which reigns o'er earth? or who to mortal eyes
Illuſtrate, this perplexing labyrinth
Of joy and woe through which the feet of man
Are doom'd to wander? That eternal mind
From paſſions, wants, and envy far eſtrang'd,
Who built the ſpacious univerſe, and deck'd
Each part ſo richly with whate'er pertains
To life, to health, to pleaſure; why bade he
The viper Evil, creeping in, pollute
The goodly ſcene, and with inſidious rage,
While the poor inmate looks around and ſmiles,
Dart her ſell ſting with poiſon to his ſoul?
Hard is the queſtion, and from ancient days
Hath ſtill oppreſs'd with care the ſage's thought;
Hath drawn forth accents from the poet's lyre
Too ſad, too deeply plaintive: nor did e'er
Thoſe chiefs of human kind, from whom the light
Of heavenly truth firſt gleam'd on barbarous lands,
Forget this dreadful ſecret when they told
What wondrous things had to their favour'd eyes
And ears on cloudy mountain been reveal'd,
Or in deep cave by nymph or power divine,
Portentous oft and wild. Yet one I know,
Could I the ſpeech of lawgivers aſſume,
One old and ſplendid tale I would record
With which the Muſe of Solon in ſweet ſtrains
Adorn'd this theme profound, and render'd all
Its darkneſs, all its terrors, bright as noon,
Or gentle as the golden ſtar of eve.
Who knows not Solon? laſt, and wiſeſt far,
Of thoſe whom Greece triumphant in the height
Of glory, ſtil'd her fathers? him whoſe voice
Through Athens huſh'd the ſtorm of civil wrath;
Taught envious want and cruel wealth to join
In friendſhip; and, with ſweet compulſion, tam'd
Minerva's eager people to his laws,
Which their own goodneſs in his breaſt inſpir'd?
'Twas now the time when his heroic taſk [year
Seem'd but perform'd in vain: when ſooth'd by
Of flattering ſervice, the fond multitude
Hung with their ſudden counſels on the breath
Of great Piſiſtratus: that chief renown'd,
Whom Hermes and the Idalian queen had train'd
Even from his birth to every powerful art
Of pleaſing and perſuading: from whoſe lips
Flow'd eloquence, which like the vows of love
Could ſteal away ſuſpicion from the hearts
Of all who liſten'd. Thus from day to day
He won the general ſuffrage, and beheld
Each rival overſhadow'd and depreſs'd
Beneath his ampler ſtate: yet oft complain'd,
As one leſs kindly treated, who had hop'd
To merit favour, but ſubmits perforce
To find another's ſervices preferr'd,
Nor yet relaxeth aught of faith or zeal.
Then tales were ſcatter'd of his envious foes,
Of ſnares that watch'd his fame, or daggers aim'd
Againſt his life. At laſt with trembling limbs,
His hair diſhev'd and wild, his garments looſe,
And ſtain'd with blood from ſelf-inflicted wounds,
He burſt into the public place, as there,
There only, were his refuge; and declar'd
In broken words, with ſighs of deep regret,
The mortal danger he had ſcarce repell'd.
Fir'd with his tragic tale, the indignant croud,
To guard his ſteps, forthwith a menial band,
Array'd beneath his eye for deeds of war,
Decree. O ſtill too liberal of their truſt,
And oft betray'd by over-grateful love,
The generous people! Now behold him fenc'd
By mercenary weapons, like a king,
Forth iſſuing from the city gate at eve
To ſeek his rural manſion, and with pomp
Crouding the public road. The ſwain ſtops ſhort,
And ſighs: the officious townſmen ſtand at gaze
And ſhrinking give the ſullen pageant room.
Yet not the leſs obſequious was his brow;
Nor leſs profuſe of courteous words his tongue,
Of gracious gifts his hand: the while by ſtealth,
Like a ſmall torrent fed with evening ſhowers,
His train increas'd. Till, at that fatal time
Juſt as the public eye with doubt and ſhame
Startled, began to queſtion what it ſaw,
Swift as the ſound of earthquakes ruſh'd a voice
Through Athens, that Piſiſtratus had fill'd
The rocky citadel with hoſtile arms,
Had barr'd the ſteep aſcent, and ſate within
Amid his hirelings, meditating death
To all whoſe ſtubborn necks his yoke refus'd.
Where then was Solon? After ten long years
Of abſence, full of haſte from foreign ſhores
The ſage, the lawgiver, had now arriv'd:
Arriv'd, alas, to ſee that Athens, that
Fair temple rais'd by him and ſacred call'd
To Liberty and Concord, now profan'd
By ſavage hate, or ſunk into a den
Of ſlaves who crouch beneath the maſter's ſcourge,
And deprecate his wrath and court his chains.
Yet did not the wiſe patriot's grief impede
His virtuous will, nor was his heart inclin'd
One moment with ſuch woman-like diſtreſs
To view the tranſient ſtorms of civil war,
As thence to yield his country and her hopes
To all-devouring bondage. His bright helm,
Ev'en while the traitor's impious act is told,
He buckles on his hoary head: he girds
With mail his ſtooping breaſt: the ſhield, the ſpear
He ſnatcheth; and with ſwift indignant ſtrides
The aſſembled people ſeeks: proclaims aloud
It was no time for counſel: in their ſpears
Lay all their prudence now: the tyrant yet
Was not ſo firmly ſeated on his throne,
But that one ſhock of their united force
Would daſh him from the ſummit of his pride
Headlong and groveling in the duſt. What elſe
Can re-aſſert the loſt Athenian name,
So cheaply to the laughter of the world
Betray'd; by guile beneath an infant's faith
So mock'd and ſcorn'd? Away then: freedom now
And ſafety dwell not but with fame in arms:

will ſhew you where their manſion lies,
ough the walks of danger or of death
you to them. While he ſpake, through all
ouded ranks his quick ſagacious eye
d; where no chearful voice was heard
l daring; no ſtretch'd arm was ſeen
g their common talk: but pale miſtruſt
d each brow: they ſhook their heads,
l down [doubts
ack hands hung: cold ſighs and whiſper'd
reath to breath ſtole round. The ſage
an time
ſpeechleſs on, while his big boſom heav'd
ng with ſhame and ſorrow: till at laſt
roke forth; and, O immortal ſhades,
us, he exclaim'd, O Codrus, where,
are ye now? behold for what ye toil'd
h life! behold for whom ye choſe to die!
e he added; but with lonely ſteps
and ſlow, his ſilver beard depreſs'd,
ſtern eyes bent heedleſs on the ground,
his ſilent dwelling he repair'd.
er the gate, his armour, as a man
from the ſervice of the war his chief
rth after no inglorious toil,
l in general view. One wiſhful look
, unconſcious, toward the public place
ing: then beneath his quiet roof
t a word, without a ſigh, retir'd
e had the morrow's ſun his golden rays
weet Hymettus darted o'er the fanes
rops to the Salaminian ſhores,
lo, on Solon's threſhold met the feet
Athenians by the ſame ſad care
ted all: than whom the ſtate beheld
obler. Firſt came Megacles, the ſon
it Alcmæon, whom the Lydian king,
ld, unhappy Croeſus, in his days
y had with coſtly gifts adorn'd.
ſſels, ſplendid garments, tinctur'd webs,
aps of treaſur'd gold beyond the lot
ıy ſovrans; thus requiting well
ſpitable favour which erewhile
ın to his meſſengers had ſhewn,
he with offerings worthy of the God
ım his throne in Sardis to revere
s Delphic ſhrine. With Megacles
ch'd his ſons, whom Agariſta bore,
tuous child of Cliſthenes whoſe hand
cian ſceptres the moſt antient far
ın ſway'd: but greater fame he drew
rms control'd by juſtice, from the love
wiſe Muſes, and the unenvied wreath
glad Olympia gave. For thither once
li e ſteeds the hero led, and there
ed through the tumult of the courſe
ilful wheels. Then victor at the goal,
ıe applauſes of aſſembled Greece,
ı his car he ſtood and wav'd his arm.
enſued: when ſtraight the herald's voice
ard, inviting every Grecian youth,
Cliſthenes content might call his ſon,
, ere twice thirty days were paſs'd,
rers of Sicyon. There the chief decreed,
the circuit of the following year,
at Hymen's altar, hand in hand

With his fair daughter, him among the gueſts
Whom worthieſt he ſhould deem. Forthwith from all
The bounds of Greece the ambitious wooers came:
From rich Heſperia; from the Illyrian ſhore
Where Epidamnus over Adria's ſurge
Looks on the ſetting ſun; from thoſe brave tribes
Chaonian or Molоſſian whom the race
Of great Achilles governs, glorying ſtill
In Troy o'erthrown; from rough Ætolia, nurſe
Of men who firſt among the Greeks threw off
The yoke of kings, to commerce and to arms
Devoted; from Theſſalia's fertile meads,
Where flows Peneus near the lofty walls
Of Cranon old; from ſtrong Eretria, queen
Of all Euboean cities, who, ſublime
On the ſteep margin of Euripus, views
Acroſs the tide the Marathonian plain,
Not yet the haunt of glory. Athens too,
Minerva's care, among her graceful ſons
Found equal lovers for the princely maid:
Nor was proud Argos wanting; nor the domes
Of ſacred Elis; nor the Arcadian groves
That overſhade Alpheus, echoing oft [ous hand
Some ſhepherd's ſong. But through the illuſtri-
Was none who might with Megacles compare
In all the honours of unblemiſh'd youth.
His was the beauteous bride: and now their ſon
Young Cliſthenes, betimes, at Solon's gate
Stood anxious; leaning forward on the arm
Of his great ſire, with earneſt eyes that aſk'd
When the ſlow hinge would turn, with reſtleſs feet,
And cheeks now pale, now glowing: for his heart
Throbb'd, full of burſting paſſions, anger, grief
With ſcorn imbitter'd, by the generous boy
Scarce underſtood, but which, like noble ſeeds,
Are deſtin'd for his country and himſelf
In riper years to bring forth fruits divine
Of liberty and glory. Next appear'd
Two brave companions whom one mother bore
To different lords; but whom the better ties
Of firm eſteem and friendſhip render'd more
Than brothers: firſt Miltiades, who drew
From godlike Æacus his antient line;
That Æacus whoſe unimpeach'd renown
For ſanctity and juſtice won the lyre
Of elder bards to celebrate him thron'd
In Hades o'er the dead, where his decrees
The guilty ſoul within the burning gates
Of Tartarus compel, or ſend the good
To inhabit with eternal health and peace
The vallies of Elyſium. From a ſtem
So ſacred, ne'er could worthier ſcyon ſpring
Than this Miltiades; whoſe aid erelong
The chiefs of Thrace, already on their ways
Sent by the inſpir'd foreknowing maid who ſits
Upon the Delphic tripod, ſhall implore
To wield their ſceptre, and the rural wealth
Of fruitful Cherſoneſus to protect
With arms and laws. But, nothing careful now
Save for his injur'd country, here he ſtands
In deep ſolicitude with Cymon join'd:
Unconſcious both, what widely different lots
Await them, taught by nature as they are
To know one common good, one common ill,
For Cymon not his valour, not his birth

Deriv'd from Codrus, not a thouſand gifts
Dealt round him with a wife, benignant hand,
No, not the Olympic olive by himſelf
From his own brow tranſferr'd to ſoothe the mind
Of this Piſiſtratus, can long preſerve
From the fell envy of the tyrant's ſons,
And their aſſaſſin dagger. But if death
Obſcure upon his gentle ſteps attend,
Yet fate an ample recompence prepares
In his victorious ſon, that other great
Miltiades, who o'er the very throne
Of glory ſhall with Time's aſſiduous hand
In adamantine characters ingrave
The name of Athens; and, by freedom arm'd
'Gainſt the gigantic pride of Aſia's king,
Shall all the atchievements of the heroes old
Surmount, of Hercules, of all who ſail'd
From Theſſaly with Jaſon, all who fought
For empire or for fame at Thebes or Troy.
  Such were the patriots who within the porch
Of Solon had aſſembled. But the gate
Now opens, and acroſs the ample floor
Straight they proceed into an open ſpace
Bright with the beams of morn: a verdant ſpot,
Where ſtands a rural altar, pil'd with ſods
Cut from the graſſy turf and girt with wreaths
Of branching palm. Here Solon's ſelf they found
Clad in a robe of purple pure, and deck'd
With leaves of olive on his reverend brow.
He bow'd before the altar, and o'er cakes
Of barley from two earthen veſſels pour'd
Of honey and of milk a plenteous ſtream;
Calling meantime the Muſes to accept
His ſimple offering, by no victim ting'd
With blood, nor ſullied by deſtroying fire,
But ſuch as for himſelf Apollo claims
In his own Delos, where his favourite haunt
Is thence the Altar of the Pious nam'd.
Unſeen the gueſts drew near, and ſilent view'd
That worſhip; till the hero prieſt his eye
Turn'd toward a ſeat on which prepar'd there lay
A branch of laurel. Then his friends confeſs'd
Before him ſtood. Backward his ſtep he drew,
As loth that care or tumult ſhould approach
Thoſe early rites divine: but ſoon their looks,
So anxious, and their hands, held forth with ſuch
Deſponding geſture, bring him on perforce
To ſpeak to their affliction. Are ye come,
He cried, to mourn with me this common ſhame;
Or aſk ye ſome new effort which may break
Our fetters? Know then, of the public cauſe
Not for yon traitor's cunning or his might
Do I deſpair: nor could I wiſh from Jove
Aught dearer, than at this late hour of life,
As once by laws, ſo now by ſtrenuous arms
From impious violation to aſſert
The rights our fathers left us. But, alas!
What arms? or who ſhall wield them? Ye be-
The Athenian people. Many bitter days [held
Muſt paſs, and many wounds from cruel pride
Be felt, ere yet their partial hearts find room
For juſt reſentment, or their hands indure
To ſmite this tyrant brood, ſo near to all
Their hopes, ſo oft admir'd, ſo long belov'd.
That time will come, however. Be it yours
To watch its fair approach, and urge it on
With honeſt prudence: me it ill beſeems
Again to ſupplicate the unwilling croud
To reſcue from a vile deceiver's hold
That envied power which once with eager zeal
They offer'd to myſelf; nor can I plunge
In counſels deep and various, nor prepare
For diſtant wars, thus faultering as I tread
On life's laſt verge, ere long to join the ſhades
Of Minos and Lycurgus. But behold
What care employs me now. My vows I pay
To the ſweet Muſes, teachers of my youth
And ſolace of my age. If right I deem
Of the ſtill voice that whiſpers at my heart,
The immortal ſiſters have not quite withdrawn
Their old harmonious influence. Let your
With ſacred ſilence favour what I ſpeak, [tongues
And haply ſhall my faithful lips be taught
To untold celeſtial counſels, which may arm
As with impenetrable ſteel your breaſts
For the long ſtrife before you, and repel
The darts of adverſe fate. He ſaid, and ſnatch'd
The laurel bough, and ſate in ſilence down,
Fix'd, wrapp'd in ſolemn muſing, full before
The ſun, who now from all his radiant orb
Drove the gray clouds, and pour'd his genial
Upon the breaſt of Solon. Solon rais'd [light
Aloft the leafy rod, and thus began.
  Ye beauteous offspring of Olympian Jove
And Memory divine, Pierian maids,
Hear me, propitious. In the morn of life,
When hope ſhone bright and all the proſpect
ſmil'd,
To your ſequeſter'd manſion oft my ſteps
Were turn'd, O Muſes, and within your gate
My offerings paid. Ye taught me then with
ſtrains
Of flowing harmony to ſoften war's
Dire voice, or in fair colours, that might charm
The public eye, to clothe the form auſtere
Of civil counſel. Now my feeble age
Neglected, and ſupplanted of the hope
On which it lean'd, yet ſinks not, but to you,
To your mild wiſdom flies, refuge belov'd
Of ſolitude and ſilence. Ye can teach
The viſions of my bed whate'er the gods
In the rude ages of the world inſpir'd,
Or the firſt heroes acted: ye can make
The morning light more gladſome to my ſenſe
Than ever it appear'd to active youth
Purſuing careleſs pleaſure: ye can give
To this long leiſure, theſe unheeded hours,
A labour as ſublime, as when the ſons
Of Athens throng'd and ſpeechleſs round me ſtood
To hear pronounc'd for all their future deeds
The bounds of right and wrong. Celeſtial
powers,
I feel that ye are near me: and behold,
To meet your energy divine, I bring
A high and ſacred theme; not leſs than thoſe
Which to the eternal cuſtody of fame
Your lips intruſted, when of old ye deign'd
With Orpheus or with Homer to frequent
The groves of Hæmus or the Chian ſhore.
  Ye know, harmonious maids (for what of all
My various life was e'er from you eſtrang'd?)
Oft hath my ſolitary ſong to you reveal'd

Reveal'd that duteous pride which turn'd my
steps
To willing exile; earneſt to withdraw
From envy and the diſappointed thirſt
Of lucre, left the bold familiar ſtrife,
Which in the eye of Athens they upheld
Againſt her legiſlator, ſhould impair
With trivial doubt the reverence of his laws.
To Ægypt therefore through the Ægean iſles
My courſe I ſteer'd, and by the banks of Nile
Dwelt in Canopus. Thence the hallow'd domes
Of Saïs, and the rites to Iſis paid,
I ſought, and in her temple's ſilent courts,
Through many changing moons, attentive heard
The venerable Sonchis, while his tongue
At morn or midnight the deep ſtory told
Of her who repreſents whate'er has been,
Or is, or ſhall be; whoſe myſterious veil
No mortal hand hath ever yet remov'd.
By him exhorted, ſouthward to the walls
Of On I paſs'd, the city of the ſun,
The ever-youthful god. 'Twas there amid
His prieſts and ſages, who the live-long night
Watch the dread movements of the ſtary ſphere,
Or who in wondrous fables half diſcloſe
The ſecrets of the elements, 'twas there
That great Pſenophis taught my raptur'd ears
The fame of old Atlantis, of her chiefs,
And her pure laws, the firſt which earth obey'd.
Deep in my boſom ſunk the noble tale;
And often, while I liſten'd, did my mind
Foretell with what delight her own free lyre
Should ſometime for an Attic audience raiſe
Anew that lofty ſcene, and from their tombs
Call forth thoſe ancient demigods to ſpeak
Of juſtice and the hidden providence
That walk among mankind. But yet meantime
The myſtic pomp of Ammon's gloomy ſons
Became leſs pleaſing, with contempt I gaz'd
On that tame garb and thoſe unvarying paths
To which the double yoke of king and prieſt
Had cramp'd the ſullen race. At laſt with
hymns
Invoking our own Pallas and the gods
Of chearful Greece, a glad farewell I gave
To Egypt, and before the ſouthern wind
Spread my full ſails. What climes I then ſurvey'd,
What fortunes I encounter'd in the realm
Of Crœſus or upon the Cyprian ſhore,
The Muſe, who prompts my boſom, doth not now
Conſent that I reveal. But when at length
Ten times the ſun returning from the ſouth
Had ſtrow'd with flowers the verdant earth and
fill'd
The groves with muſic, pleas'd I then beheld
The term of thoſe long errors drawing nigh.
Nor yet, I ſaid, will I ſit down within
The walls of Athens, till my feet have trod
The Cretan ſoil, have pierc'd thoſe reverend
haunts
Whence law and civil concord iſſued forth
As from their ancient home, and ſtill to Greece
Their wiſeſt, loftieſt diſcipline proclaim.
Strait where Amniſus, mart of wealthy ſhips,
Appears beneath fam'd Cnoſſus and her towers
Like the fair handmaid of a ſtately queen,
I check'd my prow, and thence with eager ſteps
The city of Minos enter'd. O ye gods,
Who taught the leaders of the ſimpler time
By written words to curb the untoward will
Of Mortals, how within that generous iſle
Have yet the triumphs of your power diſplay'd
Munificent! Thoſe ſplendid merchants, lords
Of traffic and the ſea, with what delight
I ſaw them at their public meal, like ſons
Of the ſame houſehold, join the plainer ſort
Whoſe wealth was only freedom! whence to theſe
Vile envy, and to thoſe fantaſtic pride,
Alike was ſtrange; but noble concord ſtill
Chariſh'd the ſtrength untam'd, the ruſtic faith
Of their firſt fathers. Then the growing race,
How pleaſing to behold them in their ſchools,
Their ſports, their labours, ever plac'd within,
O ſhade of Minos, thy controling eye!
Here was a docile band in tuneful tones
Thy laws pronouncing, or with lofty hymns
Praiſing the bounteous gods, or, to preſerve
Their country's heroes from oblivious night,
Reſounding what the Muſe inſpir'd of old;
There, on the verge of manhood, others met,
In heavy armour through the heats of noon
To march, the rugged mountains height to climb
With mealur'd ſwiftneſs, from the hard-bent bow
To ſend reſiſtleſs arrows to their mark,
Or for the fame of prowels to contend,
Now wreſtling, now with fiſts and ſtaves oppos'd,
Now with the biting falchion, and the fence
Of brazen ſhields: while ſtill the warbling flute
Preſided o'er the combat, breathing ſtrains
Grave, ſolemn, ſoft; and changing headlong
ſpite
To thoughtful reſolution cool and clear.
Such I beheld thoſe iſlanders renown'd,
So tutor'd from their birth to meet in war
Each bold invader, and in peace to guard
That living flame of reverence for their laws
Which, nor the ſtorms of fortune, nor the flood
Of foreign wealth diffus'd o'er all the land,
Could quench or ſlacken. Firſt of human names
In every Cretan's heart was Minos ſtill;
And holieſt far, of what the ſun ſurveys
Through his whole courſe, were thoſe primeval
ſeats
Which with religious footſteps he had taught
Their ſires to approach the wild Dictæan cave
Where Jove was born; the ever-verdant meads
Of Ida, and the ſpacious grotto, where
His active youth he paſs'd, and where his throne
Yet ſtands myſterious; whither Minos came
Each ninth returning year, the king of gods
And mortals there in ſecret to conſult
On juſtice, and the tables of his law
To inſcribe anew. Oft alſo with like zeal
Great Rhea's manſion from the Cnoſſian gates
Men viſit; nor leſs oft the antique fane
Built on that ſacred ſpot, along the banks
Of ſhady Theron, where benignant Jove
And his majeſtic conſort join'd their hands
And ſpoke their nuptial vows. Alas, 'twas there
That the dire fame of Athens ſunk in bonds

I firſt receiv'd; what time an annual feaſt
Had ſummon'd all the genial country round,
By ſacrifice and pomp to bring to mind
That firſt great ſpousal; while the enamour'd youths
And virgins, with the prieſt before the ſhrine,
Obſerve the ſame pure ritual, and invoke
The ſame glad omens. There, among the croud
Of ſtrangers from thoſe naval cities drawn
Which deck, like gems, the iſland's northern ſhore,
A merchant of Ægina I deſcrib'd,
My ancient hoſt. But, forward as I ſprang
To meet him, he, with dark dejected brow,
Stopp'd half-averſe; and, O Athenian gueſt,
He ſaid, art thou in Crete; theſe joyful rites
Partaking? Know thy laws are blotted out:
Thy country kneels before a tyrant's throne.
He added names of men, with hoſtile deeds
Diaſtrous; which obſcure and indiſtinct
I heard: for, while he ſpake, my heart grew cold
And my eyes dim: the altars and their train
No more were preſent to me: how I far'd,
Or whither turn'd, I know not; nor recall
Aught of thoſe moments other than the ſenſe
Of one who ſtruggles in oppreſſive ſleep,
And, from the toils of ſome diſtreſsful dream
To break away, with palpitating heart,
Weak limbs, and temples bath'd in death-like dew,
Makes many a painful effort. When at laſt
The ſun and nature's face again appear'd
Not far I found me; where the public path,
Winding through cypreſs groves and ſwelling meads,
From Cnoſſus to the cave of Jove aſcends.
Heedleſs I follow'd on; till ſoon the ſkirts
Of Ida roſe before me, and the vault
Wide-opening pierc'd the mountain's rocky ſide.
Entering within the threſhold, on the ground
I flung me, ſad, faint, overworn with toil,

* * * * * * * * *

BOOK IV.

ONE effort more, one chearful ſally more,
Our deſtin'd courſe will finiſh. And in peace
Then for an offering ſacred to the powers
Who lead us gracious guidance, we will then
Inſcribe a monument of deathleſs praiſe,
O my adventurous ſong. With ſteady ſpeed
Long haſt thou, on an untried voyage bound,
Sail'd between earth and heaven; haſt now ſurvey'd,
Stretch'd out beneath thee, all the mazy tracts
Of paſſion and opinion; like a waſte
Of ſands and flowery lawns and tangling woods,
Where mortals roam bewilder'd: and haſt now
Exulting ſoar'd among the worlds above,
Or hover'd near the eternal gates of heaven,
If haply the diſcourſes of the gods,
A curious, but an unpreſuming gueſt,
Thou might'ſt partake, and carry back ſome ſtrain
Of divine wiſdom, lawful to repeat,
And apt to be conceiv'd of man below.
A different taſk remains; the ſecret paths
Of early genius to explore: to trace
Thoſe haunts where Fancy her predeſtin'd ſons,
Like to the demigods of old, doth nurſe
Remote from eyes profane. Ye happy ſouls
Who now her tender diſcipline obey,
Where dwell ye? What wild river's brink at eve
Imprint your ſteps? What ſolemn groves at noon
Uſe ye to viſit, often breaking forth
In rapture 'mid your dilatory walk,
Or muſing, as in ſlumber, on the green?
---Would I again were with you!---O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye moſt antient woodlands; where
Oft as the giant flood obliquely ſtrides,
And his banks open, and his lawns extend,
Stops ſhort the pleaſed traveller to view
Preſiding o'er the ſcene ſome ruſtic tower
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands:
O ye Northumbrian ſhades, which overlook
The rocky pavement and the moſſy falls
Of ſolitary Wenſbeck's limpid ſtream;
How gladly I recall your well-known ſeats
Belov'd of old, and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a ſummer's day,
I wander'd through your calm receſſes, led
In ſilence by ſome powerful hand unſeen,
Nor will I e'er forget you. Nor ſhall e'er
The graver taſks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wiſdom, move me to diſclaim
Thoſe ſtudies which poſſeſs'd me in the dawn
Of life, and fix'd the colour of my mind
For every future year: whence even now
From ſleep I reſcue the clear hours of morn,
And, while the world around lies overwhelm'd
In idle darkneſs, am alive to thoughts
Of honourable fame, of truth divine
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the ſweet magic of harmonious verſe:
The themes which now expect us. For thus far
On general habits, and on arts which grow
Spontaneous in the minds of all mankind,
Hath dwelt our argument; and how ſelf-taught,
Though ſeldom conſcious of their own employ,
In Nature's or in fortune's changeful ſcene
Men learn to judge of beauty and acquire
Thoſe forms ſet up, as idols in the ſoul
For love and zealous praiſe. Yet indiſtinct,
In vulgar boſoms, and unnotic'd lie
Theſe pleaſing ſtores, unleſs the caſual force
Of things external prompt the heedleſs mind
To recognize her wealth. But ſome there are
Conſcious of nature, and the rule which man
O'er nature holds: ſome who, within themſelves
Retiring from the trivial ſcenes of chance

omentary paſſion, can at will
p theſe fair exemplars of the mind;
v their features; ſcan the ſecret laws
i bind them to each other: and diſplay
ns, or ſounds, or colours, to the ſenſe
the world their latent charms diſplays
s in Nature's frame (if ſuch a word,
i a word, ſo bold, may from the lips
n proceed) as in this outward frame
gs, the Great Artificer pourtrays
n immenſe idea. Various names
among mortals bear, as various ſigns
ıe, and by peculiar organs ſpeak
man ſenſe. There are who by the ſlight
through tubes with moving ſtops diſtinct,
extended chords in meaſure taught
rate, can aſſemble powerful ſounds
ſing every temper of the mind
very cauſe, and charming all the ſoul
aſſion void of care. Others mean time
gged maſs of metal, wood, or ſtone,
y taming; or with eaſier hand
ing lines, and with more ample ſcope
colours; can to general ſight
e thoſe permanent and perfect forms,
haracters of heroes and of gods,
from the crude materials of the world
own high minds created. But the chief
ets; eloquent men, who dwell on earth
he whate'er the ſoul admires or loves
anguage and with numbers. Hence to
the'e
is open'd wide as nature's ſphere;
der: various as the ſudden acts
an-wit, and vaſt as the demands
ian will. The bard nor length, nor depth,
ce, nor form controls. To eyes, to ears,
y organ of the copious mind,
reth all its treaſures. Him the hours,
ſons him obey: and changeful Time
n at will keep meaſure with his flight,
outſtrip it. To enhance his toil,
moneth from the uttermoſt extent
gs which God hath taught him, every form
r, every power: and all beſide
s imperious. His prevaling hand
o corporeal eſſence, life and ſenſe
ery ſtately function of the ſoul.
l itſelf to him obſequious lies,
atter's paſſive heap; and as he wills,
on and affection he aſſigns
uſt alliances, Their juſt degrees:
his peculiar honors; whence the race
who people his delightful world,
nuine and according to themſelves,
nd as far the uncertain ſons of earth,
n itſelf to his delightful world
m of ſpotleſs beauty doth reſign.

* * * * * * *

ODES.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ODE I.

PREFACE.

I.

ON yonder verdant hillock laid,
Where oaks and elms, a friendly ſhade,
O'erlook the falling ſtream,
O maſter of the Latin lyre,
A while with thee will I retire
From ſummer's noontide beam.

II.

And, lo, within my lonely bower,
The induſtrious bee from many a flower
Collects her balmy dews:
"For me," ſhe ſings, "the gems are born,
"For me their ſilken robe adorn,
"Their fragrant breath diffuſe."

III.

Sweet murmurer! may no rude ſtorm
This hoſpitable ſcene deform,
Nor check thy gladſome toils;
Still may the buds unſullied ſpring,
Still ſhowers and ſunſhine court thy wing
To theſe ambroſial ſpoils.

IV.

Nor ſhall my Muſe hereafter fail
Her fellow-labourer thee to hail;
And lucky be the ſtrains!
For long ago did nature frame
Your ſeaſons and your arts the ſame,
Your pleaſures and your pains.

V.

Like thee, in lowly, ſylvan ſcenes,
On river-banks and flowery greens
My Muſe delighted plays;
Nor through the deſart or the air,
Though ſwans or eagles triumph there,
With fond ambition ſtrays.

VI.

Nor where the boding raven chaunts,
Nor near the owl's unhallowed haunts
Will ſhe her cares employ;
But flies from ruins and from tombs,
From ſuperſtition's horrid glooms,
To day-light and to joy.

VII.

Nor will ſhe tempt the barren waſte;
Nor deigns the lurking ſtrength to taſte
Of any noxious thing;
But leaves with ſcorn to envy's uſe
The inſipid nightſhade's baneful juice,
The nettles ſordid ſting.

VIII.

From all which nature fairest knows,
The vernal blooms, the summer rose,
She draws her blameless wealth;
And, when the generous task is done,
She consecrates a double boon,
To pleasure and to health.

ODE II. N° I.

FOR THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

DEC. 11, M.DCC.XL.*

I.

NOW to the utmost southern goal
The Sun has trac'd his annual way,
And backward now prepares to roll,
And bless the earth with earlier day.
Prone on Potosi's lofty brow,
Floods of ethereal splendour flow,
Ripening the latent seeds of gold,
Whilst, panting in the lonely shade,
The afflicted Indian hides his head,
Nor dares the blaze of noon behold.

II.

But lo! on this deserted coast,
How faint the light! how chill the air!
Lo! arm'd with whirlwind, hail, and frost,
Fierce winter desolates the year.
The fields resign their chearful blooms;
No more the breezes breathe perfume;
No more the warbling waters roll:
Desarts of snow fatigue the eye;
Successive tempests bloat the sky,
And gloomy damps oppress the soul.

III.

But let my drooping genius rise,
And hail the sun' remotest ray:
Now, now he climbs the northern skies,
To-morrow nearer than to-day.
Then, louder howl the stormy waste,
Be sand and ocean worse defac'd,
Yet brighter hours are on the wing,
And fancy, through the wintery gloom,
Radiant with dews and flowers in gloom,
Already hails the emerging Spring.

IV.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows but urge thy speed,
How soon, before the vernal ray,
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How soon each tempest hovering fly,
That now, fermenting, loads the sky,
Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
To rend the forest from the steep,
And, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

V.

But let not man's imperfect views,
Presume to tax wise Nature's laws:
'Tis his with silent joy to use
The indulgence of the sovereign cause;
Secure that from the whole of things
Beauty and good consummate springs,
Beyond what he can reach to know,
And that the Providence of heaven
Has some peculiar blessing given
To each allotted state below.

VI.

Ev'n now how sweet the wintery night
Spent with the old illustrious dead:
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I seem the awful course to tread;
Where chiefs and legislators lie,
Whose triumphs move before my eye,
With every laurel fresh display'd;
While, charm'd, I rove in classic song,
Or bend to Freedom's fearless tongue,
Or walk the academic shade.

* * *

ODE II. N° II.

ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

M.DCC.XL.

I.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintery goal attains;
Seems to reverse the long career,
And northward bend his steady reins.
Now, piercing half Potosi's height,
Prone rush the fiery floods of light
Ripening the mountain's silver stores:
While in some cavern's horrid shade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft the approach of eve implores.

II.

But lo, on this deserted coast
How pale the sun! how thick the air!
Mustering his storms, a sordid host,
Lo, winter desolates the year:
The fields resign their latest bloom;
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the streams in music roll:
But snows fall dark, or rains resound;
And, while great nature mourns around,
Her griefs infect the human soul.

III.

Hence the loud city's busy throngs
Urge the warm bowl and splendid fire;
Harmonious dances, festive songs
Against the spiteful heaven conspire:
Meantime perhaps with tender fears
Some village-dame the curfew hears,
While round the hearth her children play;
At morn their father went abroad;
The moon is sunk, and deep the road;
She sighs, and wonders at his stay.

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* *This Ode was afterwards entirely altered; as may be seen in the following poem. The reader will not be displeased to see it as it was originally written.* N.

IV.

u, my lyre, awake, ariſe,
il the ſun's returning force:
ow he climbs the northern ſkies,
alth and hope attend his courſe.
ouder howl the aerial waſte,
h with keener cold embrac'd,
rtle hours advance their wing;
ncy, mocking winter's might,
lowers and dews and ſtreaming light
y decks the new-born ſpring.

V.

ſtain of the golden day,
rtal vows promote thy ſpeed,
on before thy vernal ray
each unkindly damp recede!
on each hovering tempeſt fly,
ſtores for miſchief arm the ſky,
t on our heads to burſt amain,
d the foreſt from the ſteep,
undering o'er the Baltic deep,
helm the merchant's hopes of gain!

VI.

t not man's unequal views
e o'er nature and her laws:
is with grateful joy to uſe
ndulgence of the ſov'reign cauſe;
that health and beauty ſpringe
gh this majeſtic frame of things,
d what he can reach to know;
hat heaven's all-ſubduing will,
good the progeny of ill,
pereth every ſtate below.

VII.

pleaſing wears the wintery night,
with the old illuſtrious dead!
e, by the taper's trembling light,
thoſe awful ſcenes to tread
re chiefs or legiſlators lie,
ſe triumphs move before my eye
ns and antique pomp array'd;
e now I taſte the Ionian ſong,
bend to Plato's god-like tongue
nding through the olive ſhade.

VIII.

hould ſome chearful, equal friend
eave the ſtudious page a while,
mirth on wiſdom then attend,
ſocial eaſe on learned toil.
while, at love's uncareful ſhrine,
dictates to the god of wine
name whom all his hopes obey,
t flattering dreams each boſom warm,
le abſence, heightening every charm,
kes the ſlow returning May!

IX.

, thou delight of heaven and earth,
en will thy genial ſtar ariſe?
auſpicious morn, which gives thee birth,
bring Eudora to my eyes.
hin her ſylvan haunt behold,
n the happy garden old,
moves like that primeval fair;
ther, ye ſilver-ſounding lyres,
tender ſmiles, ye chaſte deſires,
d hope and mutual faith, repair,

X.

And if believing love can read
His better omens in her eye,
Then ſhall my fears, O charming maid,
And every pain of abſence die:
Then ſhall my jocund harp, attun'd
To thy true ear, with ſweeter ſound
Purſue the free Horatian ſong:
Old Tyne ſhall liſten to my tale,
And Echo down the bordering vale
The liquid melody prolong.

ODE III.

TO A FRIEND,

UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

INDEED, my Phædria, if to find
That wealth can female wiſhes gain,
Had e'er diſturb'd your thoughtful mind,
Or coſt one ſerious moment's pain,
I ſhould have laid that all the rules,
You learn'd of moraliſts and ſchools,
Were very uſeleſs, very vain.

II.

Yet I perhaps miſtake the caſe—
Say, though with this heroic air,
Like one that holds a nobler chace,
You try the tender loſs to bear.
Does not your heart renounce your tongue?
Seems not my cenſure ſtrangely wrong
To count it ſuch a ſlight affair?

III.

When Heſper gilds the ſhaded ſky,
Oft as you ſeek the well-known grove,
Methinks I ſee you caſt your eye
Back to the morning ſcenes of love:
Each pleaſing word you heard her ſay,
Her gentle look, her graceful way,
Again your ſtruggling fancy move.

IV.

Then tell me, is your ſoul intire?
Does Wiſdom calmly hold her throne?
Then can you queſtion each deſire,
Bid this remain, and that begone?
No tear half-ſtarting from your eye?
No kindling bluſh you know not why?
No ſtealing ſigh, nor ſtifled groan?

V.

Away with this unmanly mood!
See where the hoary churl appears,
Whoſe hand hath ſeiz'd the favourite good
Which you reſerv'd for happier years:
While, ſide by ſide, the bluſhing maid
Shrinks from his village, half afraid,
Spite of the fickly joy ſhe wears.

VI.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,
This chaſte, harmonious pair behold;
And thus reward the generous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.
O bloom of youth, O tender charms
Well buried in a dotard's arms!
O equal price of beauty ſold!

VII.

Ceaſe then to gaze with looks of love!
Bid her adieu, the venal fair:
Unworthy ſhe your bliſs to prove;
Then wherefore ſhould ſhe prove your care?
No: lay your myrtle garland down;
And let a while the willow's crown
With luckier omens bind your hair.

VIII.

O juſt eſcap'd the faithleſs main,
Though driven unwilling on the land;
To guide your favour'd ſteps again,
Behold your better genius ſtand:
Where Truth revolves her page divine,
Where Virtue leads to Honour's ſhrine,
Behold, he lifts his awful hand.

IX.

Fix but on theſe your ruling aim,
And Time, the ſire of many care,
Will Fancy's dazzling colours tame
A ſoberer dreſs will Beauty wear:
Then ſhall eſteem by Knowledge led
Inthrone within your heart and head
Some happier love, ſome truer fair.

ODE IV.

AFFECTED INDIFFERENCE.

TO THE SAME.

I.

YES, you contemn the perjur'd maid
Who all your favourite hopes betray'd:
Nor, though her heart ſhould home return,
Her tuneful tongue its falſehood mourn,
Her winning eyes your faith implore,
Would you her hand receive again,
At once diſſemble your diſdain,
Or liſten to the ſyren's theme,
Or ſtoop to love: ſince now eſteem,
And confidence, and friendſhip, is no more.

II.

Yet tell me, Phædria, tell me why,
When ſummoning your pride you try
To meet her looks with cool neglect,
Or croſs her walk with ſlight reſpect,
(For ſo is falſehood beſt repaid)
Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
Why is your ſtruggling tongue ſo ſlow?
What means that darkneſs on your brow?
As if with all her broken vow
You meant the fair apoſtate to upbraid?

ODE V.

AGAINST SUSPICION.

I.

OH fly! 'tis dire Suſpicion's mien:
And, meditating plagues unſeen,
The ſorcereſs hither bends:
Behold her torch in gall imbrued:
Behold---her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

II.

Fly far! Already in your eyes
I ſee a pale ſuffuſion riſe;
And ſoon through every vein,
Soon will her ſecret venom ſpread,
And all your heart and all your head,
Imbibe the potent ſtain.

III.

Then many a demon will ſhe raiſe
To vex your ſleep, to haunt your ways:
While gleams of loſt delight
Raiſe the dark tempeſt of the brain,
As lightning ſhines acroſs the main
Through whirlwinds and through night.

IV.

No more can faith or candour move;
But each ingenuous deed of love,
Which reaſon would applaud,
Now, ſmiling o'er her dark diſtreſs,
Fancy malignant ſtrives to dreſs
Like injury and fraud.

V.

Farewel to Virtue's peaceful times:
Soon will you ſtoop to act the crimes
Which thus you ſtoop to fear:
Guilt follows guilt: and where the train
Begins with wrongs of ſuch a ſtain,
What horrors form the rear!

VI.

'Tis thus to work her baleful power,
Suſpicion waits the ſullen hour
Of fretfulneſs and ſtrife,
When care the infirmer boſom wrings,
Or Eurus waves his murky wings
To damp the ſeats of life.

VII.

But come, forſake the ſcene unbleſs'd
Which firſt beheld your faithful breaſt
To groundleſs fears a prey:
Come, where with my prevailing lyre
The ſkies, the ſtreams, the groves conſpire,
To charm your doubts away.

VIII.

Thron'd in the ſun's deſcending car,
What power unſeen diffuſeth far
This tenderneſs of mind?
What genius ſmiles on yonder flood?
What god, in whiſpers from the wood,
Bids every thought be kind?

IX.

whate'er thy awful name,
ifdom our untoward frame
h ſocial love reſtrains;
ho by fair affection's ties
s to double all our joys
l half diſarm our pains:

X.

erſal candor ſtill,
yon heaven-reflecting rill,
ſerve my open mind;
nor that man's crooked ways
lid doubt within me raiſe
injure human kind.

O D E VI.

N TO CHEERFULNESS.

thick the ſhades of evening cloſe!
v pale the ſky with weight of ſnows!
ght the tapers, urge the fire,
the joyleſs day retire.
is, in vain I try within
ıten the dejected ſcene,
ouz'd by grief the e fiery pains
: frail texture of my veins;
inter's voice, that ſtorms around,
ı deep death-bell's groaning ſound
ny minds oppreſſive gloom,
ting horror ſhakes the room.
re in nature no kind power
h affliction's lonely hour?
t the edge of dire diſeaſe,
h theſe wintery ſhades to plea'e?
Cheerfulneſs, triumphant fair,
rough the hovering cloud of care:
of language, mild of mien,
e's friend and Pleaſure's queen,
the flames that burn my breaſt,
e my jarring thoughts to reſt;
ile thy gracious gifts I feel,
ſhall all thy praiſe reveal.
nce ('twas in Aſtræa's reign)
nal powers renew'd their train,
n'd that immortal Love
ging through the ſpheres above,
wnward hither caſt his eye
ir's returning pomp to ſpy.
the radiant god of day,
his care the roſy May
grant Airs and genial Hours
ıedding round him dews and flowers;
iis wheels Aurora paſs'd,
ſper's golden lamp was laſt.
reſt of the blooming throng,
lealth majeſtic mov'd along,
ed to ſurvey below
's which from her preſence flow,
arth enliven'd hears her voice,
ains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
Then mighty love her charms confeſs'd,
And ſoon his vows inclin'd her breaſt,
And, known from that auſpicious morn,
Thee pleaſing Cheerfulneſs was born.
Thou Cheerfulneſs by heaven deſign'd
To ſway the movements of the mind,
Whtever fretful paſſion ſprings,
Whatever wayward fortune brings,
To diſarrange the power within,
And ſtrain the muſical machine;
Thou, Goddeſs, thy attempering hand
Doth each diſcordant ſtring command,
Refines the ſoft, and ſwells the ſtrong;
And, joining nature's general ſong,
Through many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human ſouls.
Fair guardian of domeſtic life,
Kind baniſher of homebred ſtrife,
Nor ſullen lip, nor taunting eye,
Deforms the ſcene where thou art by:
No ſickening huſband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female power;
No pining mother weeps the cares
Which parents waſte on thankleſs heirs:
The officious daughters p'eas'd attend;
The brother adds the name of friend:
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With ſongs from thee their walks reſound;
And morn with welcome luſtre ſhines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.
Is there a youth, whoſe anxious heart
Labours with love's unpitied ſmart?
Though now he ſtray by rills and bowers,
And weeping waſte the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debaſe the ſtory of his pain
With ſlaviſh looks, diſcolor'd eyes,
And accents faltering into ſighs;
Yet thou, auſpicious power, with eaſe
Canſt yield him happier arts to pleaſe,
Inform his mien with manlier charms,
Inſtruct his tongue with noble arms,
With more commanding paſſion move,
And teach the dignity of love.
Friend to the Muſe and all her train,
For thee I court the Muſe again:
The Muſe for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondeſt art
Who owes to thee that pleaſing ſway
Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what later bards have ſung;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
Thy hand each Leſbian wreathe attir'd:
Thy lip Sicilian reeds inſpir'd:
Thy ſpirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom;
Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows the enlivering gale,
While Horace calls thy ſportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.
But ſee where yonder penſive ſage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppreſs'd,
Or blooms congenial to his breaſt),

Retires in deſart ſcenes to dwell,
And bids the joyleſs world farewel.
Alone he treads the autumnal ſhade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid
He ſees the nightly damps aſcend,
And gathering ſtorms aloft impend;
He hears the neighbouring ſurges roll,
And raging thunders ſhake the pole:
Then, ſtruck by every object round,
And ſtunn'd by every horrid ſound,
He aſks a clue for Nature's ways;
But evil haunts him through the maze:
He ſees ten thouſand demons riſe
To wield the empire of the ſkies,
And chance and fate aſſume the rod,
And malice blot the throne of God.
—O thou, whoſe pleaſing power I ſing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring;
Compoſe the ſtorm, diſpel the gloom,
Till Nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and ſhades their ſweets exhale,
And muſic ſwell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breaſt thy ſoftneſs pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that preſiding cauſe,
Who founds on diſcord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleaſure every pain,
Subdues each hoſtile form to reſt,
And bids the univerſe be bleſs'd.
O thou whoſe pleaſing power I ſing,
If right I touch the votive ſtring,
If equal praiſe I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
Still with the Muſe my boſom ſhare,
And ſooth to peace intruding care.
But moſt exert thy pleaſing power
On friendſhip's conſecrated hour;
And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike wiſdom's calm abode,
Or warm in freedom's ancient cauſe
Traceth the ſource of Albion's laws,
Add thou o'er all the generous toil
The light of thy unclouded ſmile.
But, if by fortune's ſtubborn ſway,
From him and Friendſhip torn away,
I court the Muſe's healing ſpell
For griefs that ſtill with abſence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To ſuch indulgent placid themes,
As juſt the ſtruggling breaſt may cheer
And juſt ſuſpend the ſtarting tear,
Yet leave that ſacred ſenſe of woe
Which none but friends and lovers know.

ODE VII.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

I.

NOT for themſelves did human kind
Contrive the parts by heaven aſſign'd
On life's wide ſcene to play:
Not Scipio's force, nor Cæſar's ſkill
Can conquer glory's arduous hill,
If fortune cloſe the way.

II.

Yet ſtill the ſelf-depending ſoul,
Though laſt and leaſt in fortune's roll,
His proper ſphere commands;
And knows what nature's ſeal beſtow'd,
And ſees, before the throne of God,
The rank in which he ſtands.

III.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
Who reſcued nations from the rage
Of partial, factious power,
My heart with diſtant homage views;
Content if thou celeſtial Muſe,
Didſt rule my natal hour.

IV.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
Nor from the legiſlator's ſeat
Stands far remote the bard.
Though not with public terrors crown'd,
Yet wider ſhall his rule be found,
More laſting his award.

V.

Lycurgus faſhion'd Sparta's fame,
And Pompey to the Roman name
Gave univerſal ſway:
Where are they?---Homer's reverend page
Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
And tongues and climes obey.

VI.

And thus when William's acts divine
No longer ſhall from Bourbon's line
Draw one vindictive vow;
When Sidney ſhall with Cato reſt,
And Ruſſel move the patriot's breaſt
No more than Brutus now:

VII.

Yet then ſhall Shakeſpear's powerful art
O'er every paſſion, every heart,
Confirm his awful throne:
Tyrants ſhall bow before his laws;
And freedom's, glory's, virtue's cauſe,
Their dread aſſertor own.

ODE VIII.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

I. 1.

FAREWELL to Leyden's lonely bound,
The Belgian Muſe's ſober ſeat;
Where dealing frugal gift's around
To all the favourites at her feet,
She trains the body's bulky frame
For paſſive, perſevering toils;
And leſt, from any prouder aim,
The daring mind ſhould ſcorn her homely ſpoils
She breathes maternal fogs to damp its reſtleſs flame.

I. 2.

Farewell the grave, pacific air,
Where never mountain zephyr blew;
The marſhy levels link and bare,
Which Pan, which Ceres never knew;
The Naiads, with obſcene attire,
Urging in vain their urns to flow;
While round them chaunt the croking choir,
And haply ſooth ſome lover's prudent woe,
Or prompt ſome reſtive Bard, and modulate his lyre.

I. 3.

Farewell, ye nymphs, whom ſober care of gain
Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of love:
She render'd all his boaſted arrows vain;
And all his gifts did he in ſpite remove.
Ye too, the ſlow-ey'd fathers of the land,
With whom dominion ſteals from hand to hand,
Unown'd undignify'd by public choice,
I go where liberty to all is known,
And tells a monarch on his throne,
He reigns not but by her preſerving voice.

II. 1.

O my lov'd England, when with thee
Shall I ſit down to part no more?
Far from this pale, diſcolor'd ſea,
That ſleeps upon the reedy ſhore,
When ſhall I plough the azure tide?
When on thy hills the flocks admire,
Like mountain ſnows; till down their ſide
I trace the village and the ſacred ſpire,
While bowers and copſes green the golden ſlope divide?

II. 2.

Ye nymphs who guard the pathleſs grove,
Ye blue-ey'd ſiſters of the ſtreams,
With whom I wont at morn to rove,
With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams:
O take me to your haunts again,
The rocky ſpring, the greenwood glade;
To guide my lonely footſteps deign,
To prompt my ſlumbers in the murmuring ſhade,
And ſooth my vacant ear with many an airy ſtrain.

II. 3.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
Thy drooping maſter's inauſpicious hand:
Now brighter ſkies and freſher gales return,
Now fairer nails thy melody demand.
Daughters of Albion, liſten to my lyre!
O Phœbus, guardian of the Aonian choir,
Why ſounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
When all the virgin deities above
With Venus and with Juno move
In concert round the Olympian father's throne?

III. 1.

Thee too, protectreſs of my lays,
Elate with whole majeſtic call
Above degenerate Latium's praiſe,
Above the ſlaviſh boaſt of Gaul,
I dare from impious thrones reclaim,
And wanton ſloth's ignoble charms,
The honors of a poet's name
To Somer's counſels, or to Hampden's arms,
Thee, freedom, I rejoin, and bleſs thy genuine flame

III. 2.

Great citizens of Albion! Thee
Her heroic valour ſtill attends,
And uſeful ſcience pleas'd to ſee
How art her ſtudious toil extends.
While truth, diffuſing from on high
A luſtre unconfin'd as day,
Illumines and commands the public eye;
Till, pierc'd and ſmking by her powerful ray,
Tame faith and monkiſh awe, like nightly demons, fly.

III. 3.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour ſhares:
Hence dread religion dwells with ſocial joy;
And holy paſſions and unbillled cares,
In youth, in age, domeſtic life employ.
O fair Britannia, hail!---With partial love
The tribes of men their native ſeats approve,
Unjuſt and hoſtile to each foreign fame:
But when for generous minds and manly laws
A nation holds her prime applauſe,
Their public zeal ſhall all reproof diſclaim.

ODE IX.
TO CURIO*.

M.DCC.XLIV.

I.

THRICE hath the ſpring beheld thy faded fame
Since I exulting graſp'd the tuneful ſhell:
Eager through endleſs years to ſound thy name,
Proud that my memory with thine ſhould dwell.
How haſt thou ſtain'd the ſplendor of my choice!
Thoſe godlike forms which hover'd round thy voice,
Laws, freedom, glory, whither are they flown?
What can I now of thee to time report,
Save thy fond country made thy impious ſport,
Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own?

II.

There are with eyes unmov'd and reckleſs heart
Who ſaw thee from thy ſummit fall thus low,
Who deem'd thy arm extended but to dart
The public vengeance on thy private foe.
But, ſpite of every gloſs of envious minds,
The owl-ey'd race whom virtue's luſtre blinds,
Who ſagely prove that each man hath his price,
I ſtill believ'd thy aim from blemiſh free,
I yet, even yet, believe it, ſpite of thee
And all thy painted pleas to greatneſs and to vice.

III.

"Thou didſt not dream of liberty decay'd,
"Nor wiſh to make her guardian laws more
"ſtrong:
"But the raſh many, firſt by thee miſled,
"Bore thee at length unwillingly along."
Riſe from your ſad abodes, ye curſt of old
For faith deſerted or for cities ſold,
Own here one untry'd, unexampled, deed;
One myſtery of ſhame from Curio, learn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
And ſcape in guilt's diſguiſe from virtue's offer'd meed.

[* *See the "Epiſtle to Curio," in this volume.*]

IV.

For ſaw we not that dangerous power avow'd
Whom freedom oft hath found her mortal bane,
Whom public wiſdom ever ſtrove to exclude,
And but with bluſhes ſuffereth in her train?
Corruption vaunted her bewitching ſpoils,
O'er court, o'er ſenate, ſpread in pomp her toils,
And call'd herſelf the ſtate's directing ſoul:
Till Curio, like a good magician, try'd
With eloquence and reaſon at his ſide,
By ſtrength of holier ſpells the inchantreſs to controul.

V.

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame extends;
The reſcued merchant oft thy words reſounds:
Thee and thy cauſe the rural hearth defends:
His bowl to thee the grateful ſailor crowns:
The learn'd recluſe, with awful zeal who read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
Now with like awe doth living merit ſcan:
While he, whom virtue in his bleſt retreat
Bade ſocial eaſe and public paſſions meet,
Aſcends the civil ſcene, and knows to be a man.

VI.

At length in view the glorious end appear'd:
We ſaw thy ſpirit through the ſenate reign;
And freedom's friends thy inſtant omen heard
Of laws for which thy fathers bled in vain.
Wak'd in the ſtrife the public Genius roſe
More keen, more ardent from his long repoſe:
Deep through her bounds the city felt his call:
Each crouded haunt was ſtirr'd beneath his power,
And murmuring challeng'd the deciding hour
Of that too vaſt event the hope and dread of all.

VII.

O ye good powers who look on human kind,
Inſtruct the mighty moments as they roll;
And watch the fleeting ſhapes in Curio's mind,
And ſteer his paſſions ſteady to the goal.
O Alfred, father of the Engliſh name,
O valiant Edward, firſt in civil fame,
O William, height of public virtue pure,
Bend from your radiant ſeats a joyful eye
Behold the form of all your labors nigh,
Your plans of law complete, your ends of rule ſecure.

VIII.

'Twas then---O ſhame! O ſoul from faith eſtrang'd!
O Albion oft to flattering vows a prey!
'Twas then---Thy thought what ſudden frenzy chang'd?
What ruſhing palſy took thy ſtrength away?
Is this the man in freedom's cauſe approv'd?
The man ſo great, ſo honour'd, ſo belov'd?
Whom the dead envy'd, and the living bleſs'd?
This patient ſlave by tinſel bonds allur'd?
This wretched ſuitor for a boon abjur'd?
Whom thoſe that fear'd him, ſcorn; that truſted him, deteſt?

IX.

O loſt alike to action and repoſe!
With all that habit of familiar ſame,
Sold to the mockery of relentleſs foes,
And doom'd to exhauſt the dregs of life in ſhame,
To act with burning brow and throbbing heart
A poor deſerter's dull exploded part,
To ſlight the favor thou canſt hope no more,
Renounce the giddy croud, the vulgar wind,
Charge thy own lightneſs on thy country's mind,
And from her voice appeal to each tame foreign ſhore.

X

But England's ſons, to purchace thence applauſe,
Shall ne'er the loyalty of ſlaves pretend,
By courtly paſſions try the public cauſe;
Nor to the forms of rule betray the end.
O race erect! by manheſt paſſions mov'd,
The labours which to virtue ſtand approv'd,
Prompt with a lover's fondneſs to ſurvey;
Yet, where injuſtice works her wilful claim,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's deſtroying flame,
Impatient to confront, and dreadful to repay.

XI.

Theſe thy heart owns no longer. In their room
See the grave queen of pageants, Honour, dwell,
Couch'd in thy boſom's deep tempeſtuous gloom
Like ſome grim idol in a ſorcerer's cell.
Before her rites thy ſickening reaſon flew,
Divine perſuaſion from thy tongue withdrew,
While laughter mock'd, or pity ſtole a ſigh:
Can wit her tender movements rightly frame
Where the prime function of the ſoul is ſame?
Can fancy's feeble ſprings the force of truth ſupply?

XII.

But come: 'tis time: ſtrong deſtiny impends
To ſhut thee from the joys thou haſt betray'd.
With princes fill'd, the ſolemn fane aſcends,
By infamy, the mindful demon ſway'd.
There vengeful vows for guardian laws efface'd,
From nations fetter'd, and from towns laid waſte
For ever through the ſpacious courts reſound:
There long poſterity's united groan
And the ſad change of horrors not their own,
Aſſail the giant chiefs, and preſs them to the ground.

XIII.

In ſight old Time, imperious judge awaits;
Above revenge, or fear, or pity, juſt,
He urgeth onward to thoſe guilty gates
The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and Auguſt.
And ſtill he aſks them of the hidden plan
Whence every treaty, every war began,
Evolves their ſecrets and their guilt proclaims:
And ſtill his hands deſpoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath by lying Bards beſtow'd,
And cruſh their trophies huge, and raſe their ſculptur'd names.

XIV.

Ye mighty ſhades, ariſe, give place, attend:
Here his eternal manſion Carlo ſeeks:
---Low doth proud Wentworth to the ſtranger bend,
And his dire welcome hardy Clifford ſpeaks:
"He comes, whom Fate with ſurer arts pre-
"par'd
"To accompliſh all which we but vainly
"dar'd
"Whom o'er the ſtubborn herd ſhe taught to
"reign:
"Who ſooth'd with gaudy dreams their raging
"power
"Even to its laſt irrevocable hour;
"Then baffled their rude ſtrength, and broke them
"to the chain."

XV.

But ye, whom yet wiſe Liberty inſpires,
Whom for her champions o'er the world ſhe claims,
(That houſehold godhead whom of old your ſires
Sought in the woods of Elbe, and bore to Thames)
Drive ye this hoſtile omen far away:
Their own fell efforts on her foes repay;
Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be her's alone:
Still gird your ſwords to combat on her ſide;
Still frame your laws her generous teſt to abide;
And win to her defence the altar and the throne.

XVI.

Protect her from yourſelves, ere yet the flood
Of golden luxury, which commerce pours,
Hath ſpread that ſelfiſh fierceneſs through your blood,
Which not her lighteſt diſcipline indures:
Snatch from fantaſtic demagogues her cauſe:
Dream not of Numa's manners, Plato's laws:
A wiſer founder, and a nobler plan,
O ſons of Alfred, were for you aſſign'd:
Bring to that birthright but an equal mind,
And no ſublimer lot will fate reſerve for man.

ODE X.

TO THE MUSE.

I.

QUEEN of my ſongs, harmonious maid,
Ah why haſt thou withdrawn thy aid?
Ah why forſaken thus my breaſt
With inauſpicious damps oppreſs'd?
Where is the dread prophetic heat,
With which my boſom wont to beat?
Where all the bright myſterious dreams
Of haunted groves and tuneful ſtreams,
That woo'd my genius to divineſt themes?

II.

Say, goddeſs, can the feſtal board,
Or young Olympia's form ador'd;
Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?
Or have melodious airs the power
To give one free, poetic hour?
Or, from amid the Elyſian train,
The ſoul of Milton ſhall I gain,
To win thee back with ſome celeſtial ſtrain?

III.

O powerful ſtrain, O ſacred ſoul!
His numbers every ſenſe controul:
And now again my boſom burns;
The Muſe, the Muſe herſelf, returns.
Such on the banks of Tyne, confeſs'd,
I hail'd the fair immortal gueſt,
When firſt ſhe ſeal'd me for her own,
Made all her bliſsful treaſures known,
And bade me ſwear to follow Her alone.

ODE XI.

ON LOVE,

TO A FRIEND.

NO, fooliſh youth---To virtuous fame
If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
If true ambition's nobler flame
Command thy ſteps from the croud,
Lean not to Love's inchanting ſnare;
His ſongs, his words, his looks beware,
Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

II.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils
The wreath of juſt renown is worn;
Nor will ambition's awful ſpoils
The flowery pomp of eaſe adorn:
But love unbends the force of thought;
By love unmanly fears are taught;
And love's reward with gaudy ſloth is bought.

III.

Yet thou haſt read in tuneful lays,
And heard from many a zealous breaſt,
The pleaſing tale of Beauty's praiſe
In Wiſdom's lofty language dreſs'd;
Of Beauty powerful to impart
Each finer ſenſe, each comelier art,
And ſoothe and poliſh man's ungentle heart.

IV.

If then, from love's deceit ſecure,
Thus far alone thy wiſhes tend,
Go; ſee the white-wing'd evening hour
On Delia's vernal walk deſcend:
Go, while the golden light ſerene,
The grove, the lawn, the ſoften'd ſcene,
Becomes the preſence of the rural queen.

V.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
Each boſom, each deſire commands:
Apollo's lute by Hermes ſtrung
And touch'd by chaſte Minerva's hands.
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O Delia, win my thoughts to thine;
That half the colour of thy life is mine.

VI.

Yet, conſcious of the dangerous charm,
Soon would I turn my ſteps away;
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
Nor lull my reaſon's watchful ſway.
But thou, my friend---I hear thy ſighs;
Alas, I read thy downcaſt eyes:
And thy tongue faulters; and thy colour flies.

VII.

So ſoon again to meet the fair?
So penſive all this abſent hour?
---O yet unlucky youth, beware,
While yet to think is in thy power,
In vain with friendſhip's flattering name
Thy paſſion veils its inward ſhame;
Friendſhip, the treacherous fuel of thy flame!

VIII.

Once I remember, new to love,
And dreading his tyrannic chain,
I ſought a gentle maid to prove
What peaceful joys in friendſhip reign;
Whence we forſooth might ſafely ſtand,
And pitying view the love-ſick band,
And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

IX.

Thus frequent paſs'd the cloudleſs day,
To ſmiles and ſweet diſcourſe reſign'd;
While I exulted to ſurvey
One generous woman's real mind:
Till friendſhip ſoon my languid breaſt
Each night with unknown cares poſſeſs'd,
Daſh'd my coy ſlumbers, or my dreams diſtreſs'd,

X.

Fool that I was!---And now, even now
While thus I preach the Stoic ſtrain
Unleſs I ſhun Olympia's view,
An hour unſays it all again.
O friend!---when love directs her eyes
To pierce where every paſſion lies,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wiſe?

ODE XII.

TO SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, BART.

I.

BEHOLD, the balance in the ſky
Swift on the wintery ſcale inclines;
To earthy caves the Dryads fly,
And the bare paſtures Pan reſigns.
Late did the farmer's fork o'erſpread
With recent ſoil the twice-mown mead,
Tainting the bloom which autumn knows:
He whets the ruſty coulter now,
He binds his oxen to the plough,
And wide his future harveſt throws.

II.

Now London's buſy confines round,
By Kenſington's imperial towers,
From Highgate's rough deſcent profound,
Eſſexian heaths, or Kentiſh bowers,
Where'er I paſs, I ſee approach
Some rural ſtateſman's eager coach
Hurried by ſenatorial cares:
Where rural nymphs (alike within,
Aſpiring country praiſe to win)
Debate their dreſs, reform their airs.

III.

Say what can now the country boaſt,
O Drake, thy ſteps to detain,
When peeviſh winds and gloomy froſt
The ſunſhine of the temper ſtain?
Say, are the Prieſts of Devon grown,
Friends to this tolerating throne,
Champions for George's legal right?
Have general freedom, equal law,
Won to the glory of Naſſau
Each bold Weſſexian ſquire and knight?

IV.

I doubt it much; and gueſs at leaſt
That when the day, which made us free,
Shall next return, that ſacred feaſt
Thou better may'ſt obſerve with me.
With me the ſulphurous treaſon old
A far inferior part ſhall hold
In that glad day's triumphal ſtrain;
And generous William be rever'd,
Nor one untimely accent heard
Of James or his ignoble reign.

V.

Then, while the Gaſcon's fragrant wine
With modeſt cups our joy ſupplies,
We'll truly thank the power divine
Who bade the chief, the patriot riſe;
Riſe from heroic eaſe (the ſpoil
Due, for his youth's Herculean toil,
From Belgium to her faviour ſon;)
Riſe with the ſame unconquer'd zeal
For our Britannia's inſur'd weal,
Her laws defac'd, her ſhrines o'erthrown.

VI.

He came. The tyrant from our ſhore,
Like a forbidden demon, fled;
And to eternal exile bore
Pontific rage and vaſſal dread.
There ſunk the mouldering Gothic reign:
New years came forth, a liberal train,
Call'd by the people's great decree.
That day, my friend, let bleſſings crown:
---Fill, to the demigod's renown
From whom thou haſt that thou art free.

VII.

Then, Drake, (for wherefore ſhould we
The public and the private weal:)
In vows to her who ſways thy heart,
Fair health, glad fortune, will we deal.
Whether Aglaia's blooming cheek,
Or the ſoft ornaments that ſpeak
So eloquent in Daphne's ſmile,
Whether the piercing lights that fly
From the dark heaven of Myrto's eye,
Haply thy fancy then beguile.

VIII.

For ſo it is. Thy ſtubborn breaſt,
Though touch'd by many a ſlighter wound
Hath no full conqueſt yet confeſs'd,
Nor the one fatal charmer found.

While I, a true and loyal ſwain,
My fair Olympia's gentle reign
Through all the varying ſeaſons own.
Her genius ſtill my boſom warms:
No other maid for me hath charms,
Or I have eyes for her alone.

ODE XIII.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

I. 1.

ONCE more I join the Theſpian choir,
And taſte the inſpiring fount again.
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy powerful ſtrain—
And lo, with eaſe my ſtep invades
The pathleſs vale and opening ſhades,
Till now I ſpy her verdant ſeat:
And now at large I drink the ſound,
While theſe her offspring, liſtening round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I. 2.

I ſee Anacreon ſmile and ſing,
His ſilver treſſes breathe perfume;
His cheek diſplays a ſecond ſpring
Of roſes taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away,
And let me liſten to his lay;
Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
While in ſmooth dance the light wing'd hours
Lead round his lyre its patron powers,
Kind laughter and convivial joy.

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting ſhame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulſe and a threatening hand
The * Lesbian patriot ſmites the ſounding chords:
Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
Ye curs'd of gods and free-born men,
Ye murderers of the laws,
Though now ye glory in your luſt,
Though now ye tread the feeble neck in duſt,
Yet time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful cauſe.

II. 1.

But lo, to Sappho's melting airs
Deſcends the radiant queen of love:
She ſmiles, and aſks what ſonder cares
Her ſuppliant's plaintive meaſures move:
Why is my faithful maid diſtreſs'd?
Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breaſt!
Say, flies he?—Soon he ſhall purſue:
Shuns he thy gifts?—He ſoon ſhall give:
Slights he thy ſorrows?—He ſhall grieve,
And ſoon to all thy wiſhes bow.

II. 2.

But, O Melpomene, for whom
Awakes thy golden ſhell again?
What mortal breath ſhall e'er preſume
To echo that unbounded ſtrain?
Majeſtic in the frown of years,
Behold, the † man of Thebes appears:
For ſome there are, whoſe mighty frame
The hand of Jove at birth indow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd:
As eagles drink the noon-tide flame,

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
And clamours far below.—Propitious Muſe,
While I ſo late unlock thy purer ſprings,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuſe,
Wilt thou for Albion's ſons around
(Ne'er hadſt thou audience more renown'd)
Thy charming arts employ,
As when the winds from ſhore to ſhore
Through Greece thy lyre's perſuaſive language bore,
Till towns and iſles and ſeas return'd the vocal joy?

III. 1.

Yet then did Pleaſure's lawleſs throng,
Oft ruſhing forth in looſe attire,
Thy virgin dance, thy graceful ſong,
Pollute with impious revels dire.
O fair, O chaſte, thy echoing ſhade
May no foul diſcord here invade:
Nor let thy ſtrings one accent move,
Except what earth's untroubled ear
'Mid all her ſocial tribes may hear,
And Heaven's unerring throne approve.

III. 2.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
The faireſt flowers of Pindus glow;
The vine aſpires to crown thy ſeat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow:
Thy ſtrings adapt their varied ſtrain
To every pleaſure, every pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove;
And ſtrait our paſſions riſe or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean ſwells, the billows move.

III. 3.

When midnight liſtens o'er the ſlumbering earth,
Let me, O muſe, thy ſolemn whiſpers hear:
When morning ſends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
And ever watchful at thy ſide,
Let Wiſdom's awful ſuffrage guide
The tenor of thy lay:
To her of old by Jove was given
To judge the various deeds of earth and heaven;
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her ways.

IV. 1.

Oft as, to well-earn'd eaſe reſign'd,
I quit the maze where ſcience toils,
Do thou refreſh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, deluſive ſpoils.
But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The buſy ſteps, the jealous eye
Of wealthy care or gainful age;
Whoſe barren ſouls thy joys diſdain,
And hold as foes to reaſon's reign
Whome'er thy lovely works engage.

* *Alcæus.*

† *Pindar.*

IV. 2.

When Friendſhip and when letter'd Mirth
Haply partake my ſimple board,
Then let thy blameleſs hand call forth
The muſic of the Teian chord.
Or if invok'd at ſober hours,
O! ſeek with me the happy bowers
That hear Olympia's gentle tongue;
To Beauty link'd with virtue's train,
To love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be ſtrung.

IV. 3.

But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land;
When to throw incenſe on the veſtal flame
Of liberty my genius gives command,
Nor Theban voice nor Leſbian lyre
From thee, O Muſe, do I require;
While my preſaging mind,
Conſcious of powers ſhe never knew,
Aſtoniſh'd graſps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate ſalutes to be confin'd.

ODE XIV.

TO THE HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND: FROM THE COUNTRY.

I.

SAY, Townſhend, what can London boaſt
To pay thee for the pleaſures loſt,
The health to-day reſign'd;
When ſpring from this her favourite ſeat
Bade Winter haſten his retreat,
And met the weſtern wind.

II.

Oh knew'ſt thou how the balmy air,
The ſun, the azure heavens prepare
To heal thy languid frame;
No more would noiſy courts engage,
Nor vain would lying Faction's rage
Thy ſacred leiſure claim.

III.

Oft I look'd forth, and oft admir'd;
Till with the ſtudious volume tir'd
I ſought the open day:
And ſure, I cry'd, the rural gods
Expect me in their green abodes;
And chide my tardy ſtay.

IV.

But ah in vain my reſtleſs feet
Trac'd every ſilent ſhady ſeat
Which knew their forms of old:
Nor Naiad by her fountain laid,
Nor Wood-nymph tripping through her glade,
Did now their riſes unfold:

V.

Whether to nurſe ſome infant oak
They turn the ſlowly-tinkling brook
And catch the pearly ſhowers,
Or bruſh the mildew from the woods,
Or paint with noon-tide beams the buds,
Or breathe on opening flowers.

VI.

Such rites, which they with Spring renew,
The eyes of care can never view;
And care hath long been mine:
And hence offended with their gueſt,
Since grief of love my ſoul oppreſs'd,
They hide their toils divine.

VII.

But ſoon ſhall thy enlivening tongue
This heart, by dear affliction wrung,
With noble hope inſpire:
Then will the ſylvan powers again
Receive me in their genial train,
And liſten to my lyre.

VIII.

Beneath yon Dryad's lonely ſhade
A ruſtic altar ſhall be paid,
Of turf with laurel fram'd:
And thou the inſcription wilt approve;
"This for the peace which, loſt by love,
"By Friendſhip was reclaim'd."

ODE XV.

TO THE EVENING-STAR.

I.

TO-NIGHT retir'd, the queen of heaven
With young Endymion ſtrays:
And now to Heſper is it given
Awhile to rule the vacant ſkies,
Till ſhe ſhall to her lamp ſupply
A ſtream of lighter rays.

II.

O Heſper, while the ſtarry throng
With awe thy path ſurrounds,
Oh liſten to my ſuppliant ſong,
If haply now the vocal ſphere
Can ſuffer thy delighted ear
To ſtoop to mortal ſounds.

III.

So may the bridegroom's genial ſtrain
Thee ſtill invoke to ſhine:
So may the bride's unmarried train
To Hymen chaunt their flattering vow;
Still that his lucky torch may glow
With luſtre pure as thine.

IV.

For other vows muſt I prefer
To thy indulgent power,
Alas! but now I paid my tear
On fair Olympia's virgin tomb:
And lo, from thence, in queſt I roam
Of Philomela's bower.

V.

ous ſend thy golden ray,
u pureſt light above:
› falſe flame ſeduce to ſtray
gulph or ſteep lie hid for harm:
d where muſic's healing charm
oothe afflicted love.

VI.

m, by many a grateful ſong
appier ſeaſons vow'd,
lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong:
yon ſilver ſtream we walk'd,
l, while Philomela talk'd.
ath yon copſes ſtood.

VII.

dom, where the beechen boughs
t roofleſs tower invade,
ne while her inchanting Muſe
diant moon above us held:
a clamorous owl compell'd
fled the ſolemn ſhade.

VIII.

rk; I hear her liquid tone.
, Heſper, guide my feet
he red marle with moſs o'ergrown,
;h yon wild thicket next the plain,
hawthorns choke the winding lane
ch leads to her retreat.

IX.

green ſpace: on either hand
g'd it ſpreads around:
he midſt ſhe takes her ſtand,
one old oak his awful ſhade
o'er half the level mead
s'd in woods profound.

X.

ow through many a melting note
ow prolongs her lays:
eetly down the void they float!
eze their magic path attends:
rs ſhine out: the foreſt bends:
wakeful heifers gaze.

XI.

r thou art whom chance may bring
is ſequeſter'd ſpot,
the plaintive Syren ſing,
y tread beneath her bower,
nk of heaven's diſpoſing power.
an's uncertain lot.

XII.

e, o'er all this mortal ſtage,
mournful ſcenes ariſe:
in waits on kingly rage:
en virtue dwells with woe:
ny griefs from knowledge flow;
witfly pleaſure flies,

XIII.

O ſacred bird, let me at eve,
Thus wandering all alone,
Thy tender counſel oft receive,
Bear witneſs to thy penſive aire,
And pity nature's common care
Till I forget my own.

ODE XVI.

TO CALEB HARDINGE, M. D.

I.

WITH ſordid floods the wintery * Urn
Hath ſtain'd fair Richmond's level green
Her naked hill the Dryads mourn,
No longer a poetic ſcene.
No longer there thy raptur'd eye
The beauteous forms of earth or ſky
Surveys as in their Author's mind:
And London ſhelters from the year
Thoſe whom thy ſocial hours to ſhare
The Attic Muſe deſign'd.

II.

From Hampſtead's airy ſummit me
Her gueſt the city ſhall behold,
What day the people's ſtern decree
To unbelieving kings is told,
When common men (the dread of fame
Adjudg'd as one of evil name,
Before the ſun, the anointed head.
Then ſeek thou too the pious town,
With no unworthy cares to crown
That evening's awful ſhade.

III.

Deem not I call thee to deplore
The ſacred martyr of the day,
By faſt and penitential lore
To purge our ancient guilt away,
For this, on humble faith I reſt
That ſtill our advocate, the prieſt,
From heavenly wrath will ſave the land,
Nor aſk what rites our pardon gain,
Nor how his potent ſounds reſtrain
The thunderer's lifted hand.

IV.

No, Hardinge: peace to church and ſtate!
That evening, let the Muſe give law:
While I anew the theme relate
Which my firſt youth enamour'd ſaw.
Then will I oft explore thy thought,
What to reject which Locke hath taught,
What to purſue in Virgil's lay:
Till hope aſcends to loftieſt things
Nor envies demagogues or kings
Their frail and vulgar ſway.

V.

O vers'd in all the human frame,
Lead thou where'er my labour lies,
And Engliſh fancy's eager flame
To Grecian purity chaſtize:

* Aquarius.

While hand in hand, at wiſdom's ſhrine,
Beauty with truth I ſtrive to join,
And grave aſſent with glad applauſe;
To paint the ſtory of the ſoul,
And Plato's viſions to controul
By Verulamian * laws.

ODE XVII.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

M.DCC.XLVII.

I.

COME then, tell me, ſage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our boſoms e'er incline
Toward immortal glory's throne?
For with me nor pomp, nor pleaſure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treaſure,
So can fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate reaſon's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

II.

If to ſpurn at noble praiſe
Be the paſs-port to thy heaven,
Follow thou thoſe gloomy ways;
No ſuch law to me was given,
Nor, I truſt, ſhall I deplore me
Faring like my friends before me;
Nor an holier place deſire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

ODE XVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

M.DCC.XLVII.

I. 1.

THE wiſe and great of every clime,
Through all the ſpacious walks of Time,
Where'er the Muſe her power diſplay'd,
With joy have liſten'd and obey'd:
For, taught of heaven, the ſacred Nine
Perſuaſive numbers, forms divine,
To mortal ſenſe impart:
They beſt the ſoul with glory fire;
They nobleſt counſels, boldeſt deeds inſpire;
And high o'er Fortune's rage inthrone the fixed heart.

I. 2.

Nor leſs prevailing is their charm
The vengeful boſom to diſarm;
To melt the proud with human woe,
And prompt unwilling tears to flow.
Can wealth a power like this afford?
Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's ſword,
An equal empire claim?
No, Haſtings. Thou my words will own:
Thy breaſt the gifts of every Muſe hath known;
Nor ſhall the giver's love diſgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muſe's awful art,
And the bleſt function of the Poet's tongue,
Ne'er ſhalt thou bluſh to honour; to avert
From all that ſcorned vice or ſlaviſh fear hath ſung.
Nor ſhalt the blandiſhment of Tuſcan ſtrings
Warbling at will in pleaſure's myrtle bower;
Nor ſhall the ſervile notes to Celtic kings
by flattering minſtrels paid in evil hour,
Move thee to ſpurn the heavenly Muſe's reign.
A different ſtrain,
And other themes
From her prophetic ſhades and hallow'd ſtreams
(Thou well canſt witneſs) meet the purged ear:
Such, as when Greece to her immortal ſhell
Rejoicing liſten'd, godlike ſounds to hear;
To hear the ſweet inſtructreſs tell
(While men and heroes throng'd around)
How life its nobleſt uſe may find,
How well for freedom be reſign'd;
And how, by glory, virtue ſhall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the Chian father's ſtrain
To many a kind domeſtic train;
Whoſe pious hearth and genial bowl
Had chear'd the reverend pilgrim's ſoul:
When, every hoſpitable rite
With equal bounty to requite,
He ſtruck his magic ſtrings;
And pour'd ſpontaneous numbers forth,
And ſeiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,
And fill'd their muſing hearts with vaſt heroic things.

II. 2.

Now oft, where happy ſpirits dwell,
Where yet he tunes his charming ſhell,
Oft near him, with applauding hands,
The genius of his country ſtands.
To liſtening gods he makes him known;
That man divine, by whom were ſown
The ſeeds of Grecian fame;
Who firſt the race with freedom fir'd:
From whom Lycurgus Sparta's ſons inſpir'd:
From whom Plataean palms and Cyprian trophies came.

II. 3.

O nobleſt, happieſt age;
When Ariſtides rul'd, and Cimon fought;
When all the generous fruits of Homer's page
Exulting Pindar ſaw to full perfection brought.
O Pindar, oft ſhalt thou be hail'd of me;
Not that Apollo fed thee from his ſhrine:
Not that thy lips drank ſweetneſs from the bee;
Nor yet that, ſtudious of thy notes divine,
Pan danc'd their meaſure with the ſylvan throng:
But that thy ſong
Was proud to unfold
What thy baſe rulers trembled to behold;
Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
The deeds of Athens and the Perſian ſhame:
Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.

* *Verulam gave one of his titles to Francis Bacon, Novum Organum.*

But thou, O faithful to thy fame,
The Muſe's law didſt rightly know;
That who would animate his layꝛ,
And other minds to virtue raiſe,
Muſt feel his own with all her ſpirit glow.

III. 1.

Are there, approv'd of latter times,
Whoſe verſe adorn'd a * tyrant's crimes?
Who ſaw majeſtic Rome betray'd,
And lent the imperial ruffian aid?
Alas! not one polluted Bard,
No, not the ſtrains that Mincius heard,
Or Tibur's hills reply'd,
Dare to the Muſe's ear aſpire;
Save that, inſtructed by the Grecian lyre,
With freedom's ancient notes their ſhameful taſk they hide.

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon ſtands,
Amid the domes of modern hands:
Amid the toys of idle ſtate,
How ſimply, how ſeverely great!
Then turn, and, while each weſtern clime
Preſents her tuneful ſons to Time,
So mark thou Milton's name;
And add, "Thus differs from the throng
"The ſpirit which inform'd thy awful ſong,
"Which bade thy potent voice protect thy "country's fame."

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal
His memory with unholy rage purſues;
While from theſe arduous cares of public weal
She bids each Bard begone, and reſt him with his Muſe.
O fool! to think the man, whoſe ample mind
Muſt graſp at all that yonder ſtars ſurvey:
Muſt join the nobleſt forms of every kind,
The world's moſt perfect image to diſplay,
Can e'er his country's majeſty behold,
Unmov'd or cold!
O fool! to deem
That he, whoſe thought muſt viſit every theme,
Whoſe heart muſt every ſtrong emotion know
Inſpir'd by nature, or by fortune taught;
That he, if haply ſome preſumptuous foe,
With falſe ignoble ſcience fraught,
Shall ſpurn at freedom's faithful band;
That he their dear defence will ſhun,
Or hide their glories from the ſun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand!

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
Or on the ſportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muſe's quire
Content with poliſh'd eaſe retire.
Where prieſts the ſtudious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile ambition's aim,
Say, what can public themes afford,
Save venal honours to an hateful lord,
Reſerv'd for angry heaven, and ſcorn'd of honeſt fame?

* *Octavianus Cæſar.*

IV. 2.

But here, where freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant ſons is known;
Where all are conſcious of her cares,
And each the power, that rules him, ſhares;
Here let the Bard, whoſe daſtard tongue
Leaves public arguments unſung,
Bid public praiſe farewell:
Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And lull myſterious monks to ſlumber in their cell.

IV. 3.

O Haſtings, not to all
Can ruling heaven the ſame endowments lend:
Yet ſtill doth nature to her offspring call,
That to one general weal their different powers they bend,
Unenvious. Thus alone, though ſtrains divine
Inform the boſom of the Muſe's ſon;
Though with new honours the patrician's line
Advance from age to age; yet thus alone
They win the ſuffrage of impartial fame.
The poet's name
He beſt ſhall prove,
Whoſe lays the ſoul with nobleſt paſſions move.
But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
Thee to ſeverer toils thy fate requires:
The fate which form'd thee in a choſen mould,
The grateful country of thy ſires,
Thee to ſublimer paths demand;
Sublimer than thy ſires could trace,
Or thy own Edward teach his race,
Though Gaul's proud genius ſank beneath his hand.

V. 1.

From rich domains and ſubject farms,
They led the ruſtic youth to arms;
And kings their ſtern atchievements fear'd;
While private ſtrife their banners rear'd.
But loftier ſcenes to thee are ſhown,
Where empire's wide-eſtabliſh'd throne
No private maſter fills:
Where, long foretold, the People reigns:
Where each a vaſſal's humble heart diſdains;
And judgeth what he ſees; and, as he judgeth, wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
The ſwelling democratic tide;
To watch the ſtate's uncertain frame,
And baffle faction's partial aim:
But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,
To quell that ſervile band, who kneel
To freedom's baniſh'd foes;
That monſter, which is daily found
Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound;
Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counſel knows.

V. 3.

'Tis higheſt heaven's command,
That guilty aims ſhould ſordid paths purſue;
That what enſnares the heart ſhould maim the hand,
And virtue's worthleſs foes be falſe to glory too.

But look on freedom. See, through every age,
What labours, perils, griefs, hath ſhe diſdain'd!
What arms, what regal pride, what prieſtly rage,
Have her dread offspring conquer'd or ſuſtain'd!
For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the ſtrains
Of happy ſwains,
Which now reſound
Where Scarſdale's cliffs the ſwelling paſtures bound,
Bear witneſs. There, oft let the farmer hail
The ſacred orchard which imbowers his gate,
And ſhew to ſtrangers paſſing down the vale,
Where Ca'ndiſh, Booth, and Oſborne ſate;
When, burſting from their country's chain,
Even in the midſt of deadly harms,
Of papal ſnares and lawleſs arms,
They plann'd for freedom this her nobleſt reign.

VI. 1.

This reign, theſe laws, this public care,
Which Naſſau gave us all to ſhare,
Had ne'er adorn'd the Engliſh name:
Could fear have filenc'd freedom's claim.
But fear in vain attempts to bind
Thoſe lofty efforts of the mind
Which ſocial good inſpires;
Where men, for this, aſſault a throne,
Each adds the common welfare to his own;
And each unconquer'd heart the ſtrength of all acquires.

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
Our fields in civil blood imbrued?
When fortune crown'd the barbarous hoſt,
And half the aſtoniſh'd iſle was loſt?
Did one of all that vaunting train,
Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
Durſt one in arms appear?
Durſt one in councils pledge his life?
Ne his luxurious fortunes in the ſtrife?
And his boaſted name his vagrant friends to cheer?

VI. 3.

Yet, Haſtings, theſe are they
Who challenge to themſelves thy country's love;
The true; the conſtant: who alone can weigh,
What glory ſhould demand, or liberty approve!
But let their works declare them. Thy free powers,
The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
Not for the taſks of their confederate hours,
Lewd brawls and lurking ſlander, were deſign'd
Be thou thy own approver. Honeſt praiſe
Oft nobly ſways
Ingenuous youth:
But ſought from cowards and the lying mouth,
Praiſe is reproach. Eternal God alone
For mortals fixeth that ſublime award.
He, from the faithful records of his throne,
Bids the hiſtorian and the bard
Diſpenſe of honor and of ſcorn;
Diſcern the patriot from the ſlave:
And write the good, the wiſe, the brave,
For leſſons to the multitude unborn.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ODE I.

THE

REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKESPEARE:

Suppoſed to have been ſpoken at the Theatre Royal, while the French Comedians were acting by Subſcription.

IF, yet regardful of your native land,
Old Shakeſpeare's tongue you deign to underſtand,
Lo, from the bliſsful bowers where Heaven rewards
Inſtructive Sages and unblemiſh'd Bards,
I come the ancient founder of the ſtage,
Intent to learn, in this diſcerning age,
What form of wit your fancies have embrac'd,
And whither tends your elegance of taſte,
That thus at length our homely toils you ſpurn,
That thus to foreign ſcenes you proudly turn,
That from my brow the laurel wreath you claim
To crown the rivals of your country's fame
What, though the footſteps of my devious Muſe
The meaſur'd walks of Grecian art refuſe?
Or though the frankneſs of my hardy ſtyle
Mock the nice touches of the critic's file?
Yet, what my age and clime held to view,
Impartial I ſurvey'd and fearleſs drew.
And ſay, ye ſkilful in the human heart,
Who know to prize a Poet's nobleſt part,
What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler field
For lofty thought, for daring fancy, yield?
I ſaw this England break the ſhameful bands
Forg'd for the ſouls of men by ſacred hands:
I ſaw each groaning realm her aid implore;
Her ſons the heroes of each warlike ſhore:
Her naval ſtandard (the dire Spaniard's bane)
Obey'd through all the circuit of the main,
Then too great commerce, for a late-found world,
Around your coaſt her eager ſails unfurl'd:
New hopes, new paſſions thence the boſom fir'd;
New plans, new arts, the genius thence inſpir'd;
Thence every ſcene, which private fortune knows,
In ſtronger life, with bolder ſpirit, roſe.
Diſgrac'd I this full proſpect which I drew?
My colours languid, or my ſtrokes untrue?
Have not your ſages, warriors, ſwains, and kings,
Confeſs'd the living draught of men and things?
What other Bard in any clime appears
Alike the maſter of your ſmiles and tears?
Yet have I deign'd your audience to entice
With wretched bribes to luxury and vice?
Or have my various ſcenes a purpoſe known
Which Freedom, Virtue, Glory, might not own?
Such from the firſt was my dramatic plan;
It ſhould be yours to crown what I began:
And now that England ſpurns her Gothic chain,
And equal laws and ſocial ſcience reign,
I thought, Now ſurely ſhall my zealous eyes
View nobler Bards and juſter Critics riſe,
Intent with learned labour to refine
The copious ore of Albion's native mine,
Our ſtately Muſe more graceful airs to teach,
And form her tongue to more attractive ſpeech,
Till rival nations liſten at her feet,
And own her poliſh'd as they own'd her great.

do you thus my favourite hopes fulfil?
nce at laſt the ſtandard of your ſkill?
or you! that ſo betray a mind
unconſcious, and to beauty blind.
does her language your ambition raiſe,
rren, trivial, unharmonious phraſe,
h fetters eloquence to ſcanticſt bounds,
naims the cadence of poetic ſounds?
does your humble admiration chuſe
entle prattle of her Comic Muſe,
wits, plain-dealers, fops, and fools appear,
'd to ſay nought but what the king may hear?
her melt your ſympathizing hearts
by her tragic ſcene's romantic arts,
e old and young declaim on ſoft deſire,
ieroes never, but for love, expire?
Though the charms of novelty, a while,
s too fondly win your thoughtleſs ſmile,
:t for you deſign'd indulgent fate
nodes or manners of the Bourbon ſtate.
l your minds my partial judgment reads,
nany an augury my hope miſleads,
fair maids of yonder blooming train
eir light courtſhip would an audience deign,
ſe chaſte matrons a Pariſian wife
for the model of domeſtic life;
ne youth of all that generous band,
rength and ſplendor of their native land,
yield his portion of his country's fame,
uit old freedom's patrimonial claim,
lying ſmiles Oppreſſion's pomp to ſee,
idge of glory by a king's decree.
left at home with juſtly-envied laws,
; the chiefs of Europe's general cauſe,
Heaven hath choſen at each dangerous hour
eck the inroads of barbaric power,
ights of trampled nations to reclaim,
ard the ſocial world from bond and ſhame;
not luxury's fantaſtic charms
give the lye to your heroic arms:
r the ornaments of life embrace
left leſſons from that vaunting race,
Fate's dread laws (for, in eternal Fate,
ic Rule was heir to Freedom's hate)
, in each warlike, each commercial part,
l counſel, and in pleaſing art.
udge of earth predeſtin'd for your foes,
ade it fame and virtue to oppoſe,

ODE II.

TO SLEEP.

I.

THOU ſilent power, whoſe welcome ſway
Charms every anxious thought away;
n whoſe divine oblivion drown'd,
ore pain and weary toil grow mild,
ove is with kinder looks beguil'd,
l grief forgets her fondly-cheriſh'd wound;
hither haſt thou flown, indulgent god?
l of kind ſhadows and of healing dews,
om doſt thou touch with thy Lethæan rod?
d whoſe temples now thy opiate airs diffuſe?

II.

Lo, midnight from her ſtarry reign
Looks awful down on earth and main.
The tuneful birds lie hush'd in ſleep,
With all that crop the verdant food,
With all that ſkim the cryſtal flood,
Or haunt the caverns of the rocky ſteep,
No ruſhing winds diſturb the tufted bowers;
No wakeful ſound the moon-light valley knows,
Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
And lulls the waving ſcene to more profound repoſe.

III.

O let not me alone complain,
Alone invoke thy power in vain!
Deſcend, propitious, on my eyes;
Not from the couch that bears a crown,
Not from the courtly ſtateſman's down
Nor where the miſer and his treaſure lies:
Bring not the ſhapes that break the murderer's reſt,
Nor thoſe the hireling ſoldier loves to ſee,
Nor thoſe which haunt the bigot's gloomy breaſt:
Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from me?

IV.

Nor yet thoſe awful forms preſent,
For chiefs and heroes only meant:
The figur'd braſs, the choral ſong,
The reſcued people's glad applauſe,
The liſtening ſenate, and the laws
Fix'd by the counſels of * Timoleon's tongue,
Are ſcenes too grand for Fortune's private ways;
And though they ſhine in youth's ingenuous view,
The ſober gainful arts of modern days
To ſuch romantic thought, have bid a long adieu.

V.

I aſk not, god of dreams, thy care
To baniſh Love's preſentments fair:
Nor roſy cheek, nor radiant eye
Can arm him with ſuch ſtrong command
That the young ſorcerer's fatal hand
Shall round my ſoul his pleaſing fetters tie.
Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving ſmile
(A lighter phantom, and a baſer chain)
Did e'er in ſlumber my proud lyre beguile
To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according ſtrain.

VI.

But, Morpheus, on thy balmy wing
Such honourable viſions bring,
As ſooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,
When in prophetic dreams he ſaw
The race unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page:
Or ſuch as Mead's benignant fancy knows
When health's deep treaſures, by his heart explor'd,
Have ſav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
Or to the trembling ſire his age's hope reſtor'd.

* *After Timoleon had delivered Syracuſe from the tyranny of Dionyſius, the people on every important deliberation ſent for him into the public aſſembly, aſked his advice, and acted according to it.*—PLUTARCH.

ODE III.

TO THE CUCKOW.

I.

O Ruſtic herald of the ſpring,
At length in yonder woody vale
Faſt by the brook I hear thee ſing;
And, ſtudious of thy homely tale,
Amid the veſpers of the grove,
Amid the chaunting choir of love,
Thy ſage reſponſes hail.

II.

The time has been when I have frown'd
To hear thy voice the woods invade;
And while thy ſolemn accent drown'd
Some ſweeter Poet of the ſhade,
Thus, thought I, thus the ſons of care
Some conſtant youth or generous fair
With dull advice upbraid.

III.

I ſaid, "While Philomela's ſong
"Proclaims the paſſion of the grove,
"It ill beſeems a cuckow's tongue
"Her charming language to reprove"—
Alas, how much a lover's ear
Hates all the ſober truth to hear,
The ſober truth of love!

IV.

When hearts are in each other bleſs'd,
When nought but lofty faith can rule
The nymph's and ſwain's conſenting breaſt,
How cuckow-like in Cupid's ſchool,
With ſtore of grave prudential laws
On Fortune's power and Cuſtom's laws,
Appears each friendly fool!

V.

Yet think betimes, ye gentle train
Whom Love and Hope and Fancy ſway,
Whom every harſher care diſdain,
Who by the morning judge the day,
Think that, in April's faireſt hours,
To warbling ſhades and painted flowers
The cuckow joins his lay.

ODE IV.

TO THE HONOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSHEND, IN THE COUNTRY.

I. 1.

HOW oft ſhall I ſurvey
This humble roof the lawn, the green-wood ſhade,
The vale with ſheaves o'erſpread,
The glaſſy brook, the flocks which round thee ſtray?
When will thy cheerful mind
Of theſe have utter'd all her dear eſteem?
Or, tell me, doſt thou deem
No more to join in glory's toilſome race,
But here content embrace
That happy leiſure which thou haſt reſign'd?

I. 2.

Alas, ye happy hours,
When books and youthful ſport the ſoul could ſhare,
Ere one ambitious care
Of civil life had aw'd her ſimple powers;
Oft as your winged train
Reviſit here my friend in white array,
O fail not to diſplay
Each fairer ſcene where I perchance had part,
That to his generous heart
The abode of even Friendſhip may remain.

I. 3.

For not imprudent of my lot to come,
I ſaw from Contemplation's quiet cell
His feet aſcending to another home
Where public Praiſe and envied Greatneſs dwell.
But ſhall we therefore, O my lyre,
Reprove ambition's beſt deſire?
Extinguiſh Glory's flame?
Far other was the taſk injoin'd
When to my hand thy ſtrings were firſt aſſign'd:
Far other faith belongs to Friendſhip's honor'd name.

II. 1.

Thee, Townſhend, not the arms
Of ſlumbering Eaſe, nor Pleaſure's roſy chain,
Were deſtin'd to detain:
No, nor bright Science, nor the Muſe's charms.
For them high Heaven prepares
Their proper votaries, an humbler band:
And ne'er would Spenſer's hand
Have deign'd to ſtrike the warbling Tuſcan ſteel,
Nor Harrington to tell
What habit an immortal city wears.

II. 2.

Had this been born to ſhield
The cauſe which Cromwell's impious hand betray'd,
Or that, like Vere, diſplay'd
His redcroſs banner o'er the Belgian field;
Yet where the will divine
Hath ſhut thoſe loftieſt paths, it next remains,
With reaſon clad in ſtrains
Of harmony, ſelected minds to inſpire,
And Virtue's living fire
To feed and eternize in hearts like thine

II. 3.

For never ſhall the herd, whom Envy ſways,
So quell my purpoſe or my tongue controul,
That I ſhould fear illuſtrious worth to praiſe,
Becauſe its maſter's friendſhip mov'd my ſoul.
Yet, if this undiſſembling ſtrain
Should now perhaps thine ear detain
With any pleaſing ſound,
Remember thou that righteous Fame
From hoary age a ſtrict account will claim
Of each auſpicious palm with which thy youth was crown'd.

III. 1.

Nor obvious is thy way
Where Heaven expects thee; nor the traveller leads,
Through flowers or fragrant meads,
Or groves that bark to Philomela's lay.

The impartial laws of Fate
To nobler virtues wed severer cares.
Is there a man who shares
The summit next where heavenly natures dwell?
Ask him (for he can tell)
What storms beat round that rough laborious height.

III. 2.

Ye heroes, who of old
Did generous England Freedom's throne ordain;
From Alfred's parent reign
To Nassau, great deliverer, wise and bold;
I know your perils hard.
Your wounds, your painful marches, wintery seas,
The night estrang'd from ease
The day by cowardice and falsehood vex'd,
The head with doubt perplex'd,
The indignant heart disdaining the reward.

III. 3.

Which envy hardly grants, But, O renown,
O praise from judging heaven and virtuous men,
If thus they purchas'd thy divinest crown,
Say, who shall hesitate? or who complain?
And now they sit on thrones above:
And when among the gods they move
Before the sovran mind,
"Lo, these," he saith, "lo, these are they
"Who to the laws of mine eternal sway
"From violence and fear asserted human kind."

IV. 1.

Thus honor'd while the train
Of legislators in his presence dwell;
I[illegible] may aught foretell,
The statesman shall the second palm obtain,
For dreadful deeds of arms
Let vulgar bards, with undiscerning praise,
More glittering trophies raise:
But wisest heaven what deeds may chiefly move
To favor and to love?
What, save wide blessings, or averted harms?

IV. 2.

Nor to the imbattled field
Shall the atchievements of the peaceful gown
The green immortal crown
Of valor, or the songs of conquest yield.
Not Fairfax wildly bold,
While bare of crest he hew'd his fatal way,
Through Naseby's firm array,
To heavier dangers did his breast oppose
Than Pym's free virtue chose,
When the proud force of Strafford he control'd.

IV. 3.

But what is man at enmity with truth?
What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious mind
When (blighted all the promise of his youth)
The patriot in a tyrant's league had join'd?
Let Ireland's loud-lamenting plains,
Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled swains,
Let memor'd London tell
How impious Guile made Wisdom base;
How generous zeal to cruel rage gave place:
And how unbleis'd he liv'd, and how dishonor'd fell.

V. 1.

Thence never hath the Muse
Around his tomb Pierian roses flung:
Nor shall one poet's tongue
His name for Music's pleasing labor chuse.
And sure, when Nature kind
Hath deck'd some favor'd breast above the throng,
That man with grievous wrong
Affronts and wounds his genius, if he bends
To Guilt's ignoble ends
The functions of his ill-submitting mind.

V. 2.

For worthy of the wise
Nothing can seem but Virtue: nor earth yield
Their fame an equal field,
Save where impartial Freedom gives the prize.
There Somers fix'd his name,
Inroll'd the next to William. There shall Time
To every wondering clime
Point out that Somers, who from Faction's crowd,
The slanderous and the loud,
Could fair assent and modest reverence claim.

V. 3.

Nor aught did laws or social arts acquire,
Nor this majestic weal of Albion's land
Did aught accomplish, or to aught aspire,
Without his guidance, his superior hand.
And rightly shall the Muse's care
Wreaths like her own for him prepare,
Whose mind's enamour'd aim
Could forms of civil beauty draw
Sublime as ever Sage or Poet saw,
Yet still to life's rude scene the proud ideas tame.

VI. 1.

Let none profane be near!
The Muse was never foreign to his breast:
On Power's grave seat confess'd,
Still to her voice he bent a lover's ear.
And if the blessed know
Their ancient cares, even now the unfading grove,
Where haply Milton roves
With Spenser, hear the enchanted echos round
Through farthest heaven resound
Wise Somers, guardian of their fame below.

VI. 2.

He knew, the patriot knew,
That letters and the Muse's powerful art
Exalt the ingenuous heart,
And brighten every form of just and true.
They lend a nobler sway
To civil Wisdom, than corruption's lure
Could ever yet procure:
They too from Envy's pale malignant light
Conduct her forth to fight
Cloth'd in the fairest colours of the day.

VI. 3.

O Townshend, thus may Time, the judge severe,
Instruct my happy tongue of thee to tell:
And when I speak of one to freedom dear
For planning wisely and for acting well,

Of one whom glory loves to own,
Who ſtill by liberal means alone
Hath liberal ends purſued;
Then for the guerdon of my lay,
"This man with faithful friendſhip," will I ſay,
"From youth to honour'd age my arts and me
"hath view'd."

ODE V.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

I.

OF all the ſprings within the mind
Which prompt her ſteps in Fortune's maze,
From none more pleaſing aid we find
Than from the genuine love of praiſe.

II.

Nor any partial, private end
Such reverence to the public bears;
Nor any paſſion, Virtue's friend,
So like to Virtue's ſelf appears.

III.

For who in glory can delight
Without delight in glorious deeds?
What man a charming voice can ſlight,
Who courts the echo that ſucceeds?

IV.

But not the echo on the voice
More, than on virtue praiſe, depends;
To which, of courſe, it's real price
The judgment of the praiſer lends.

V.

If praiſe then with religious awe
From the ſole perfect judge be ſought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
Nor prieſt, nor bard, nor ſage hath taught.

VI.

With which in character the ſame
Though in an humbler ſphere it lies,
I count that ſoul of human fame,
The ſuffrage of the good and wiſe.

ODE VI.

TO WILLIAM HALL, ESQUIRE:

WITH THE WORKS OF CHAULIEU.

I.

ATTEND to Chaulieu's wanton lyre;
While, fluent as the ſky-lark ſings
When firſt the morn allures it's wings,
The epicure his theme purſues:
And tell me if, among the choir
Whoſe muſic charms the banks of Seine,
So full, ſo free, ſo rich a ſtrain
E'er dictated the warbling Muſe.

II.

Yet, Hall, while thy judicious ear
Admires the well-diſſembled art
That can ſuch harmony impart
To the lame pace of Gallic rhymes;
While wit from affectation clear,
Bright images, and paſſions true,
Recall to thy aſſenting view
The envied bards of nobler times;

III.

Say, is not oft his doctrine wrong?
This prieſt of pleaſure, who aſpires
To lead us to her ſacred fires,
Knows he the ritual of her ſhrine?
Say (her ſweet influence to thy ſong
So may the goddeſs ſtill afford)
Doth ſhe conſent to be ador'd
With ſhameleſs love and frantic wine?

IV.

Nor Cato, nor Chryſippus here
Need we in high indignant phraſe
From their Elyſian quiet raiſe;
But pleaſure's oracle alone
Conſult; attentive, not severe.
O pleaſure, we blaſpheme not thee;
Nor emulate the rigid knee
Which bends but at the Stoic throne.

V.

We own had fate to man aſſign'd
Nor ſenſe, nor wiſh, but what obey
Or Venus ſoft or Bacchus gay,
Then might our bard's voluptuous creed
Moſt aptly govern human kind:
Unleſs perchance what he hath ſung
Of tortur'd joints and nerves unſtrung,
Some wrangling heretic ſhould plead.

VI.

But now with all theſe proud defires
For dauntleſs truth and honeſt fame;
With that ſtrong maſter of our frame,
The inexorable judge within,
What can be done? Alas, ye fires
Of love: alas, ye roſy ſmiles,
Ye nectar'd cups from happier ſoils,
---Ye have no bribe his grace to win.

ODE VII.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND BENJAMIN LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

I. 1.

FOR toils which patriots have endur'd,
For treaſon quell'd and laws ſecur'd,
In every nation Time diſplays
The palm of honourable praiſe.
Envy may rail; and faction fierce
May ſtrive: but what, alas, can thoſe
(Though bold, yet blind and fooliſh foes)
To gratitude and love oppoſe,
To faithful glory and perſuaſive verſe?

I. 2.

O nurſe of freedom, Albion, ſay,
Thou tamer of deſpotic ſway,
What man, among thy ſons around,
Thus heir to glory haſt thou found?
What page, in all thy annals bright,
Haſt thou with purer joy ſurvey'd
Than that where truth, by Hoadly's aid,
Shines through impoſtur's ſolemn ſhade,
Through kingly and through ſacerdotal night?

I. 3.

To him the Teacher bleſs'd,
Who ſent religion, from the palmy field
By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the weſt,
And lifted up the veil which heaven from earth conceal'd,
To Hoadly thus his mandate he addreſs'd:
"Go thou, and reſcue my diſhonour'd law
"From hands rapacious and from tongues impure:
"Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
"Foll perſecution's mortal ſnares to aid:
"Let not my words be impious chains to draw
"The freeborn ſoul in more than brutal awe,
"To faith without aſſent, allegiance unrepaid."

II. 1.

No coward or unperforming hand
Was arm'd by heaven with this command.
The world ſoon felt it: and, on high,
To William's ear with welcome joy
Did Locke among the bleſt unfold
The riſing hope of Hoadly's name,
Godolphin then confirm'd the fame;
And Somers, when from earth he came,
And generous Stanhope the fair ſequel told.

II. 2.

Then drew the lawgivers around,
(Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)
And liſtening aſk'd, and wondering knew,
What private force could thus ſubdue
The vulgar and the great combin'd;
Could war with ſacred folly wage;
Could a whole nation diſengage
From the dread bonds of many an age
And to new habits mould the public mind.

II. 3.

For not a conqueror's ſword,
Nor the ſtrong powers to civil founders known,
Were his: but truth by faithful ſearch explor'd,
And ſocial ſenſe, like ſeed, in genial plenty ſown.
Wherever it took root, the ſoul (reſtor'd
To freedom) freedom too for others ſought.
Not monkiſh craft the tyrant's claim divine,
Not regal zeal the bigot's cruel ſhrine
Could longer guard from reaſon's warfare ſage;
Nor the wild rabble to ſedition wrought,
Nor tyrannic's by the papal Genius taught,
Nor St. John's ſpirit looſe, nor Atterbury's rage.

III. 1.

But where ſhall recompence be found?
Or how ſuch arduous merit crown'd?
For look on life's laborious ſcene;
What rugged ſpaces lie between
Adventurous Virtue's early toils,
And her triumphal throne! The ſhade
Of death, mean time, does oft invade
Her progreſs; nor, to us diſplay'd,
Wears the bright heroine her expected ſpoils.

III. 2.

Yet born to conquer is her power:
---O Hoadly, if that favourite hour
On earth arrive, with thankful awe
We own juſt heaven's indulgent law,
And proudly thy ſucceſs behold;
We attend thy reverend length of days
With benediction and with praiſe,
And hail Thee in our public ways
Like ſome great ſpirit fam'd in ages old.

III. 3.

While thus our vows prolong
Thy ſteps on earth, and when by us reſign'd
Thou join'ſt thy ſeniors, that heroic throng
Who reſcued or preſerv'd the rights of human kind,
O not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
Thee ſtill, her friend and benefactor, name;
O! never, Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,
May impious gold, or pleaſure's gaudy prize,
Make public virtue, public freedom, vile;
Nor our own manners tempt us to diſclaim
That heritage, our nobleſt wealth and fame,
Which Thou haſt kept intire from force and factious guile

ODE VIII.

I.

IF rightly tuneful bards decide,
If it be fix'd in love's decrees,
That beauty ought not to be tried
But by its native power to pleaſe,
Then tell me, youths and lovers, tell,
What fair can Amoret excel?

II.

Behold that bright unſullied ſmile,
And wiſdom ſpeaking in her mien:
Yet (ſhe ſo artleſs all the while,
So little ſtudious to be ſeen)
We nought but inſtant gladneſs know,
Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

III.

But neither muſic, nor the powers
Of youth and mirth and frolick chear,
Add half that ſunſhine to the hours,
Or make life's proſpect half ſo clear,
As memory brings it to the eye
From ſcenes where Amoret was by.

IV.

Yet not a ſatiriſt could there
Or fault or indiſcretion find;
Nor any prouder ſage declare
One virtue, pictur'd in his mind,
Whoſe form with lovelier colours glows
Than Amoret's demeanor ſhows.

V.

This ſure is beauty's happieſt part!
This gives the moſt unbounded ſway:
This ſhall enchant the ſubtleſt heart
When roſe and lily fade away;
And ſhe be ſtil', in ſpite of time,
Sweet Amoret in all her prime.

ODE IX.

AT STUDY.

I.

WHITHER did my fancy ſtray?
By what magic drawn away
Have I left my ſtudious theme?
From this philoſophic page,
From the problems of the ſage,
Wandering through a pleaſing dream?

II.

'Tis in vain, alas! I find,
Much in vain, my zealous mind
Would to learned Wiſdom's throne
Dedicate each thoughtful hour:
Nature bids a ſofter power
Claim ſome minutes for his own,

III.

Let the buſy or the wiſe
View him with contemptuous eyes;
Love is native to the heart:
Guide its wiſhes as you will;
Without Love, you'll find it ſtill
Void in one eſſential part.

IV.

Fir'd though no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care:
Though the pride of my deſire
Aſks immortal friendſhip's name,
Aſks the palm of honeſt fame,
And the old heroic lyre;

V.

Though the day have ſmoothly gone,
Or to letter'd leiſure known,
Or in ſocial duty ſpent;
Yet at eve my lonely breaſt
Seeks in vain for perfect reſt;
Languiſhes for true content.

ODE X.

TO

THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQUIRE;

ON THE LATE EDITION OF

MR. POPE'S WORKS.

I.

BELIEVE me, Edwards, to reſtrain
The licence of a railer's tongue
Is what but ſeldom meh obtain
By ſenſe or wit, by proſe or ſong:
A taſk for more Herculean powers,
Nor ſuited to the ſacred hours
Of leiſure in the Muſe's bowers.

II.

In bowers where laurel weds with palm,
The Muſe, the blameleſs queen, reſides;
Fair Fame attends, and Wiſdom calm
Her eloquence harmonious guides:
While, ſhut for ever from her gate,
Oft trying, ſtill repining, wait
Fierce Envy and calumnious Hate.

III.

Who then from her delightful bounds
Would ſtep one moment forth to heed
What impotent and lavage ſounds
From their unhappy mouths proceed?
No: rather Spenſer's lyre again
Prepare, and let thy pious ſtrain
For Pope's diſhonour'd ſhade complain.

IV.

Tell how diſpleas'd was every Bard,
When lately in the Elyſian grove
They of his Muſe's guardian heard,
His delegate to fame above;
And what with one accord they ſaid
Of wit in drooping age miſled,
And Warburton's officious aid:

V.

How Virgil mourn'd the ſordid fate
To that melodious lyre aſſign'd
Beneath a tutor who ſo late
With Midas and his rout combin'd
By ſpiteful clamour to confound
That very lyre's enchanting ſound,
Though liſtening realms admir'd around.

VI.

How Horace own'd he thought the fire
Of his friend Pope's ſatiric line
Did farther fuel ſcarce require
From ſuch a militant divine:
How Milton ſcorn'd the ſophiſt vain
Who durſt approach his hallow'd ſtrain
With unwaſh'd hands and lips profane.

VII.

akeſpeare debonnair and mild
that ſtrange comment forth to view:
more deep, he ſaid and ſmil'd,
own fools or madmen knew:
k'd a generous friend above,
with free adventurous love
eants from his tomb remove.

VIII.

o Pope, in equal need,
: kind office thou wouldſt pay,
lwards, all the band decreed
ire Bards with frequent lay
ll on thy auſpicious name,
h abſurd intruder's claims,
inviolate their fame.

ODE XI.

TO THE

NTRY GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

I.

HITHER is Europe's ancient ſpirit fled?
Where are thoſe valiant tenants of her
iore,
rom the warrior bow the ſtrong dart ſped,
th firm hand the rapid pole-ax bore?
an and ſoldier was their common name,
ate with reapers to the furrow came,
1 the front of battle charg'd the foe:
aught the ſteer the wintery plough to en-
dure,
1 full councils check'd encroaching power,
: the guardian laws their majeſty to know.

II.

ho are ye? from Ebro's loitering ſons
ber's pageants, to the ſports of Seine;
Rhine's frail palaces to Danube's thrones
ities looking on the Cimbric main,
, ye ſelf-deſerted? whoſe proud lords
baffled your tame hands, and given your
words
viſh ruffians, hir'd for their command:
at ſome greedy monk's or harlot's nod,
ed nations crouch beneath their rod:
: the public will, the reaſon of the land.

III.

heedleſs Albion, what, alas! the while
ou preſume? O inexpert in arms,
in of freedom, how doſt thou beguile,
reams of hope, theſe near and loud alarms?
lendid home, thy plan of laws renown'd,
raiſe and envy of the nations round,
care haſt thou to guard from fortune's
way?
the ſtorms of war, how ſoon may all
ſty pile from its foundations fall,
the proud toil, the ruin of a day!

IV.

No: thou art rich, thy ſtreams and fertile vales
Add induſtry's wiſe gifts to nature's ſtore:
And every port is crouded with thy ſails,
And every wave throws treaſure on thy ſhore.
What boots it? If luxurious plenty charm
Thy ſelfiſh heart from glory, if thy arm
Shrink at the frowns of danger and of pain,
Thoſe gifts, that treaſure is no longer thine.
Oh rather far be poor. Thy gold will ſhine
Tempting the eye of force, and deck thee to thy bane.

V.

But what hath force or war to do with thee?
Girt by the azure tide, and thron'd ſublime
Amid thy floating bulwarks, thou canſt ſee,
With ſcorn, the fury of each hoſtile clime
Daſh'd ere it reach thee. Sacred from the foe
Are thy fair fields. Athwart thy guardian prow
No bold invader's foot ſhall tempt the ſtrand—
Yet ſay, my country, will the waves and wind
Obey thee? Haſt thou all thy hopes reſign'd
To the ſky's fickle faith? the pilot's wavering hand?

VI.

For oh! may neither fear nor ſtronger love
(Love, by thy virtuous princes nobly won)
Thee, laſt of many wretched nations, move,
With mighty armies ſtation'd round the throne
To truſt thy ſafety. Then farewell, the claims
Of freedom! Her proud records to the flames
Then bear, an offering at ambition's ſhrine;
Whate'er thy ancient patriots dar'd demand
From furious John's, or faithleſs Charles's hand,
Or what great William ſeal'd for his adopted line.

VII.

But if thy ſons be worthy of their name,
If liberal laws with liberal hearts they prize,
Let them from conqueſt, and from ſervile ſhame,
In war's glad ſchool their own protectors riſe.
Ye chiefly, heirs of Albion's cultur'd plains,
Ye leaders of her bold and faithful ſwains,
Now not unequal to your birth be found:
The public voice bids arm your rural ſtate,
Paternal hamlets for your enſigns wait,
And grange and fold prepare to pour their youth around.

VIII.

Why are ye tardy? what inglorious care
Detains you from their head, your native poſt?
Who moſt their country's fame and fortune ſhare,
'Tis theirs to ſhare her toils, her perils moſt.
Each man his taſk in ſocial life ſuſtains.
With partial labours, with domeſtic gains,
Let others dwell: to you indulgent heaven
By counſel and by arms the public cauſe
To ſerve for public love and love's applauſe,
The firſt employment far, the nobleſt hire, hath given.

IX.

Have ye not heard of Lacedæmon's fame?
Of Attic chiefs in Freedom's war divine?
Of Rome's dread generals? the Valerian name?
The Fabian ſons? the Scipios, matchleſs line?
Your lot was theirs. The farmer and the ſwain
Met his lov'd patron's ſummons from the plain:
The legions gather'd; the bright eagles flew;
Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourn'd;
The conquerors to their houſhold gods return'd,
And fed Calabrian flocks, and ſteer'd the Sabine plough.

X.

Shall then this glory of the antique age,
This pride of men, be loſt among mankind?
Shall war's heroic arts no more engage
The unbought hand, the unſubjected mind?
Doth valour to the race no more belong?
No more with ſcorn of violence and wrong
Doth forming nature now her ſons inſpire,
That, like ſome myſtery to few reveal'd,
The ſkill of arms abaſh'd and aw'd they yield,
And from their own defence with hopeleſs hearts retire?

XI.

O ſhame to human life, to human laws!
The looſe adventurer, hireling of a day,
Who his fell ſword without affection draws,
Whoſe God, whoſe country, is a tyrant's pay,
This man the leſſons of the field can learn:
Can every palm, which decks a warrior, earn,
And every pledge of conqueſt: while in vain,
To guard your altars, your paternal lands,
Are ſocial arms held out to your free hands:
Too arduous is the lore; too irkſome were the pain.

XII.

Meantime by Pleaſure's lying tales allur'd,
From the bright ſun and living breeze ye ſtray;
And deep in London's gloomy haunts immur'd,
Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's, health's decay.
O blind of choice and to yourſelves untrue!
The young grove ſhoots, their bloom the fields renew,
The manſion aſks its lord, the ſwains their friend;
While he doth riot's orgies haply ſhare,
Or tempt the gameſter's dark, deſtroying ſnare,
Or at ſome courtly ſhrine with ſlaviſh incenſe bend.

XIII.

And yet full oft your anxious tongues complain
That lawleſs tumult prompts the ruſtic throng;
That the rude village-inmates now diſdain
Thoſe homely ties which rul'd their fathers long.
Alas! your fathers did by other arts
Draw thoſe kind ties around their ſimple hearts,
And led in other paths their ductile will;
By ſuccour, faithful counſel, courteous cheer,
Won them the ancient manners to revere,
To prize their country's peace, and heaven's due rites fulfil.

XIV.

But mark the judgment of experienc'd Time,
Tutor of nations. Doth light diſcord tear
A ſtate? and impotent ſedition's crime? [there;
The powers of warlike prudence dwell not
The powers who to command and to obey,
Inſtruct the valiant. There would civil ſway
The riſing race to manly concord tame?
Oft let the marſhal'd field their ſteps unite,
And in glad ſplendor bring before their ſight
One common cauſe and one hereditary fame.

XV.

Nor yet be aw'd, nor yet your taſk diſown,
Though war's proud votaries look on ſevere;
Though ſecrets taught erewhile to them alone,
They deem profan'd by your intruding ear.
Let them in vain, your martial hope to quell,
Of new refinements, fiercer weapons tell,
And mock the old ſimplicity, in vain:
To the time's warfare, ſimple or refin'd,
The time itſelf adapts the warrior's mind;
And equal proweſs ſtill ſhall equal palms obtain.

XVI.

Say then; if England's youth, in earlier days,
On glory's field with well-train'd armies vy'd,
Why ſhall they now renounce that generous praiſe?
Why dread the foreign mercenary's pride?
Though Valois brav'd young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albert ruſh'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's choſen ſons in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's ſquires, nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd: [narch bound.
They ſaw their ſtandard fall, and left their mo-

XVII.

Such were the laurels which your father's won;
Such Glory's dictates in their dauntleſs breaſt:
—Is there no voice that ſpeaks to every ſon?
No nobler, holier call to You addreſs'd?
O! by majeſtic freedom, righteous laws,
By heavenly truth's, by manly reaſon's cauſe,
Awake; attend; be indolent no more:
By Friendſhip, ſocial Peace, domeſtic Love,
Riſe; arm; your country's living ſafety prove;
And train her valiant youth, and watch around her ſhore.

ODE XII.

ON RECOVERING FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS, *IN THE COUNTRY.*

I.

THY verdant ſcenes, O Goulder's hill,
Once more I ſeek, a languid gueſt:
With throbbing temples and with burden'd breaſt
Once more I climb thy ſteep aërial way.
O faithful cure of oft-returning ill,
Now call thy ſprightly breezes round,
Diſſolve this rigid cough profound,
And bid the ſprings of life with gentler movement play.

II.

How gladly 'mid the dews of dawn
By weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy weſt or the freſh north, inhale!
How gladly, while my muſing footſteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the ſunny lawn,
Awak'd I ſtop, and look to find
What ſhrub perfumes the pleaſant wind,
Or what wild ſongſter charms the Dryads of the grove,

III.

Now, ere the morning walk is done,
The diſtant voice of Health I hear
Welcome as beauty's to the lover's ear. [cries;
"Droop not, nor doubt of my return," ſhe
"Here will I, 'mid the radiant calm of noon,
"Meet thee beneath yon cheſnut bower,
"And lenient on thy boſom pour [ſkies."
"That indolence divine which lulls the earth and

IV.

The goddeſs promis'd not in vain,
I found her at my favourite time.
Nor wiſh'd to breathe in any ſofter clime,
While (half-reclin'd, half-ſlumbering as I lay)
She hover'd o'er me. Then, among her train
Of nymps and zephyrs, to my view
Thy gracious form appear'd anew [day.
Then firſt, O heavenly Muſe, unſeen for many a

V.

In that ſoft pomp the tuneful maid
Shone like the golden ſtar of love.
I ſaw her hand in careleſs meaſures move;
I heard ſweet preludes dancing on her lyre,
While my whole frame the ſacred ſound obey'd.
New ſhunſhine o'er my fancy ſprings,
New colours clothe external things, [tire.
And the laſt glooms of pain and ſickly plaint re-

VI.

O Goulder's hill, by thee reſtor'd
Once more to this enliven'd hand,
My harp, which late reſounded o'er the land
The voice of glory, ſolemn and ſevere,
My Dorian harp ſhall now with mild accord
To thee her joyful tribute pay,
And ſend a leſs-ambitious lay [ear.
Of Friendſhip and of Love to greet thy maſter's

VII.

For when within thy ſhady ſeat
Firſt from the ſultry town he choſe,
And the tir'd ſenate's cares, his wiſh'd repoſe,
Then waſt thou mine; to me a happier home
For ſocial leiſure: where my welcome feet,
Eſtrang'd from all the entangling ways
In which the reſtleſs vulgar ſtrays,
Through nature's ſimple paths with ancient faith
might roam.

VIII.

And while around his ſylvan ſcene
My Dyſon led the white-wing'd hours,
Oft from the Athenian Academic bowers
Their ſages came: oft heard our lingering walk
The Mantuan muſic warbling o'er the green:
And oft did Tully's reverend ſhade,
Though much for liberty afraid,
With us of letter'd eaſe or virtuous glory talk.

IX.

But other gueſts were on their way,
And reach'd erelong this favour'd grove;
Even the celeſtial progeny of Jove,
Bright Venus, with her all-ſubduing ſon,
Whoſe golden ſhaft moſt willingly obey
The beſt and wiſeſt. As they came,
Glad Hymen wav'd his genial flame,
And ſang their happy gifts, and prais'd their ſpotleſs throne.

X.

I ſaw when through yon feſtive gate
He led along his choſen maid,
And to my friend with ſmiles preſenting ſaid;
"Receive that faireſt wealth which Heaven aſſign'd
"To human fortune. Did thy lonely ſtate
"One wiſh, one utmoſt hope confeſs?
"Behold, ſhe comes, to adorn and bleſs:
"Comes, worthy of thy heart, and equal to thy mind."

ODE XIII.

TO THE AUTHOR OF MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF BRANDENBURG.

I.

THE men renown'd as chiefs of human race,
And born to lead in counſels or in arms,
Have ſeldom turn'd their feet from Glory's chace,
To dwell with books, or court the Muſe's charms.
Yet, to our eyes if haply time hath brought
Some genuine tranſcript of their calmer thought,
There ſtill we own the wiſe, the great, or good;
And Cæſar there and Xenophon are ſeen,
As clear in ſpirit and ſublime of mein,
As on Pharſalian plains, or by the Aſſyrian flood.

II.

Say thou too, Frederic, was not this thy aim?
Thy vigils could the ſtudent's lamp engage,
Except for this? except that future fame
Might read thy genius in the faithful page?
That if hereafter Envy ſhall preſume
With words irreverent to inſcribe thy tomb,
And baſer weeds upon thy palms to fling,
That hence poſterity may try thy reign,
Aſſert thy treaties, and thy wars explain,
And view in native lights the hero and the king.

III.

O evil foreſight and pernicious care!
Wilt thou indeed abide by this appeal?
Shall we the leſſons of thy pen compare
With private honour or with public zeal?
Whence then at things divine thoſe darts of ſcorn? [borne
Why are the woes, which virtuous men have
For ſacred Truth, a prey to laughter given?
What fiend, what foe of nature, urged thy arm
The Almighty of his ſceptre to diſarm?
To puſh this earth adrift, and leave it looſe from heaven?

IV.

Ye god-like ſhades of legiſlators old,
Ye who made Rome victorious, Athens wiſe,
Ye firſt of mortals, with the bleſs'd inroll'd,
Say, did not horror in your boſoms riſe,
When thus by impious vanity impell'd
A magiſtrate, a monarch, ye beheld
Affronting civil order's holieſt bands?
Thoſe bands which ye ſo labour'd to improve?
Thoſe hopes and fears of juſtice from above,
Which tam'd the ſavage world to your divine commands?

ODE XIV.

THE COMPLAINT.

I.

AWAY! Away!
Tempt me no more, inſidious Love:
Thy ſoothing ſway
Long did my youthful boſom prove:
At length thy treaſon is diſcern'd,
At length ſome dear-bought caution earn'd:
Away! nor hope my riper age to move.

II.

I know, I ſee
Her merit. Needs it now be ſhewn,
Alas! to me?
How often, to myſelf unknown,
The graceful, gentle, virtuous maid
Have I admir'd! How often ſaid,
What joy to call a heart like her's one's own.

III.

But, flattering god,
O ſquanderer of content and eaſe,
In thy abode
Will care's rude leſſon learn to pleaſe?
Oſay, deceiver, haſt thou won
Proud Fortune to attend thy throne,
Or plac'd thy friends above her ſtern decrees?

ODE XV.

ON DOMESTIC MANNERS.

(UNFINISHED.)

I.

MEEK honour, female ſhame, [ſky,
O! whither, ſweeteſt offspring of the
From Albion doſt thou fly;
Of Albion's daughters once the favourite ſame?
O Beauty's only friend,
Who giv'ſt her pleaſing reverence to inſpire;
Who ſelfiſh, bold deſire
Doſt to eſteem and dear affection turn;
Alas! of thee forlorn, [tend?
What joy, what praiſe, what hope can life pre-

II.

Behold; our youths in vain
Concerning nuptial happineſs enquire:
Our maids no more aſpire
The arts of baſhful Hymen to attain;
But with triumphant eyes
And cheeks impaſſive, as they move along,
Aſk homage of the throng.
The lover ſwears that in an harlot's arms
Are found the ſelf-ſame charms,
And worthleſs and deſerted lives and dies.

III.

Behold; unbleſs'd at home,
The father of the cheerleſs houſhold mourns:
The night in vain returns,
For love and glad content at diſtance roam;
While ſhe, in whom his mind
Seeks refuge from the day's dull taſk of cares,
To meet him ſhe prepares, [art,
Through noiſe and ſpleen, and all the gameſter's
A liſtleſs, haraſs'd heart,
Where not one tender thought can welcome find.

IV.

'Twas thus, along the ſhore
Of Thames, Britannia's guardian Genius heard,
From many a tongue preferr'd,
Of ſtrife and grief the ſond invective lore:
At which the queen divine
Indignant, with her adamantine ſpear
Like thunder ſounding near,
Smote the red croſs upon her ſilver ſhield,
And thus her wrath reveal'd.
(I watch'd her awful words and made them mine.)

* * * * * * *

HYMN

TO THE NAIADS.

The Nymphs who preſide over ſprings and rivulets, are addreſſed at day-break, in honour of their ſeveral functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural, and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the firſt allegorical diction, or powers of nature; according to the doctrine of the old mythological poets, concerning the generation of the gods and the riſe of things. They are then ſucceſſively conſidered, as giving motion to the air and exciting ſummer-breezes; as nouriſhing and beautifying the vegetable creation; as contributing to the fullneſs of navigable rivers, and conſequently to the maintenance of commerce; and by that means, to the maritime part of military power. Next is repreſented their favourable influence upon health, when aſſiſted by rural exerciſe: which introduces their connection with the art of phyſic, and the happy effects of mineral medical ſprings. Laſtly, they are celebrated for the friendſhip which the muſes bear them, and for the true inſpiration which temperance only can receive: In oppoſition to the enthuſiaſm of the more licentious poets.

O'ER yonder eaſtern hill the twilight pale
Walks forth from darkneſs; and the God of day,
With bright Aſtræa ſeated by his ſide,
Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, Nymphs,
Ye Nymphs, ye blue-ey'd progeny of Thames,
Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
Trace with your fleeting ſteps; who all night long
Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,
Your lonely murmurs, tarry; and receive
My offer'd lay. To pay you homage due,
I leave the gates of ſleep; nor ſhall my lyre
Too far into the ſplendid hours of morn
Engage your audience: my obſervant hand
Shall cloſe the ſtrain ere any ſultry beam
Approach you. To your ſubterranean haunts
Ye then may timely ſteal; to pace with care
The humid ſands; to looſen from the ſoil
The bubling ſources; to direct the rills
To meet in wider channels; or beneath
Some grotto's dripping arch, at height of noon
To ſlumber, ſhelter'd from the burning heaven.
Where ſhall my ſong begin, ye Nymphs? or end?
Wide is your praiſe and copious—Firſt of things,
Firſt of the lonely powers, ere Time aroſe,

Were love and Chaos. Love the ſire of Fate;
Elder and Chaos Born of Fate was Time,
Who many ſons and many comely births
Devour'd, relentleſs father: till the child
Of Rhea drove him from the upper ſky,
And quell'd his deadly might. Then ſocial reign'd
The kindred powers, Tethys, and reverend Ops,
And ſpotleſs Veſta; while ſupreme of ſway
Remain'd the cloud-compeller. From the couch
Of Tethys ſprang the ſedgy crowned race,
Who from a thouſand urns, o'er every clime,
Send tribute to their parent: and from them
Are ye, O Naiads: Arethuſa fair,
And tuneful Aganippe; that ſweet name,
Banduſia; that ſoft family which dwelt
With Syrian Daphne; and the honor'd tribes
Belov'd of Pæon. Liſten to my ſtrain,
Daughters of Tethys: liſten to your praiſe [old
You, Nymphs the winged offspring, which of
Aurora to divine Aſtræus bore,
Owns; and your kind beſe cheth. When the might
Of Hyperion, from his noontide throne,
Unbends their languid pinions, aid from you
They aſk: Favonius and the mild South-weſt
From you relief implore. Your ſallying ſtreams
Freſh vigour to their weary wings impart.
Again they fly, diſporting; from the mead
Half-ripen'd and the tender blades of corn,
To ſweep the noxious mildew; or diſpel
Contagious ſteams, which oft the parched earth
Breathes on her fainting ſons. From noon to eve,
Along the river and the paved brook,
Aſcend the cheerful breezes: hail'd of bards
Who, faſt by learned Cam, the Æolian lyre
Solicit; nor unwelcome to the youth
Who on the heights of Tibur, all inclin'd
O'er ruſhing Anio, with a pious hand
The reverend ſcene delineates, broken fanes,
Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
Of ancient Time; and hapiy, while he ſcans
The ruins, with a ſilent tear revolves
The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.
You too, O Nymphs, and your unenvious aid
The rural powers confeſs; and ſtill prepare
For you their choiceſt treaſures. Pan commands,
Oft as the Delian king, with Sirius holds
The central heavens, the father of the grove
Commands his Dryads over your abodes
To ſpread their deepeſt umbrage. Well the god
Remembereth how indulgent ye ſupplied
Your general dews to nurſe them in their prime.
Pales, the paſture's queen, where-e'er ye ſtray;
Purſues your ſteps, delighted; and the path
With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts
The laughing Chloris, with profuſeth hand, [you
Throws wide her blooms, her odors. Still with
Pomona ſeeks to dwell: and o'er the lawns,
And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with
Thames
Ye love to wander, Amalthea pours
Well-pleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,
Her dower; unmindful of the fragrant iſles
Nyſæan or Atlantic. Nor canſt thou,
(Albeit oft, ungrateful, thou doſt mock
The beverage of the ſober Naiad's urn,
O Bromius, O Lenæen) nor canſt thou
Diſown the powers whoſe bounty, ill repaid,
With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,
Yet, blameleſs Nymphs, from my delighted lyre,
Accept the rites your bounty well may claim,
Nor heed the ſcoffings of the Edonian band. [fire,
For better praiſe awaits you. Thames, your
As down the verdant ſlope your duteous rills
Deſcend, the tribute ſtately Thames, receives,
Delighted; and your piety applauds;
And bids his copious tide roll on ſecure,
For faithful are his daughters; and with words
Auſpicious gratulates the bark which, now
His banks forſaking, her adventurous wings
Yields to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts
Extremeſt iſles to bleſs. And oft at morn,
When Hermes, from Olympus bent o'er earth
To bear the words of Jove, on yonder hill
Stoops lightly-ſailing; oft intent your ſprings
He views: and waving o'er ſome new-born ſtream
His bleſt pacific wand, "And yet," he cries,
"Yet," cries the ſon of Maia, "though recluſe
"And ſilent be your ſtores, from you, fair Nymphs,
"Flows wealth and kind ſociety to men.
"By you my function and my honor'd name
"Do I poſſeſs; while o'er the Bœtic vale, [palms
"Or through the towers of Memphis, or the
"By ſacred Ganges water'd, I conduct
"The Engliſh merchant: with the buxom fleece
"Of fertile Ariconium while I clothe
"Sarmatian kings; or to the houſhold gods
"Of Syria, from the bleak Cornubian ſhore,
"Diſpenſe the mineral treaſure which of old
"Sidonian pilots ſought, when this fair land
"Was yet unconſcious of thoſe generous arts
"Which wiſe Phœnicia from their native clime
"Tranſplanted to a more indulgent heaven."
Such are the words of Hermes: ſuch the praiſe,
O Naiads, which from tongues cœleſtial waits
Your bounteous deeds. From bounty iſſueth
power:
And thoſe who, ſedulous in prudent works,
Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays
With noble wealth, and his own ſeat on earth,
Fit judgments to pronounce, and curb the might
Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns
Not vainly to the hoſpitable arts
Of Hermes yield their ſtore. For, O ye Nymphs,
Hath he not won the unconquerable queen
Of arms to court your friendſhip? You ſhe owns
The fair aſſociates who extend her ſway
Wide o'er the mighty deep; and grateful things
Of you ſhe uttereth, oft as from the ſhore [banks
Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green
Of Vecta, ſhe her thundering navy leads.
To Calpe's foaming channel, or the rough
Cantabrian ſurge, her auſpices divine
Imparting to the ſenate and the prince
Of Albion, to diſmay barbaric kings,
The Iberian, or the Celt. The pride of kings
Was ever ſcorn'd by Pallas: and of old
Rejoic'd the virgin, from the brazen prow
Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy ſurge,
To drive her clouds and ſtorms; o'erwhelming all
The Perſian's promis'd glory, when the realms
Of Indus and the ſoft Ionian clime,
When Libya's torrid champaign and the rocks
Of cold Imaüs join'd their ſervile bands,
To ſweep the ſons of liberty from earth.

In vain: Minerva on the bounding prow
Of Athens ſtood, and with the thunder's voice
Denounc'd her terrors on their impious heads,
And ſhook her burning ægis. Xerxes ſaw:
From Heracléum, in the mountain's height
Thron'd in his golden car, he knew the ſign
Cœleſtial; felt unrighteous hope forſake
His faultering heart, and turn'd his face with ſhame.

Hail, ye who ſhare the ſtern Minerva's power;
Who arm the hand of liberty for war:
And give to the renown'd Britannic name
To awe contending monarchs: yet benign,
Yet mind of nature: to the works of peace
More prone, and lenient of the many ills
Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid
Hygeia well can witneſs; ſhe who ſaves,
From poiſonous cates and cups of pleaſing bane,
The wretch devoted to the intangling ſnares
Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him ſhe leads
To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To ſpread the toils,
To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
At dawn of day to ſummon the loud hounds,
She calls the lingering ſluggard from his dreams:
And where his breaſt may drink the mountain breeze,
And where the fervor of the ſunny vale
May beat upon his brow, through devious paths
Beckons his rapid courſer. Nor when eaſe,
Cool eaſe and welcome ſlumbers have becalm'd
His eager boſom, does the queen of health
Her pleaſing care withhold. His decent board
She guards, preſiding; and the frugal powers
With joy ſedate leads in: and while the brown
Ennæan dame with Pan preſents her ſtores;
While changing ſtill, and comely in the change,
Vertumnus and the Hours before him ſpread
The garden's banquet; you to crown his feaſt,
To crown his feaſt, O Naiads, you the fair
Hygeia calls: and from your ſhelving ſeats,
And groves of poplar, plenteous cups ye bring,
To ſlake his veins: till ſoon a purer tide
Flows down thoſe loaded channels: waſheth off
The dregs of luxury, the lurking ſeeds
Of crude diſeaſe; and through the abodes of life
Sends vigour, ſends repoſe. Hail, Naiads: hail,
Who give, to labour, health; to ſtooping age,
The joys which youth had ſquander'd. Oft your
Will I invoke; and frequent in your praiſe,
Abaſh the frantic Thyrſus with my ſong.

For not eſtrang'd from your benignant arts
Is he, the god, to whoſe myſterious ſhrine
My youth was ſacred, and my votive cares
Belong; the learned Pæon. Oft when all
His cordial treaſures he hath ſearch'd in vain:
When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm
Rich with the genial influence of the ſun,
(To rouſe dark fancy from her plaintive dreams,
To brace the nerveleſs arm, with food to win
Sick appetite, or huſh the unquiet breaſt
Which pines with ſilent paſſion) he in vain
Hath prov'd; to your deep manſions he deſcends,
Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,
He entereth: where impurpled veins of ore
Gleam on the roof; where through the rigid mine
Your trickling rills inſinuate. There the god
From your indulgent hands the ſtreaming bowl
Waſts to his pale-ey'd ſuppliants; waſts the ſeeds
Metallic, and the elemental ſalts
Waſh'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink: and ſoon
Flies pain: flies inauſpicious care: and ſoon
The ſocial haunt or unfrequented ſhade
Hears Io, Io Pæan; as of old,
When Pythian fell. And, O propitious Nymphs,
Oft as for helpleſs mortals I implore
Your ſalutary ſprings, through every urn
Oh ſhed your healing treaſures. With the firſt
And pureſt breath, which from the genial ſtrife
Of mineral fermentation ſprings, like light
O'er the freſh morning's vapours, luſtrate then
The fountain, and inform the riſing wave.

My lyre ſhall pay your bounty. Scorn not ye
That humble tribute. Though a mortal hand
Excite the ſtrings to utterance, yet for themes
Not unregarded of cœleſtial powers,
I frame their language; and the Muſes deign
To guide the pious tenor of my lay.
The Muſes (ſacred by their gifts divine)
In early days did not my wondering ſenſe
Their ſecrets oft reveal: oft my rais'd ear
In ſlumber felt their muſic: oft at noon
Or hour of ſunſet, by ſome lonely ſtream,
In field or ſhady grove, they taught me words
Of power from death and envy to preſerve
The good man's name. Whence yet with grateful mind,
And offerings unprofan'd by ruder eye,
My vows I ſend, my homage, to the ſeats
Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell:
Where you their chaſte companions they admit
Through all the hallow'd ſcene: where oft intent,
And leaning o'er Caſtalia's moſſy verge,
They mark the cadence of their confluent urns,
How tuneful, yielding gratefulleſt repoſe
To their conſorted meaſure: till again,
With emulation all the ſounding choir,
And bright Apollo, leader of the ſong
Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
And ſweep their lofty ſtrings: thoſe powerful ſtrings
That charm the mind of gods: that fill the courts
Of wide Olympus with oblivion ſweet
Of evils, with immortal reſt from cares:
Aſſuage the terrors of the throne of Jove;
And quench the formidable thunderbolt
Of unrelenting fire. With ſlacken'd wings
While now the ſolemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the ſceptre of his lord
Sleeps the ſtern eagle; by the number'd notes,
Poſſeſs'd; and ſatiate with the melting tone:
Sovereign of birds. The furious god of war,
His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plain,
Relents, and ſooths his own fierce heart to eaſe,
Moſt welcome eaſe. The ſire of gods and men,
In that great moment of divine delight,
Looks down on all that live; and whatſoe'er
He loves not, o'er the peopled earth and o'er
Th' interminated ocean, he beholds
Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom ſevere,
And troubled at the ſound. Ye, Naiads, ye
With raviſh'd ears the melody attend
Worthy of ſacred ſilence. But the ſlaves
Of Bacchus with tempeſtuous clamours ſtrive

To drown the heavenly ſtrains; of higheſt Jove
Irreverent, and by mad preſumption fir'd
Their own diſcordant raptures to advance
With hoſtile emulation. Down they ruſh
From Nyſa's vine-impurpled cliff, the dames
O Thrace, the Satyrs, and the unruly Fauns,
With old Silenus, reeling through the crowd
Which gambols round him, in convulſions wild
Toſſing their limbs, and brandiſhing in air
The ivy-mantled thyrſus, or the torch
Through black ſmoke flaming, to the Phrygian pipe's
Shrill voice, and to the claſhing cymbals, mix'd
With ſhrieks and frantic uproar. May the gods
From every unpolluted ear avert
Their orgies! If within the ſeats of men,
Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
The guardian key, if haply there be found
Who loves to mingle with the revel-band
And hearken to their accents; who aſpires
From ſuch inſtructors to inform his breaſt
With verſe; let him, fit votariſt, implore
Their inſpiration. He perchance the gifts
Of young Lyæus, and the dread exploits,
May ſing in apteſt numbers: he the fate
Of ſober Pentheus, he the Paphian rites,
And naked Mars with Cytherea chain'd,
And ſtrong Alcides in the ſpinſter's robes,
May celebrate, applauded. But with you,
O Naiads, far from that unhallow'd rout,
Muſt dwell the man whoe'er to praiſed themes
Invokes the immortal Muſe. The immortal Muſe
To your calm habitations, to the cave
Corycian or the Delphic mount, will guide
His footſteps; and with your unſullied ſtreams
His lips will bathe: whether the eternal lore
Of Themis, or the majeſty of Jove,
To mortals he reveal; or teach his lyre
The unenvied guerdon of the patriot's toils,
In thoſe unfading iſlands of the bleſs'd,
Where ſacred Bards abide. Hail, honor'd Nymphs;
Thrice hail. For you the Cyrenaïc ſhell
Behold, I touch, revering. To my ſongs
Be preſent ye with favourable feet,
And all profaner audience far remove.

INSCRIPTIONS.

I.

FOR A GROTTO.

TO me, whom in their lays the ſhepherd's call
Actea, daughter of the neighbouring ſtream,
This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
Which o'er the rocky entrance downward ſhoot,
Were plac'd by Glycon. He with cowſlips pale,
Primroſe, and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
Before my threſhold, and my ſhelving walls
With honeyſuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
Lull'd by the murmur of my riſing fount,
I ſlumber: here my cluſtering fruits I tend:
Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,
Freſh garlands weave, and chace fr
bounds
Each thing impure or noxious. Enter
O ſtranger, undiſmay'd. Nor bat, nc
Here lurks: and if thy breaſt of blamel
Approve thee, not unwelcome ſhalt th
My quiet manſion: chiefly, if thy na
Wiſe Pallas and the immortal Muſes

II.

FOR A STATUE OF CHAU

AT WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer: Such the
Of him who firſt with harmony i
The language of our fathers. Here h
For many a cheerful day. Theſe anci
Have often heard him, while his leger
He ſang; of love, or knighthood, or
Of homely life: through each eſtate a
The faſhions and the follies of the wo
With cunning hand pourtraying. T
chance
From Blenheim's towers, O ſtrange
come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; y
Doſt thou applaud them if thy breaſt l
To him, this other hero; who in time
Dark and untaught, began with charmi
To tame the rudeneſs of his native lan

III.

WHOE'ER thou art whoſe path in
Through yonder village, turn
the grove
Of branching oaks a rural palace old
Imboſoms. There dwells Albert, gen
Of all the harveſt round. And onwar
A low plain chapel fronts the morning
Faſt by a ſilent rivulet. Humbly wal
O ſtranger, o'er the conſecrated groun
And on that verdant hillock, which th
Beſet with oſiers, let thy pious hand
Sprinkle freſh water from the brook,
Sweet-ſmelling flowers. For there d
reſt,
The learned ſhepherd; for each rural
Fam'd, and for ſongs harmonious, an
Of ill-requited love. The faithleſs pr
Of fair Matilda ſank him to the grave
In manhood's prime. But ſoon di
With tears, with ſharp remorſe, and p
Avenge her falſhood. Nor could all t
And nuptial pomp, which lur'd her pl
From Edmund to a loftier huſband's h
Relieve her breaking heart, or turn al
The ſtrokes of Death. Go, traveller
The mournful ſtory. Haply ſome fai
May hold it in remembrance, and be t
That riches cannot pay for truth or lo

IV.

O YOUTHS and virgins: O deceli
O pale Misfortune's ſlaves; O y
Unknown with humble quiet; ye wh
In courts, or fill the golden ſeat of ki

O ſons of Sport and Pleaſure: O thou wretch
That weep'ſt for jealous love, or the ſore wounds
Of conſcious Guilt, or Death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope; O ye who roam
In exile; ye who through the imbattled field
Seek bright renown; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cauſe;
Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the faſhion of your own eſtate,
The ſecrets of your boſom? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while ye ſtand,
Say to each other: "This was Shakeſpeare's form;
"Who walk'd in every path of human life,
"Felt every paſſion; and to all mankind
"Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
"Which his own genius only could acquire."

V.

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

THOU, who the verdant plain doſt traverſe here,
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires; O ſtranger, ſtay thee, and the ſcene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms
And ſtern with conqueſt, from their tyrant king
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and ſecure
The charter of thy freedom. Paſs not on
Till thou haſt bleſs'd their memory, and paid
Thoſe thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
Go, call thy ſons: inſtruct them what a debt
They owe their anceſtors; and make them ſwear
To pay it, by tranſmitting down intire
Thoſe ſacred rights to which themſelves were born.

VI.

THE WOOD NYMPH.

APPROACH in ſilence. 'Tis no vulgar tale
Which I, the Dryad of this hoary oak,
Pronounce to mortal ears. The ſecond age
Now haſteneth to its period, ſince I roſe
On this fair lawn. The groves of yonder vale
Are all my offſpring; and each Nymph, who guards
The copſes and the furrow'd fields beyond,
Obeys me. Many changes have I ſeen
In human things, and many awful deeds
Of Juſtice, when the ruling hand of Jove
Againſt the tyrants of the land, againſt
The unhallow'd ſons of luxury and guile,
Was arm'd for retribution. Thus at length
Expert in laws divine, I know the paths
Of Wiſdom, and erroneous Folly's end
Have oft preſag'd: and now well-pleas'd I wait
Each evening till a noble youth, who loves
My ſhade, a while releas'd from public cares,
Yon peaceful gate ſhall enter, and ſit down
Beneath my branches. Then his muſing mind
I prompt, unſeen; and place before his view
Sincereſt forms of good: and move his heart
With the dread bounties of the Sire Supreme
Of gods and men, with Freedom's generous deeds,
The lofty voice of Glory and the faith
Of acred Friendſhip. Stranger, I have told
My function. If within thy boſom dwell
Aught which may challenge praiſe, thou wilt not leave
Unhonour'd my abode, nor ſhall I hear
A ſparing benediction from thy tongue.

VII.

YE powers unſeen, to whom the Bards of Greece
Erected altars; ye who to the mind
More lofty views unfold, and prompt the heart
With more divine emotions; if erewhile
Not quite unpleaſing have my votive rites
Of you been deem'd when oft this lonely ſeat
To you I conſecrated; then vouchſafe
Here with your inſtant energy to crown
My happy ſolitude. It is the hour
When moſt I love to invoke you, and have felt
Moſt frequent your glad miniſtry divine.
The air is calm: the ſun's unveiled orb
Shines in the middle heaven. The harveſt round
Stands quiet, and among the golden ſheaves
The reapers lie reclin'd. The neighbouring groves
Are mute; nor even a linnet's random ſtrain
Echoeth amid the ſilence. Let me feel
Your influence, ye kind powers. Aloft in heaven
Abide ye? or on thoſe tranſparent clouds
Paſs ye from hill to hill? or on the ſhades
Which yonder elms caſt o'er the lake below
Do you converſe retir'd? From what lov'd haunt
Shall I expect you? Let me once more feel
Your influence, O ye kind inſpiring powers:
And I will guard it well, nor ſhall a thought
Riſe in my mind, nor ſhall a paſſion move
Acroſs my boſom unobſerv'd, unſtor'd
By faithful memory. And then at ſome
More active moment, will I call them forth
Anew; and join them in majeſtic forms,
And give them utterance in harmonious ſtrains;
That all mankind ſhall wonder at your ſway.

VIII.

ME though in life's ſequeſter'd vale
The Almighty Sire ordain'd to dwell,
Remote from Glory's toilſome ways,
And the great ſcenes of public praiſe;
Yet let me ſtill with grateful pride
Remember how my infant frame
He temper'd with prophetic flame,
And early muſic to my tongue ſupply'd.

Twas then my future fate he weigh'd.
And, This be thy concern, he ſaid,
At once with Paſſion's keen alarms,
And Beauty's pleaſurable charms,
And ſacred Truth's eternal light,
To move the various mind of man;
Till under one unblemiſh'd plan,
His reaſon, fancy, and his heart unite.

AN EPISTLE TO CURIO*.

THRICE has the Spring beheld thy faded fame,
And the fourth Winter riſes on thy ſhame,
Since I exulting graſp'd the votive ſhell,
In ſounds of triumph all thy praiſe to tell;
Bleſt could my ſkill through ages make thee ſhine,
And proud to mix my memory with thine.
But now the cauſe that wak'd my ſong before,
With praiſe, with triumph, crowns the toil no more.
If to the glorious man, whoſe faithful cares,
Nor quell'd by malice, nor relax'd by years,
Had aw'd ambition's wild audacious hate,
And dragg'd at length Corruption to her fate;
If every tongue its large applauſes ow'd,
And well-earn'd laurels every Muſe beſtow'd;
If public juſtice urg'd the high reward,
And freedom ſmil'd on the devoted Bard:
Say then, to him whoſe levity or luſt
Laid all a people's generous hopes in duſt;
Who taught Ambition firmer heights of power,
And ſav'd Corruption at her hopeleſs hour;
Does not each tongue its execrations owe?
Shall not each Muſe a wreath of ſhame beſtow?
And public juſtice ſanctify the award?
And Freedom's hand protect the impartial bard?
Yet long reluctant I forbore thy name,
Long watch'd thy virtue like a dying flame, [eyes,
Hung o'er each glimmering ſpark with anxious
And wiſh'd and hop'd the light again would riſe.
But ſince thy guilt ſtill more intire appears,
Since no art hides, no ſuppoſition clears;
Since vengeful Slander now too ſinks her blaſt,
And the firſt rage of party-hate is paſt;
Calm as the Judge of Truth, at length I come
To weigh thy merits, and pronounce thy doom:
So may my truſt from all reproach be free,
And Earth and Time confirm the fair decree.
There are who ſay they view'd without amaze
Thy ſad reverſe of all thy former praiſe;
That through the pageants of a patriot's name,
They pierc'd the foulneſs of thy ſecret aim;
Or deem'd thy arm exalted but to throw
The public thunder on a private foe.

But I, whoſe ſoul conſented to thy cauſe,
Who felt thy genius ſtamp its own applauſe,
Who ſaw the ſpirits of each glorious age
Move in thy boſom, and direct thy rage;
I ſcorn'd the ungenerous gloſs of ſlaviſh minds,
The owl-eyed race, whom Virtue's luſtre blinds,
Spite of the learned in the ways of Vice,
And all who prove "that each man has his price,"
I ſtill believ'd thy end was juſt and free,
And yet, even yet believe it—ſpite of thee.
Even though thy mouth impure has dar'd diſdaim,
Urg'd by the wretched impotence of ſhame,
Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid
To laws infirm and liberty decay'd;
Has begg'd Ambition to forgive the ſhow;
Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her foe;
Has boaſted in thy country's awful ear,
Her groſs deluſion when ſhe held thee dear;
How tame ſhe follow'd thy tempeſtuous call,
And heard thy pompous tales, and truſted all—
Riſe from your ſad abodes, ye curſt of old
For laws ſubverted, and for cities ſold!
Paint all the nobleſt trophies of your guilt,
The oaths you perjur'd, and the blood you ſpilt;
Yet muſt you one untempted vileneſs own,
One dreadful palm reſerv'd for him alone:
With ſtudied arts his country's praiſe to ſpurn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
To challenge hate when honour was his due,
And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew.
Do robes of ſtate the guarded heart incloſe
From each fair feeling human nature knows?
Can pompous titles ſtun the inchanted ear,
To all that reaſon, all that ſenſe, would hear?
Elſe could'ſt thou e'er deſert thy ſacred poſt,
In ſuch unthankful baſeneſs to be loſt?
Elſe could'ſt thou wed the emptineſs of vice,
And yield thy glories at an ideot's price?
When they who, loud for liberty and laws,
In doubtful times had fought their country's cauſe,
When now of conqueſt and dominion ſure,
They ſought alone to hold their fruits ſecure;
When taught by theſe, Oppreſſion hid the face,
To leave Corruption ſtronger in her place,
By ſilent ſpells to work the public fate,
And taint the vitals of the paſſive ſtate,
Till healing Wiſdom ſhould avail no more,
And Freedom loath to tread the poiſon'd ſhore:
Then, like ſome guardian god that flies to ſave
The weary pilgrim from an inſtant grave,
Whom, ſleeping and ſecure, the guileful ſnake
Steals near and nearer through the peaceful brake;
Then Curio roſe to ward the public woe,
To wake the heedleſs, and incite the ſlow,
Againſt Corruption Liberty to arm,
And quell the enchantreſs by a mightier charm.
Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
And with thy country's hopes thy honours grew.
Thee, Patriot, the patrician roof confeſs'd:
Thy powerful voice the reſcued merchant bleſs'd
Of thee with awe the rural hearth reſounds;
The bowl to thee the grateful ſailor crowns;
Touch'd in the ſighing ſhade with manlier fires,
To trace thy ſteps the love-ſick youth aſpires;
The learn'd recluſe, who oft amaz'd had read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,

* Curio was a young Roman Senator of diſtinguiſhed birth and parts, who, upon his firſt entrance into the Forum, had been committed to the care of Cicero. Being profuſe and extravagant, he ſoon diſſipated a large and ſplendid fortune; to ſupply the want of which, he was driven to the neceſſity of abetting the deſigns of Cæſar againſt the liberties of his country, although he had before been a profeſſed enemy to him.—Cicero exerted himſelf with great energy to prevent his ruin, but without effect, and he became one of the firſt victims in the civil war. This epiſtle was firſt publiſhed in the year 1744, when a celebrated patriot, after a long and at laſt a ſucceſsful oppoſition to an unpopular miniſter, had deſerted the cauſe of his country, and become the foremoſt in ſupport and defence of the ſame meaſures he had ſo ſteadily and for ſuch a length of time contended againſt. It was altered by the Author into the "Ode to Curio;" but the original poem is too curious to be omitted. N.

With new amazement hears a living name
Pretend to ſhare in ſuch forgotten fame;
And he who, ſcorning courts and courtly ways,
Left the tame track of theſe dejected days,
The life of nobler ages to renew
In virtues ſacred from a monarch's view,
Rouz'd by thy labours from the bleſt retreat,
Where ſocial eaſe and public paſſions meet,
Again aſcending treads the civil ſcene,
To act and be a man, as thou hadſt been.
Thus by degrees thy cauſe ſuperior grew,
And the great end appear'd at laſt in view:
We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice;
We ſaw the ſenate bending to thy voice;
The friends of freedom hail'd the approaching reign
Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain;
While venal Faction, ſtruck with new diſmay,
Shrunk at their frown, and ſelf-abandon'd lay.
Wak'd in the ſhock, the Public Genius roſe,
Abaſh'd and keener from his long repoſe;
Sublime in ancient pride, he rais'd the ſpear
Which ſlaves and tyrants long were wont to fear:
The city felt his call: from man to man,
From ſtreet to ſtreet, the glorious horror ran;
Each crouded haunt was ſtirr'd beneath his power,
And, murmuring, challeng'd the deciding hour.
Lo! the deciding hour at laſt appears;
The hour of every freeman's hope and fears!
Thou, Genius! Guardian of the Roman name,
O ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame!
Inſtruct the mighty moments as they roll,
And guide each movement ſteady to the goal.
Ye ſpirits, by whoſe providential art
Succeeding motives turn the changeful heart,
Keep, keep the beſt in view to Curio's mind,
And watch his fancy, and his paſſions bind!
Ye ſhades immortal, who, by Freedom led,
Or in the field, or on the ſcaffold bled,
Bend from your radiant ſeats a joyful eye,
And view the crown of all your labours nigh.
See Freedom mounting her eternal throne!
The ſword ſubmitted, and the laws her own:
See! public Power chaſtis'd beneath her ſtands,
With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands!
See private life by wiſeſt arts reclaim'd!
See ardent youth to nobleſt manners fram'd!
See us acquire whate'er was fought by you,
If Curio, only Curio will be true.
'Twas then—O Shame! O Truſt how ill repaid!
O Latium, oft by faithleſs ſons betray'd!—
'Twas then—What frenzy on thy reaſon ſtole?
What ſpells unſtrew'd thy determin'd ſoul?
—Is this the man in Freedom's cauſe approv'd?
The man ſo great, ſo honour'd, ſo beloved?
This patient ſlave by tinſel chains allur'd?
This wretched ſuitor for a boon abhor'd?
This Curio, hated and deſpiſ'd by all?
Who ſell himſelf, to work his country's fall?
O loſt, alike to action and repoſe!
Unknown, unpitied in the worſt of woes!
With all that conſcious, undiſſembled pride,
Sold to the inſults of a foe defy'd!
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Doom'd to exhauſt the dregs of life in ſhame!
The ſole ſad refuge of thy baffled art,
To act a ſtateſman's dull, exploded part,
Renounce the praiſe no longer in thy power,
Diſplay thy virtue, though without a dower,
Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
And ſhut thy eyes that others may be blind.
—Forgive me, Romans, that I bear to ſmile
When ſhameleſs mouths your majeſty defile,
Paint you a thoughtleſs, frantic, headlong crew,
And caſt their own impieties on you.
For witneſs, Freedom, to whoſe ſacred power
My ſoul was vow'd from reaſon's earlieſt hour,
How have I ſtood exulting, to ſurvey
My country's virtues opening in thy ray!
How, with the ſons of every foreign ſhore [more!
The more I match'd them, honour'd her's the
O race erect! whoſe native ſtrength of ſoul,
Which kings, nor prieſts, nor ſordid laws controul;
Burſts the tame round of animal affairs,
And ſeeks a nobler centre for its cares;
Intent the laws of life to comprehend,
And fix dominion's limits by its end.
Who, bold and equal in their love or hate,
By conſcious reaſon judging every ſtate,
The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's diſguiſe:
Thence prompt alike with witty ſcorn to view
Faſtidious grandeur lift his ſolemn brow,
Or, all awake at Pity's ſoft command,
Bend the mild ear, and ſtretch the gracious hand:
Thence large of heart, from envy far remov'd,
When public toils to virtue ſtand approv'd,
Not the young lover fonder to admire,
Nor more indulgent the delighted ſire;
Yet high and jealous of their free-born name,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's deſtroying flame,
Where'er Oppreſſion works her wanton ſway,
Proud to confront, and dreadful to repay.
But if, to purchaſe Curio's ſage applauſe,
My country muſt with him renounce her cauſe,
Quit with a ſlave the path a patriot trod,
Bow the meek knee, and kiſs the regal rod;
Then ſtill, ye powers, inſtruct his tongue to rail,
Nor let his zeal, nor let his ſubject fail:
Elſe, ere he change the ſtyle, bear me away
To where the Gracchi,* where the Bruti ſtay!
O long rever'd, and late reſign'd to ſhame!
If this uncourtly page thy notice claim
When the loud cares of buſineſs are withdrawn,
Nor well-dreſt beggars round thy footſteps fawn;
In that ſtill, thoughtful, ſolitary hour,
When Truth exerts her unreſiſted power,
Breaks the falſe optics ting'd with Fortune's glare,
Unlocks the breaſt, and lays the paſſions bare:
Then turn thy eyes on that important ſcene,
And aſk thyſelf—If all be well within.
Where is the heart-felt worth and weight of ſoul,
Which labour could not ſtop, nor fear controul?

* *The two brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, loſt their lives in attempting to introduce the only regulation that could give ſtability and good order to the Roman republic. L. Junius Brutus founded the commonwealth, and died in its defence.* AKENSIDE.

Where the known dignity, the ſtamp of awe,
Which, half abaſh'd, the proud and venal ſaw?
Where the calm triumphs of an honeſt cauſe?
Where the delightful taſte of juſt applauſe?
Where the ſtrong reaſon, the commanding tongue,
On which the ſenate fir'd or trembling hung?
All vaniſh'd, all are ſold—And in their room,
Couch'd in thy boſom's deep, diſtracted gloom,
See the pale form of barbarous grandeur dwell,
Like ſome grim idol in a ſorcerer's cell!
To her in chains thy dignity was led;
At her polluted ſhrine thy honour bled;
With blaſted weeds thy awful brow ſhe crown'd,
Thy powerful tongue with poiſon'd philters bound,
That baffled reaſon ſtraight indignant flew,
And fair perſuaſion from her ſeat withdrew;
For now no longer Truth ſupports thy cauſe;
No longer Glory prompts thee to applauſe;
No longer Virtue breathing in thy breaſt,
With all her conſcious majeſty coteſt,
Still bright and brighter wakes the Almighty flame,
To rouze the feeble, and the wilful tame,
And where ſhe ſees the catching glimpſes roll,
Spreads the ſtrong blaze, and all involves the ſoul.
But cold reſtraints thy conſcious fancy chill,
And formal paſſions mock thy ſtruggling will;
Or, if thy Genius e'er forgot his chain,
And reach impatient at a nobler ſtrain,
Soon the ſad bodings of contemptuous mien
Shoot through thy breaſt, and ſtab the generous birth,
Till, blind with ſmart, from Truth to Frenzy reel
And all the tenor of thy reaſon loſt,
Perhaps thy anguiſh drains a real tear;
While ſome with pity, ſome with laughter hear.
—Can Art, alas! or Genius, gold the head,
Where Truth and Freedom from the heart are fled?
Can leſſer wheels move, ev'n their native tread,
When the prime function of the ſoul is broke?
But come, unhappy man! thy fates impend;
Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou haſt a friend;
Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine,
Renounce thy titles, and thy robes reſign;
For ſee the hand of Deſtiny diſplay'd
To ſhut thee from the joys thou haſt betray'd!
See the dire fane of Slavery ariſe!
Dark as the grave, and ſpacious as the ſkies!
Where, from the firſt of time, thy kindred train,
The chiefs and princes of the unjuſt remain.
Eternal barriers guard the pathleſs road
To warn the wanderer of the curſt abode;
But prone as whirlwinds ſcour the paſſive ſky,
The heights ſurmounted, down the ſteep they fly.
There, black with frowns, relentleſs Time awaits,
And goads their footſteps to the guilty gates:
And ſtill he aſks them of their unknown aims,
Evolves their ſecrets, and their guilt proclaims;
And ſtill his hands deſpoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath, by lying Bards beſtow'd,
Break their proud marbles, cruſh their feſtal cars,
And rend the lawleſs trophies of their wars.
At laſt the gates his potent voice obey:
Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey,
Where, ever arm'd with adamantine chains,
The watchful demon o'er her vaſſals reigns,
O'er mighty names and giant-powers of luſt,
The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and Auguſt*.
No gleam of hope their baleful manſion cheers,
No ſound of honour hails their unbleſt ears;
But dire reproaches from the friend betray'd,
The childleſs ſire and violated maid;
But vengeful vows for guardian laws efface'd,
From towns inſulted and continents laid waſte;
But long-reſtor'ring ages unroll around,
And the full charge of horrors not their own,
For ever through the troubled ſpace reſound,
And ſink each impious forehead to the ground.
Ye mighty foes of Liberty and Reſt,
Give way, do homage to a mightier gueſt!
Ye daring ſpirits of the Roman race,
See Curio's veil your proudeſt claims efface!
—Awe'd at the name, fierce Appius rising bends
And hardly Cinna from his throne attends:
"Furies, they cry, to whom the fates aſſign'd,
"With ſurer arts to work what we deſign'd,
"From year to year the ſtubborn herd to ſway,
"Mock all their wrongs, and all their rage obey
"Till own'd their guide and truſted with their power,
"He mock'd their hopes in one deciſive hour:
"Then, tir'd and yielding, led them to the chain
"And quench'd the ſpirit we provok'd in vain."
But thee, Supreme, by whole eternal hands
Like Liberty's heroic empire ſtands,
Whoſe thunders the rebellious deep controul,
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's ſoul,
O turn this dreadful omen far away!
On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay;
Relume her ſacred fire ſo near ſuppreſt,
And fix her ſhrine in every Roman breaſt:
Though bold Corruption boaſt around the land,
"Let Virtue, if ſhe can, my baits withſtand!"
Though bolder now ſhe urge the accurſed claim,
Gay with her trophies rais'd on Curio's ſhame;
Yet ſtate there are who ſcorn her impious mirth,
Who know what conſcience and a heart are worth
—O friend and father of the human mind,
Whoſe art for nobleſt ends our frame deſign'd!
If I, though fated to the ſtudious ſhade
Which party-ſtrife, nor anxious power invade,
If I aſpire in public virtue's cauſe,
To guide the Muſes by ſublimer laws,
Do thou her own authority impart,
And give my numbers entrance to the heart.
Perhaps the verſe might rouſe her ſmother'd flame
And ſnatch the fainting patriot back to fame;
Perhaps, by worthy thoughts of human kind,
To worthy deeds exalt the conſcious mind;
Or daſh Corruption in her proud career,
And teach her ſlaves that Vice was born to fear.

* *Titles which have been generally aſcribed to the moſt pernicious of men.* AKENSIDE.

† *Appius Claudius the Decemvir, and L. Cornelius Cinna, both attempted to eſtabliſh a tyrannical dominion in Rome, and both periſhed by the treaſon.* AKENSIDE.

LOVE. AN ELEGY.

TOO much my heart of Beauty's power hath known,
Too long to Love hath Reaſon left her throne;
Too long my genius mourn'd his myrtle chain,
And three rich years of youth conſum'd in vain.
My wiſhes, lull'd with ſoft inglorious dreams,
Forgot the patriot's and the ſage's themes:
Through each Elyſian vale and Fairy grove
Through all the enchanted paradiſe of Love,
Miſled by ſickly hope's deceitful flame,
Averſe to action, and renouncing fame.
At laſt the viſionary ſcenes decay,
My eyes, exulting, bleſs the new-born day,
Whoſe faithful beams detect the dangerous road
In which my heedleſs feet ſecurely trod,
And ſtrip the phantoms of their lying charms
That lur'd my ſoul from Wiſdom's peaceful arms.
For ſilver ſtreams and banks beſpread with flow'rs,
For moſſy couches and harmonious bowers,
Lo! barren heaths appear, and pathleſs woods,
And rocks hang dreadful o'er unfathom'd floods!
For openneſs of heart, for tender ſmiles,
Looks fraught with love, and wrath diſarming wiles,
Lo! ſullen Spite, and perjur'd Luſt of Gain,
And cruel Pride, and crueler Diſdain.
Lo! cordial Faith to ideot airs refin'd,
Now coolly civil, now tranſporting kind.
For graceful Eaſe, lo! Affectation walks;
And dull Half-ſenſe, for Wit and Wiſdom talks
New to each hour what low delight ſucceeds,
What precious furniture of hearts and heads!
By nought their prudence, but by getting, known;
And all their courage in deceiving ſhown.
See next what plagues attend the lover's ſtate,
What frightful forms of terror, ſcorn, and hate!
See burning Fury heaven and earth defy!
See dumb Deſpair in icy fetters lie!
See black Suſpicion bend his gloomy brow,
The hideous image of himſelf to view!
And fond Belief, with all a lover's flame,
Sink in thoſe arms that point his head with ſhame!
There wan Dejection, faultering as he goes,
In ſhades and ſilence vainly ſeeks repoſe;
Muſing through pathleſs wilds, conſumes the day,
Then loſt in darkneſs weeps the hours away.
Here the gay croud of luxury advance.
Some touch the lyre, and others urge the dance;
On every head the roſy garland glows,
In every hand the golden goblet flows.
The Syren views them with exulting eyes,
And laughs at baſhful Virtue as ſhe flies.
But ſee behind, where Scorn and Want appear,
The grave remonſtrance and the witty ſneer.
See ſtill Remorſe in action, prompt to dart
Her ſnaky poiſon through the conſcious heart.
And Sloth to cancel, with oblivious ſhame,
The fair memorial of recording Fame.
Are theſe delights that one would wiſh to gain?
Is this the Elyſium of a ſober brain?
To wait for happineſs in female ſmiles,
Bear all her ſcorn, be caught with all her wiles,
With prayers, with bribes, with lies, her pity crave,
Bleſs her hard hands, and boaſt to be her ſlave;
To feel, for trifles, a diſtracting train
Of hopes and terrors equally in vain;
This hour to tremble, and the next to glow,
Can pride, can ſenſe, can reaſon, ſtoop ſo low?
When Virtue, at an eaſier price, diſplays
The ſacred wreaths of honourable praiſe;
When Wiſdom utters her divine decree,
To laugh at pompous Folly, and be free.
I bid adieu, then, to theſe woeful ſcenes;
I bid adieu to all the ſex of queens;
Adieu to every ſuffering, ſimple ſoul
That lets a woman's will his eaſe controul,
There laugh, ye witty; and rebuke, ye grave!
For me, I ſcorn to boaſt that I'm a ſlave.
I bid the whining brotherhood be gone,
Joy to my heart! my wiſhes are my own!
Farewell the female heaven, the female hell;
To the great God of Love a glad farewell.
Is this the triumph of thy awful name?
Are theſe the ſplendid hopes that urg'd thy aim,
When firſt my boſom own'd thy haughty ſway?
When thus Minerva heard thee, boaſting, ſay,
"Go, martial maid, elſewhere thy arts employ,
"Nor hope to ſhelter that devoted boy.
"Go, teach the ſolemn ſons of care and age,
"The penſive ſtateſmen, and the midnight
"ſage;
"The young with me muſt other leſſons prove,
"Youth calls for Pleaſure, Pleaſure calls for Love,
"Behold his heart thy grave advice diſdains,
"Behold I bind him in eternal chains."
Alas! great Love, how ill was the boaſt!
Thy chains are broken, and thy leſſons loſt;
Thy wilful rage has torn my ſhiv'ring heart,
And paſſion, reaſon, forc'd them to depart.
But wherefore coſt thou linger on thy way?
Why vainly ſearch for ſome pretence to ſtay,
When crowds of vaſſals court thy pleaſing yoke,
And countleſs victims bow their to the ſtroke?
Lo! round thy ſhrine a thouſand youths advance,
Warm with the gentle ardours of romance;
Each longs to aſſert thy cauſe with fears of arms,
And make the world confeſs Delia's charms.
Ten thouſand girls, with flowery chaplets crown'd,
To groves and ſtreams thy tender triumph ſound;
Each bids the ſtream in murmurs ſpeak her flame,
Each calls the grove to ſigh her ſhepherd's name.
But, if thy pride ſuch eaſy honour ſcorn,
If nobler trophies muſt thy toil adorn,
Behold yon flowery antiquated maid
Bright in the bloom of threeſcore years diſplay'd;
Her ſhalt thou bind in thy delightful chains,
And thrill with gentle pangs her withier'd veins,
Her froſty cheek with crimſon bluſhes dye,
With dreams of rapture melt her maudlin eye.
Turn then thy labours to the ſervile crowd,
Entice the wary and controul the proud;
Make the ſad miſer his beſt gains forego,
The ſolemn ſtateſman ſigh to be a beau.
The bold coquette with fondeſt paſſion burn,
The bacchanalian o'er his bottle mourn:
And that chief glory of thy power maintain,
"To poiſe ambition in a female brain."

Be theſe thy triumphs. But no more preſume
That my rebellious heart will yield thee room.
I know thy puny force, thy ſimple wiles;
I break triumphant through thy flimſy toils:
I ſee thy dying lamp's laſt languid glow,
Thy arrows blunted. and unbrac'd thy bow.
I feel diviner fires my breaſt inflame,
To active ſcience, and ingenuous fame:
Reſume the paths my earlieſt choice began,
And loſe, with pride, the lover in the man,

A BRITISH PHILIPPIC:

OCCASIONED BY THE INSULTS OF THE SPANIARDS, AND OUR PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

WHENCE this unwonted tranſport in my breaſt?
Why glow my thoughts, and whither would the Muſe
Aſpire with rapid wing? Her country's cauſe
Demands her efforts; at that ſacred call
She ſummons all her ardour, throws aſide
The trembling lyre, and with the warrior's trump
She means to thunder in each Britiſh ear;
And if one ſpark of honour or of fame,
Diſdain of inſult, dread of infamy,
One thought of public virtue yet ſurvive,
She means to wake it, rouſe the generous flame,
With patriot zeal inſpirit every breaſt,
And fire each Britiſh heart with Britiſh wrongs.
Alas, the vain attempt! What influence now
Can the Muſe boaſt? or what attention now
Is paid to fame or virtue? Where is now
The Britiſh ſpirit, generous, warm, and brave,
So frequent wont from tyranny and woe
To free the ſuppliant nations? Where, indeed!
If that protection, once to ſtrangers given,
Be now with-held from ſons? Each nobler thought,
That warm'd our ſires, is loſt and buried now
In luxury and avarice. Baneful vice!
How it unmans a nation! Yet I'll try,
I'll aim to ſhake this vile degenerate ſloth:
I'll dare to rouze Britannia's dreaming ſons
To fame, to virtue, and impart around
A generous feeling of compatriot woes.
Come then the various powers of forceful ſpeech,
All that can move, awaken, fire, tranſport;
Come the bold ardour of the Theban bard!
The arouzing thunder of the patriot Greek!
The ſoft perſuaſion of the Roman ſage!
Come all! and raiſe me to an equal height,
A rapture worthy of my glorious cauſe!
Leſt my beſt efforts failing ſhould debaſe
The ſacred theme; for with no common wing
The Muſe attempts to ſoar. Yet what need he?
My country's fame, my free-born Britiſh heart,
Shall be my beſt inſpirers, raiſe my flight
High as the Theban's pinion, and with more
Than Greek or Roman flame exalt my ſoul.
Oh! could I give the vaſt ideas birth
Expreſſive of the thoughts that flame within,
No more ſhould lazy luxury detain
Our ardent youth; no more ſhould Britain's ſons
Sit tamely paſſive by, and careleſs hear
The prayers, ſighs, groans (immortal infamy!)
Of fellow Britons, with oppreſſion ſunk,
In bitterneſs of ſoul demanding aid,
Calling on Britain, their dear native land,
The land of Liberty; ſo greatly fam'd
For juſt redreſs; the land ſo often dyed
With her beſt blood, for that arouzing cauſe,
The freedom of her ſons: thoſe ſons that now,
Far from the manly bleſſings of her ſway,
Drag the vile fetters of a Spaniſh lord.
And dare they, dare the vanquiſh'd ſons of Spain,
Enſlave a Briton? Have they then forgot,
So ſoon forgot, the great, the immortal day,
When reſcued Sicily with joy beheld
The ſwift-wing'd thunder of the Britiſh arm
Diſperſe their navies? when their coward bands
Fled, like the raven from the bird of Jove,
From ſwift impending vengeance fled in vain:
Are theſe our lords? And can Britannia ſee
Her foes oft vanquiſh'd, thus defy her power,
Inſult her ſtandard, and inſlave her ſons,
And not ariſe to juſtice? Did our ſires,
Unaw'd by chains, by exile, or by death,
Preſerve inviolate her guardian rights,
To Britons ever ſacred! that their ſons
Might give them up to Spaniards?—Turn your eyes,
Turn ye degenerate, who with haughty boaſt
Call yourſelves Britons, to that dismal gloom,
That dungeon dark and deep, where never thought
Of joy or peace can enter; ſee the gates
Harſh-creaking open; what an hideous void,
Dark as the yawning grave! while ſtill as death
A frightful ſilence reigns: There on the ground
Behold your brethren chain'd like beaſts of prey:
There mark your numerous glories, there behold
The look that ſpeaks unutterable woe;
The mangled limb, the faint, the deathful eye
With famine ſunk, the deep heart-burſting groan
Suppreſs'd in ſilence; view the loathſome food,
Refus'd by dogs, and oh! the ſtinging thought!
View the dark Spaniard glorying in their wrongs,
The deadly prieſt triumphant in their woes,
And thundering worſe damnation on their ſouls:
While that pale form, in all the pangs of death,
Too faint to ſpeak, yet eloquent of all
His native Britiſh ſpirit yet untam'd,
Raiſes his head, and with indignant frowns
Of great defiance, and ſuperior ſcorn,
Looks up and dies.—Oh! I am all on fire!
But let me ſpare the theme, leſt future times
Should bluſh to hear that either conquer'd Spain
Durſt offer Britain ſuch outrageous wrong,
Or Britain tamely bear it—
Deſcend, ye guardian heroes of the land!
Scourges of Spain, deſcend! Behold your ſons,
See! how they run the ſame heroic race,
How prompt, how ardent in their country's cauſe,
How greatly proud to aſſert their Britiſh blood,
And in their deeds reflect their father's fame:

Ah! would to heaven! ye did not rather ſee
How dead to virtue in the public cauſe!
How cold, how careleſs, how to glory deaf,
They ſhame your laurels, and belye their birth!
Come, ye great ſpirits, Ca'ndiſh, Raleigh, Blake!
And ye of later name your country's pride,
Oh! come, diſperſe theſe lazy fumes of ſloth,
Teach Britiſh hearts with Britiſh fires to glow!
In wakening whiſpers rouze our ardent youth,
Blazon the triumphs of your better days,
Paint all the glorious ſcenes of rightful war,
In all its ſplendors; to their ſwelling ſouls
Say how ye bow'd the inſulting Spaniards pride,
Say how ye thunder'd o'er their proſtrate heads,
Say how ye broke their lines and fir'd their ports,
Say how not death, in all its frightful ſhapes,
Could damp your ſouls, or ſhake the great reſolve
For Right and Britain: Then diſplay the joys
The patriot's ſoul exalting, while he views
Tranſported millions hail with loud acclaim
The guardian of their civil, ſacred rights.
How greatly welcome to the virtuous man
Is death for others good! the radiant thoughts
That beam celeſtial on his paſſing ſoul,
The unfading crowns awaiting him above,
The exulting plaudit of the Great Supreme,
Who in his actions with complacence views
His own reflected ſplendor; then deſcend,
Though to a lower, yet a nobler ſcene;
Paint the juſt honours to his reliques paid,
Shew grateful millions weeping o'er his grave;
While his fair fame in each progreſſive age,
For ever brightens; and the wiſe and good
Of every land in univerſal choir
With richeſt incenſe of undying praiſe
His urn encircle, to the wondering world
His numerous triumphs blazon; while with awe,
With filial reverence, in his ſteps they tread,
And, copying every virtue, every fame,
Tranſplant his glories into ſecond life,
And, with unſparing hand, make nations bleſt,
By his example. Vaſt immenſe rewards!
For all the turmoils which the virtuous mind
Encounters here. Yet, Britons, are ye cold?
Yet deaf to glory, virtue, and the call
Of your poor injur'd countrymen? Ah! no.
I ſee ye are not; every boſom glows
With native greatneſs, and in all its ſtate
The Britiſh ſpirit riſes: Glorious change!
Fame, Virtue, Freedom, welcome! Oh! forgive
The muſe, that ardent in her ſacred cauſe
Your glory queſtion'd: She beholds with joy;
She owns, ſhe triumphs, in her wiſh'd miſtake.
See! from her ſea-beat throne in awful march
Britannia towers: upon her laurel creſt
The plumes majeſtic nod; behold ſhe heaves
Her guardian ſhield, and terrible in arms
For battle ſhakes her adamantine ſpear:
Loud at her foot the Britiſh lion roars,
Frighting the nations; haughty Spain full ſoon
Shall hear and tremble. Go then, Britons, forth,
Your country's daring champions: tell your foes,
Tell them in thunders o'er their proſtrate land
You were not born for ſlaves: Let all your deeds
Shew that the ſons of thoſe immortal men,
The ſtars of ſhining ſtory, are not ſlow
In virtue's path to emulate their fires,
To aſſert their country's rights, avenge her ſons,
And hurl the bolts of juſtice on her foes.

HYMN TO SCIENCE.

"O Vitæ Philoſophia Dux! O Virtutis indagatrix,
" expultrixque Vitiorum.—Tu Urbes peperiſti;
" tu inventrix Legum, tu magiſtra Morum &
" Diſciplinæ fuiſti: Ad te confugimus, a te
" Opem petimus." Cic. Tuſc. Quæſt.

I.

SCIENCE! thou fair effuſive ray
From the great ſource of mental day,
Free, generous, and refin'd!
Deſcend with all thy treaſures fraught,
Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
And bleſs my labouring mind.

II.

But firſt with thy reſiſtleſs light,
Diſperſe thoſe phantoms from my ſight,
Thoſe mimic ſhades of thee:
The ſcholiaſt's learning, ſophiſt's cant,
The viſionary bigot's rant,
The monk's philoſophy.

III.

O! let thy powerful charms impart
The patient head, the candid heart,
Devoted to thy ſway;
Which no weak paſſions e'er miſlead,
Which ſtill with dauntleſs ſteps proceed
Where reaſon points the way.

IV.

Give me to learn each ſecret cauſe;
Let Numbers' Figures' Motion's laws
Reveal'd before me ſtand;
Theſe to great Nature's ſcenes apply,
And round the globe, and through the ſky,
Diſcloſe her working hand.

V.

Next, to thy nobler ſearch reſign'd,
The buſy, reſtleſs, human mind
Through every maze purſue;
Detect Perception where it lies,
Catch the ideas as they riſe,
And all their changes view.

VI.

Say from what ſimple ſprings began
The vaſt, ambitious thoughts of man,
Which range beyond controul,
Which ſeek Eternity to trace,
Dive through the infinity of ſpace,
And ſtrain to graſp the whole.

VII.

Her ſecret ſtores let Memory tell,
Bid Fancy quit her fairy cell,
In all her colours dreſt;
While, prompt her ſallies to controul,
Reaſon, the judge, recalls the ſoul
To Truth's ſevereſt teſt.

VIII.

Then launch through Being's wide extent;
Let the fair ſcale, with juſt aſcent,
And cautious ſteps, be trod;
And from the dead, corporeal maſs,
Through each progreſſive order paſs
To Inſtinct, Reaſon, God.

IX.

There, Science! veil thy daring eye;
Nor dive too deep, nor ſoar too high,
In that divine abyſs;
To Faith content thy beams to lend,
Her hopes to aſſure, her ſteps befriend,
And light her way to bliſs.

X.

Then downwards take thy flight again,
Mix with the policies of men,
And ſocial nature's ties;
The plan, the genius of each ſtate,
Its intereſt and its powers relate,
Its fortunes and its riſe.

XI.

Through private life purſue thy courſe,
Trace every action to its ſource,
And means and motives weigh:
Put tempers, paſſions, in the ſcale,
Mark what degrees in each prevail,
And fix the doubtful ſway.

XII.

That laſt, beſt effort of thy ſkill,
To form the life, and rule the will,
Propitious power! impart;
Teach me to cool my paſſions' fires,
Make me the judge of my deſires,
The maſter of my heart.

XIII.

Raiſe me above the vulgar's breath,
Purſuit of fortune, fear of death,
And all in life that's mean:
Still true to reaſon be my plan,
Still let my actions ſpeak the man,
Through every various ſcene.

XIV.

Hail! queen of manners, light of truth;
Hail! charm of age, and guide of youth;
Sweet refuge of diſtreſs:
In buſineſs, thou! exact, polite;
Thou giv'ſt Retirement its delight,
Proſperity its grace.

XV.

Of wealth, power, freedom, thou! the cauſe;
Foundreſs of order, cities, laws,
Of arts inventreſs, thou!
Without thee, what were human-kind?
How vaſt their wants, their thoughts how blind!
Their joys how mean! how few!

XVI.

Sun of the ſoul! thy beams unveil?
Let others ſpread the daring ſail,
On fortune's faithleſs ſea:
While, undeluded, happier I
From the vain tumult timely fly,
And ſit in peace with Thee.

END OF AKENSIDE'S POEMS.

POEMS

BY

MR. GRAY.

ODE

ON THE SPRING.

LO! where the roſy-boſom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Diſcloſe the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Reſponſive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of ſpring:
While, whiſpering pleaſure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue ſky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches ſtretch
A broader browner ſhade;
Where'er the rude and moſs-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beſide ſome water's ruſhy brink
With me the Muſe ſhall ſit, and think
(At eaſe reclin'd in ruſtic ſtate)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
The panting herd's repoſe:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The buſy murmur glows!
The inſect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taſte the honied ſpring,
And float amid the liquid noon†:
Some lightly o'er the current ſkim,
Some ſhew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the ſun ‡.

To contemplation's ſober eye §
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Buſy and the Gay
But flutter through life's little day.
In Fortune's varying colours dreſt:
Bruſh'd by the hand of rough Miſchance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in duſt to reſt.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The ſportive kind reply;
Poor Moraliſt! and what art thou?
A ſolitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive haſt thou of hoarded ſweets,
No painted plumage to diſplay:
On haſty wings thy youth is flown
Thy ſun is ſet, thy ſpring is gone—
We frolick while 'tis May.

* " — — — — — *a bank*
O'er-canopied with luſcious woodbine,"
Shakeſp. Midſ. Night's Dream.

† " *Nare per æſtatem liquidam* —"
Virg. Georg. lib. iv.

‡ — — — " *ſporting with quick glance*
Shew to the ſun their wav'd coats drop'd with gold."
Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, book vii.

§ " *While inſects from the threſhold preach, &c.*"
M. Green, in the Grotto.
Dodſley's Miſcellanies, vol. v. p. 161.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'TWAS on a lofty vaſe's ſide,
Where China's gayeſt art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow;
Demureſt of the tabby kind,
The penſive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conſcious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the ſnowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoiſe vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She ſaw; and purr'd applauſe.

Still had ſhe gaz'd; but midſt the tide
Two angel forms were ſeen to glide,
The Genii of the ſtream:
Their ſcaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richeſt purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapleſs Nymph with wonder ſaw:
A whiſker firſt, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wiſh,
She ſtretch'd in vain to reach the prize;
What female heart can gold deſpiſe?
What Cat's averſe to fiſh?

Preſumptuous Maid! with looks intent
Again ſhe ſtretch'd, again ſhe bent,
Nor knew the gulph between.
(Malignant Fate ſate by, and ſmil'd)
The ſlippery verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery god,
Some ſpeedy aid to ſend.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid ſtirr'd;
Nor cruel Tom, nor Suſan heard,
A favourite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one falſe ſtep is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all, that tempts your wandering eyes,
And heedleſs hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that gliſters, gold.

ODE

ON A

DISTANT PROSPECT

OF

ETON COLLEGE.

Ἄνθρωπος· ἱκανὴ προφάσις εἰς τὸ δυσχεῖν.

MENANDER.

YE diſtant ſpires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful ſcience ſtill adores
Her Henry's* holy ſhade;
And ye, that from the ſtately brow
Of Windſor's heights th' expanſe below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead ſurvey,
Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His ſilver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleaſing ſhade,
Ah, fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careleſs childhood ſtray'd,
A ſtranger yet to pain?
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliſs beſtow,
As waving freſh their gladſome wing,
My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſooth,
And, † redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a ſecond ſpring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou haſt ſeen
Full many a ſprightly race
Diſporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleaſure trace,
Who foremoſt now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glaſſy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chace the rolling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While ſome on earneſt buſineſs bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainſt graver hours, that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers diſdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Leſs pleaſing, when poſſeſt;
The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed,
The ſunſhine of the breaſt:
Theirs, buxom health, of roſy hue;
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born;
The thoughtleſs day, the eaſy night,
The ſpirits pure, the ſlumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardleſs of their doom,
The little victims play!
No ſenſe have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.
Yet ſee how all around them wait
The miniſters of human fate,
And black Miſfortune's baleful train,
Ah, ſhew them where in ambuſh ſtand
To ſeize their prey, the murtherous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

Theſe ſhall the fury paſſions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Diſdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that ſkulks behind;
Or pining Love ſhall waſte their youth,
Or Jealouſy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the ſecret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-viſag'd comfortleſs Deſpair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a ſacrifice,
And grinning Infamy,
The ſtings of Falſhood thoſe ſhall try,
And hard Unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorſe, with blood defil'd,
And moody Madneſs laughing wild
Amid ſevereſt woe.

* *King Henry the Sixth, Founder of the College.*

† "*And bees their honey redolent of ſpring.*"
Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. Syſtem.

* "*— Madneſs laughing in his ireful mood.*"
Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griſly troop are ſeen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring ſinew ſtrains,
Theſe in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the ſoul with icy hand,
And ſlow-conſuming Age.

To each his ſufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why ſhould they know their fate!
Since Sorrow never comes too late,
And Happineſs too ſwiftly flies.
Thought would deſtroy their paradiſe.
No more; where Ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis folly to be wiſe.

HYMN

TO ADVERSITY.

——Ζῆνα
Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώ-
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μάθος
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.
ÆSCHYLUS, in AGAMEMNONE.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentleſs Power,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge, and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When firſt thy ſire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurſe; thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore:
What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at others woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noiſe, and thoughtleſs Joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good.
Light they diſperſe, and with them go
The ſummer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain proſperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wiſdom, in ſable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, ſilent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend:
Warm Charity, the general Friend,
With Juſtice, to herſelf ſevere,
And Pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Oh, gently on thy ſuppliant's head,
Dread goddeſs, lay thy chaſtening hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art ſeen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mein,
With ſcreaming Horror's funeral cry,
Deſpair, and fell Diſeaſe, and ghaſtly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddeſs wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philoſophic train be there
To ſoften, not to wound my heart.
The generous ſpark extinct revive.
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to ſcan,
What others are, to feel, and know myſelf a man.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls* the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds,

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as, wandering near her ſecret bower,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing Morn,
The ſwallow twittering from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouze them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

* — "*ſquilla di lontano*
"*Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che ſi muore.*"
Dante. Purgat. l. 8.

Ambition mock their useful toil,
omely joys, and destiny obscure;
ndeur hear with a disdainful smile,
rt and simple annals of the poor.

st of heraldry, the pomp of power,
that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
like th' innevitable hour,
hs of glory lead but to the grave.

, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
ory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault,
ling anthem swells the note of praise.

ied urn or animated bust
its mansion call the fleeting breath?
nour's voice provoke the silent dust.
ery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

in this neglected spot is laid
eart once pregnant with celestial fire;
that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
'd to extasy the living lyre.

owledge to their eyes her ample page,
ith the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
enury repress'd their noble rage,
ze the genial current of the soul.

ny a gem of purest ray serene,
rk unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
any a flower is born to blush unseen,
aste its sweetness on the desert air.

illage-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
tle tyrant of his fields withstood;
nute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

plause of listening senates to command,
reats of pain and ruin to despise,
tter plenty o'er a smiling land,
ead their history in a nation's eyes,

lot forbad; nor circumscrib'd alone
growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
l to wade through slaughter to a throne,
ut the gates of mercy on mankind.

ruggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
ench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
p the shrine of Luxury and Pride
incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

om the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
the cool sequester'd vale of life
kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

v'n these bones from insult to protect
frail memorial still erected nigh,
uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,
res the passing tribute of a sigh

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'
Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply.
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious [illegible]
Left the warm precincts [illegible] day,
Nor cast one longin[illegible]?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
* Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dea
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
" Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
" To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
" That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
" His listless length at noontide would he stretch
" And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
" Muttering his wayward fancies he would ro
" Now drooping woeful wan, like one forlorn,
" Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless lo

" One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
" Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
" Another came; nor yet beside the rill
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

" The next with dirges due in sad array [bor
" Slow through the church-way path we saw h
" Approach and read (for thou canst read) the l
" Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknow
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear; [fri
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(† There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

* " *Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,*
" *Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiusi*
" *Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville.*"
Petrarch, Son, 1

†—*preventosaspeme.* Ibid. 114.

THE

PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν. ἐς.
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων χατίζει. Pindar. Olymp. II.

I. 1.

* AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

† Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions, hear thy soft controul,
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War.
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
‡ Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

I. 3.

§ Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day
With antic sports, and blue-ey'd pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating
* Glance their many twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arts sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
† The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

‡ Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
§ Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

II. 2

‖ In climes beyond the solar ** road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To chear the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

†† Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,

* *Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp.*
David's Psalms.

Pindar styles his own poetry with its musical accompanyments, Αἰολὴς μολπὴ, Αἰόλιδες χορδαὶ, Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν. *Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.*

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united. The various sources of poetry, which give life and lustre to all its touches, are here described; its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject, (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

† *Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.*

‡ *This is a faint imitation of some incomparable lines in the same Ode.*

§ *Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.*

* Μαρμαρυγὰς θηεῖτο ποδῶν θαύμαζε δὲ θυμῷ.
Homer, Od. Θ.

† Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρέῃσι
Παρείῃσι φῶς ἔρωτος. Phrynichus, ap. Athenæum.

‡ *To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day, by its chearful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.*

§ "*Or seen the morning's well-appointed star*
"*Come marching up the eastern hills afar.*"
Cowley.

‖ *Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it.* [*See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welch Fragments, the Lapland and American songs.*]

** "*Extra anni solisque vias—*" Virgil.
"*Tutta lontana dal camin del sole.*"
Petrarch, Canzon 2.

†† *Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from*

Fields, that cool Iliſſus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languiſh
Mute, but to the voice of Anguiſh?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inſpiration breath'd around:
Every ſhade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a ſolemn ſound:
Till the ſad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnaſſus, for the Latian plains.
Alike they ſcorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty ſpirit loſt,
They ſought, oh Albion! next thy ſea-encircled coaſt.

III. 1.

Far from the ſun and ſummer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's * darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon ſtray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil.
Her awful face: The dauntleſs child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and ſmil'd.
This pencil take (ſhe ſaid) whoſe colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too theſe golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the ſacred ſource of ſympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor ſecond he †, that rude ſublime
Upon the ſeraph-wings of Extaſy,
The ſecrets of th' abyſs to ſpy,
‡ He paſs'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
§ The living throne, the ſapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
He ſaw; but, blaſted with exceſs of light,
‖ Clos'd his eyes in endleſs night.
Behold, where Dryden's leſs preſumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
¶ Two courſes of ethereal race,
•• With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-reſounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
†† Thoughts, that breathe, and words that burn.

* But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! lyre divine, what daring ſpirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
† That the Theban eagle bear
Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muſe's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the ſun:
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the Firſt, when he compleated the conqueſt of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

I. 1.

'RUIN ſeize thee, ruthleſs king!
'Confuſion on thy banners wait,
'Though, fann'd by Conqueſt's crimſon wing,
'‡ They mock the air with idle ſtate.
'Helm, nor § hauberk's twiſted mail,
'Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, ſhall avail
'To ſave thy ſecret ſoul from nightly fears,
'From Cambria's curſe, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the ſounds, that o'er the ‖ creſted pride
Of the firſt Edward ſcatter'd wild diſmay,
As down the ſteep of ¶ Snowdon's ſhaggy ſide
He wound with toilſome march his long array.

* *We have had, in our language, no other odes of the ſublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day: for Cowley (who had his merit) yet wanted judgement, ſtyle, and harmony, for ſuch a taſk. That of Pope is not worthy of ſo great a man. Mr. Maſon, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a maſterly hand, in ſome of his Choruſes—above all, in the laſt of Caractacus.*

Hark! heard ye not yon footſtep dread? &c.

† Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῖον. *Olymp.* 2. *Pindar compares himſelf to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it purſues its flight, regardleſs of their noiſe.*

‡ *Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread.*
Shakeſpeare's King John.

§ *The hauberk was a texture of ſteel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that ſat cloſe to the body, and adapted itſelf to every motion.*

‖ —*The creſted adder's pride.*
Dryden's Indian Queen.

¶ *Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract, which the Welſh themſelves call Craigian-eryri; it included all the highlands of Caernarvonſhire and Merionethſhire, as far eaſt as the river Conway. R. Hygden, ſpeaking of the caſtle of Conway, built by King Edward the Firſt, ſays,* "*Ad ortum* "*amnis Conway ad clivum montis Ereryi;*" *and Matthew of Weſtminſter, (ad ann.* 1283,) "*Apud Aber-*" *conway ad pedes montis Snaudunie fecit erigi caſtrum* "*forte.*"

Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante, or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, had travelled in Italy, and had formed their taſte there; Spenſer imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this ſchool expired ſoon after the Reſtoration, and a new one aroſe on the French model, which has ſubſiſted ever ſince.

* *Shakeſpeare.* † *Milton.*

‡ "—*flammantia mœnia mundi.*" Lucretius

§ *For the ſpirit of the living creature was in the wheels—And above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeneſs of a throne, as the appearance of a ſapphire-ſtone.—This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord.* Ezekiel i. 20, 26, 28

‖ Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε· δίδου δ' ἀοιδὴν ἀοιδὸν.
Hom. Od

¶ *Meant to expreſs the ſtately march and ſounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.*

•• *Haſt thou cloathed his neck with thunder?* Job.

†† *Words, that weep, and tears, that ſpeak.* Cowley.

Stout * Glo'ſter ſtood aghaſt in ſpeechleſs trance:
To arms! cried † Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whoſe haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the ſable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet ſtood;
(‡ Looſe his beard, and hoary hair
† Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a maſter's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep ſorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant-oak, and deſert cave,
'Sighs to the torrent's aweful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they weave,
'Revenge on thee in hoarſer murmurs breathe;
'Vocal no more, ſince Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or ſoft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That huſh'd the ſtormy main;
'Brave Urien ſleeps upon his craggy bed:
'Mountains, ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whoſe magic ſong
'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head
'‖ On dreary Arvon's ſhore they lie,
'Smear'd with gore, and ghaſtly pale:
'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens ſail:
'The famiſh'd § eagle ſcreams, and paſſes by.
'Dear loſt companions of my tuneful art,
'¶ Dear, as the light that viſits theſe ſad eyes,
'Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
'Ye died amidſt your dying country's cries—
'No more I weep. They do not ſleep.
'On yonder cliffs, a grieſly band,
'I ſee them ſit, they linger yet,
'Avengers of their native land:
'With me in dreadful harmony they join,
'And ** weave with bloody hands the tiſſue of thy line.

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
"The winding-ſheet of Edward's race.
"Give ample room, and verge enough
"The characters of hell to trace.
"Mark the year, and mark the night,
"†† When Severn ſhall re-echo with affright
"The ſhrieks of death, through Berkley's roofs that ring;
"Shrieks of an agonizing King;
"‡‡ She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
"That tears the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
"§§ From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
"The ſcourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait!
"Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd;
"And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

"Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
"¶¶ Low on his funeral couch he lies!
"No pitying heart, no eye, afford
"A tear to grace his obſequies.
"Is the ſable *** Warrior fled?
"Thy ſon is gone. He reſts among the Dead.
"The Swarm, that in the noon-tide beam were born;
"Gone to ſalute the riſing Morn.
"Fair ††† laughs the Morn, and ſoft the Zephyr blows,
"While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
"In gallant trim the gilded veſſel goes;
"Youth on the prow, and Pleaſure at the helm;
"Regardleſs of the ſweeping Whirlwind's ſway,
"That, hush'd in grim repoſe, expects his evening-prey.

II. 3.

"‡‡‡ Fill high the ſparkling bowl,
"The rich repaſt prepare:
"Reſt of a crown, he yet may ſhare the feaſt:
"Cloſe by the regal chair
"Fell Thirſt and Famine ſcowl
"A baleful ſmile upon their baffled gueſt.
"Heard ye the din of §§§ battle bray,
"Lance to lance, and horſe to horſe!

* *Gilbert de Clare, ſurnamed the Red, Earl of Glouceſter and Hertford, ſon-in-law to King Edward.*

† *Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.*

They both were Lords-Marchers, whoſe lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in his expedition.

‡ *The image was taken from the well-known picture of Raphael, repreſenting the Supreme Being in the viſion of Ezekiel: there are two of theſe paintings (both believed original,) one at Florence, the other at Paris.*

† *Sheen, like a meteor, ſtreaming to the wind.*
Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.

‖ *The ſhores of Caernarvonſhire oppoſite to the iſle of Angleſey.*

§ *Camden and others obſerve, that eagles uſed annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as ſome think) were named by the Welſh* Craigian-eryri, *or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the higheſt point of Snowdon is called* The Eagle's Neſt. *That bird is certainly no ſtranger to this iſland, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Weſtmoreland, &c. can teſtify: it even has built its neſt in the Peak of Derbyſhire. [See Willoughby's Ornithol. publiſhed by Ray.]*

¶ *As dear to me as are the ruddy drops,*
That viſit my ſad heart.
Shakeſp. Jul. Cæſar.

** *Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froiſſard, and other contemporary writers.*

†† *Richard the Second (as we are told by archbiſhop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifeſto by Thomas of Walſingham, and all the elder writers) was ſtarved to death. The ſtory of his aſſaſſination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.*

‡‡ *Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaſter.*

" Long years of havock urge their deſtin'd courſe,
" And through the kindred ſquadrons mow their way.
" Ye towers of Julius ‡, London's laſting ſhame,
" With many a foul and midnight murther fed,
" Revere his ‖ Conſort's faith, his Father's § fame,
" And ſpare the meek ¶ Uſurper's holy head.
" Above, below, the ** roſe of ſnow,
" Twin'd with her bluſhing foe we ſpread:
" The briſtled †† boar in infant gore
" Wallows beneath the thorny ſhade.
" Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accurſed loom,
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo! to ſudden fate
" (Weave we the woof. The thread is ſpun).
" ‡‡ Half of thy heart we conſecrate.
" (The web is wove. The work is done)"
' Stay, oh ſtay! nor thus forlorn
' Leave me unbleſs'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
' In yon bright track, that fires the weſtern ſkies,
' They melt, they vaniſh from my eyes.
' But oh! what ſolemn ſcenes on Snowdon's height
' Deſcending ſlow, their glittering ſkirts unroll?
' Viſions of glory, ſpare my aching ſight
' Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my ſoul!
' No more our long-loſt §§ Arthur we bewail.
' All-hail, ‖‖ ye genuine Kings; Britannia's iſſue, hail!

‡ *Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered ſecretly in the Tower of London. The oldeſt part of that ſtructure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæſar.*

‖ *Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic ſpirit, who ſtruggled hard to ſave her huſband and her crown.*

§ *Henry the Fifth.*

¶ *Henry the Sixth very near being canonized. The line of Lancaſter had no right of inheritance to the crown.*

** *The white and red roſes, deviſes of York and Lancaſter.*

†† *The ſilver-boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was uſually known in his own time by the name of The Boar.*

‡‡ *Eleanor of Caſtile died a few years after the conqueſt of Wales. The heroic proof ſhe gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and ſorrow for the loſs of her, are ſtill to be ſeen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.*

§§ *It was the common belief of the Welſh nation that King Arthur was ſtill alive in Fairy-land, and ſhould return again to reign over Britain.*

‖‖ *Both Merlin and Talieſſin had propheſied, that the Welſh ſhould regain their ſovereignty over this iſland; which ſeemed to be accompliſhed in the Houſe of Tudor.*

III. 2.

' Girt with many a Baron bold
' Sublime their ſtarry fronts they rear:
' And gorgeous Dames and Stateſmen old
' In bearded majeſty, appear.
' In the midſt a Form divine!
' Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line
' Her lion port †, her awe-commanding;
' Attemper'd ſweet to virgin-grace.
' What ſtrings ſymphonius tremble in the
' What ſtrains of vocal tranſport round h
' Hear from the grave, great Talieſſin ‖,
' They breathe a ſoul to animate thy clay
' Bright rapture calls, and ſoaring, as ſhe
' Waves in the eye of heaven her many-wings.

III. 3.

' The verſe adorn again
' § Fierce War, and faithful Love,
' And Truth ſevere, by fairy Fiction dreſ
' In ¶ buſkin'd meaſures move
' Pale Grief, and pleaſing Pain,
' With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing
' A ** Voice, as of the Cherub-choir,
' Gales from blooming Eden bear;
' †† And diſtant warblings leſſen on my
' That loſt in long futurity expire.
' Fond impious Man, think'ſt thou, yon cloud,
' Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd th day?
' To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
' And warms the nations with redoubled
' Enough for me: With joy I ſee
' The different doom our Fates aſſign.
' Be thine Deſpair, and ſcepter'd Care;
' To triumph, and to die, are mine'
He ſpoke, and headlong from the mountain
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd t night.

‡ *Speed, relating an audience given by Qu beth to Paul Dzialinſki, ambaſſador of Pol*
' *And thus ſhe, lion-like riſing, daunted the*
' *orator no leſs with her ſtately port and majeſ*
' *ture, than with the tartneſſe of her princel*

‖ *Talieſſin, Chief of the Bards, flouri ſixth century. His works are ſtill preſerve memory held in high veneration among his cou*

§ *Fierce wars and faithful loves ſhall mov ſong.*
Spenſer's Proeme to the Fai

¶ *Shakeſpeare.*

** *Milton.*

†† *The ſucceſſion of poets after Milton's*

THE

FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE.

In the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney-iſlands, went with a fleet of ſhips and a conſiderable body of troops into Ireland, to the aſſiſtance of Sictryg with the Silken Beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law Brian, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces; and Sictryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loſs, by the death of Brian, their king, who fell in the action. On Chriſtmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a native of Caithneſs, in Scotland, ſaw at a diſtance, a number of perſons on horſeback, riding full ſpeed towards a hill, and ſeeming to enter into it. Curioſity led him to follow them, till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he ſaw twelve gigantic figures, reſembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove they ſung the following dreadful ſong; which when they had finiſhed, they tore their web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped ſix to the north, and as many to the ſouth.

Note—The Valkyriur were female divinities, ſervants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name ſignifies chuſers of the ſlain. They were mounted on ſwift horſes, with drawn ſwords in their hands; and in the throng of battle ſelected ſuch as were deſtined to ſlaughter, and conducted them to Valkalla, the hall of Odin, or paradiſe of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and ſerved the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

NOW the ſtorm begins to lour,
(Haſte, the loom of hell prepare,)
* Iron-ſleet of arrowy ſhower
† Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the duſky warp we ſtrain,
Weaving many a ſoldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grieſly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gaſping warrior's head.

Shafts for ſhuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along;
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tiſſue cloſe and ſtrong.

Miſta black, terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda ſee,
Join the wayward work to aid,
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy ſun be ſet,
Pikes muſt ſhiver, javelins ſing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk craſh, and helmet ring.

* *How quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind them ſhot*
Sharp ſleet of arrowy ſhower—Milt. Par. Reg.

† *The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air.*
Shakeſpeare's Jul. Cæſar.

(Weave the crimſon web of war,)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict ſhare,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through th' enſanguin'd field:
Gondula, and Geira, ſpread
O'er the youthful king your ſhield.

We the reins to ſlaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to ſpare:
Spite of danger he ſhall live.
(Weave the crimſon web of war)

They, whom once the deſert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample ſway ſhall ſtretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntleſs Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king ſhall bite the ground.

Long his loſs ſhall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeneſs ſee;
Long her ſtrains in ſorrow ſteep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the ſun.
Siſters, weave the web of death;
Siſters, ceaſe, the work is done.

Hail the taſk, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph ſing!
Joy to the victorious bands:
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'ſt the tale,
Learn the tenour of our ſong.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Siſters, hence, with ſpurs of ſpeed:
Each her thundering faulchion wield;
Each beſtride her ſable ſteed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

THE

DESCENT OF ODIN.

AN ODE*.

(FROM THE NORSE-TONGUE,)

In BARTHOLINUS, de cauſis contemnendæ mortis; HAFNIÆ, 1689, Quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUIR, &c.

UPROSE the King of Men with ſpeed,
And ſaddled ſtrait his coal-black ſteed;
Down the yawning ſteep he rode,
That leads to * Hela's drear abode,

* *Niflheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, conſiſted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all ſuch as died of ſickneſs, old-age, or by any other means than in battle; Over it preſided Hela, the Goddeſs of Death.*

he Dog of Darkneſs ſpied,
aggy throat he open'd wide,
from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
and human gore diſtill'd;
: he bays with hideous din,
iat glow, and fangs that grin;
ng purſues, with fruitleſs yell,
ither of the powerful ſpell.
d ſtill his way he takes,
groaning earth beneath him ſhakes,)
ll before his fearleſs eyes
ortals nine of hell aſiſe.
it againſt the eaſtern gate,
moſs-grown pile he ſate:
long of yore to ſleep was laid
iſt of the prophetic maid.
to the northern clime.
he trac'd the Runic rhyme,
pronounc'd, in accents dread,
rilling verſe that wakes the dead;
om out the hollow ground
breath'd a ſullen ſound.
What call unknown, what charms preſume
ak the quiet of the tomb;
hus afflicts my troubled ſprite,
rags me from the realms of night?
in theſe mouldering bones have beat
inter's ſnow, the ſummer's heat,
enching dews, and driving rain!
:, let me ſleep again.
he with voice unbleſt,
alls me from the bed of reſt?
A traveller, to thee unknown,
iat calls, a warrior's ſon.
he deeds of light ſhalt know;
e what is done below,
iom yon glittering board is ſpread,
or whom yon golden bed.
Mantling in the goblet, ſee
re beverage of the bee,
hangs the ſhield of gold;
e Drink of Balder bold:
s head to death is given,
in reach the ſons of heaven!
ing I my lips uncloſe:
me, leave me to repoſe.
Once again my call obey.
teſs, ariſe, and ſay,
langers Odin's child await,
he author of his fate?
In Hoder's hand the hero's doom:
other ſends him to the tomb.
ıy weary lips I cloſe:
me, leave me to repoſe.
) Propheteſs, my ſpell obey.
gain ariſe, and ſay,
a' avenger of his guilt,
om ſhall Hoder's blood be ſpilt.
In the caverns of the weſt
in's fierce embrace compreſt,
drous boy ſhall Rinda bear,
e'er ſhall comb his raven-hair,
ſh his viſage in the ſtream,
the ſun's departing beam:
on Hoder's corſe ſhall ſmile
g on the funeral pile,

Now my weary lips I cloſe:
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.
O. Yet a while my call obey,
Propheteſs, awake, and ſay,
What virgins theſe, in ſpeechleſs woe,
That bend to earth their ſolemn brow,
That their flaxen treſſes tear,
And ſnowy veils that float in air.
Tell me whence their ſorrows roſe:
Then I leave thee to repoſe.
PR. Ha! no traveller art thou
King of men, I know thee now,
Mightieſt of a mighty line—
O. No boding maid of ſkill divine
Art thou, nor propheteſs of good;
But mother of the giant brood!
PR. Hie thee hence, and boaſt at home,
That never ſhall enquirer come
To break my iron ſleep again;
Till * Lok has burſt his tenfold chain.
Never, till ſubſtantial night
Has reaſſum'd her ancient right;
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

THE

TRIUMPHS OF OWEN †.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM

Mr. EVANS's Specimens of the Welch Poetry.

OWEN'S praiſe demands my ſong,
Owen ſwift and Owen ſtrong;
Faireſt flower of Roderic's ſtem,
§ Gwyneth's ſhield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded ſtores,
Nor all profuſely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand and open heart.
Big with hoſts of mighty name,
Squadrons three againſt him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by ſide as proudly riding,
On her ſhadow long and gay
‡ Lochlin plows the watery way;

* *Lok is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the twilight of the gods approaches, when he ſhall break his bonds; the human race, the ſtars, and ſun, ſhall diſappear; the earth ſink into the ſea, and fire conſume the ſkies: even Odin himſelf and his kindred deities ſhall periſh. For a farther explanation of this mythology, ſee Mallet's Introduction to the Hiſtory of Denmark*, 1755. *Quarto.*

† *Owen ſucceeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A. D.* 1120. *This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.*

§ *North Wales.*

‖ *Denmark.*

There the Norman ſails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war;
Black and huge along they ſweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.
Dauntleſs on his native ſands
*The Dragon-ſon of Mona ſtands;
In glittering arms and glory dreſt,
High he rears his ruby creſt.
There the thundering ſtrokes begin,
There the preſs, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky ſhore
Echoing to the battle's roar
Where his glowing eyeballs turn,
Thouſand banners round him burn.
Where he points his purple ſpear,
Haſty, haſty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to ſtop, and ſhame to fly.
There Confuſion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Deſpair and honourable Death.

* * * * * *

EPITAPH,

AT BECKENHAM, ON MRS. CLARKE †.

LO! where this ſilent marble weeps,
A Friend, a Wife, a Mother, ſleeps;
A heart, within whoſe ſacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell:
Affection warm, and faith ſincere,
And ſoft Humanity, were there.
In agony, in death, reſign'd,
She felt the wound ſhe left behind.
Her infant image, here below,
Sits ſmiling on a father's woe;
Whom what awaits, while yet he ſtrays
Along this lonely vale of days?
A pang, to ſecret ſorrow dear;
A ſigh, an unavailing tear;
Till Time ſhall every grief remove,
With Life, with Memory, and with Love.

STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW OF THE SEAT AND RUINS AT KINGSGATE, IN KENT, 1766.

OLD, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here H———d took the pious reſolution
To ſmuggle a few years, and ſtrive to mend
A broken character and conſtitution.

On this congenial ſpot he fix'd his choice;
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring ſand;
Here ſea-gulls ſcream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though ſhipwreck'd, fear to land.

Here reign the bluſtering North and blighting Eaſt,
No tree is heard to whiſper, bird to ſing;
Yet Nature could not furniſh out the Feaſt,
Art he invokes new terrors ſtill to bring.

Now mouldering fanes and battlements ariſe,
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monaſteries delude our eyes,
And mimic deſolation covers all.

"Ah!" ſaid the ſighing peer, "Had B—te been true,
Nor G——'s, nor B——d's promiſes been vain,
Far other ſcenes than this had grac'd our view,
And realiz'd the horrors which we feign.

"Purg'd by the ſword, and purify'd by fire,
Then had we ſeen proud London's hated walls;
Owls ſhould have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
And foxes ſtunk and litter'd in St. Paul's.

ODE

FOR

MUSICK.

Performed in the Senate-Houſe at Cambridge, July 1, 1769, at the Inſtallation of his Grace Auguſtus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the Univerſity.

I.

"HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground!),
"Comus, and his midnight-crew,
"And Ignorance with looks profound,
"And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue.
"Mad Sedition's cry prophane,
"Servitude that hugs her chain,
"Nor in theſe conſecrated bowers
"Let painted Flattery hide her ſerpent train in
"flowers.
"Nor Envy baſe, nor creeping Gain,
"Dare the Muſe's walk to ſtain,
"While bright-eyed Science watches round:
"Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Burſts on my ear th' indignant lay;
There ſit the ſainted Sage, the Bard divine,
The Few, whom Genius gave to ſhine
Through every unborn age and undiſcover'd clime
Rapt in celeſtial tranſport they,
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They ſend of tender ſympathy
To bleſs the place, where on their opening ſoul
Firſt the genuine ardour ſtole.
'Twas Milton ſtruck the deep-ton'd ſhell,
And, as the choral warblings round him ſwell,
Meek Newton's ſelf bends from his ſtate ſublime,
And nods his hoary head, and liſtens to the rhyme.

III.

"Ye brown o'er-arching Groves,
"That Contemplation loves,
"Where willowy Camus lingers with delight
"Oft at the bluſh of dawn
"I trod your level lawn,
"Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia ſilver-bright

* *The red dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his deſcendants bore on their banners.*

† *Wife to a phyſician at Epſom; ſhe died April 27, 1757.*

cloiſters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
ith Freedom by my ſide, and ſoft-ey'd Melancholy."

IV.

ark! the portals ſound, and pacing forth
ı ſolemn ſteps and ſlow,
ı Potentates, and Dames of royal birth,
mitred Fathers in long order go:
t * Edward, with the lilies on his brow
ı haughty Gallia torn.
† ſad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
: wept her bleeding Love, and princely ‡ Clare
‖ Anjou's Heroine, and § the paler Roſe,
rival of her crown and of her woes,
¶ either Henry there,
murder'd Saint, and the majeſtic Lord,
broke the bonds of Rome.
ir tears, their little triumphs o'er,
r human paſſions now no more,
Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
hat on Granta's fruitful plain
ſtreams of regal bounty pour'd,
bade theſe awful fanes and turrets riſe,
ail their Fitzroy's feſtal morning come;
thus they ſpeak in ſoft accord
liquid language of the ſkies.

V.

hat is Grandeur, what is Power?
eavier toil, ſuperior pain.
hat the bright reward we gain?
he grateful memory of the Good.
weet is the breath of vernal ſhower,
he bee's collected treaſure's ſweet,
weet muſic's melting fall, but ſweeter yet
he ſtill ſmall voice of Gratitude."

Edward the Third: who added the Fleur de lys of ce to the arms of England. He founded Trinity ge.

Mary de Valentia, Counteſs of Pembroke, daughf Guy de Chatillon Comte de St. Paul in France; hom tradition ſays, that her huſband Audomar de ntia, Earl of Pembroke, was ſlain at a tournaon the day of his nuptials. She was the founder of embroke College or Hall, under the name of Aula ia de Valentia.

Elizabeth de Burg, Counteſs of Clare, was wife ohn de Burg, ſon and heir of the Earl of Ulſter, laughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, oan of Acres, daughter of Edward the Firſt. e the Poet gives her the epithet of Princely. She ded Clare-Hall.

Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, reſs of Queen's College. The Poet has celebrated onjugal fidelity in a former Ode.

Elizabeth Wodville, wife of Edward the Fourth e called the paler Roſe, as being of the Houſe of). She added to the foundation of Margaret of n.

Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the er of King's, the latter the greateſt benefactor to ity College.

VI.

Foremoſt and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Marg'ret ſee! *
" Welcome, my noble Son (ſhe cries aloud),
" To this, thy kindred train, and me:
" Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
" A † Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.
" Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
" The flower unheeded ſhall deſcry,
" And bid it round heaven's altars ſhed
" The fragrance of its bluſhing head:
" Shall raiſe from earth the latent gem,
" To glitter on the diadem.

VII.

" Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
" Not obvious, not obtruſive ſhe
" No vulgar praiſe, no venal incenſe flings;
" Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
" Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
" She reveres herſelf and thee.
" With modeſt pride to grace thy youthful brow
" The laureat wreath, ‡ that Cecil wore, ſhe brings,
" And to thy juſt, thy gentle hand
" Submits the faſces of her ſway,
" While Spirits bleſt above and Men below
" Join with glad voice the loud ſymphonious lay.

VIII.

" Through the wild waves as they roar
" With watchful eye and dauntleſs mien
" Thy ſteady courſe of honour keep,
" Nor fear the rocks, nor ſeek the ſhore:
" The Star of Brunſwick ſmiles ſerene,
" And glids the horrors of the deep."

A LONG STORY.

IN Britain's iſle no matter where,
An antient pile of building ſtands:
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of Fairy hands

To raiſe the cieling's fretted height,
Each panpel in achievements cloathing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And paſſages, that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the ſpacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls,
The ſeal and maces danc'd before him.

His buſhy beard, and ſhoe-ſtrings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and ſatin doublet,
Mov'd the ſtout heart of England's Queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very firſt beginning!
Shame of the verſifying tribe!
Your hiſtory whither are you ſpinning!
Can you do nothing but deſcribe?

* *Counteſs of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundreſs of St. John's and Chriſt's Colleges.*

† *The Counteſs was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor; hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims deſcent from both theſe families.*

‡ *Lord Treaſurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the Univerſity in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.*

A houſe there is (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning iſſues
A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But ruſtling in their ſilks and tiſſues.

The firſt came cap-a-pee from France,
Her conquering deſtiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye aſkance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind heaven
Had arm'd with ſpirit, wit, and ſatire:
But Cobham had the poliſh given,
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
Coarſe panegyrics would but teaze her.
Meliſſa is her *Nom de Guerre*.
Alas, who would not wiſh to pleaſe her!

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
And aprons long they hid their armour,
And veil'd their weapons bright and keen,
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the ſhape of * Mr. P—t,
(By this time all the pariſh know it)
Had told, that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked Imp they call a poet:

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peaſants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And ſuck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheaſants.

My Lady hear'd their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd iſſue out her high commiſſion
To rid the manor of ſuch vermin.

The Heroines undertook the taſk,
Thro' lanes unknown, o'er ſtiles they ventur'd,
Rap'd at the door, nor ſtay'd to aſk,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they ſing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his Mother, pinch his Aunt,
And up ſtairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cubboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-ſkurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and teſter clamber;

Into the drawers and china pry,
Papers and books a huge imbroglio!
Under a tea cup he might lie,
Or crcas'd, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the firſt marching of the troops
The Muſes, hopeleſs of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
To a ſmall cloſet in the garden.

So Rumour ſays: (who will, believe)
But that they left the door a-jar,
Where, ſafe and laughing in his ſleeve,
He heard the diſtant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
The power of Magic was no fable;
Out of the window, wiſk, they flew,
But left a ſpell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
The Poet felt a ſtrange diſorder:
Tranſparent bird-lime form'd the middle,
And chains inviſible the border.

So cunning was the Apparatus,
The powerful pot-hooks did ſo move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the Great-houſe
He went, as if the Devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no ſign of grace
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferr'd his caſe,
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have back'd his quarrel;
But with a bluſh, on recollection,
Own'd that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainſt four ſuch eyes were no protection.

The court was ſat, the culprit there,
Forth from the gloomy manſions creeping
The Lady Janes and Joans repair,
And from the gallery ſtand peeping:

Such as in ſilence of the night
Come (ſweep) along ſome winding entry,
(Styack has often ſeen the ſight)
Or at the chapel-door ſtand centry:

In peaked hoods and mantles tarniſh'd,
Sour viſages, enough to ſcare ye,
High dames of honour once, that garniſh'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The Peereſs comes. The audience ſtare,
And doff their hats with due ſubmiſſion:
She curtſies, as ſhe takes her chair,
To all the people of condition.

The Bard, with many an artful ſib,
Had in imagination feac'd him,
Diſprov'd the arguments of † Squib,
And all that ‡ Groom could urge againſt him.

But ſoon his rhetorick forſook him,
When he the ſolemn hall had ſeen;
A ſudden fit of ague ſhook him.
He ſtood as mute as poor ‖ Macleane.

Yet ſomething he was heard to mutter,
"How in the Park, beneath an old tree,
"Without deſign to hurt the butter,
"Or any malice to the poultry,)
"He once or twice had penn'd a ſonnet:
"Yet hoped, that he might ſave his bacon:
"Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
"He ne'er was for a conj'rer taken."

* *I have been told that this Gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Mr. Gray's in the country, was much diſpleaſed at the liberty here taken with his name; yet, ſurely, without any great reaſon. M.*

* *The Houſe-keeper.*

† *Groom of the Chamber. G.*

‡ *The Steward. G.*

‖ *A famous highwayman, hanged the week before. G.*

The ghoſtly prudes with hagged * face
Already had condemn'd the ſinner.
My Lady roſe, and with a grace—
She ſmil'd, and bid him come to dinner †.

* *Hagged*, i. e. *the face of a witch or hag; the epithet Hagard has been ſometimes miſtaken, as conveying the ſame idea; but it means a very different thing, viz. wild and farouche, and is taken from an unreclaimed hawk, called an haggard. M.*

† *Here the fiery finiſhes; the exclamation of the Ghoſts which follows is characteriſtic of the Spaniſh manners of the age, when they are ſuppoſed to have lived; and the 500 ſtanzas, ſaid to be loſt, may be imagined to contain the remainder of their long-winded expoſtulation. M.*

" Jeſu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
" Why, what can the Viſcounteſs mean?
(Cried the ſquare-hoods in woeful fidget)
" The times are alter'd quite and clean

" Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;
" Her air and all her manners ſhew it.
" Commend me to her affability!
" Speak to a Commoner and Poet!"

[*Here 500 Stanzas are loſt.*]

And ſo God ſave our noble King,
And guard us from long-winded Lubbers,
That to eternity would ſing,
And keep my Lady from her Rubbers.

THE

POEMS

OF

LORD LYTTLETON.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE,

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

(TO MR. POPE.)

UNCERTAINTY.

POPE, to whoſe reed beneath the beachen ſhade,
The Nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid;
While yet thy Muſe, content with humbleſt praiſe,
Warbled in Windſor's grove her ſylvan lays;
Though now, ſublimely borne on Homer's wing,
Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs ſhe ſing:
Wilt thou with me reviſit once again
The cryſtal fountain and the flowery plain?
Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verſe relate
The various changes of a lover's ſtate;
And, while each turn of paſſion I purſue,
Aſk thy own heart if what I tell be true?
To the green margin of a lonely wood,
Whoſe pendant ſhades o'erlook'd a ſilver flood,
Young Damon came, unknowing where he ſtray'd,
Full of the image of his beauteous maid:
His flock, far off, unfed, untended lay,
To every ſavage a defenceleſs prey;
No ſenſe of intereſt could their maſter move,
And every care ſeem'd trifling now but love.
A while in penſive ſilence he remain'd,
But, though his voice was mute, his looks complain'd:
At length the thoughts within his boſom pent
Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.
" Ye nymphs, he cried, ye Dryads, who ſo long
" Have favor'd Damon, and inſpir'd his ſong;
" For whom, retir'd, I ſhun the gay reſorts
" Of ſportful cities, and of pompous courts;
" In vain I bid the reſtleſs world adieu,
" To ſeek tranquillity and peace with you.
" Though wild Ambition and deſtructive Rage,
" No factions here can form, no wars can wage:
" Though Envy frowns not on your humble ſhades,
" Nor Calumny your innocence invades:
" Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breaſt,
" Too often violates your boaſted reſt;
" With inbred ſtorms diſturbs your calm retreat,
" And taints with bitterneſs each rural ſweet.
" Ah luckleſs day! when firſt with fond ſurprize
" On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes!
" Then in wild tumults all my ſoul was toſt,
" Then reaſon, liberty, at once were loſt:
" And every wiſh, and thought, and care, was gone,
" But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
" Then too ſhe ſmil'd: can ſmiles our peace deſtroy,
" Thoſe lovely children of Content and Joy!
" How can ſoft pleaſure and tormenting woe
" From the ſame ſpring at the ſame moment flow:
" Unhappy boy! theſe vain enquiries ceaſe,
" Thought could not guard, nor will reſtore, thy peace;
" Indulge the frenzy that thou muſt endure,
" And ſooth the pain thou know'ſt not how to cure,
" Come, flattering Memory! and tell my heart
" How kind ſhe was, and with what pleaſing art
" She ſtrove its fondeſt wiſhes to obtain,
" Confirm her power, and faſter bind my chain.
" If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band,
" To me alone ſhe gave her willing hand:
" Her partial taſte, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
" Still in my ſong found ſomething to admire,
" By none but her my crook with flowers was
" crown'd,
" By none but her my brows with ivy bound:

" The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
" The world, alas! like Damon was deceiv'd.
" When laſt I ſaw her, and declar'd my fire
" In words as ſoft as paſſion could inſpire,
" Coldly ſhe heard, and full of ſcorn withdrew,
" Without one pitying glance, one ſweet adieu.
" The frighted hind, who ſees his ripen'd corn
" Up from the roots by ſudden tempeſts torn,
" Whoſe faireſt hopes deſtroy'd and blaſted lie,
" Feels not ſo keen a pang of grief as I.
" Ah, how have I deſerv'd, inhuman maid,
" To have my faithful ſervice thus repaid?
" Were all the marks of kindneſs I receiv'd,
" But dreams of joy that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
" Or did you only nurſe my growing love,
" That with more pain I might your hatred prove?
" Sure guilty treachery no place could find
" In ſuch a gentle, ſuch a generous mind:
" A maid brought up the woods and wilds among
" Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts ſo young:
" No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
" Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
" 'Twas only modeſty that ſeem'd diſdain,
" And her heart ſuffer'd when ſhe gave me pain."
Pleas'd with this flattering thought, the love-ſick boy
Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy;
Back to his flock more chearful he return'd,
When now the ſetting ſun more fiercely burn'd,
Blue vapours roſe along the mazy rills,
And light's laſt bluſhes ting'd the diſtant hills.

ECLOGUE II.

TO MR. DODDINGTON:

[AFTERWARDS LORD MELCOMBE REGIS]

HOPE.

HEAR, Doddington, the notes that ſhepherds ſing,
Like thoſe that warbling hail the genial ſpring.
Nor Pan, nor Phœbus, tunes our artleſs reeds;
From Love alone their melody proceeds.
From Love, Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
Learnt the wild ſweetneſs of his Doric ſtrains.
Young Maro, touch'd by his inſpiring dart,
Could charm each ear, and ſoften every heart;
Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
My ruſtic pipe in pleaſing concert join *.
Damon no longer ſought the ſilent ſhade,
No more in unfrequented paths he ſtray'd,
But call'd the ſwains to hear his jocund ſong,
And told his joy to all the rural throng.
" Bleſt be the hour, he ſaid, that happy hour,
" When firſt I own'd my Delia's gentle power;
" Then gloomy diſcontent and pining care
" Forſook my breaſt, and left ſoft wiſhes there;
" Soft wiſhes there they left, and gay deſires,
" Delightful languors, and tranſporting fires.
" Where yonder lines combine to form a ſhade,
" Theſe eyes firſt gaz'd upon the charming maid;
" There ſhe appear'd, on that auſpicious day,
" When ſwains their ſportive rites to Bacchus pay:
" She led the dance—heavens! with what grace ſhe mov'd!
" Who could have ſeen her then, and not have lov'd?
" I ſtrove not to reſiſt ſo ſweet a flame,
" But gloried in a happy captive's name:
" Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
" But leave to brutes their ſavage liberty.
" And art thou then, fond youth, ſecure of joy?
" Can no reverſe thy flattering bliſs deſtroy?
" Has treacherous Love no torment yet in ſtore?
" Or haſt thou never prov'd his fatal power?
" Whence flow'd thoſe tears that late bedew'd thy cheek?
" Why ſigh'd thy heart as if it ſtrove to break?
" Why were the deſert rocks invok'd to hear
" The plaintive accents of thy ſad deſpair?
" From Delia's rigour all thoſe pains aroſe,
" Delia who now compaſſionates my woes,
" Who bids me *hope*, and in that charming word
" Has peace and tranſport to my ſoul reſtor'd.
" Begin my pipe, begin the gladſome lay;
" A kiſs from Delia ſhall thy muſic pay;
" A kiſs obtain'd 'twixt ſtruggling and conſent,
" Given with forc'd anger and diſguis'd content,
" No laureat wreaths I aſk, to bind my brows,
" Such as the Muſe on lofty Bards beſtows:
" Let other ſwains to praiſe or fame aſpire;
" I from her lips my recompence require.
" Why ſtays my Delia in her ſecret bower?
" Light gales have chac'd the late impending ſhower;
" Th'emerging ſun more bright his beams extends;
" Oppos'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
" Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay:
" The birds renew their ſongs on every ſpray!
" Come forth, my love, thy ſhepherd's joys to crown;
" All nature ſmiles—will only Delia frown?
" Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
" While every flower of every ſweet they drain:
" See, how beneath yon hillock's ſhady ſteep,
" The ſhelter'd herds on flowery couches ſleep;
" Nor bees, nor herds, are half ſo bleſt as I,
" If with my fond deſires my love comply;
" From Delia's lips a ſweeter honey flows,
" And on her boſom dwells more ſoft repoſe.
" Ah how, my dear, ſhall I deſerve thy charms?
" What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
" A bird for thee in ſilken bands I hold,
" Whoſe yellow plumage ſhines like poliſh'd gold;
" From diſtant iſles the lovely ſtranger came,
" And bears the fortunate Canaries' name;
" In all our woods none boaſts ſo ſweet a note,
" Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat.
" Accept of this; and could I add beſide
" What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide:
" If all the gems in Eaſtern rocks were mine,
" On thee alone their glittering pride ſhould ſhine.
" But, if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
" Phœbus himſelf ſhall leave th' Aonian grove:
" The tuneful Nine, who never ſue in vain,
" Shall come ſweet ſuppliants for their favourite ſwain.

* *Mr. Doddington had written ſome very pretty love verſes, which were never been publiſhed.* Lyttlet.

" For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,
" For him each green-hair'd ſiſter of the wood,
" Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
" His muſic calls to dance the night away.
" And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
" With whom ſhe joys the cowſlip meads to rove.
" I beg you, recommend my faithful flame,
" And let her often hear her ſhepherd's name:
" Shade all my faults from her enquiring ſight,
" And ſhew my merits in the faireſt light;
" My pipe your kind aſſiſtance ſhall repay,
" And every friend ſhall claim a different lay.
" But ſee! in yonder glade the heavenly fair
" Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—
" Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet;
" Adieu, my pipe; I go my love to meet—
" O, may I find her as we parted laſt,
" And may each future hour be like the paſt!
" So ſhall the whiteſt lamb theſe paſtures feed,
" Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed."

ECLOGUE III.

(TO MR. EDWARD WALPOLE.)

JEALOUSY.

THE gods, O Walpole, give no bliſs ſincere;
Wealth is diſturb'd by care, and power by fear;
Of all the paſſions that employ the mind,
In gentle love the ſweeteſt joys we find:
Yet ev'n thoſe joys dire Jealouſy moleſts,
And blackens each fair image in our breaſts.
O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
Ne'er feel the ſharpneſs of his venom'd dart!
For thy own quiet, think thy miſtreſs juſt,
And wiſely take thy happineſs on truſt.
Begin, my Muſe, and Damon's woes rehearſe,
In wildeſt numbers and diſorder'd verſe.
On a romantick mountain's airy head
(While browzing goats at eaſe around him fed)
Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppreſt;
Diſtruſt and anger labouring in his breaſt—
The vale beneath a pleaſing proſpect yields
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
Through theſe a river rolls its winding flood,
Adorn'd with various tufts of riſing wood;
Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage ſtands,
A caſtle there the opening plain commands;
Beyond, a town with glittering ſpires is crown'd,
And diſtant hills the wide horizon bound:
So charming was the ſcene, a while the ſwain
Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain:
But ſoon the ſtings inflix'd within his heart
With cruel force renew'd their raging ſmart:
His flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
Then cried, " May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,
" Like theſe neglected roſes, droop and fade!
" May angry heaven deform each guilty grace,
" That triumphs now in that deluding face!
" Thoſe alter'd looks may every ſhepherd fly,
" And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worſe than I!
" Say, thou inconſtant, what has Damon done,
" To loſe the heart his tedious pains had won?
" Tell me what charms you in my rival find,
" Againſt whoſe power no ties have ſtrength to bind?
" Alas he, like me, with long obedience ſtrove
" To conquer your diſdain, and merit love?
" Has he with tranſport every ſmile ador'd,
" And died with grief at each ungentle word?
" Ah, no! the conqueſt was obtain'd with eaſe;
" He pleas'd you, by not ſtudying to pleaſe:
" His careleſs indolence your pride alarm'd;
" And, had he lov'd you more, he leſs had charm'd.
" O pain to think! another ſhall poſſeſs
" Thoſe balmy lips which I was wont to preſs:
" Another on her panting breaſt ſhall lie,
" And catch ſweet madneſs from her ſwimming eye!
" I ſaw their friendly flocks together feed,
" I ſaw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead:
" Would my cloſ'd eye had ſunk in endleſs night,
" Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful ſight!
" Where-e'er they paſs'd, be blaſted every flower,
" And hungry wolves their helpleſs flocks devour!
" Ah wretched ſwain, could no examples move
" Thy heedleſs heart to ſhun the rage of love?
" Haſt thou not heard how poor * Menalcas died
" A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
" Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
" Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd in vain:
" Around his tomb their tears the Muſes paid;
" And all things mourn'd, but the relentleſs maid.
" Would I could die like him, and be at peace?
" Theſe torments in the quiet grave would ceaſe;
" There my vex'd thoughts a calm repoſe would find
" And reſt, as if my Delia ſtill were kind.
" No, let me live, her falſehood to upbraid:
" Some god perhaps my juſt revenge will aid.—
" Alas! what aid, fond ſwain, wouldſt thou receive?
" Could thy heart bear to ſee its Delia grieve?
" Protect her, heaven! and let her never know
" The ſlighteſt part of hapleſs Damon's woe;
" I aſk no vengeance from the powers above;
" All I implore is never more to love.—
" Let me this fondneſs from my boſom tear,
" Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
" Come, cool Indifference, and heal my breaſt;
" Wearied, at length, I ſeek thy downy reſt:
" No turbulence of paſſion ſhall deſtroy
" My future eaſe with flattering hopes of joy.
" Hear, mighty Pan, and all ye ſylvans, hear
" What by your guardian deities I ſwear;
" No more my eyes ſhall view her fatal charms,
" No more I'll court the traitreſs to my arms;
" Not all her arts my ſteady ſoul ſhall move,
" And ſhe ſhall find that reaſon conquers love!"—
Scarce had he ſpoke, when through the lawn below
Alone he ſaw the beauteous Delia go;
At once tranſported, he forgot his vow,
(Such perjuries the laughing gods allow!)
Down the ſteep hills with ardent haſte he flew;
He found her kind, and ſoon believ'd her true.

* *See Mr. Gray's Ode.*

ECLOGUE IV.

(TO LORD COBHAM.)

POSSESSION.

COBHAM, to thee this rural lay I bring,
Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing;
Though far unequal to those polish'd strains,
With which thy Congreve charm'd the listening plains:
Yet shall its music please thy partial ear,
And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were dear;
Recal those years which time has thrown behind,
When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind:
When all thy glorious days of prosperous fight
Delighted less than one successful night.
The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er:
And, while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.
Beneath the covers of a myrtle wood,
To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar stood.
To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,
In friendly league to favour human-kind.
With wanton Cupids, in that happy shade,
The gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd.
Nor there in sprightly Pleasure's genial train,
Lurk'd sick Disgust, or late-repenting Pain,
Nor Force, nor Interest, join'd unwilling hands,
But Love consenting tied the blissful bands,
Thither, with glad devotion, Damon came,
To thank the powers who bless'd his faithful flame:
Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
And thus to both his grateful homage paid:
" Hail, bounteous god! before whose hallow'd shrine
" My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
" While, glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
" Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove!
" And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires
" Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,
" Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
" As fondly languish, and as fiercely burn.
" O the dear bloom of last propitious night!
" O shade more charming than the fairest light!
" Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
" Then all my pains one moment overpaid;
" Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
" Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.
" Thou too, bright goddess, once, in Ida's grove,
" Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love;
" With him, while frisking lambs around you play'd,
" Conceal'd you sported in the secret shade:
" Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
" And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.
" What are ye now, my once most valued joys?
" Insipid trifles all, and childish toys—
" Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
" Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kiss.
" Ye Muses, skill'd in every winning art,
" Teach me more deeply to engage her heart;
" Ye nymphs, to her your freshest roses bring,
" And crown her with the pride of all the spring;
" On all her days let health and peace attend;
" May she ne'er want, nor ever lose, a friend!
" May some new pleasure every hour employ:
" But [illegible] Damon be her highest joy!
" With thee, my love, for ever will I stay;
" All night caress thee, and admire all day;
" In the same field our mingled flocks we 'll feed,
" To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead,
" Together will we share the harvest toils,
" Together press the vine's autumnal spoils.
" Delightful state, where Peace and Love combine,
" To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine!
" Here limpid fountains roll through flowery meads;
" Here rising forests lift their verdant heads;
" Here let me wear my careless life away,
" And in thy arms insensibly decay.
" When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,
" And our slow pulses dance with joy no more;
" When Time no longer will thy beauties spare,
" And only Damon's eye shall think thee fair;
" Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death,
" At one soft stroke, deprive us both of breath!
" May we beneath one common stone be laid,
" And the same cypress both our ashes shade!
" Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender verse,
" Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse;
" And future ages, with just envy mov'd,
" Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd."

SOLILOQUY OF A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

Written at EATON SCHOOL.

'TWAS night; and Flavia, to her room retir'd,
With evening chat and sober reading tir'd;
There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,
She meditates on the forsaken town;
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
She sigh'd and thus in plaintive accents said:
" Ah, what avails it to be young and fair;
" To move with negligence, to dress with care?
" What worth have all the charms our pride can boast,
" If all in envious solitude are lost?
" Where none admire, 'tis useless to excell;
" Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle;
" Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown;
" Both most are valued, where they best are known.
" With every grace of nature or of art,
" We cannot break one stubborn country heart:
" The brutes, insensible, our power defy:
" To love, exceeds a squire's capacity.
" The town, the court, is Beauty's proper sphere;
" That is our Heaven, and we are angels there;
" In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove,
" The court of Britain is the court of Love.
" How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
" How have my sparkling eyes their transport shew'd,
" At each distinguish'd birth-night ball, to see
" The homage, due to Empire, paid to me!
" When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
" And dreaded mine more than the Monarch's frown;
" When rival statesmen for my favour, strove,
" Less jealous in their power than in their love.
" Chang'd is the scene; and all my glories die,
" Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky:
" Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
" The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.

" In ſtupid indolence my life is ſpent,
" Supinely calm, and dully innocent:
" Unbleſt I wear my uſeleſs time away;
" Sleep (wretched maid!) all night, and dream all
" day;
" Go at ſet hours to dinner and to prayer
" (For dullneſs ever muſt be regular.)
" Now with mamma at tedious whiſt I play;
" Now without ſcandal drink inſipid tea;
" Or in the garden breathe the country air,
" Secure from meeting any tempter there;
" From books to work, from work to books, I rove,
" And am (alas!) at leiſure to improve!—
" Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead?
" Were eyes ſo radiant only made to read?
" Theſe fingers, at whoſe touch ev'n age would
glow,
" Are theſe of uſe for nothing but to ſew?
" Sure erring Nature never could deſign
" To form a houſewife in a mould like mine!
" O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
" Attend propitious to thy votary's prayer:
" Let me reviſit the dear town again:
" Let me be ſeen!—could I that wiſh obtain,
" All other wiſhes my own power would gain."

BLENHEIM.

Written at the UNIVERSITY of OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR 1727.

PARENT of arts, whoſe ſkilful hand firſt taught
The towering pile to riſe, and form'd the plan
With fair proportion; architect divine.
Minerva; thee to my adventurous lyre
Aſſiſtant I invoke, that means to ſing
Blenheim, proud monument of Britiſh fame,
Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty towers
Didſt to his virtue raiſe, whom oft thy ſhield
In peril guarded, and thy wiſdom ſteer'd
Through all the ſtorms of war.—Thee too I call,
Thalia, ſylvan Muſe, who lov'ſt to rove
Along the ſhady paths and verdant bowers
Of Woodſtock's happy grove: there tuning ſweet
Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train
Attentive liſten; let thy warbling ſong
Paint with melodious praiſe the pleaſing ſcene,
And equal theſe to Pindus' honour'd ſhades.
When Europe freed, confeſs'd the ſaving power
Of Marlborough's hand; Britain, who ſent him forth
Chief of Confederate hoſts, to fight the cauſe
Of Liberty and Juſtice, grateful rais'd
This palace, ſacred to her leader's fame;
A trophy of ſucceſs; with ſpoils adorn'd
Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
Of that auſpicious field, where Churchill's ſword
Vanquiſh'd the might of Gallia, and chaſtis'd
Rebel Bavar.—Majeſtic in its ſtrength,
Stands the proud dome, and ſpeaks its great deſign.
Hail, happy chief, whoſe valour could deſerve
Reward ſo glorious! grateful nation, hail,
Who paid'ſt his ſervice with ſo rich a meed!
Which moſt ſhall I admire, which worthieſt praiſe,
The hero or the people? Honour doubts,
And weighs their virtues in an equal ſcale.
Not thus Germania pays th' uncancel'd debt
Of Gratitude to us—Bluſh, Cæſar, bluſh,
When thou behold'ſt theſe towers; ingrate, to thee
A monument of ſhame! Canſt thou forget
Whence they are nam'd, and what an Engliſh arm
Did for thy throne that day? But we diſdain
Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt:
Still thy obdurate heart againſt the ſenſe
Of obligation infinite; and know,
Britain, like Heaven, protects a thankleſs world
For her own glory, nor expects reward.
Pleas'd with the noble theme, her taſk the Muſe
Purſues untir'd, and through the palace roves
With ever-new delight. The tapeſtry rich
With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
Of various-colour'd ſilks, diſpos'd with ſkill,
Attracts her curious eye. Here Iſter rolls
His purple wave; and there the Granick flood
With paſſing ſquadrons foams: here hardy Gaul
Flies from the ſword of Britain; there to Greece
Effeminate Perſia yields.—In arms oppos'd,
Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
With glorious competition; equal both
In valour and in fortune: but their praiſe
Be different, for with different views they fought;
This to *ſubdue*, and that to *free* mankind.
Now, through the ſtately portals iſſuing forth,
The Muſe to ſofter glories turns, and ſeeks
The woodland ſhade, delighted. Not the vale
Of Tempe fam'd in ſong, or Ida's grove,
Such beauty boaſts. Amid the mazy gloom
Of this romantic wilderneſs once ſtood
The bower of Roſamonda, hapleſs fair,
Sacred to grief and Love; the cryſtal fount
In which ſhe us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs,
Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
Of Spencer, lovely maid, when tir'd ſhe ſits
Beſide its flowery brink, and views thoſe charms
Which only Roſamond could once excell.
But ſee where, flowing with a nobler ſtream,
A limpid lake of pureſt waters rolls
Beneath the wide-ſtretch'd arch, ſtupendous work,
Through which the Danube might collected pour
His ſpacious urn! Silent a while and ſmooth
The current glides, till with an headlong force
Broke and diſorder'd, down the ſteep it falls
In loud caſcades; the ſilver-ſparkling foam
Glitters reluctent in the dancing ray
In theſe retreats repos'd the mighty ſoul
Of Churchill, from the toils of war and ſtate,
Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
Triumphal ever in his mind renew'd

The memory of his fame, and ſooth'd his thoughts
With pleaſing record of his glorious deeds.
So, by the rage of Faction home recall'd,
Lucullus, while he wag'd ſucceſsful war
Againſt the pride of Aſia, and the power
Of Mithridates, whoſe aſpiring mind
No loſſes could ſubdue, enrich'd with ſpoils
Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
And in magnificent retirement paſt
The evening of his life.—But not alone,
In the calm ſhades of honourable eaſe,
Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt: indulgent Heaven
Gave a companion to his ſofter hours,
With whom converſing, he forgot all change
Of fortune, or of ſtate, and in her mind
Found greatneſs equal to his own, and lov'd
Himſelf in her —Thus each by each admir'd,
In mutual honour, mutual fondneſs join'd:
Like two fair ſtars, with intermingled light,
In friendly union they together ſhone,
Aiding each other's brightneſs, till the cloud
Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.
Thee, Churchill, firſt the ruthleſs hand of death
Tore from thy conſort's ſide, and call'd thee hence
To the ſublimer ſeats of joy and love;
Where fate again ſhall join her ſoul to thine,
Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects
The column to thy praiſe, and ſooths her woe
With pious honours to thy ſacred name
Immortal. Lo! where, towering in the height
Of yon aërial pillar, proudly ſtands
Thy image, like a guardian god, ſublime,
And awes the ſubject plain: beneath his feet,
The German eagles ſpread their wings; his hand
Graſps Victory, its ſlave. Such was thy brow
Majeſtic, ſuch thy martial port, when Gaul
Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube ſought
A refuge from thy ſword.—There, where the field
Was deepeſt ſtain'd with gore, on Hochſtet's plain,
The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
A meaner trophy, by the Imperial hand;
Extorted gratitude! which now the rage
Of malice impotent, beſeeming ill
A regal breaſt, has level'd to the ground:
Mean inſult! This, with better auſpices,
Shall ſtand on Britiſh earth to tell the world
How Marlborough fought, for whom, and how repaid
His ſervices. Nor ſhall the conſtant love
Of her who rais'd this monument be loſt
In dark oblivion: that ſhall be the theme
Of future Bards in ages yet unborn,
Inſpir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in theſe groves
Firſt tun'd the Britiſh harp, and little deem'd
His humble dwelling ſhould the neighbour be
Of Blenheim, houſe ſuperb; to which the throng
Of travellers approaching ſhall not paſs
His roof unnoted, but reſpectful hail
With reverence due. Such honour does the Muſe
Obtain her favourites.—But the noble pile
(My theme) demands my voice.—O ſhade ador'd,
Marlborough! who now above the ſtarry ſphere
Dwell'ſt in the palaces of heaven, enthron'd
Among the demi-gods, deign to defend
This thy abode, while preſent here below,
And ſacred ſtill to thy immortal fame,
With tutelary care. Preſerve it ſafe
From Time's deſtroying hand, and cruel ſtroke
Of factious Envy's more relentleſs rage.
Here may, long ages hence, the Britiſh youth,
When honour calls them to the field of war,
Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;
The proud reward of thy ſucceſsful toils
For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame;
That fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
To emulate thy deeds.—So ſhall thy name,
Dear to thy country, ſtill inſpire her ſons
With martial virtue; and to high attempts
Excite their arms, till other battles won,
And nations ſav'd, new monuments require,
And other Blenheims ſhall adorn the land.

TO THE

REVEREND DR. AYSCOUGH,

AT OXFORD.

WRITTEN FROM PARIS IN THE YEAR 1728.

SAY, deareſt friend, how roll thy hours away?
What pleaſing ſtudy cheats the tedious day?
Doſt thou the ſacred volumes oft explore
Of wiſe Antiquity's immortal lore,
Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
At once exalts and poliſhes the mind?
How different from our modern guilty art,
Which pleaſes only to corrupt the heart;
Whoſe curſt refinements odious vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to ſcorn!
Doſt thou in ſage hiſtorians joy to ſee
How Roman greatneſs roſe with liberty:
How the ſame hands that tyrants durſt control
Their empire ſtretch'd from Atlas to the Pole;
Till wealth and conqueſt into ſlaves refin'd
The proud luxurious maſters of mankind?
Doſt thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
Each grace, each virtue, Freedom could inſpire;
Yet in her troubled ſtate ſee all the woes,
And all the crimes, that giddy Faction knows;
Till, rent by parties, by corruption ſold,
Or weakly careleſs, or too raſhly bold,
She ſunk beneath a mitigated doom,
The ſlave and tutoreſs of proteƈting Rome?
Does calm Philoſophy her aid impart
To guide the paſſions, and to mend the heart?
Taught by her precepts, haſt thou learnt the end
To which alone the wiſe their ſtudies bend;
For which alone by nature were deſign'd
The powers of thought—to benefit mankind?

Not,

like a cloyſter'd drone, to read and doſe,
deſerving, undeſerv'd, repoſe;
eaſon's influence to diffuſe; to clear
nlighten'd world of every gloomy fear;
the miſts of error, and unbind
pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
who thus his leiſure can employ!
ows the pureſt hours of tranquil joy;
ext with pangs that buſier boſoms tear,
ſt to ſocial virtue's pleaſing care;
the port, yet labouring to ſuſtain
who ſtill float on the tempeſtuous main.
Locke the days of ſtudious quiet ſpent;
le in wiſdom found divine content;
nbra'd, worthier of a happier doom,
irtuous ſlave of Louis and of Rome.
d * Wor'ſter thus ſupports his drooping
age,
m court-flattery, far from party-rage;
ho in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
nd intrepid on his country's ſide,
ldeſt champion then, and now her mildeſt
guide!
rous warmth! O ſanctity divine!
ulate his worth, my friend, be thine:
from his life the duties of the gown;
not to flatter, nor inſult the crown;
ſely ſervile, court the guilty great,
aiſe the church a rival to the ſtate:
mild, to vice alone ſevere,
ot to ſpread the *law of love* by fear.
rieſt who plagues the world can neve
mend:
to man was e'er to God a friend.
ſon and let virtue faith maintain;
ce but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.
other cares in other climes engage,
hat become my birth, and ſuit my age;
ous knowledge to improve my youth,
onquer prejudice, worſt foe to truth;
ign arts domeſtic faults to mend,
my notions, and my views extend;
eful ſcience of the world to know,
books can never teach, or pedants ſhow.
ition here I pity and admire,
nobleſt ſentiments of glory fire,
ght, by cuſtom's force and bigot fear,
e with pride, and boaſt the yoke they bear:
nobles, born to cringe and to command,
rts a mean, in camps a generous band,)
ach low tool of power, content receive
aws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.
people (vain in want, in bondage bleſt;
plunder'd, gay; induſtrious, though op-
preſt)
appy follies riſe above their fate,
and envy of each wiſer ſtate.
ere the Muſes deign'd a while to ſport
hort ſun-ſhine of a favouring court:

* Bp. Hough.

Here Boileau, ſtrong in ſenſe and ſharp in wit,
Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ,
Permiſſion gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flattering incenſe to his maſter's fame.
Here Moliere, firſt of comic wits, excell'd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;
By keen, yet decent, ſatire ſkill'd to pleaſe,
With morals mirth uniting, ſtrength with eaſe.
Now, charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inſpire
Heroic thoughts, with Shakeſpear's force and
fire!
Now ſweet Racine, with milder influence, move
The ſoften'd heart to pity and to love.
With mingled pain and pleaſure, I ſurvey
The pompous works of arbitrary ſway;
Proud palaces, that drain'd the ſubjects' ſtore,
Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppreſt and poor;
Where ev'n mute walls are taught to flatter ſtate,
And painted triumphs ſtyle Ambition GREAT*.
With more delight thoſe pleaſing ſhades I view,
Where Condé from an envious court withdrew †;
Where, ſick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
Sure judge how empty all, who all had tried!)
Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
And life's great ſcene in quiet virtue cloſ'd.
With ſhame that other fam'd retreat I ſee,
Adorn'd by art, diſgrac'd by luxury ‡:
Where Orleans waſted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded power;
Where feveriſh debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.
With theſe amuſements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleas'd and inſtructed in a foreign land;
Yet oft a tender wiſh recals my mind
From preſent joys to dearer left behind?
O native iſle, fair Freedom's happieſt ſeat!
At thought of thee, my bounding pulſes beat;
At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my ſoul returns.
When ſhall I ſee thy fields, whoſe plenteous grain
No power can raviſh from th' induſtrious ſwain?
When kiſs, with pious love, the ſacred earth
That gave a Burleigh or a Ruſſel birth?
When, in the ſhade of laws, that long have ſtood,
Propt by their care, or ſtrengthen'd by their blood,
Of fearleſs independence wiſely vain,
The proudeſt ſlave of Bourbon's race diſdain?
Yet, oh! what doubt, what ſad preſaging
voice,
Whiſpers within, and bids me not rejoice;
Bids me contemplate every ſtate around,
From ſultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;
Bids their loſt rights, their ruin'd glories ſee;
And tells me, Theſe, like England, once were
free!

* Tho victories of Louis the Fourteenth, painted in the galleries of Verſailles.
† Chantilly.
‡ St. Cloud.

TO

Mr. POYNTZ,

AMBASSADOR AT THE CONGRESS OF SOISSONS IN 1728.

WRITTEN AT PARIS.

O THOU, whoſe friendſhip is my joy and pride,
Whoſe virtues warm me, and whoſe precepts guide;
Thou to whom greatneſs rightly underſtood,
Is but a larger power of being good;
Say, Poyntz, amidſt the toil of anxious ſtate,
Does not thy ſecret ſoul deſire retreat?
Doſt thou not wiſh (the taſk of glory done)
Thy buſy life at length might be thy own;
That, to thy lov'd philoſophy reſign'd,
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Juſt is the wiſh. For ſure the happieſt meed,
To favour'd man by ſmiling Heaven decreed,
Is, to reflect at eaſe on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.
Not him I praiſe, who, from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening generous paſſion fir'd,
On flowery couches ſlumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay;
Who fears bright Glory's awful face to ſee,
And ſhuns renown as much as infamy.
But bleſt is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
To private leiſure public virtue bears;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repoſe with trophies Labour won.
Him Honour follows to the ſecret ſhade,
And crowns propitious his declining head;
In his retreats their harps the Muſes ſtring,
For him in lays unbought ſpontaneous ſing;
Friendſhip and Truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with ſtate;
And round the bower, where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels riſe.
So when thy country ſhall no more demand
The needful aid of thy ſuſtaining hand;
When peace reſtor'd ſhall, on her downy wing,
Secure repoſe and careleſs leiſure bring;
Then, to the ſhade of learned eaſe retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends, thou ſhalt poſſeſs
Contemplative and quiet happineſs:
Pleas'd to review a life in honour ſpent,
And painful merit paid with ſweet content.
Yet, though thy hours unclogg'd with ſorrow roll,
Though wiſdom calm, and ſcience feed thy ſoul,
One dearer bliſs remains to be poſſeſt,
That only can improve and crown the reſt.—
Permit thy friend this ſecret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell;
The point to which our ſweeteſt paſſions move
Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
This is the charm that ſmooths the troubled breaſt,
Friend of our health, and author of our reſt:
Bids every gloomy vexing paſſion fly,
And tunes each jarring ſtring to harmony.
Ev'n while I write, the name of Love inſpires
More pleaſing thoughts, and more enlivening fires;
Beneath his power my raptur'd fancy glows,
And every tender verſe more ſweetly flows.
Dull is the privilege of living free;
Our hearts were never fram'd for liberty:
Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
Can beſt defend them from conſuming care.
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
And Nature in her rural works admire;
Though grateful theſe, yet theſe but faintly charm;
They may delight us, but can never warm.
May ſome fair eyes, my friend, thy boſom fire
With pleaſing pangs of ever-gay deſire;
And teach thee that ſoft ſcience, which alone
Still to thy ſearching mind reſts ſlightly known!
Thy ſoul, though great, is tender and refin'd,
To friendſhip ſenſible, to love inclin'd,
And therefore long thou canſt not arm thy breaſt
Againſt the entrance of ſo ſweet a gueſt.
Hear what th' inſpiring Muſes bid me tell,
For Heaven ſhall ratify what they reveal:
"A choſen bride ſhall in thy arms be plac'd,
"With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd,
"Whoſe wit and virtue ſhall thy own expreſs,
"Diſtinguiſh'd only by their ſofter dreſs:
"Thy greatneſs ſhe, or thy retreat, ſhall ſhare;
"Sweeten tranquillity, or ſoften care;
"Her ſmiles the taſte of every joy ſhall raiſe,
"And add new pleaſure to renown and praiſe;
"Till charm'd you own the truth my verſe would prove,
"That happineſs is near allied to love."

VERSES

TO BE WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF MR. POYNTZ.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz, but who ſhall find
A hand, or colours, to expreſs thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
In a falſe world that dares to be ſincere;
Wiſe without art; without ambition great;
Though firm, yet pliant; active, though ſedate;
With all the richeſt ſtores of learning fraught,
Yet better ſtill by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the diſtreſt to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;
That, when Misfortune ſued, ne'er ſought to know
What ſect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
Deſpiſes calumny, and ſhuns applauſe;
That, to its own perfections ſingly blind,
Would for another think this praiſe deſign'd.

AN

EPISTLE TO Mr. POPE,

FROM ROME, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each Muſe has wove
The faireſt garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preſerv'd our drooping genius to reſtore,
When Addiſon and Congreve are no more;
After ſo many ſtars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's laſt remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verſe is writ,
Inſpir'd by memory of antient wit;
For now no more theſe climes their influence boaſt,
Fall'n in their glory, and their virtue loſt;
From tyrants, and from prieſts, the Muſes fly,
Daughters of Reaſon and of Liberty!
Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove;
To Thames's flowery borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breaſt the Roman fire.
So in the ſhades, where, chear'd with ſummer rays,
Melodious linnets warbled ſprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy Winter's inauſpicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful ſilence ſaddens all the grove.
Unhappy Italy! whoſe alter'd ſtate
Has felt the worſt ſeverity of fate:
Not that barbarian hands her faſces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities deſart, and her fields unſown;
But that her ancient ſpirit is decay'd,
That ſacred wiſdom from her bounds is fled;
That there the ſource of ſcience flows no more,
Whence its rich ſtreams ſupplied the world before.
Illuſtrious names! that once in Latium ſhin'd,
Born to inſtruct, and to command mankind;
Chiefs, by whoſe virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And poets, who thoſe chiefs ſublimely prais'd;
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your aſhes viſit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiſs, with lips devout, ſome mouldering ſtone,
With ivy's venerable ſhade o'ergrown;
Thoſe horrid ruins better pleas'd to ſee
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.
As late on Virgil's tomb freſh flowers I ſtrow'd,
While with th' inſpiring Muſe my boſom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays, my raviſh'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form ariſe:
"Stranger, he ſaid, whoſe pious hand has paid
"Theſe grateful rites to my attentive ſhade,
"When thou ſhalt breathe thy happy native air,
"To Pope this meſſage from his maſter bear:
"Great bard, whoſe numbers I myſelf inſpire,
"To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
"If, high exalted on the throne of wit,
"Near me and Homer thou aſpire to ſit;
"No more let meaner ſatire dim the rays
"That flow majeſtic from thy nobler bays;
"In all the flowery paths of Pindus ſtray,
"But ſhun that thorny, that unpleaſing way;
"Nor, when each ſoft engaging Muſe is thine,
"Addreſs the leaſt attractive of the Nine.
"Of thee more worthy were thy taſk, to raiſe
"A laſting column to thy country's praiſe;
"To ſing the land, which yet alone can boaſt
"That liberty corrupted Rome has loſt;
"Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
"And plants her palm beneath the olive's ſhade.
"Such was the theme for which my lyre I ſtrung,
"Such was the people whoſe exploits I ſung;
"Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
"With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd;
"Dauntleſs oppoſers of tyrannic ſway,
"But pleas'd a mild Auguſtus to obey.
"If theſe commands ſubmiſſive thou receive,
"Immortal and unblam'd thy name ſhall live,
"Envy to black Cocytus ſhall retire;
"And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
"Approving Time ſhall conſecrate thy lays,
"And join the patriot's to the poet's praiſe."

TO

LORD HERVEY.

IN THE YEAR 1730. FROM WORCESTERSHIRE.

"Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
"Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic eſt;
"Eſt Ulubrus, animus ſi te non deficit æquis."
HOR.

FAVOURITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
Pollio, by Nature form'd in courts to ſhine,
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend,
To thy long abſent and forgotten friend;
Who, after ſeas and mountains wander'd o'er,
Return'd at length to his own native ſhore,
From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
Beneath the ſhades of his paternal ſeat,
Has found that happineſs he ſought in vain
On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine?
'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's ſtile;
At ſoft Italian ſounds to melt away;
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle ſtray;
That lulls the tumults of the ſoul to reſt,
Or makes the fond poſſeſſor truly bleſt.
In our own breaſts the ſource of pleaſure lies,
Still open, and ſtill flowing to the wiſe;
Not forc'd by toilſome art and wild deſire
Beyond the bounds of nature to aſpire,
But, in its proper channels gliding fair;
A common benefit, which all may ſhare,

Yet

Yet half mankind this eaſy good diſdain,
Nor reliſh happineſs unbought by pain;
Falſe is their taſte of bliſs, and thence their ſearch is vain.
So idle, yet ſo reſtleſs, are our minds,
We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds;
Through various toils to ſeek Content we roam,
Which with but *thinking right* were ours at home.
For not the ceaſeleſs change of ſhifted place
Can from the heart a ſettled grief eraſe,
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the diſtemper'd mind of aching care.
The wretch, by wild impatience driven to rove,
Vext with the pangs of ill-requited love,
From Pole to Pole the fatal arrow bears,
Whoſe rooted point his bleeding boſom tears,
With equal pain each different clime he tries,
And is himſelf that torment which he flies.
For how ſhould ills, which from our paſſion flow,
Be chang'd by Africk's heat, or Ruſſia's ſnow?
Or how can aught but powerful reaſon cure
What from unthinking folly we endure?
Happy is He, and He alone, who knows
His heart's uneaſy diſcord to compoſe;
In generous love of others good, to find
The ſweeteſt pleaſures of the ſocial mind;
To bound his wiſhes in their proper ſphere;
To nouriſh pleaſing hope, and conquer anxious fear:
This was the wiſdom ancient ſages taught,
This was the ſovereign good they juſtly ſought;
This to no place or climate is confin'd,
But the free native produce of the mind.
Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
The uſeful practice of philoſophy:
Horace, the wiſeſt of the tuneful choir,
Not always choſe from greatneſs to retire;
But, in the place of Auguſtus, knew
The ſame unerring maxims to purſue,
Which, in the Sabine or the Velian ſhade,
His ſtudy and his happineſs he made.
May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the giddy ſcene with ſober thought;
Undazzled every glittering folly ſee,
And in the midſt of ſlaviſh forms be free;
In its own centre keep your ſteady mind,
Let Prudence guide you, but let Honour bind.
In ſhow, in manners, act the courtier's part,
But be a country gentleman at heart.

ADVICE TO A LADY.

M.DCC.XXXI.

THE counſels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to pleaſe a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women ſeldom learn from men.
Nor think I praiſe you ill, when thus I ſhow
What female vanity might fear to know.
Some merit's mine, to dare to be ſincere;
But greater yours, ſincerity to bear.
Hard is the fortune that your ſex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends purſue;
Lovers and Miniſters are ſeldom true.
Hence oft from Reaſon heedleſs Beauty ſtrays,
And the moſt truſted guide the moſt betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,
When moſt ye tyrannize, you're moſt abus'd.
What is your ſex's earlieſt, lateſt care,
Your heart's ſupreme ambition?—To be fair.
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dreſs, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to ſchool,
And each inſtructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to diſgrace the partial boon of Heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to poſſeſs
An elegance of mind as well as dreſs;
Be that your ornament, and know to pleaſe
By graceful Nature's unaffected eaſe.
Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wiſely reſt content with modeſt ſenſe;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too ſtrong for feeble woman to ſuſtain:
Of thoſe who claim it more than half have none;
And half of thoſe who have it are undone.
Be ſtill ſuperior to your ſex's arts,
Nor think diſhoneſty a proof of parts;
For you, the plaineſt is the wiſeſt rule:
A *cunning woman* is a *knaviſh fool*.
Be good yourſelf, nor think another's ſhame
Can raiſe your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as ſtateſmen in diſgrace
At miniſters, becauſe they wiſh their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, ſerene;
Without, all beauty; and all peace within:
The honour of a prude is rage and ſtorm,
'Tis uglineſs in its moſt frightful form.
Fiercely it ſtands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monſters guard a giant's den.
Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's nobleſt ſtation is retreat:
Her faireſt virtues fly from public ſight,
Domeſtic worth, that ſhuns too ſtrong a light.
To rougher man Ambition's taſk reſign:
'Tis ours in ſenates or in courts to ſhine;
To labour for a ſunk corrupted ſtate,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breaſts ſhould move,
Th' important buſineſs of your life is love;
To this great point direct your conſtant aim,
This makes your happineſs, and this your fame.
Be never cool reſerve with paſſion join'd;
With caution chooſe; but then be fondly kind.
The ſelfiſh heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven;
Here ſweet extremes alone can truly bleſs:
The virtue of a lover is exceſs.

A maid

aid unaſk'd may own a well-plac'd flame;
ring *firſt*, but loving *wrong*, is ſhame.
emn the little pride of giving pain,
ink that conqueſt juſtifies diſdain.
; the period of inſulting power:
ed Cupid finds his vengeful hour;
ill reſume the empire which he gave,
on the tyrant ſhall become the ſlave.
is the maid, and worthy to be bleſt,
ſoul, entire by him ſhe loves poſſeſt,
very vanity in fondneſs loſt,
ts no power but that of pleaſing moſt:
the bliſs, in juſt return, to prove
neſt warmth of undiſſembled love;
, inconſtant man might ceaſe to range,
titude forbid deſire to change.
leſt harſh care the lover's peace deſtroy,
ughly blight the tender buds of joy,
ſion teach what Paſſion fain would hide,
ymen's bands by Prudence ſhould be tied,
n vain the wedded pair would crown,
Fortune on their union frown:
ill the flattering dream of bliſs be o'er,
y'd imagination cheat no more.
waking to the ſenſe of laſting pain,
utual tears the nuptial couch they ſtain;
at fond love, which ſhould afford relief,
t encreaſe the anguiſh of their grief:
oth could eaſier their own ſorrows bear,
e ſad knowledge of each other's care.
nay you rather feel that virtuous pain,
ll your violated charms for gain;
ed the wretch whom you deſpiſe or hate,
vain glare of uſeleſs wealth or ſtate.
ſt abandon'd proſtitutes are they,
t to love, but avarice, fall a prey:
ht avails the ſpecious name of *wife*;
ſo wedded is *a whore for life*.
in the happieſt choice, where favouring Heaven
al love and eaſy fortune given,
ot, the Huſband gain'd, that all is done:
ze of happineſs muſt ſtill be won:
, the careleſs find it to their coſt,
r in the *huſband* may be loſt;
ices might *alone* his heart *allure*;
d the Virtues *meeting* muſt *ſecure*.
'n your *prudence* wear the pleaſing dreſs
for *him*, and anxious *tenderneſs*.
nd concern about his weal or woe,
domeſtic duty ſeem to flow.
hold ſceptre if he bids you bear,
it your pride his *ſervant* to appear:
ng thus the common acts of life,
reſs ſtill ſhall charm him in the *wife*;
inkled age ſhall unobſerv'd come on,
is eye perceives one beauty gone:
r your cold, your ever-ſacred urn,
lant flame ſhall unextinguiſh'd burn.
I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
n your heart to all the arts of love.
were harder, to ſecure my own
the power of thoſe already known:
you twiſt the ſecret chains that bind
ntle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every ſoft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy.
I own your genius; and from you receive
The rules of pleaſing, which to you I give.

SONG.

Written in the Year 1732.

I.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love!

II.

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

III.

If ſhe ſome other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondeſt friend,
His inſtant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

IV.

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The cleareſt ſpring, or ſhadieſt grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

V.

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets ſhe ſpread for every ſwain,
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

SONG.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

THE heavy hours are almoſt paſt
That part my love and me:
My longing eyes may hope at laſt
Their only wiſh to ſee.

II.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've loſt ſo long?
Will love in all your pulſes beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

III.

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is ſtill the ſame;
And heal each idly-anxious care
Our fears in abſence frame?

IV.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the ſcene,
When ſhortly we ſhall meet;
And try what yet remains between
Of loitering time to cheat.

V.

But, if the dream that ſooths my mind
Shall falſe and groundleſs prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love:

VI.

All I of Venus aſk, is this;
No more to let us join:
But grant me here the flattering bliſs,
To die, and think you mine.

DAMON AND DELIA.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Delia, tell me why
My kindeſt, fondeſt looks you fly?
What means this cloud upon your brow?
Have I offended? Tell me how!—
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there has ſtol'n a part;
Reaſon theſe fears may diſapprove:
But yet I fear, becauſe I love.

DELIA.

Firſt tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay?
Why with ſuch warmth her charms you prais'd,
And every trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me ſee
Your flattery is not all for me?
Alas! too well your ſex I knew,
Nor was ſo weak to think you true.

DAMON.

Unkind! my falſehood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd;
You bid me try, by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide, beneath another name,
The ſecret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confeſs,
But let me wiſh it had been leſs;
Too well the Lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the diſguiſe.

DAMON.

Ah! ceaſe thus idly to moleſt
With groundleſs fears thy virgin breaſt.
While thus at fancied wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Though well I might your truth diſtruſt,
My fooliſh heart believes you juſt:
Reaſon this faith may diſapprove;
But I believe, becauſe I love.

O D E.

IN IMITATION OF PASTOR FIDO.

("O primavera gioventu del anno."

WRITTEN ABROAD IN 1729.

I.

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay deſires,
Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring,
At whoſe approach, inſpir'd with equal fires,
The amorous Nightingale and Poet ſing!

II.

Again doſt thou return, but not with thee
Return the ſmiling hours I once poſſeſt;
Bleſſings thou bring'ſt to others, but to me
The ſad remembrance that I once was bleſt.

III.

Thy faded charms, which Winter ſnatch'd away,
Renew'd in all their former luſtre ſhine;
But, ah! no more ſhall hapleſs I be gay,
Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

IV.

Though linnets ſing, though flowers adorn the green,
Though on their wings ſoft Zephyrs fragrance bear;
Harſh is the muſic, joyleſs is the ſcene,
The odour faint: for Delia is not there.

V. Clear.

V.

Cheerleſs and cold I feel the genial ſun,
From thee while abſent I in exile rove;
Thy lovely preſence, faireſt light, alone
Can warm my heart to gladneſs and to love.

PARTS OF AN ELEGY OF TIBULLUS.

TRANSLATED 1729-30.

("Divitias alius fulvo ſibi congerat auro.")

LET others heap of wealth a ſhining ſtore,
And, much poſſeſſing, labour ſtill for more;
Let them, diſquieted with dire alarms,
Aſpire to win a dangerous fame in arms:
Me tranquil poverty ſhall lull to reſt,
Humbly ſecure, and indolently bleſt;
Warm'd by the blaze of my own chearful hearth,
I'll waſte the wintery hours in ſocial mirth;
In Summer pleas'd attend to harveſt toils,
In Autumn preſs the vineyard's purple ſpoils,
And oft to Delia in my boſom bear
Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care:
With her I'll celebrate each gladſome day,
When ſwains their ſportive rites to Bacchus pay:
With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bower.
At night, how ſoothing would it be to hear,
Safe in her arms, the tempeſt howling near;
Or, while the wintery clouds their deluge pour
Slumber aſſiſted by the beating ſhower!
Ah! how much happier, than the fool who braves,
In ſearch of wealth, the black tempeſtuous waves!
While I, contented with my little ſtore,
In tedious voyage ſeek no diſtant ſhore;
But, idly lolling on ſome ſhady ſeat,
Near cooling fountains ſhun the dog-ſtar's heat:
For what reward ſo rich could Fortune give,
That I by abſence ſhould my Delia grieve?
Let Great Meſſala ſhine in martial toils,
And grace his palace with triumphal ſpoils;
Me Beauty holds, in ſtrong though gentle chains,
Far from tumultuous war and duſty plains.
With thee, my love, to paſs my tranquil days,
How would I ſlight Ambition's painful praiſe!
How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
The ox, and feed my ſolitary flock!
On thy ſoft breaſt might I but lean my head,
How downy ſhould I think the woodland bed!
The wretch, who ſleeps not by his fair-one's ſide,
Deteſts the gilded couch's uſeleſs pride,
Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to cloſe,
Though murmuring rills invite him to repoſe.
Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could leave
For all the honours proſperous war can give;
Though through the vanquiſh'd Eaſt he ſpread his fame,
And Parthian tyrants tremble at his name;
Though, bright in arms, while hoſts around him bleed,
With martial pride he preſt his foaming ſteed.
No pomps like theſe my humble vows require;
With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
Thee may my cloſing eyes in death behold!
Thee may my faultering hand yet ſtrive to hold!
Then, Delia then, thy heart will melt in woe,
Then o'er my breathleſs clay thy tears will flow;
Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
Nor doſt thou think it weakneſs to be kind.
But, ah! fair mourner, I conjure thee, ſpare
Thy heaving breaſts and looſe diſhevel'd hair:
Wound not thy form; leſt on th' Elyſian coaſt
Thy anguiſh ſhould diſturb my peaceful ghoſt.
But now nor death nor parting ſhould employ
Our ſprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:
We'll live, my Delia; and from life remove
All care, all buſineſs, but delightful Love.
Old age in vain thoſe pleaſures would retrieve
Which youth alone can taſte, alone can give;
Then let us ſnatch the moment to be bleſt,
This hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the reſt.

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

I.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle Love
A ſtranger to that mind,
Which Pity and Eſteem can move
Which can be juſt and kind?

II.

Is it, becauſe you fear to ſhare
The ills that Love moleſt;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the amorous breaſt?

III.

Alas! by ſome degree of woe
We every bliſs muſt gain:
The heart can ne'er a tranſport know,
That never feels a pain.

VERSES,

WRITTEN AT MR. POPE'S HOUSE AT TWICKENHAM, WHICH HE HAD LENT TO MRS. GREVILLE.

IN AUGUST 1735.

I.

GO, Thames, and tell the buſy town,
Not all its wealth or pride
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
Thy rural flowery ſide:

II.

Thy flowery ſide, where Pope has plac'd
The Muſes' green retreat,
With every ſmile of Nature grac'd,
With every art complete.

III.

But now, ſweet Bard, thy heavenly ſong
Enchants us here no more;
Their darling glory loſt too long
Thy once-lov'd ſhades deplore.

IV.

Yet ſtill, for beauteous Greville's ſake,
The Muſes here remain;
Greville, whoſe eyes have power to make
A Pope of every ſwain.

EPIGRAM.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brighteſt fair:
But love can hope, where Reaſon would deſpair.

To MR. WEST, AT WICKHAM*.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1740.

FAIR Nature's ſweet ſimplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy ſeat, my friend, I ſee,
But better in thy mind.

To both, from court and all their ſtate,
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a Courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and Love.

* See the Inſcriptions in Mr. Weſt's Poems.

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE.

ONCE, by the Muſe alone inſpir'd
I ſung my amorous ſtrains:
No ſerious love my boſom fir'd;
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly-mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to puniſh me
For having feign'd ſo well,
Has made my heart ſo fond of thee,
That not the whole Aonian choir
Can accents ſoft enough inſpire,
Its real flame to tell.

TO THE SAME;

WITH

HAMMOND's ELEGIES.

ALL that of Love can be expreſs'd,
In theſe ſoft numbers ſee;
But, Lucy, would you know the reſt,
It muſt be read in me.

TO THE SAME.

TO him who in an hour muſt die,
Not ſwifter ſeems that hour to fly,
Then ſlow the minutes ſeem to me,
Which keep me from the ſight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give,
Another day or year to live;
Than I to ſhorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
Oh! come, with all thy heavenly charms,
At once to juſtify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

TO THE SAME.

I.

TO eaſe my troubled mind of anxious care,
Laſt night the ſecret caſket I explor'd,
Where all the letters of my abſent fair
His richeſt treaſure careful love had ſtor'd.

II.

II.

y word a magic ſpell I found
ower to charm each buſy thought to reſt;
h every word increas'd the tender wound
ond deſire ſtill throbbing in my breaſt.

III.

his hoarded gold the miſer ſteals,
loſes every ſorrow at the ſight;
iſhes ſtill for more, nor ever feels
re contentment, or ſecure delight.

IV.

hould I loſe thee, my too lovely maid,
ld thou forget thy heart was ever mind,
ot thy letters ſhould the change upbraid;
hand each dear memorial ſhall reſign:

V.

ne kind word ſhall in my power remain,
ainful witneſs of reproach to thee;
ſt my heart ſhould ſtill their ſenſe retain,
heart ſhall break, to leave thee wholly free.

PRAYER TO VENUS,

IN HER TEMPLE AT STOW.

TO THE SAME.

I.

R Venus, whoſe delightful ſhrine ſurveys
Its front reflected on the ſilver lake,
humble offerings, which thy ſervant pays,
ſh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious
take.

II.

my love exceeds all other love,
an Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
om my breaſt each ſoothing hope remove,
d there let ſad Deſpair for ever dwell.

III.

my ſoul is fill'd with her alone;
other wiſh nor other object knows:
make her, Goddeſs, make her all my own,
d give my trembling heart ſecure repoſe!

IV.

atchful ſpies I aſk, to guard her charms,
walls of braſs, no ſteel-defended door:
her but once within my circling arms,
e's ſureſt fort, and I will doubt no more.

TO THE SAME.

ON HER PLEADING WANT OF TIME.

I.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
For Lucy ſigh'd, with matchleſs truth,
Ev'n when he ſigh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
But that ſhe had not time.

II.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
In ſecret ſhades his fair to meet,
Beneath th' accuſtom'd lime:
She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
But that ſhe had not time.

III.

"It was not thus, inconſtant maid!
"You acted once," (the ſhepherd ſaid)
"When love was in its prime:"
She griev'd to hear him thus complain;
And would have writ, to eaſe his pain,
But that ſhe had not time.

IV.

How can you act ſo cold a part?
No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
If love be not a crime.—
We ſoon muſt part for months, for years—
She would have anſwer'd with her tears,
But that ſhe had not time.

TO THE SAME.

YOUR ſhape, your lips, your eyes, are ſtill the ſame,
Still the bright object of my conſtant flame;
But where is now the tender glance, that ſtole,
With gentle ſweetneſs, my enchanted ſoul?
Kind fears, impatient wiſhes, ſoft deſires,
Each melting charm that Love alone inſpires?
Theſe, theſe are loſt; and I behold no more
The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
Yet, ſtill unchang'd, ſtill doating to exceſs,
I ought, but dare not try, to love you leſs;
Weakly I grieve, unpitied I complain;
But not unpuniſh'd ſhall your change remain;
For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,
Were far more bleſt, when you like me could love.

TO THE SAME.

I.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before:
I ſay to my heart, "Be at reſt, and believe
"That whom once ſhe has choſen ſhe never will "leave."

II.

But, ah! when I think on each raviſhing grace
That plays in the ſmiles of that heavenly face:
My heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

III.

Theſe painful ſuſpicions you cannot remove,
Since you neither can leſſen your charms nor my love;
But doubts caus'd by paſſion you never can blame;
For they are not ill founded, or you feel the ſame.

TO THE SAME.

WITH A NEW WATCH.

WITH me while preſent may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy:
Think every pleaſing hour too ſwiftly flies;
And meaſure time, by joy ſucceeding joy!

But when the cares that interrupt our bliſs
To me not always will thy ſight allow;
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count—as I do now.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

WRITTEN AT WICKHAM IN 1746.

TO THE SAME.

I.

YE ſylvan ſcenes with artleſs beauty gay,
Ye gentle ſhades of Wickham, ſay,
What is the charm that each ſucceſſive year,
Which ſees me with my Lucy here,
Can thus to my tranſported heart
A ſenſe of joy unfelt before, impart?

II.

Is it glad Summer's balmy breath, that blows
From the fair jaſmine and the bluſhing roſe?
Her balmy breath, and all her blooming ſtore
Of rural bliſs, was here before:
Oft have I met her on the verdant ſide
Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,
Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
Array'd in all her flowery pride.
No ſweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
No brighter colours paint th' enamel'd field.

III.

Is it to Love theſe new delights I owe?
Four times has the revolving ſun
His annual circle through the zodiac run;
Since all that Love's indulgent power
On favour'd mortals can beſtow,
Was given to me in this auſpicious bower.

IV.

Here firſt my Lucy, ſweet in virgin charms,
Was yielded to my longing arms;
And round our nuptial bed,
Hovering with purple wings, the Idalian boy
Shook from his radiant torch the bliſsful fires
Of innocent deſires,
When Venus ſcatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
Whence then this ſtrange encreaſe of joy?
He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,
(If ſuch another happy man there be)
Has by his own experience tried
How much *the wife* is dearer than *the bride*.

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

THE SAME LADY.

A MONODY, A. D. 1747.

"Ipſe cavâ ſolans ægrum teſtudine amorem,
"Te dulcis conjux, te ſolo in littore ſecum,
"Te veniente die, te decedente canebat."

I.

AT length eſcap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a ſhare,
Or force my tears their flowing ſtream to dry:
Beneath the gloom of this embowering ſhade,
This lone retreat, for tender ſorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my ſtores of grief;
Of grief ſurpaſſing every other woe,
Far as the pureſt bliſs, the happieſt love
Can on th' ennobled mind beſtow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our groſs deſires, inelegant and low,

II.

II.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'erſhadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-ſmiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy ſeen!
But never ſhall you now behold her more:
Nor will ſhe now with fond delight
And taſte refin'd your rural charms explore.
Cloſs'd are thoſe beauteous eyes in endleſs night,
Thoſe beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to ſhine
Reaſon's pure light and Virtue's ſpark divine.

III.

Oft would the Dryads of theſe woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her deſpiſing, when ſhe deign'd to ſing,
The ſweeteſt ſongſters of the ſpring:
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
The nightingale was mute,
And every ſhepherd's flute
Was caſt in ſilent ſcorn away,
While all attended to her ſweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now reſume your ſong
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive ſtory tell;
For death has ſtopt that tuneful tongue,
Whoſe muſic could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footſteps to deſcry;
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We ſaw the ſummer ſun go down the ſky;
Nor by yon fountain's ſide,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can ſhe now be found:
In all the wide-ſtretch'd proſpect's ample bound
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her eſpy,
But the ſad ſacred earth where her dear relicks lie.

V.

O ſhades of Hagley, where is now your boaſt?
Your bright inhabitant is loſt.
You ſhe preferr'd to all the gay reſorts
Where female vanity might wiſh to ſhine,
The pomp of cities and the pride of courts.
Her modeſt beauties ſhunn'd the public eye:
To your ſequeſter'd dales
And flower embroider'd vales
From an admiring world ſhe choſe to fly:
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
The ſilent paths of wiſdom trod,
And baniſh'd every paſſion from her breaſt,
But thoſe, the gentleſt and the beſt,
Whoſe holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along theſe verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's ſide,
Who now your infant ſteps ſhall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whoſe tender care
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
And ſtrew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loſs beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How ſhall thy weaken'd mind, oppreſs'd with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe!
Now ſhe, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpleſs age to ſave?

VII.

Where were ye, Muſes, when relentleſs Fate
From theſe fond arms your fair diſciple tore;
From theſe fond arms, that vainly ſtrove
With hapleſs ineffectual love
To guard her boſom from the mortal blow?
Could not your favouring power, Aonian maids,
Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
For whom ſo oft in theſe inſpiring ſhades,
Or under Camden's moſs-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your ſacred ſtore,
Whate'er your ancient ſages taught,
Your ancient bards ſublimely thought,
And bade her raptur'd breaſt with all your ſpirit glow?

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus or Caſtalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount your ſteps detain,
Nor in the Theſpian vallies did you play;
Nor then on * Mincio's bank
Beſet with oſiers dank,
Nor where † Clitumnus rolls his gentle ſtream,
Nor where through hanging woods,
Steep ‡ Anio pours his floods,
Nor yet where ‖ Meles or § Iliſſus ſtray.
Ill does it now beſeem,
That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire diſeaſe and death your darling ſhould be left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
When light fantaſtic toys
Are all her ſex's joys,
With you ſhe ſearch'd the wit of Greece and Rome;
And all that in her latter days
To emulate her ancient praiſe

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the reſidence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

‖ The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, ſuppoſed to be born on its banks, is called *Meleſigenes*.

§ The Iliſſus is a river at Athens.

Italia's

Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright sparkling could inspire,
By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what in Britain's isle,
Most favour'd with your smile,
The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd
To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
Ah! what is now the use
Of all those treasures that enrich'd her mind,
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd!

X.

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
'Tis yours from death to save,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb:
But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
With accents sweet and sad,
Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in every look
Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!
Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
With candid Truth's simplicity,
And uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the softening influence
Of more than female tenderness:
How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of other's good destroy,
Her kindly-melting heart,
To every want and every woe,
To guilt itself when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow!
Ev'n for the kid and lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

XII.

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind:
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On Fortune's smile or frown;
That could without regret or pain
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain.
A wit that, temperately bright
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone; nor ever past
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful modesty, before it [illegible]
A prudence undeceiving, [illegible],
That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere.
Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
In life's and glory's fremest bloom,
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintery tempests all are fled,
And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
From every branch the balmy flowerets rise,
On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend, and th' Idalian queen.
But, in the midst of all it's blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Appenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows:
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and dies.

XIV.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elysian bowers,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well,
As may ev'n things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks and desart rocks, to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestic care
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every secret grief that fester'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain:
Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

XVI.

O beſt of wives! O dearer far to me
Then when thy virgin charms,
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my ſoul endure the loſs of thee?
How in the world, to me a deſart grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my ſweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely ſmile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleaſures now can pall'd Ambition give?
Ev'n the delightful ſenſe of well-earn'd praiſe,
Unſhar'd by thee, no more my lifeleſs thoughts could raiſe.

XVII.

For my diſtracted mind
What ſuccour can I find?
On whom for conſolation ſhall I call?
Support me, every friend;
Your kind aſſiſtance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppreſſive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, ſo much was thine,
That none has any comfort to beſtow.
My books, the beſt relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea ſadden'd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and ſpeaks of Lucy dead.

XVIII.

We were the happieſt pair of human kind;
The rolling year its varying courſe perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another and another ſmiling came,
And ſaw our happineſs unchang'd remain:
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wiſhes bind:
Our ſtudies, pleaſures, taſte, the ſame.
O fatal, fatal ſtroke,
That all this pleaſing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And every ſcheme of bliſs our hearts had form'd,
With ſoothing hope, for many a future day,
In one ſad moment broke!—
Yet, O my ſoul, thy riſing murmurs ſtay;
Nor dare the all-wiſe Diſpoſer to arraign,
Or againſt his ſupreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full-blown joys at once ſhould fade;
Was his moſt righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
And in the low abodes of ſin and pain
Her pure exalted ſoul
Unjuſtly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather ſtrive thy groveling mind to raiſe
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd ſhe now with pity ſees
How frail, how inſecure, how ſlight,
Is every mortal bliſs;
Ev'n Love itſelf, if riſing by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect ſtate,
Whoſe fleeting joys ſo ſoon muſt end,
It does not to its ſovereign good aſcend.
Riſe then, my ſoul, with hope elate,
And ſeek thoſe regions of ſerene delight,
Whoſe peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but thoſe of harden'd Guilt ſhall miſs.
There death himſelf thy Lucy ſhall reſtore,
There yield up all his power ne'er to divide you more.

ON THE SAME LADY.

To the
Memory of Lucy Lyttelton,
Daughter of Hugh Forteſcue of Filleigh
In the county of Devon, Eſq.
Father to the preſent Earl of Clinton,
By Lucy his wife,
The daughter of Matthew Lord Aylmer,
Who departed this life the 19th of Jan. 1746-7.
Aged twenty-nine,
Having employed the ſhort time aſſigned to her here
In the uniform practice of Religion and Virtue.

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty, wiſe;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good, as ſhe the world had never ſeen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderneſs combin'd.
Her ſpeech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her ſong the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was ſweeter than her ſong,
Soft as her heart, and as her reaſon ſtrong;
Her form each beauty of her mind expreſs'd,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dreſs'd.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IV.

WRITTEN AT OXFORD, 1725*.

"Qualem miniſtrum fulminis alitem, &c."

I.

AS the wing'd miniſter of thundering Jove,
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,
Faithful † aſſiſtant of his maſter's love,
King of the wandering nations of the air,

* Firſt printed with Mr. Weſt's tranſlation of Pindar. See the Preface to that Gentleman's Poems.

† In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to Jupiter by an eagle, according to the Poetical Hiſtory.

II.

When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal ſky,
On doubtful pinions left his parent neſt,
In ſlight eſſays his growing force to try,
While inborn courage fir'd his generous breaſt;

III.

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
The flocks he ſlaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe;
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown
The ſcaly ſnake and creſted dragon know:

IV.

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
Wean'd from his ſavage dam and milky food,
The gazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
Doom'd firſt to ſtain his tender fangs in blood:

V.

Such Druſus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatch'd in fight:
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd;
So ſunk their haughty ſpirit at the ſight.

VI.

Tam'd by a boy, the fierce Barbarians find
How guardian Prudence guides the youthful flame,
And how great Cæſar's fond paternal mind
Each generous Nero forms to early fame;

VII.

A valiant ſon ſprings from a valiant ſire:
Their race by mettle ſprightly courſers prove;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
Degenerate to form the timorous dove.

VIII.

But education can the genius raiſe,
And wiſe inſtructions native virtue aid;
Nobility without them is diſgrace,
And Honour is by vice to ſhame betray'd.

IX.

Let red Metaurus, ſtain'd with Punic blood,
Let mighty Aſdrubal ſubdued, confeſs
How much of empire and of fame is ow'd
By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

X.

Of this be witneſs that auſpicious day,
Which, after a long, black, tempeſtuous night,
Firſt ſmil'd on Latium with a milder ray,
And chear'd our drooping hearts with dawning light,

XI.

Since the dire African with waſteful ire
Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy;
As through the pine-trees flies the raging fire,
Or Eurus o'er the vext Sicilian ſea.

XII.

From this bright æra, from this proſperous field,
The Roman glory dates her riſing power;
From hence 'twas given her conquering ſword to wield,
Raiſe her fallen gods, and ruin'd ſhrines reſtore.

XIII.

Thus Hannibal at length deſpairing ſpoke:
" Like ſtags to ravenous wolves an eaſy prey,
" Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
" Whom to elude and 'ſcape were victory:

XIV.

" A dauntleſs nation, that from Trojan fires,
" Hoſtile Auſonia, to thy deſtin'd ſhore
" Her gods, her infant ſons, and aged ſires,
" Through angry ſeas and adverſe tempeſts bore:

XV.

" As on high Algidus the ſturdy oak,
" Whoſe ſpreading boughs the axe's ſharpneſs feel,
" Improves by loſs, and, thriving with the ſtroke,
" Draws health and vigour from the wounding ſteel.

XVI.

" Not Hydra ſprouting from her mangled head
" So tir'd the baffled force of Hercules;
" Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, ſuch a monſter bred,
" Pregnant of hills, and fam'd for prodigies.

XVII.

" Plunge her in ocean, like the morning ſun,
" Brighter ſhe riſes from the depths below:
" To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
" Recruits her ſtrength, and foils the wondering foe.

XVIII.

" No more of victory the joyful fame
" Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly;
" Loſt, loſt, are all the glories of her name!
" With Aſdrubal her hopes and fortune die!

XIX.

" What ſhall the Claudian valour not perform
" Which Power Divine guards with propitious care
" Which Wiſdom ſteers through all the dangerous ſtorm,
" Through all the rocks and ſhoals of doubtful war?"

VIRTUE AND FAME.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGREMONT.

VIRTUE and Fame, the other day,
Happen'd to croſs each other's way;
Said Virtue, "Hark ye! madam Fame,
"Your ladyſhip is much to blame;
"Jove bids you always wait on me,
"And yet your face I ſeldom ſee;
"The paphian queen employs your trumpet,
"And bids it praiſe ſome handſome ſtrumpet;
"Or, thundering through the ranks of war,
"Ambition ties you to her car."
Saith Fame, "Dear madam, I proteſt,
"I never find myſelf ſo bleſt
"As when I humbly wait behind you!
"But 'tis ſo mighty hard to find you!
"In ſuch obſcure retreats you lurk!
"To ſeek you, is an endleſs work."
"Well," anſwer'd Virtue, "I allow
"Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.
"I know (without offence to others)
"I know the beſt of wives and mothers;
"Who never paſs'd an uſeleſs day
"In ſcandal, goſſiping, or play:
"Whoſe modeſt wit, chaſtis'd by ſenſe,
"Is lively chearful innocence;
"Whoſe heart nor envy knows, nor ſpite,
"Whoſe duty is her ſole delight;
"Nor rul'd by whim, nor ſlave to faſhion,
"Her parents' joy, her huſband's paſſion."
Fame ſmil'd and anſwer'd, "On my life,
"This is ſome country parſon's wife,
"Who never ſaw the court nor town,
"Whoſe face is homely as her gown;
"Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—"
"No, madam, no—you're much miſtaken—
"I beg you'll let me ſet you right—
"'Tis one with every beauty bright;
"Adorn'd with every poliſh'd art
"That rank or fortune can impart:
"'Tis the moſt celebrated toaſt
"That Britain's ſpecious iſle can boaſt;
"'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame;
"'Tis Egremont—Go, tell it, Fame."

ADDITION, EXTEMPORE.

BY EARL HARDWICKE.

FAME heard with pleaſure—ſtraight replied,
"Firſt on my roll ſtands Wyndham's bride;
"My trumpet oft I've rais'd, to ſound
"Her modeſt praiſe the world around!
"But notes were wanting—Canſt thou find
"A Muſe to ſing her face, her mind?
"Believe me, I can name but one,
"A friend of yours—'tis Lyttelton."

LETTER

TO

EARL HARDWICKE:

OCCASIONED BY

THE FOREGOING VERSES.

My Lord,

A Thouſand thanks to your Lordſhip for your addition to my verſes. If you can write ſuch *extempore*, it is well for other poets, that you choſe to be Lord Chancellor, rather than a Laureat. They explain to me a viſion I had the night before.

Methought I ſaw before my feet,
With countenance ſerene and ſweet,
The Muſe, who, in my youthful days,
Had oft inſpir'd my careleſs lays.
She ſmil'd, and ſaid, "once more I ſee
"My fugitive returns to me;
"Long had I loſt you from my bower,
"You ſcorn'd to own my gentle power;
"With me no more your genius ſported,
"The grave hiſtoric Muſe you courted;
"Or, rais'd from earth, with ſtraining eyes;
"Purſued Urania through the ſkies;
"But now, to my forſaken track,
"Fair Egremont has brought you back:
"Nor bluſh, by her and Virtue led,
"That ſoft, that pleaſing path, to tread;
"For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,
"Ev'n Wiſdom's ſelf ſhall deign to play.
"Lo! to my flowery groves and ſprings
"Her favourite ſon the goddeſs brings,
"The council's and the ſenate's guide,
"Law's oracle, the nation's pride:
"He comes, he joys with thee to join,
"In ſinging Wyndham's charms divine:
"To thine he adds his nobler lays;
"Ev'n thee, my friend, he deigns to praiſe.
"Enjoy that praiſe, nor envy Pitt
"His fame with burgeſs or with cit;
"For ſure one line from ſuch a Bard,
"Virtue would think her beſt reward."

HYMEN

TO

ELIZA.

MADAM, before your feet I lay
This ode upon your wedding-day,
The firſt indeed I ever made,
For writing Odes is not my trade:

My head is full of houſhold cares,
And neceſſary dull affairs;
Beſides that ſometimes jealous frumps
Will put me into doleful dumps.
And then no clown beneath the ſky
Was e'er more ungallant than I;
For you alone I now think fit
To turn a poet and a wit—
For you whoſe charms, I know not how,
Have power to ſmooth my wrinkled brow,
And make me, though by nature ſtupid,
As briſk, and as alert, as Cupid.
Theſe obligations to repay,
Whene'er your happy nuptial day
Shall with the circling years return,
For you my torch ſhall brighter burn
Than when you firſt my power ador'd,
Nor will I call myſelf your lord,
But am, (as witneſs this my hand)
Your humble ſervant at command.

HYMEN.

Dear child, let Hymen not beguile
You, who are ſuch a judge of ſtyle,
To think that he theſe verſes made,
Without an abler penman's aid;
Obſerve them well, you'll plainly ſee,
That every line was writ by me.

CUPID.

ON READING

MISS CARTER'S POEMS

IN MANUSCRIPT.

SUCH were the notes that ſtruck the wondering ear
Of ſilent Night, when, on the verdant banks
Of Siloe's hallow'd brook, celeſtial harps,
According to ſeraphic voices, ſung
Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace and good-will to men!—Reſume the lyre,
Chauntreſs divine, and every Briton call
Its melody to hear—ſo ſhall thy ſtrains,
More powerful than the ſong of Orpheus, tame
The ſavage heart of brutal Vice, and bend
At pure Religion's ſhrine the ſtubborn knees
Of bold Impiety.—Greece ſhall no more
Of Leſbian Sappho boaſt, whoſe wanton Muſe,
Like a falſe Siren, while ſhe charm'd, ſeduc'd
To guilt and ruin. For the ſacred head
Of Britain's poeteſs, the Virtues twine
A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
Of —— to fix it on her brows.

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

THE Gods, on thrones celeſtial ſeated,
By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
All on Mount Edgecumbe turn'd their eyes;
"That place is mine," great Neptune cries:
"Behold! how proud o'er all the main
"Thoſe ſtately turrets ſeem to reign!
"No views ſo grand on earth you ſee!
"The maſter too belongs to me:
"I grant him my domain to ſhare,
"I bid his hand my trident bear."
"The ſea is yours, but mine the land,"
Pallas replies; "by me were plann'd
"Thoſe towers, that hoſpital, thoſe docks,
"That fort, which crowns thoſe iſland rocks:
"The lady too is of my choir,
"I taught her hand to touch the lyre;
"With every charm her mind I grac'd,
"I gave her prudence, knowledge, taſte."
"Hold, madam," interrupted Venus,
"The lady muſt be ſhar'd between us:
"And ſurely mine is yonder grove,
"So fine, ſo dark, ſo fit for love;
"Trees, ſuch as in th' Idalian glade,
"Or Cyprian lawn, my palace ſhade."
Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, came;
Each Nymph alledg'd her lawful claim.
But Jove, to finiſh the debate,
Thus ſpoke, and what he ſpeaks is fate:
"Nor god nor goddeſs, great or ſmall,
"That dwelling his or hers may call;
"I made Mount Edgecumbe for you all."

INVITATION

TO THE

DOWAGER DUCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

WHEN Peace ſhall, on her downy wing,
To France and England Friendſhip bring,
Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
That homage we delight to give
To foreign talents, foreign charms,
To worth which Envy's ſelf diſarms
Of jealous hatred: Come and love
That nation which you now approve.
So ſhall by France amends be made
(If ſuch a debt can e'er be paid)
For having with ſeducing art
From Britain ſtol'n her Harvey's heart.

TO

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRUMGOLD, whoſe anceſtors from Albion's ſhore
Their conquering ſtandards to Hibernia bore,
Though now thy valour, to thy country loſt,
Shines in the foremoſt ranks of Gallia's hoſt,
Think not that France ſhall borrow all thy fame—
From Britiſh ſires deriv'd thy genius came:
Its force, its energy, to theſe it ow'd,
But the fair poliſh Gallia's clime beſtow'd:
The Graces there each ruder art refin'd,
And livelieſt wit with ſoundeſt ſenſe combin'd.
They taught in ſportive Fancy's gay attire
To dreſs the graveſt of th' Aonian choir,
And gave to ſober Wiſdom's wrinkled cheek
The ſmile that dwells in Hebe's dimple ſleek.
Pay to each realm the debt that each may aſk:
Be thine, and thine alone, the pleaſing taſk,
In pureſt elegance of Gallic phraſe
To cloath the ſpirit of the Britiſh lays.
Thus every flower which every Muſe's hand
Has rais'd profuſe in Britain's favourite land,
By thee tranſplanted to the banks of Seine,
Its ſweeteſt native odours ſhall retain.
And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
In concord's golden chain has firmly bound
The rival nations, thou for both ſhalt raiſe
The grateful ſong to his immortal praiſe.
Albion ſhall think ſhe hears her Prior ſing;
And France, that Boileau ſtrikes the tuneful ſtring,
Then ſhalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
Adorn, embelliſh, and exalt his mind:
Learning and wit, with ſweet politeneſs grac'd;
Wiſdom by guile or cunning undebas'd;
By pride unſullied, genuine dignity;
A nobler and ſublime ſimplicity.
Such in thy verſe ſhall Nivernois be ſhewn:
France ſhall with joy the fair reſemblance own;
And Albion ſighing bid her ſons aſpire
To imitate the merit they admire.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN GRENVILLE;*

KILLED IN LORD ANSON'S ENGAGEMENT IN 1747.

YE weeping Muſes, Graces, Virtues, tell
If, ſince your all accompliſh'd Sydney fell,
You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
A loſs like that theſe plaintive lays record!
Such ſpotleſs honour; ſuch ingenuous truth,
Such ripen'd wiſdom in the bloom of youth!
So mild, ſo gentle, ſo compos'd a mind,
To ſuch heroic warmth and courage join'd;
He too, like Sydney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
For nobler war forſook her ſofter charms:
Like him, poſſeſs'd of every pleaſing art,
The ſecret wiſh of every female's heart:
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He, unrepining, *for his country dy'd.*

* Theſe verſes having been originally written when the author was in Oppoſition, concluded thus (much better, perhaps, than at preſent).

" But nobler far, and greater is the praiſe
" So bright to ſhine in theſe degenerate days:
" An age of heroes kindled Sidney's fire;
" His inborn worth alone could Grenville's deeds inſpire."

But ſome years after, when his Lordſhip was with Miniſtry, he eraſed theſe four lines. See GENT. MAG. vol. XLIX. p. 601. N.

ON GOOD HUMOUR.

WRITTEN AT EATON-SCHOOL, 1729.

TELL me, ye ſons of Phœbus, what is this
Which all admire, but few, too few, poſſeſs?
A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,
And prudes who ſpy all faults except their own.
Lov'd and defended by the brave and wiſe,
Though knaves abuſe it, and like fools deſpiſe.
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis poſſible to tell,
What is the thing in which you moſt excel?
Hard is the queſtion, for in all you pleaſe;
Yet ſure good-nature is your nobleſt praiſe;
Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
For none can envy him whom all muſt love.
This magic power can make ev'n folly pleaſe,
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
And ſweetens every charm in Cælia's face.

SOME ADDITIONAL STANZAS TO ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE TO THE MOON,

IN ARIOSTO.

I.

WHEN now Aſtolfo, ſtor'd within a vaſe,
Orlando's wits had ſafely brought away;
He turn'd his eyes towards another place,
Where cloſely cork'd, unnumber'd bottles lay.

Of

II.

Of fineſt cryſtal were thoſe bottles made,
Yet what was there incloſ'd he could not ſee:
Wherefore in humble wiſe the Saint he pray'd,
To tell what treaſure there conceal'd might be.

III.

"A wonderous thing it is," the Saint replied,
"Yet undefin'd by any mortal wight;
"An airy eſſence, not to be deſcried,
"Subtle and thin, that MAIDENHEAD is hight.

IV.

"From earth each day in troops they hither come,
"And fill each hole and corner of the Moon:
"For they are never eaſy while at home,
"Nor ever owner thought them gone too ſoon.

V.

"When here arriv'd, they are in bottles pent,
"For fear they ſhould evaporate again;
"And hard it is a priſon to invent,
"So volatile a ſpirit to retain.

VI.

"Thoſe that to young and wanton girls belong
"Leap, bounce and fly, as if they'd burſt the glaſs:
"But thoſe that have below been kept too long
"Are ſpiritleſs, and quite decay'd, alas!"

VII.

So ſpake the Saint, and wonder ſeiz'd the Knight,
As of each veſſel he th' inſcription read;
For various ſecrets there were brought to light;
Of which report on earth had nothing ſaid.

VIII.

Virginities, that cloſe confin'd the thought
In t' other world, he found above the ſky;
His ſiſter's and his couſin's there were brought,
Which made him ſwear, though good St. John was by.

IX.

But much his wrath increas'd, when he eſpied
That which was Chloe's once, his miſtreſs dear;
"Ah, falſe and treacherous fugitive!" he cried,
"Little I deem'd that I ſhould meet thee here.

X.

"Did not thy owner, when we parted laſt,
"Promiſe to keep thee ſafe for me alone?
"Scarce of our abſence three ſhort months are paſt,
"And thou already from thy poſt art flown.

XI.

"Be not enrag'd," replied th' Apoſtle kind—
"Since that this maidenhead is thine by right,
"Take it away; and, when thou haſt a mind,
"Carry it *thither* whence it took its flight."

XII.

"Thanks, Holy Father!" quoth the joyous Knight,
"The Moon ſhall be no loſer by your grace:
"Let me but have the uſe on't for a night,
"And I'll reſtore it to its preſent place."

TO A YOUNG LADY.

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF

VENICE PRESERVED.

IN tender Otway's moving ſcenes we find
What power the gods have to your ſex aſſign'd:
Venice was loſt, if on the brink of fate
A woman had not propt her ſinking ſtate:
In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,
Vain was her ſenate's wiſdom, vain its power;
But, ſav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
Still o'er the ſubject main her towers ſhe rears,
And ſtands a great example to mankind,
With what a boundleſs ſway you rule the mind,
Skillful the worſt or nobleſt ends to ſerve,
And ſtrong alike to ruin or preſerve.
In wretched Jaffier, we with pity view
A mind, to Honour falſe, to Virtue true,
In the wild ſtorm of ſtruggling paſſions toſt,
Yet ſaving innocence, though fame was loſt;
Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend—
His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.
But ſhe, who urg'd him to that pious deed,
Who knew ſo well the patriot's cauſe to plead,
Whoſe conquering love her country's ſafety won,
Was, by that fatal love, herſelf undone.
* "Hence may we learn, what paſſion fain would hide,
"That Hymen's bands by prudence ſhould be tied.
"Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
"If angry Fortune on their union frown:
"Soon will the flattering dreams of joy be o'er,
"And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;
"Then, waking to the ſenſe of haſting pain,
"With mutual tears the bridal couch they ſtain;
And

* The twelve following lines, with ſome ſmall variations, have been already printed in "Advice to a Lady," p 290; but, as Lord Lyttelton choſe to introduce them here, it was thought more eligible to repeat theſe few lines, than to ſuppreſs the reſt of the poem.

" And that fond love, which ſhould afford relief,
" Does but augment the anguiſh of their grief:
" While both could eaſier their own ſorrows bear,
" Than the ſad knowledge of each other's care."
May all the joys in Love and Fortune's power
Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour!
On each glad day may plenty ſhower delight,
And warmeſt rapture bleſs each welcome night!
May Heaven, that gave you Belvidera's charms,
Deſtine ſome happier Jaffier to your arms,
Whoſe bliſs misfortune never may allay,
Whoſe fondneſs never may through care decay;
Whoſe wealth may place you in the faireſt light,
And force each modeſt beauty into ſight!
So ſhall no anxious want your peace deſtroy,
No tempeſt cruſh the tender buds of joy;
But all your hours in one gay circle move,
Nor Reaſon ever diſagree with Love!

ELEGY.

TELL me, my heart, fond ſlave of hopeleſs love,
And doom'd its woes, without its joys, to prove,
Canſt thou endure this calmly to eraſe
The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face?
Canſt thou exclude that habitant divine,
To place ſome meaner idol in her ſhrine?
O taſk, for feeble Reaſon too ſevere!
O leſſon, nought could teach me but deſpair!
Muſt I forbid my eyes that heavenly light,
They 've view'd ſo oft with languiſhing delight?
Muſt my ears ſhun that voice, whoſe charming ſound
Seem'd to relieve, while it encreas'd, my wound?
O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
To the ſoft notes of elegant deſire;
Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,
Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,
Yet were your pains leſs exquiſite than mine,
'Tis eaſier far to loſe, than to reſign!

INSCRIPTION

FOR A BUST OF LADY SUFFOLK;

Deſigned to be ſet up in a Wood at Stowe.

1732.

HER wit and beauty for a court were made:
But truth and goodneſs fit her for a ſhade.

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS,

IN HER SICKNESS.

FROM TIBULLUS.

(Sent to a Friend, in a Lady's Name.)

SAY, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breaſt
Feel the ſame feveriſh heats that mine moleſt?
Alas! I only wiſh for health again,
Becauſe I think my lover ſhares my pain:
For what would health avail to wretched me,
If you could, unconcern'd, my illneſs ſee?

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS.

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit;
Myſelf I torture, while the world I cheat:
Though prudence bids me ſtrive to guard my fame,
Love ſees the ſow hypocriſy with ſhame;
Love bids me all confeſs, and call thee mine,
Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine:
Weakneſs for thee I will no longer hide;
Weakneſs for thee is woman's nobleſt pride.

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS.

IN THE NINTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

(" Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes, &c.")

WHAT, Labienus, would thy fond deſire,
Of horned Jove's prophetic ſhrine enquire?
Whether to ſeek in arms a glorious doom,
Or baſely live, and be a king in Rome?
If life be nothing more than death's delay;
If impious force can honeſt minds diſmay,
Or Probity may Fortune's frown diſdain;
If well to mean is all that Virtue can;
And right, dependant on itſelf alone,
Gains no addition from ſucceſs?—'Tis known:
Fix'd in my heart theſe conſtant truths I bear,
And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.
Our ſouls, allied to God, within them feel
The ſecret dictates of the Almighty will;
This is his voice, be this our oracle.
When firſt his breath the ſeeds of life inſtill'd,
All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
Nor can we think the Omnipreſent mind
Has truth to Libya's deſart ſands confin'd,

There,

There, known to few, obſcur'd, and loſt, to lie—
Is there a temple of the Deity,
Except earth, ſea, and air, yon azure pole;
And chief, his holieſt ſhrine, the virtuous ſoul?
Where-e'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
This wide, this boundleſs univerſe is Jove.
Let abject minds, that doubt becauſe they fear,
With pious awe to juggling prieſts repair;
I credit not what lying prophets tell—
Death is the only certain oracle.
Cowards and brave muſt die one deſtin'd hour—
This Jove has told; he needs not tell us more.

TO MR. GLOVER;

ON HIS

POEM OF LEONIDAS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1734.

GO on, my friend, the noble taſk purſue,
And think thy genius is thy country's due;
To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
But Liberty and virtue claim thy ſong.
Yet ceaſe to hope, though grac'd with every charm,
The patriot verſe will cold Britannia warm;
Vainly thou ſtriv'ſt our languid hearts to raiſe,
By great examples drawn from better days:
No longer we to Sparta's fame aſpire,
What Sparta ſcorn'd, inſtructed to admire;
Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end:
No generous purpoſe can enlarge the mind,
No ſocial care, no labour for mankind,
Where mean ſelf intereſt every action guides,
In camps commands, in cabinets preſides;
Where luxury conſumes the guilty ſtore,
And bids the villain be a ſlave for more.
Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes ariſe,
Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
Servants that rule, and ſenates that obey.
O people, far unlike the Grecian race,
That deems a virtuous poverty diſgrace,
That ſuffers public wrongs and public ſhame,
In council inſolent, in action tame!
Say, what is now th' ambition of the great?
Is it to raiſe their country's ſinking ſtate;
Her load of debt to eaſe by frugal care,
Her trade to guard, her harraſs'd poor to ſpare?
Is it like honeſt Somers, to inſpire
The love of laws, and Freedom's ſacred fire?
Is it, like wiſe Godolphin, to ſuſtain
The balanc'd world, and boundleſs power reſtrain?
Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,
Only to aid the wreck, and ſhare the ſpoil?
On each relation, friend, dependant, pour,
With partial wantonneſs, the golden ſhower,
And, ſenc'd by ſtrong corruption, to deſpiſe
An injur'd nation's unavailing cries!
Rouze, Britons, rouze! if ſenſe of ſhame be weak,
Let the loud voice of threatening danger ſpeak.
Lo! France, as Perſia once, o'er every land
Prepares to ſtretch her all-oppreſſing hand.
Shall England ſit regardleſs and ſedate,
A calm ſpectatreſs of the general fate;
Or call forth all her virtue, and oppoſe,
Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
O let us ſeize the moment in our power,
Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour;
No later term the angry gods ordain;
This criſis loſt, we ſhall be wiſe in vain.
And thou, great poet, in whoſe nervous lines
The native majeſty of freedom ſhines,
Accept this friendly praiſe; and let me prove
My heart not wholly void of public love;
Though not like thee I ſtrike the ſounding ſtring
To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to ſing,
But, idly ſporting in the ſecret ſhade,
With tender trifles ſoothe ſome artleſs maid.

TO

WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

ON HIS

LOSING HIS COMMISSION,

IN THE YEAR 1736.

LONG had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame,
Far, far ſuperior to a Cornet's name;
This generous Walpole ſaw, and griev'd to find
So mean a poſt diſgrace that noble mind.
The ſervile ſtandard from thy freeborn hand
He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

TO

THOMSON's CORIOLANUS.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.

I COME not here your candour to implore
For ſcenes, whoſe author is, alas! no more;
He wants no advocate his cauſe to plead;
You will yourſelves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confin'd,
No ſect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
He lov'd his friends (forgive this guſhing tear:
Alas! I feel, I am no actor here)
He lov'd his friends with ſuch a warmth of heart,
So clear of intereſt, ſo devoid of art,
Such generous friendſhip, ſuch unſhaken zeal,
No words can ſpeak it; but our tears may tell—
O candid truth, O faith without a ſtain,
O manners gently firm, and nobly plain,
O ſympathizing love of others' bliſs,
Where will you find another breaſt like his?
Such was the man—the poet well you know:
Oft has he touch'd your heart with tender woe:
Oft in this crouded houſe, with juſt applauſe,
You heard him teach fair Virtue's pureſt laws;
For his chaſte Muſe employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
None but the nobleſt paſſions to inſpire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wiſh to blot.
Oh! may to night your favourable doom
Another laurel add, to grace his tomb:
Whilſt he, ſuperior now to praiſe or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet, if to thoſe whom moſt on earth he lov'd,
From whom his pious care is now remov'd,
With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
Shar'd all his little fortune could impart;
If to thoſe friends your kind regard ſhould give
What they no longer can from his receive;
That, that, ev'n now, above yon ſtarry pole,
May touch with pleaſure his immortal ſoul.

EPILOGUE

TO

LILLO's ELMERICK.

YOU, who, ſupreme o'er every work of wit,
In judgment here, unaw'd, unbiaſs'd, ſit,
The *palatines* and guardians of the pit;
If to your minds this merely modern play
No uſeful ſenſe, no generous warmth convey;
If *ſuſtain* here, through each unnatural ſcene,
In *ſtrain'd conceits found high*, and *nothing mean*;
If *lofty dullneſs* for your vengeance call:
Like Elmerick judge, and let *the guilty fall*.
But if ſimplicity, with force and fire,
Unlabour'd thoughts and artleſs words inſpire:
If, like the action which theſe ſcenes relate,
The whole appear irregularly great;
If maſter-ſtrokes the nobler paſſions move;
Then, like the *king*, *acquit* us, and *approve*.

POEMS

BY

MR. GAY.

RURAL SPORTS.

A GEORGIC.

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE, 1713*.

"—Securi prælia ruris
Pandimus." NEMESIAN.

CANTO I.

YOU, who the ſweets of rural life have known,
Deſpiſe th' ungrateful hurry of the town;
In Windſor groves your eaſy hours employ,
And, undiſturb'd, yourſelf and Muſe enjoy.
Thames liſtens to thy ſtrains, and ſilent flows,
And no rude wind through ruſtling oſiers blows;
While all his wondering nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the Syrens warble in thy ſong.
But I, who ne'er was bleſt by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughſhares in paternal land,
Long in the noiſy town have been immur'd,
Reſpir'd its ſmoke, and all its cares endur'd;
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And ſchemes of ſtate involve th' uneaſy mind;
Faction embroils the world; and every tongue
Is mov'd by flattery, or with ſcandal hung:
Friendſhip, for ſylvan ſhades, the palace flies,
Where all muſt yield to intereſt's dearer ties:
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And Honeſty forſakes them all by turns;
While calumny upon each party's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike diſown.
Fatigu'd at laſt, a calm retreat I choſe,
And ſooth'd my haraſs'd mind with ſweet repoſe,
Where fields and ſhades, and the refreſhing clime,
Inſpire the ſylvan ſong, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muſe ſhall rove through flowery meads and plains,
And deck with Rural Sports her native ſtrains;

And the fam'd road ambitiouſly purſue,
Frequented by the Mantuan ſwain and you.
'Tis not that rural ſports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Here blooming health exerts her gentle reign,
And ſtrings the ſinews of th' induſtrious ſwain.
Soon as the morning lark ſalutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care
In the revolving labours of the year.
When the freſh Spring in all her ſtate is crown'd,
And high luxuriant graſs o'erſpreads the ground,
The labourer with a bending ſcythe is ſeen,
Shaving the ſurface of the waving green;
Of all her native pride diſrobes the land,
And meads lays waſte before his ſweeping hand;
While with the mounting ſun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he looſely throws:
But, if ſome ſign portend a laſting ſhower,
Th' experienc'd ſwain foreſees the coming hour;
His ſun-burnt hands the ſcattering fork forſake,
And ruddy damſels ply the ſaving rake;
In riſing hills the fragrant harveſt grows,
And ſpreads along the field in equal rows.
Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirſty plains,
When heifers ſeek the ſhade and cooling lake,
And in the middle path-way baſks the ſnake;
O lead me, guard me from the ſultry hours,
Hide me, ye foreſts, in your cloſeſt bowers,
Where the tall oak his ſpreading arms entwines;
And with the beech a mutual ſhade combines;
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bordering hazle overhangs the ſtreams,
Whoſe rolling current, winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood reſound;
Upon the moſſy couch my limbs I caſt,
And e'en at noon the ſweets of evening taſte.
Here I peruſe the Mantuan's Georgic ſtrains,
And learn the labours of Italian ſwains;
In every page I ſee new landſcapes riſe,
And all Heſperia opens to my eyes;
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different ſoil:
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That ſpreading trees with bluſhing fruit adorn:

Here

* This poem received many material corrections from the Author after it was firſt publiſhed.

Here I ſurvey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles and riſe in graceful row:
Now I behold the ſteed curvet and bound,
And paw with reſtleſs hoof the ſmoking ground:
The dewlap'd bull now chaſes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in every vein;
His well-arm'd front againſt his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his miſtreſs claims:
The careful inſect 'midſt his works I view,
Now from the flowers exhauſt the fragrant dew;
With golden treaſures load his little thighs,
And ſteer his diſtant journey through the ſkies;
Some againſt hoſtile drones the hive defend,
Others with ſweets the waxen cells diſtend;
Each in the toil his deſtin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty ſoul appears.

Or when the ploughman leaves the talk of day,
And trudging homeward whiſtles on the way:
When the big-udder'd cows with patience ſtand,
Waiting the ſtroakings of the damſel's hand;
No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir,
To court kind ſlumbers, to the ſprays retire;
When no rude gale diſturbs the ſleeping trees,
Nor aſpen leaves confeſs the gentleſt breeze;
Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I ſtray,
To take my farewell of the parting day;
Far in the deep the ſun his glory hides,
A ſtreak of gold the ſea and ſky divides:
The purple clouds their amber linings ſhow,
And edg'd with flame rolls every wave below:
Here penſive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the diſtant billow loſe my ſight.

Now Night in ſilent ſtate begins to riſe,
And twinkling orbs beſtrow th' uncloudy ſkies;
Her borrow'd luſtre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glittering path extends;
Millions of worlds hang in the ſpacious air,
Which round their ſuns their annual circles ſteer;
Sweet contemplation elevates my ſenſe,
While I ſurvey the works of Providence.
O could the Muſe in loftier ſtrains rehearſe
The glorious Author of the univerſe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vaſt ocean bounds,
And circumſcribes the floating worlds their rounds;
My ſoul ſhould overflow in ſongs of praiſe,
And my Creator's name inſpire my lays!

As in ſucceſſive courſe the ſeaſons roll,
So circling pleaſures recreate the ſoul.
When genial Spring a living warmth beſtows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No ſwelling innundation hides the grounds,
But cryſtal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forſake,
Float in the ſun, and ſkim along the lake;
With frequent leap they range the ſhallow ſtreams,
Their ſilver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fiſherman his toils prepare,
And arm himſelf with every watery ſnare;
His hooks, his lines, peruſe with careful eye,
Increaſe his tackle, and his rod re-tye.

When floating clouds their ſpongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the ſtreams with ſwift-deſcending rain;
And waters tumbling down the mountain's ſide,
Bear the looſe ſoil into the ſwelling tide;
Then ſoon as vernal gales begin to riſe,
And drive the liquid burthen through the ſkies,
The fiſher to the neighbouring current ſpeeds,
Whoſe rapid ſurface purls unknown to weeds:
Upon a riſing border of the brook
He ſits him down, and ties the treacherous hook;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His boſom glows with treaſures yet uncaught,
Before his eyes a banquet ſeems to ſtand,
Where every gueſt applauds his ſkilful hand.
Far up the ſtream the twiſted hair he throws
Which down the murmuring current gently flow
When, or if chance or hunger's powerful ſway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily ſucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the ſalacious meat;
Now happy fiſherman, now twich the line!
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!
Caſt on the bank, he dies with gaſping pains,
And trickling blood his ſilver mail diſtains.

You muſt not every worm promiſcuous uſe,
Judgment will tell the proper bait to chooſe:
The worm that draws a long immoderate ſize
The trout abhors, and the rank morſel flies;
And if too ſmall, the naked fraud's in ſight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Thoſe baits will beſt reward the fiſher's pains,
Whoſe poliſh'd tails a ſhining yellow ſtains:
Cleanſe them from filth, to give a tempting gloſs,
Cheriſh the ſully'd reptile race with moſs;
Amid the verdant bed they twine they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native ſoil.

But when the ſun diſplays his glorious beams,
And ſhallow rivers flow with ſilver ſtreams,
Then the deceit the ſcaly breed ſurvey,
Baſk in the ſun, and look into the day:
You now a more deluſive art muſt try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride;
Let nature guide thee; ſometimes golden wire
The ſhining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle muſt not fa
Nor the dear purchaſe of the ſable's tail,
Each gaudy bird ſome ſlender tribute brings,
And lends the growing inſect proper wings:
Silks of all colours muſt their aid impart.
And every fur promote the fiſher's art.
So the gay lady, with expenſive care
Borrows the pride of land, of ſea, of air:
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing diſplays
Dazzles our eyes, and eaſy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various ſeaſons of the year,
How the ſucceeding inſect race appear;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout diſdains.

Oft have I ſeen the ſkilful angler try
The various colours of the treacherous fly;
When he with fruitleſs pain hath ſkimm'd the brook,
And the coy fiſh rejects the ſkipping hook,
He ſhakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the ſtream a waving foreſt throw;
When, if an inſect fall (his certain guide),
He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy veſt, his wings, his horns, and ſize,
Then round his hook the choſen fur he winds,
And on the back a ſpeckled feather binds;
So juſt the colours ſhine through every part,
That Nature ſeems again to live in Art.
Let not thy wary ſtep advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a ſingle hair;
The new-form'd inſect on the water moves,
The ſpeckled trout the curious ſnare approves;
Upon the curling ſurface let it glide,
With natural motion from thy hand ſupply'd,
Againſt the ſtream now gently let it play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away,
The ſcaly ſhoals float by, and, ſeiz'd with fear,
Behold their fellows toſt in thinner air;
But ſoon they leap, and catch the ſwimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and ſhare an equal fate.
When a briſk gale againſt the current blows,
And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fiſherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous ſalmon chance to ſpy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his ſilver gills above the flood,
And greedily ſucks in th' unfaithful food;
Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little ſpoil away:
Soon in ſmart pain he feels the dire miſtake,
Laſhes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;
With ſudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulſive anguiſh bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreaths his ſhining body round;
Then headlong ſhoots beneath the daſhing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.
Now hope exalts the fiſher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fiſh with longing eyes,
While the line ſtretches with th' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humours with his ſteady hands,
And one ſlight hair the mighty bulk commands;
Till, tir'd at laſt, deſpoil'd of all his ſtrength,
The game athwart the ſtream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleaſure, views the gaſping prize
Gnaſh his ſharp teeth, and roll his blood-ſhot eyes;
Then draws him to the ſhore, with artful care,
And lifts his noſtrils in the ſickening air:
Upon the burthen'd ſtream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gaſping dies.
Would you preſerve a numerous finny race;
Let your fierce dogs the ravenous otter chaſe
(Th' amphibious monſter ranges all the ſhores,
Darts through the waves, and every haunt explores):
Or let the gin his roving ſteps betray,
And ſave from hoſtile jaws the ſcaly prey.
I never wander where the bordering reeds
O'erlook the muddy ſtream, whoſe tangling weeds
Perplex the fiſher; I nor chooſe to bear
The thieviſh nightly net, nor barbed ſpear;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
Nor troll for pikes, diſpeopler of the lake;
Around the ſteel no tortur'd worm ſhall twine,
No blood of living inſect ſtain my line.
Let me, leſs cruel, caſt the feather'd hook
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook.
Silent along the mazy margin ſtray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey

RURAL SPORTS.

CANTO II.

NOW, ſporting Muſe, draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear ſtreams awhile for ſunny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearſe,
And all the fiſherman adorn thy verſe;
Should you the wide encircling net diſplay,
And in its ſpacious arch incloſe the ſea;
Then haul the plunging lead upon the land,
And with the ſoal and turbot hide the ſand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the watry ſong
Let the keen hunter from the chace refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye reapers, to your taſk repair,
Haſte! ſave the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And riſing ſheaves extend through all the field.
Yet, if for ſylvan ſports thy boſom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid courſe I view!
How does my eye the circling race purſue!
He ſnaps deceitful air with empty jaws;
The ſubtle hare darts ſwift beneath his paws;
She flies, he ſtretches, now with nimble bound
Eager he preſſes on, but overſhoots his ground;
She turns, he winds, and ſoon regains the way,
Then tears with gory mouth the ſcreaming prey.
What various ſport does rural life afford!
What unbought dainties heap the wholeſome board!
Nor leſs the ſpaniel, ſkilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the labouring horſe, with ſwelling veins,
Hath ſafely lous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,

To ſweet repaſt th' unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the ſcatter'd harveſt lies;
Wandering in plenty danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the ſlavery of entangling nets.
The ſubtle dog ſcours with ſagacious noſe
Along the field, and ſnuffs each breeze that blows;

Againſt the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the ſtrong gale directs him to the prey;
Now the warm ſcent aſſures the covey near,
He treads with caution, and he points with fear;
Then (leſt ſome ſentry-fowl the fraud deſcry,
And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
Cloſe to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the ſnare the fluttering covey riſe.
Soon as the bluſhing light begins to ſpread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,

His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly ſhelter of the brakes.
Or, when the ſun caſts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the weſtern way,
Let your obſequious ranger ſearch around,
Where yellow ſtubble withers on the ground:
Nor will the roving ſpy direct in vain,
But numerous coveys gratify thy pain.
When the meridian ſun contracts the ſhade,
And frolicking heifers ſeek the cooling glade;
Or when the country floats with ſudden rains,
Or driving miſts deface the moiſtened plains;
In vain his toils th' unfaithful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.
Nor muſt the ſporting verſe the gun forbear,
But what's the Fowler's be the Muſes' care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The ſcent grows warm—he ſtops—he ſprings the prey;
The fluttering coveys from the ſtubble riſe,
And on ſwift wing divide the ſounding ſkies;
The ſcattering lead purſues the certain flight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
Now to the copſe the leſſer ſpaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch, and force the brake;
Nor cloſeſt coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens: take thy certain aim.
The woodcock flutters: how he wavering flies!
The wood reſounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The towering hawk let future poets ſing,
Who terror bears upon his ſoaring wing:
Let them on high the frighted hern ſurvey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
Nor ſhall the mounting lark the Muſe detain,
That greets the morning with his early ſtrain:
When, 'midſt his ſong, the twinkling glaſs betrays,
While from each angle flaſh the glancing rays,
And in the ſun the tranſient colours blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the ſkies:
The light-enamoured bird deluded dies.

But ſtill the chace, a pleaſing taſk, remains;
The hound muſt open in theſe rural ſtrains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eaſtern clouds with roſy light,
The healthy huntſman, with the chearful horn
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;
The jocund thunder wakes the enliven'd hounds,
They rouze from ſleep and anſwer ſounds for ſounds;
Wide through the furzy field their rout they take,

Their bleeding boſoms force the thorny brake:
The flying game their ſmoking noſtrils trace,
No bounding hedge obſtructs their eager pace;
The diſtant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods reſound the flying war:
The tuneful noiſe the ſprightly courſer hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;
The ſlacken'd rein now gives him all his ſpeed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the ſteed;
Hills, dales and foreſts, far behind remain,
While the warm ſcent draws on the deep-mouth'd train
Where ſhall the trembling hare a ſhelter find?
Hark! death advances in each guſt of wind!
New ſtratagems and doubling wiles ſhe tries,
Now circling turns, and now at large ſhe flies;

Till, ſpent at laſt, ſhe pants and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.
But ſtay, adventurous Muſe! haſt thou the force
To wind the twiſted horn, to guide the horſe?
To keep thy ſeat unmov'd, haſt thou the ſkill,
O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?
Canſt thou the ſtag's laborious chace direct,
Or the ſtrong fox through all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:
Ye mighty hunters! ſpare this weak eſſay.
O happy plains, remote from wars alarms,
And all the ravages of hoſtile arms!
And happy ſhepherds, who, ſecure from fear,
On open downs preſerve your fleecy care!
Whoſe ſpacious barns groan with increaſing ſtore,

And whirling flails diſjoint the cracking floor!
No barbarous ſoldier, bent on cruel ſpoil,
Spreads deſolation o'er your fertile ſoil;
No trampling ſteed lays waſte the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain:
No flaming beacons caſt their blaze afar,
The dreadful ſignal of invaſive war:
No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his ſwooning fair.
What happineſs the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day ſhe ſpends!
She gratefully receives what heaven has ſent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
(Such happineſs, and ſuch unblemiſh'd fame,
Ne'er glad the boſom of the courtly dame):
She never feels the ſpleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy ſtagnates in her veins;

Her home-ſpun dreſs in ſimple neatneſs lies,
And for no glaring equipage ſhe ſighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boaſt,
In a malicious viſit ne'er was loſt;
No midnight maſquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the feading bloom repairs.
If love's ſoft paſſion in her boſom reign,
An equal paſſion warms her happy ſwain;
No homebred jars her quiet ſtate control,
Nor watchful jealouſy torments her ſoul;
With ſecret joy ſhe ſees her little race
Hang on her breaſt, and her ſmall cottage grace;
The fleecy ball their buſy fingers cull,
Or from the ſpindle draw the lengthening wool:
Thus flow her hours with conſtant peace of mind,
Till age the lateſt thread of life unwind.
Ye happy fields, unknown to noiſe and ſtrife,
The kind rewarders of induſtrious life;
Ye ſhady woods, where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muſe and Love;
Ye murmuring ſtreams that in meanders roll,
The ſweet compoſers of the penſive ſoul;
Farewel!—The city calls me from your bowers:
Farewel, amuſing thoughts and peaceful hours!

THE FAN,

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

I SING that graceful toy, whoſe waving play
With gentle gales relieves the ſultry day;
Not the wide fan by Perſian bames diſplay'd,
Which o'er their beauty caſts a grateful ſhade;
Nor that long known in China's artful land,
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand.
Nor ſhall the Muſe in Aſian climates rove,
To ſeek in Indoſtan ſome ſpicy grove,
Where ſtretch'd at eaſe, the panting lady lies,
To ſhun the fervor of merian ſkies,
While ſweating ſlaves catch every breeze of air,
And with wide-ſpreading fans refreſh the fair;
No buſy gnats her pleaſing dreams moleſt,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breaſt;
But artificial zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the fever of the ſky.
Nor ſhall Bermudas long the Muſe detain,
Whoſe fragrant foreſts bloom in Waller's ſtrain,
Where breathin ſweets from every field aſcend,
And the wild woods with golden apples bend.
Yet let me in ſome odorous ſhade repoſe,
Whilſt in my verſe the fair palmetto grows:
Like the tall pine it ſhoots its ſtately head;
From the broad top depending branches ſpread;
No knotty limbs the taper body bears;
Hung on each bough a ſingle leaf appears,
Which, ſhrivel'd in its infancy, remains
Like a clos'd fan, nor ſtretches wide its veins,
But, as the ſeaſons in their circle run,
Opes its ribb'd ſurface to the nearer ſun:
Beneath this ſhade the weary peaſant lies,
Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes riſe.
Stay, wandering Muſe! nor rove in foreign climes;
To thy own native ſhore confine thy rhymes.
Aſſiſt, ye Nine, your loftieſt notes employ;
Say what celeſtial ſkill contriv'd the toy;
Say how this inſtrument of Love began,
And in immortal ſtrains diſplay the Fan.
Strephon had long confeſs'd his amorous pain,
Which gay Corinna rallied with diſdain:
Sometimes in broken words he figh'd hiscare,
Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair;
With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
He dreſs'd, he laugh'd, he ſung, he rhym'd, he danc'd;
Now call'd more powerful preſents to his aid,
And, to ſeduce the miſtreſs, brib'd the maid;
Smooth flattery in her ſofter hours apply'd,
The ſureſt charms to bend the force of pride;
But ſtill unmov'd remains the ſcornful dame,
Inſults her captive, and derides his flame
When Strephon ſaw his vows diſpers'd in air,
He ſought in ſolitude to loſe his care;
Relief in ſolitude he ſought in vain,
It ſerv'd, like muſick, but to feed his pain.
To Venus now the ſlighted boy complains,
And calls the Goddeſs in theſe tender ſtrains:
O potent Queen! from Neptune's empire ſprung,
Whoſe glorious birth admiring Nereids ſung,
Who 'midſt the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
Whoſe radiant preſence gilds the Paphian grove,
Where to thy name a thouſand altars riſe,
And curling clouds of incenſe hide the ſkies:
O beauteous Goddeſs! teach me how to move,
Inſpire my tongue with eloquence of love!
If loſt Adonis e'er thy boſom warm'd,
If e'er his eyes or godlike figure charm'd,
Think on thoſe hours when firſt you felt the dart,
Think on the reſtleſs fever of thy heart;
Think how you pine in abſence of the ſwain:
By thoſe uneaſy minutes know my pain.
Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,
And at her ſhrine renews her virgin vows,

The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame;
She reads his oaths, and feeds an equal flame.
Oh, may my flame, like thine, Acontius, prove!
May Venus dictate, and reward my love!
When crowds of ſuitors Atalanta try'd,
She wealth and beauty, wit and fame defy'd;
Each daring lover with adventurous pace
Purſued his wiſhes in the dangerous race;
Like the ſwift hind, the bounding damſel flies,
Strains to the goal, the diſtanc'd lover dies.
Hippomenes, O Venus! was thy care,
You taught the ſwain to ſtay the flying fair;
Thy golden preſent caught the virgin's eyes;
She ſtoops, he ruſhes on, and gains the prize.
Say, Cyprian Deity, what gift, what art,
Shall humble into love Corinna's heart?
If only ſome bright toy can charm the ſight,
Teach me what preſent may ſuſpend her flight.
Thus the deſponding youth his flame declares:
The Goddeſs with a nod his paſſion hears.
  Far in Cythera ſtands a ſpacious grove,
Sacred to Venus and the God of Love;
Here the luxurious myrtle rears her head,
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches ſpread;
Here Nature all her ſweets profuſely pours,
And paints th' enamel'd ground with various flowers;
Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends,
The rugged ſtone is cloth'd with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.
  Here buſy Cupids, with pernicious art,
Form the ſtiff bow, and forge the fatal dart;
All ſhare the toil; while ſome the bellows ply,
Others with feathers teach the ſhafts to fly:
Some with joint force turn round the ſtony wheel,
Where ſtreams the ſparkling fire from temper'd ſteel;
Some point their arrows with the niceſt ſkill,
And with the warlike ſtore their quivers fill.
  A different toil another forge employs:
Here the loud hammer faſhions female toys;
Hence is the fair with ornament ſupply'd;
Hence ſpring the glittering implements of pride;
Each trinket that adorns the modern dame
Firſt to theſe little artiſts ow'd its frame:
Here an unfiniſh'd diamond croſslet lay,
To which ſoft lovers adoration pay;
There was the poliſh'd cryſtal bottle ſeen,
That with quick ſcents invites the modiſh ſpleen;

Here the yet rude unjointed ſnuff-box lies,
Which ſerves the rally'd fop for ſmart replies;
There piles of paper roſe in gilded reams,
The future records of the lover's flames;
Here clouded canes 'midſt heaps of toys are found,

And in-laid tweezer-caſes ſtrow the ground;
There ſtands the toilette, nurſery of charms,
Completely furniſh'd with bright Beauty's arms;
The patch, the powder-box, pulville; perfumes,
Pins, paint, a flattering glaſs, and black-lead combs.

  The toilſome hours in different labour ſlide,
Some work the file, and ſome the graver guide;
From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
And their rais'd arms deſcend in tuneful ſounds.
Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days,
Bade Babylon her mighty bulwarks raiſe,
A ſwarm of labourers different taſks attend:
Here pullies make the ponderous oak aſcend;
With echoing ſtrokes the craggy quarry groans,
While there the chiſſel forms the ſhapeleſs ſtones;

The weighty mallet deals reſounding blows,
Till the proud battlements her towers encloſe.
  Now Venus mounts her car, ſhe ſhakes the reins,
And ſteers her turtles to Cythera's plains;
Straight to the grott with grateful ſtep ſhe goes,
Her looſe ambroſial hair behind her flows:
The ſwelling bellows heave for breath no more;
All drop their ſilent hammers on the floor;
In deep ſuſpenſe the mighty labour ſtands;
While thus the Goddeſs ſpoke her mild commands:

  Induſtrious Loves! your preſent toils forbear;
A more important taſk demands your care:
Long has the ſcheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,
By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.
That glorious bird have ye not often ſeen,
Who draws the car of the celeſtial Queen?
Have ye not oft' ſurvey'd his varying dyes,
His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes?
Have you not ſeen him in a ſunny day
Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride diſplay;
Then ſuddenly contract his dazzling train,
And with long-trailing feathers ſweep the plain?
Learn from this hint, let this inſtruct your art;
Thin taper ſticks muſt from one centre part:
Let theſe into the quadrant's form divide,
The ſpreading ribs with ſnowy paper hide;
Here ſhall the pencil bid its colours flow,
And make a miniature creation grow.
Let the machine in equal foldings cloſe,
And now its plaited ſurface wide diſpoſe;
So ſhall the fair her idle hand employ,
And grace each motion with the reſtleſs toy;
With various play bid grateful zephyrs riſe,
While Love in every grateful zephyr flies.
  The maſter Cupid traces out the lines,
And with judicious hand the draught deſigns:
Th' expecting Loves with joy the model view,
And the joint labour eagerly purſue.
Some ſlit their arrows with the niceſt art,
And into ſticks convert the ſhiver'd dart;
The breathing bellows wake the ſleeping fire,
Blow off the cinders, and the ſparks aſpire;
Their arrow's point they ſoften in the flame,
And ſounding hammers break its barbed frame:
Of this the little pin they neatly mold,
From whence their arms the ſpreading ſticks unfold;
In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
And at juſt diſtance the wide ribs extend;
Then on the frame they mount the limber ſkreen,
And finiſh inſtantly the new machine.

The Goddeſs, pleas'd, the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;
With the light Fan ſhe moves the yielding air,
And gales till then unknown play round the fair.
Unhappy lovers, how will ye withſtand,
When theſe new arms ſhall grace your charmer's hand?
In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
When eyes were artleſs, and the look demure;
When the wide ruff the well-turnd neck inclips'd,
And heaving breaſts within the ſtays repos'd;
When the cloſe hood conceal'd the modeſt ear,
Ere black-lead combs diſown'd the virgin's hair;
Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the Fan in fickle forms to play.
How are the ſex improv'd in amorous arts!
What new-found ſnares they bait for human hearts!
When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirſty plains with human gore,
At firſt, the brandiſh'd arm the javelin threw,
Or ſent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew;
In the bright air the dreadful faulchion ſhone,
Or whiſtling ſlings diſmiſs'd th' uncertain ſtone.
Now men whoſe leſs deſtructive arms deſpiſe;
Wide-waſteful death from thundering cannon flies:
One hour with more battalions ſtrows the plain,
Than were of yore in weekly battles ſlain.
So Love with fatal airs the nymph ſupplies,
Her dreſs diſpoſes, and directs her eyes.
The boſom now its panting beauties ſhows;
Th' experienc'd eye reſiſtleſs glances throws;
Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,
And ſtrike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;
The fickle head-dreſs ſinks, and now aſpires
A towery front of lace on branching wires;
The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows,
Or round the face in labour'd order grows.
How ſhall I ſoar, and on unweary wing
Trace varying habits upward to their ſpring!
What force of thought, what numbers can expreſs
Th' inconſtant equipage of female dreſs!
How the ſtrait ſtays the ſlender waiſt conſtrain,
How to adjuſt the manteau's ſweeping train!
What fancy can the petticoat ſurround,
With the capacious hoop of whale-bone bound!
But ſtay, preſumptuous Muſe! nor boldly dare
The toiletts's ſacred myſteries declare.
Let a juſt diſtance be to beauty paid;
None here muſt enter but the truſty maid.
Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearſe,
And gloſſy manteau's ruſtle in thy verſe;
Should you the rich brocaded ſuit unfold,
Where riſing flowers grow ſtiff with froſted gold;
The dazzled Muſe would from her ſubject ſtray,
And in a maze of faſhions loſe her way.

THE FAN.

BOOK II.

OLYMPUS' gates unfold; in heaven's high tower
Appear in council all th' immortal powers.
Great Jove above the reſt exalted ſate,
And in his mind revolv'd ſucceeding fate;
His awful eye with ray ſuperior ſhone;
The thunder-graſping eagle guards his throne;
On ſilver clouds the great aſſembly laid,
The whole creation at one view ſurvey'd.
But ſee fair Venus comes in all her ſtate;
The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait;
With her looſe robe officious Zephirs play,
And ſtrew with odoriferous flowers the way;
In her right hand ſhe waves the fluttering Fan;
And thus in melting ſounds her ſpeech began:
Aſſembled Powers! who fickle mortals guide,
Who o'er the ſea, the ſkies, and earth, preſide;
Ye fountains! whence all human bleſſings flow,
Who pour your bounties on the world below;
Bacchus firſt rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to ſtream with generous wine;
Induſtrious Ceres tam'd the ſavage ground,
And pregnant fields with golden harvells crown'd,
Flora with bloomy ſweets enrich'd the year;
And fruitful Autumn is Pomona's care.
I firſt taught woman to ſubdue mankind,
And all her native charms with dreſs refin'd;
Celeſtial Synod! this machine ſurvey,
That ſhades the face, or bids cool zephyrs play;
If conſcious bluſhes on her cheek ariſe.
With this ſhe veils them from her lover's eyes;
No level'd glance betrays her amorous heart;
From the Fan's ambuſh ſhe directs the dart.
The royal ſceptre ſhines in Juno's hand,
And twiſted thunder ſpeaks great Jove's command;
On Pallas' arm the Gorgon ſhield appears,
And Neptune's mighty graſp the trident bears;
Ceres is with the bending ſickle ſeen,
And the ſtrong bow points out the Cynthian Queen;
Henceforth the waving Fan my hands ſhall grace,
The waving Fan ſupply the ſceptre's place.
Who ſhall, ye Powers! the forming pencil hold?
What ſtory ſhall the wide machine unfold?
Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,
With myrtle-wreaths and flowry chaplets crown'd;
Let Cupid's arrow ſtrow the ſmiling plains
With unreſiſting nymphs and amorous ſwains:
May glowing pictures o'er the ſurface ſhine,
To melt ſlow virgins with a warm deſign!
Diana roſe with ſilver creſcent crown'd,
And fix'd her modeſt eyes upon the ground;
Then with becoming mein ſhe rais'd her head,
And thus with graceful voice the virgin ſaid:
Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
The wathful ogle, and deluſive ſmiles?

Does man againſt her charms too powerful prove?
Or are the ſex grown novices in love?
Why then theſe arms? or why ſhould artful eyes,
From this ſlight ambuſh conquer by ſurpriſe?
No guilty thought the ſpotleſs virgin knows,
And o'er her cheek no conſcious crimſon glows.
Since bluſhes then from ſhame alone ariſe,
Why ſhould we veil them from her lover's eyes?
Let Cupid rather give up his command,
And truſt his arrows in a female hand.
Have not the Gods already cheriſh'd pride,
And woman with deſtructive arms ſupply'd?
Neptune on her beſtows his choiceſt ſtores,
For her the chambers of the deep explores;
The gaping ſhell its pearly charge reſigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines:
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold;
Or where the ruby reddens in the foil,
Where the green emerald pays the ſearcher's toil.
Does not the diamond ſparkle in her ear,
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?
From the gay nymph the glancing luſtre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
But yet, if Venus' wiſhes muſt ſucceed,
And this fantaſtic engine be decreed,
May ſome chaſte ſtory from the pencil flow,
To ſpeak the virgin's joy, and Hymen's woe!
Here let the wretched Ariadne ſtand,
Seduc'd by Theſeus to ſome deſart land,
Her locks diſhevel'd waving in the wind,
The cryſtal tears conſeſs her tortur'd mind.
The perjur'd youth unfurls his treacherous ſails,
And their white boſoms catch the ſwelling gales.
Be ſtill! ye winds, ſhe cries; ſtay, Theſeus, ſtay!
But faithleſs Theſeus hears no more than they.
All deſperate, to ſome craggy cliff ſhe flies,
And ſpreads a well-known ſignal in the ſkies;
His leſſening veſſel plows the foamy main;
She ſighs, ſhe calls, ſhe waves the ſign in vain.
Paint Dido there amidſt her laſt diſtreſs,
Pale cheeks and blood-ſhot eyes her grief expreſs:
Deep in her breaſt the reeking ſword is drown'd;
And guſhing blood ſtreams purple from the wound;
His ſiſter Anna hovering o'er her ſtands,
Accuſes Heaven with lifted eyes and hands,
Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,
And mixes curſes with her broken ſighs.
View this, ye maids; and then each ſwain believe:
They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.
Here draw Oenone in the lonely grove,
Where Paris firſt betray'd her into love:
Let wither'd garlands hang on every bough,
Which the falſe youth wove for Oenone's brow;
The garlands loſe their ſweets, their pride is ſhed,
And like their odours all his vows are fled.
On her fair arm her penſive head ſhe lays,
And Xanthus' wave with mournful look ſurveys;
That flood which witneſs'd his inconſtant flame,
When thus he ſwore, and won the yielding dame:
"Theſe ſtreams ſhall ſooner to their fountain move,
"Than I forget my dear Oenone's love."
Roll back, ye ſtreams; back to your fountain run!
Paris is falſe; Oenone is undone.
Ah, wretched maid! think how the moments flew;
Ere you the pangs of this curſt paſſion knew,
When groves could plaaſe, and when you lov'd the plain,
Without the preſence of your perjur'd ſwain.
Thus may the nymph, whene'er ſhe ſpreads the Fan,
In his true colours view perfidious man;
Pleas'd with her virgin ſtate, in foreſts rove,
And never truſt the dangerous hopes of Love.
The Goddeſs ended; merry Momus roſe,
With ſmiles and grins he waggiſh glances throws;
Then with a noiſy laugh foreſtalls the joke,
Mirth flaſhes from his eyes while thus he ſpoke:
Rather let heavenly deeds be painted there,
And by your own examples teach the fair.
Let chaſte Diana on the piece be ſeen,
And the bright creſcent own the Cynthian Queen.
On Latmos' top ſee young Endymion lies,
Feign'd ſleep has clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes:
See, to his ſoft embraces how ſhe ſteals,
And on his lips her warm careſſes ſeals;
No more her hand the glittering javelin holds,
But round his neck her eager arms ſhe folds.
Why are our ſecrets by our bluſhes ſhown?
Virgins are virgins ſtill—while 'tis unknown.
Here let her on ſome flowery bank be laid,
Where meeting beeches weave a graceful ſhade;
Her naked boſom wanton treſſes grace,
And glowing expectation paints her face;
O'er her fair limbs a thin looſe veil is ſpread,
(Stand off! ye ſhepherds; fear Actæon's head!)
Let vigorous Pan th' unguarded minute ſeize,
And in a ſhaggy goat the virgin pleaſe.
Why are our ſecrets by our bluſhes ſhown?
Virgins are virgins ſtill—while 'tis unknown.
There with juſt warmth Aurora's paſſion trace,
Let ſpreading crimſon ſtain her virgin face.
See Cephalus her wanton airs deſpiſe,
While ſhe provokes him with deſiring eyes;
To raiſe his paſſions, ſhe diſplays her charms,
His modeſt hand upon her boſom warms:
Nor looks, nor prayers, nor force, his heart perſuade;
But with diſdain he quits the roſy maid.
Here let diſſolving Leda grace the toy,
Warm cheeks and heaving breaſts reveal her joy;
Beneath the preſſing ſwan ſhe pants for air,
While with his fluttering wings he fans the fair.
There let all-conquering gold exert its power,
And ſoften Danaë in a glittering ſhower.
Would you warn Beauty not to cheriſh pride,
Nor vainly in the treacherous bloom confide,
On the machine the ſage Minerva place,
With lineaments of wiſdom mark her face.
See, where ſhe lies near ſome tranſparent flood,
And with her pipe cheers the reſounding wood:
Her image in the floating glaſs ſhe ſpies,
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and ſhrivel'd eyes;

She breaks the guiltleſs pipe, and with diſdain
Its ſhatter'd ruins flings upon the plain;
With the loud reed no more her cheek ſhall ſwell,
What! ſpoil her face! No. Warbling ſtrains, farewel.
Shall arts, ſhall ſciences, employ the fair?
Thoſe trifles are beneath Minerva's care.
From Venus let her learn the married life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
Let her eye ſparkle with the glowing flame;
The God of War within her clinging arms
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
Paint limping Vulcan with a huſband's care,
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
Their limbs entangled in a cloſe embrace.
Let theſe amours adorn the new machine,
And female nature on the piece be ſeen;
So ſhall the fair, as long as Fans ſhall laſt,
Learn from your bright examples to be chaſte.

THE FAN.

BOOK III.

THUS Momus ſpoke. When ſage Minerva roſe;
From her ſweet lips ſmooth elocution flows;
Her ſkilful hand an ivory pallet grac'd,
Where ſhining colours were in order plac'd.
As Gods are bleſs'd with a ſuperior ſkill,
And, ſwift as mortal thought, perform their will;
Straight ſhe propoſes, by her art divine,
To bid the paint expreſs her great deſign.
Th' aſſembled powers conſent. She now began
And her creating pencil ſtain'd the Fan.
O'er the fair field trees ſpread, and rivers flow,
Towers rear their heads, and diſtant mountains grow;
Life ſeems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face ſome lively paſſion reigns.
Thus have I ſeen woods, hills, and dales appear,
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the ſilent air,
In darken'd rooms, where light can only paſs
Through the ſmall circle of a convex glaſs;
On the white ſheet the moving figures riſe,
The foreſt waves, clouds float along the ſkies.
She various fables on the piece deſign'd,
That ſpoke the follies of the female kind.
The fate of pride in Niobe ſhe drew
(Be wiſe, ye nymphs, that ſcornful vice ſubdue).
In a wide plain th' imperious mother ſtood,
Whoſe diſtant bounds roſe in a winding wood;
Upon her ſhoulder flows her mantling hair,
Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air;
A purple robe behind her ſweeps the ground,
Whoſe ſpacious border golden flowers ſurround;
She made Latona's altars ceaſe to flame,
And of due honours robb'd her ſacred name;
To her own charms ſhe bade freſh incenſe riſe,
And adoration own her brighter eyes.
Seven daughters from her fruitful loins were born,
Seven graceful ſons her nuptial bed adorn,
Who, for a mother's arrogant diſdain,
Were by Latona's double offſpring ſlain.
Here Phœbus his unerring arrow drew,
And from his riſing ſteed her firſt-born threw;
His opening fingers drop the ſlacken'd rein,
And the pale corpſe falls headlong to the plain.
Beneath her pencil here two wreſtlers bend,
See, to the graſp their ſwelling nerves diſtend;
Diana's arrow joins them face to face,
And death unites them in a ſtrict embrace.
Another here flies trembling o'er the plain
(When Heaven purſues, we ſhun the ſtroke in vain):
This lifts his ſupplicating hands and eyes,
And 'midſt his humble adoration dies
As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
A ſurer weapon ſtrikes his throbbing heart:
While that to raiſe his wounded brother tries,
Death blaſts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.
The tender ſiſters, bath'd in grief appear,
With ſable garments and diſhevel'd hair,
And o'er their gaſping brothers weeping ſtood;
Some with their treſſes ſtopt the guſhing blood;
They ſtrive to ſtay the fleetiug life too late,
And in the pious action ſhare their fate
Now the proud dame, o'ercome by trembling fear,
With her wide robe protects her only care;
To ſave her only care in vain ſhe tries,
Cloſe at her feet the lateſt victim dies.
Down her fair cheek the trickling ſorrow flows,
Like dewy ſpangles on the bluſhing roſe;
Fix'd in aſtoniſhment ſhe weeping ſtood,
The plain all purple with her children's blood;
She ſtiffens with her woes: no more her hair
In eaſy ringlets wantons in the air;
Motion forſakes her eyes: her veins are dry'd,
And beat no longer with the ſanguine tide;
All life is fled; firm marble now ſhe grows,
Which ſtill in tears the mother's anguiſh ſhows.
Ye haughty fair, your painted fans diſplay,
And the juſt fate of lofty pride ſurvey.
Though lovers oft extol your beauty's power,
And in celeſtial ſimilies adore;
Though from your features Cupid borrows arms,
And goddeſſes confeſs inferior charms;
Do not, vain maid, the flattering tale believe,
Alike thy lovers and thy glaſs deceive.
Here lively colours Procris' paſſion tell,
Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.
Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife,
Who rolls her ſickening eyes, and gaſps for life;
Her drooping head upon her ſhoulder lies,
And purple gore her ſnowy boſom dyes.
What guilt, what horror, on his face appears!
See, his red eye-lid ſeems to ſwell with tears;
With agony his wringing hands he ſtrains,
And ſtrong convulſions ſtretch his branching veins.

n hence, ye wives! bid vain ſuſpicion ceaſe,
t, in ſullen diſcontent, your peace:
en fierce love to jealouſy ferments,
ſand doubts and fears the ſoul invents;
e the days in pleaſing converſe flow,
ghts no more their ſoft endearments know.
e on the piece the Volſcian queen expir'd,
ve of ſpoils her female boſom fir'd.
loreus' arms attract her longing eyes,
r the painted plume and helm ſhe ſighs;
s ſhe follows, bent on gaudy prey,
ill-fated dart obſtructs her way;
drops the martial maid; the bloody ground
with a torrent from the purple wound:
urnful nymphs her drooping head ſuſtain,
y to ſtop the guſhing life in vain.
the raw maid ſome tawdry coat ſurveys,
the ſop's fancy in embroidery plays;
wy feather, edg'd with crimſon dyes,
bright ſword-knot, lure her wandering eyes;
gloves and gold brocade conſpire to move,
e nymph falls a ſacrifice to love.
young Narciſſus o'er the fountain ſtood,
ew'd his image in the cryſtal flood;
yſtal flood reflects his lovely charms,
e pleas'd image ſtrives to meet his arms.
nph his unexperienc'd breaſt ſubdued,
vain the flying boy purſued,
f alone the fooliſh youth admires,
ith fond look the ſmiling ſhade deſires:
e ſmooth lake with fruitleſs tears he grieves,
ading fingers ſhoot in verdant leaves,
h his pale veins green ſap now gently flows,
a ſhort-liv'd flower his beauty blows.
vain Narciſſus warn each female breaſt,
eauty's but a tranſient good at beſt.
wers it withers with th' advancing year;
ge, like winter, robs the blooming fair.
raminta! ceaſe thy wonted pride,
nger in thy faithleſs charms confide;
hile the glaſs reflects thy ſparkling eyes,
luſtre and thy roſy colour flies!
s on the Fan the breathing figures ſhine,
l the powers applaud the wiſe deſign.
Cyprian queen the painted gift receives,
ith a grateful bow the ſynod leaves.
low world ſhe bends her ſteepy way,
Strephon paſs'd the ſolitary day.
and him in a melancholy grove,
wn-caſt eyes betray'd deſponding love;
ounded bark confeſs'd his ſlighted flame,
very tree bore falſe Corinna's name:
ol ſhade he lay with folded arms,
his fortune, and upbraids her charms;
Venus to his wondering eyes appears,
ith theſe words relieves his amorous cares:
! happy youth; this bright machine ſurvey,
rattling ſticks my buſy fingers ſway;
reſent ſhall thy cruel charmer move,
her fickle boſom kindle love.

The Fan ſhall flutter in all female hands,
And various faſhions learn from various lands.
For this ſhall elephants their ivory ſhed;
And poliſh'd ſticks the waving engine ſpread:
His clouded mail the tortoiſe ſhall reſign,
And round the rivet pearly circles ſhine.
On this ſhall Indians all their art employ,
And with bright colours ſtain the gaudy toy;
Their paint ſhall here in wildeſt fancies flow,
Their dreſs, their cuſtoms, their religion, ſhow:
So ſhall the Britiſh fair their minds improve,
And on the Fan to diſtant climates rove.
Here China's ladies ſhall their pride diſplay,
And ſilver figures gild their looſe array;
This boaſts her little feet and winking eyes;
That tunes the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies:
Here croſs-legg'd nobles in rich ſtate ſhall dine;
There in bright mail diſtorted heroes ſhine.
The peeping Fan in modern times ſhall riſe,
Through which unſeen the female ogle flies;
This ſhall in temples the fly maid conceal,
And ſhelter love beneath devotion's veil.
Gay France ſhall make the Fan her artiſt's care,
And with the coſtly trinket arm the fair.
As learned orators, that touch the heart,
With various action raiſe their ſoothing art,
Both head and hand affect the liſtening throng,
And humour each expreſſion of the tongue;
So ſhall each paſſion by the Fan be ſeen,
From noiſy anger to the ſullen ſpleen.
While Venus ſpoke, joy ſhone in Strephon's eyes;
Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies:
But Cupid (who delights in amorous ill,
Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
Which to Leander's panting boſom flew.
Leander lov'd, and to the ſprightly dame
In gentle ſigh's reveal'd his growing flame:
Sweet ſmiles Corinna to his ſighs returns,
And for the fop in equal paſſion burns.
Lo, Strephon comes! and, with a ſuppliant bow,
Offers the preſent, and renews his vow.
When ſhe the fate of Niobe beheld,
Why has my pride againſt my heart rebell'd?
She ſighing cry'd. Diſdain forſook her breaſt,
And Strephon now was thought a worthy gueſt.
In Procris' boſom when ſhe ſaw the dart,
She juſtly blames her own ſuſpicious heart;
Imputes her diſcontent to jealous fear,
And knows her Strephon's conſtancy ſincere.
When on Camilla's fate her eye ſhe turns,
No more for ſhow and equipage ſhe burns:
She learns Leander's paſſion to deſpiſe,
And looks on merit with diſcerning eyes.
Narciſſus' change to the vain virgin ſhows,
Who truſts to beauty, truſts the fading roſe.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies;
Love then, ye virgins, ere the bloſſom dies.
Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the dame;
And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brighteſt flame.

THE
SHEPHERD'S WEEK,
IN
SIX PASTORALS. 1714.
WITH
THE AUTHOR'S NOTES.

"—Libeat mihi ſordida rura,
" Atque humiles habitare caſas —" VIRG.

PROLOGUE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

LO, I who erſt beneath a tree
Sung Bumkinet and Bowzybee,
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,
In apron blue or apron white,
Now write my ſonnets in a book,
For my good lord of Bolingbroke.
As lads and laſſes flood around
To hear my boxen hautboy ſound,
Our *clerk* came poſting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the *queen*;
That *queen*, he ſaid, to whom we owe
Sweet *peace that maketh riches flow*;
That *queen*, who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas!—and lay in ſtate.
At this, in tears was Cicely ſeen,
Buxoma tore her pinners clean,
Indoleful dumps ſtood every clown,
The parſon rent his band and gown.
For me, when as I heard that death
Had ſnatch'd queen Anne to Elzabeth,
I broke my reed, and, ſighing, ſwore,
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.
While thus we ſtood as in a ſtound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
Full ſoon by bonefire and by bell
We learnt our Liege was paſſing well.
A ſkilful leach (ſo God him ſpeed)
They ſaid had wrought this bleſſed deed.
This leach Arbuthnot was ycleped,
Who many a night not once had ſlept;
But watch'd our gracious Sovereign ſtill;
For who could reſt when ſhe was ill?
Oh, may'ſt thou henceforth ſweetly ſleep!
Sheep, ſwains, oh ſheer your ſofteſt ſheep,
To ſwell his couch; for, well I ween,
He ſav'd the realm, who ſav'd the Queen.
Quoth I, pleaſe God, I'll hye with glee
To court, this Arbuthnot to ſee.
I ſold my ſheep and lambkins too,
For ſilver loops and garment blue;
My boxen hautboy, ſweet of ſound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;
For Lightfoot and my ſcrip, I got
A gorgeous ſword, and eke a knot.
So forth I far'd to court with ſpeed,
Of ſoldier's drum withouten dreed;
For peace allays the ſhepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of grenadier.
There ſaw I ladies all a-row,
Before their Queen in ſeemly ſhow.
No more I'll ſing Buxoma brown,
Like goldfinch in her Sunday gown;
Nor Clumſilis, nor Marian bright,
Nor damſel that Hobnelia hight.
But Lanſdowne, freſh as flower of May,
And Berkeley, lady blithe and gay;
And Angleſea, whoſe ſpeech exceeds
The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;
And blooming Hyde, with eyes ſo rare;
And Montague beyond compare:
Such ladies fair would I depaint,
In roundelay or ſonnet quaint.
There many a worthy wight I've ſeen,
In ribbon blue and ribbon green:
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
Like Moſes, in our bibles fair;
Who for our traffick forms deſigns,
And gives to Britain Indian mines.
Now, ſhepherds, clip your fleecy care;
Ye maids, your ſpinning wheels prepare;
Ye weavers, all your ſhuttles throw,
And bid broad-cloths and ſerges grow;
For trading free ſhall thrive again,
Nor leaſings lewd affright the ſwain.
There ſaw I St. John, ſweet of mien,
Full ſtedfaſt both to church and queen;
With whoſe fair name I'll deck my ſtrain;
St. John, right courteous to the ſwain.
For thus he told me on a day,
Trim are thy ſonnets, gentle Gay;
And, certes, mirth it were to ſee
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,
With prefaces meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well y-bound.
All ſuddenly then home I ſped,
And did ev'n as my lord had ſaid.
Lo, here thou haſt mine Eclogues fair,
But let not theſe detain thine ear.
Let not th' affairs of ſtates and kings
Wait, while our Bowzybeus ſings.
Rather than verſe of ſimple ſwain
Should ſtay the trade of France or Spain;
Or, for the plaint of Parſon's maid,
Yon' Emperor's packets be delay'd;
In ſooth, I ſwear by holy Paul,
I'd burn book, preface, notes and all.

MONDAY;
OR,
THE SQUABBLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

THY younglings, Cuddy, are but juſt awake,
No thruſtles ſhrill the bramble-buſh forſake,
No chirping lark the welkin ſheen invokes,
No damſel yet the ſwelling udder ſtrokes;
O'er yonder hill does ſcant the dawn appear:
Then why does Cuddy leave his cott ſo rear?

CUDDY.

Ah Lobbin Clout! I ween, my plight is gueſt,
For *he that loves, a ſtranger is to reſt*;

Ver. 3. *Welkin*, the ſame as *Welken*, an old Saxon word ſignifying *a cloud*; by poetical licence it is frequently taken for *the element* or *ſky*, as may appear by this verſe in the Dream of Chaucer,
" Ne in all the welkin was no cloud."

—*Sheen* or *ſhine*, an old word for *ſhining* or *bright*.

Ver. 5. *Scant*, uſed in the ancient Britiſh authors for *ſcarce*.

Ver. 6. *Rear*, an expreſſion in ſeveral counties of England, for *early in the morning*.

Ver. 7. *To ween*, derived from the Saxon, to *think* or *conceive*.

ıins belye not, thou haſt prov'd the ſmart,
Blouzelinda's miſtreſs of thy heart.
tiſing rear betokeneth well thy mind,
: arms are folded for thy Blouzelind.
well, I trow, our piteous plights agree :
Blouzelinda ſmites, Buxoma me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

, Blouzelind ! I love thee more by half,
does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf :
worth the tongue ! may bliſters ſore it gall,
names Buxoma Blouzelind withal.

CUDDY.

ld, witleſs Lobbin Clout, I thee adviſe,
liſters ſore on thy own tongue ariſe.
onder, Cloddipole, the blithſome ſwain,
wiſeſt lout of all the neighbouring plain !
Cloddipole we learnt to read the ſkies,
now when hail will fall, or winds ariſe.
ught us erſt the heifer's tail to view,
ı ſtuck aloft, that ſhowers would ſtraight enſue :
rſt that uſeful ſecret did explain,
pricking corns foretold the gathering rain.
n ſwallows fleet ſoar high and ſport in air,
old us that the welkin would be clear.
Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearſe,
praiſe his ſweetheart in alternate verſe.
'ager this ſame oaken ſtaff with thee,
Cloddipole ſhall give the prize to me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

: this tobacco-pouch, that's lin'd with hair,
: of the ſkin of deepeſt fallow-deer.
pouch that's ty'd with tape of reddeſt hue,
ager, that the prize ſhall be my due.

CUDDY.

gin thy carols then, thou vaunting ſlouch !
ine the oaken ſtaff, or mine the pouch.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

y Blouzelinda is the blitheſt laſs,
primroſe ſweeter, or the clover-graſs.
is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
is the daiſie that beſide her grows ;
is the gilliflower, of gardens ſweet,
is the marygold, for pottage meet :
Blouzelind's than gilliflower more fair,
daiſie, marygold, or king-cup rare.

CUDDY.

y brown Buxoma is the feateſt maid,
e'er at wake delightſome gambol play'd.
as young lambkins or the gooſe's down,
like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
witleſs lamb may ſport upon the plain,
friſking kid delight the gaping ſwain,
wanton calf may ſkip with many a bound,
my cur Tray play deſteſt feats around ;
neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
e like Buxoma on the firſt of May.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

reet is my toil when Blouzelind is near ;
r bereſt, 'tis winter all the year.
her no ſultry ſummer's heat I know ;
inter, when ſhe's nigh, with love I glow.
e, Blouzelinda, eaſe thy ſwain's deſire,
ſummer's ſhadow, and my winter's fire !

CUDDY.

with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
noon-tide labour ſeem'd an holiday ;
holiday, if haply ſhe were gone,
worky-days I wiſh'd would ſoon be done.

Eftſoons, O ſweetheart kind, my love repay,
And all the year ſhall then be holiday.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As Blouzelinda, in a gameſome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing ſtood,
I ſlily ran, and ſnatch'd a haſty kiſs ;
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiſs.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to ſay,
Her breath was ſweeter than the ripen'd hay.

CUDDY.

As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger ſtrok'd her milky care,
I queintly ſtole a kiſs ; at firſt, 'tis true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I ſwear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

LOBLIN CLOUT.

Look to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
Of Iriſh ſwains potatoe is the chear ;
Oats for their feaſts the Scottiſh ſhepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.
While ſhe loves turnips, butter I'll deſpiſe,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe, prize.

CUDDY

In good roaſt-beef my landlord ſticks his knife
The capon fat delights his dainty wife,
Pudding our parſon eats, the ſquire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While ſhe loves white-pot, capon ne'er ſhall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at *blindman's buff*, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.
I miſs'd the ſwains, and ſeiz'd on Blouzelind.
True ſpeaks that ancient proverb, " Love is blind. !

CUDDY.

As at *hot-cockles* once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown ;
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick roſe, and read ſoft miſchief in her eye.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near elms the ſlacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda ſwung.
With the rude wind her rumpled garment roſe,
And ſhow'd her taper leg, and ſcarlet hoſe.

CUDDY.

Acroſs the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myſelf poiſ'd againſt the tottering maid.

Ver. 25. *Erſt*, a contraction of *ere this* ; it ſignifies *ſome time ago*, or *formerly*.

Ver. 56. *Deft*, an old word, ſignifying *briſk* or *nimble*.

Ver. 69. *Eftſoons*, from *eft*, an ancient Britiſh word, ſignifying *ſoon*. So that *eftſoons* is a doubling of the word *ſoon* ; which is, as it were, to ſay *twice ſoon*, or *very ſoon*.

Ver. 79. *Queint* has various ſignifications in the ancient Engliſh authors I have uſed it in this place in the ſame ſenſe as Chaucer hath done in his Miller's Tale. " As Clerkes being full ſubtle " and queint:" (by which he means *arch* or *waggiſh*) ; and not in that obſcene ſenſe wherein he uſeth it in the line immediately following.

Ver. 85.

" Populus Alcidæ gratiſſima, Vitis Iaccho,
" Formoſæ Myrtus Veneri, ſua Laurea Phœbo,
" Phillis amat Corylos. Illas dum Phillis amabit,
" Nec Myrtus vincet Corylos, nec Laurea Phœbi."

&c.

High leap'd the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
I ſpy'd—but faithful ſweethearts never tell.
LOBBIN CLOUT.
This riddle, Cuddy if thou canſt, explain,
This wily riddle puzzles every ſwain.
"What flower is that which bears the *virgin's* name,
"The richeſt metal joined with the ſame?"
CUDDY.
Anſwer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.
"What flower is that which royal honour craves,
"Adjoin the *virgin*, and 'tis ſtrown on graves?"
CLODDIPOLE.
Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your ſtrains!
An oaken ſtaff each merits for his pains.
But ſee the ſun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman Hodge's barn.
Your herds for want of water ſtand a-dry,
They're weary of your ſongs—and ſo am I.

TUESDAY:
OR
THE DITTY.
MARIAN.

YOUNG Colin Clout, a lad of peerleſs meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In every wood his carols ſweet were known,
At every wake his nimble feats were ſhown.
When in the ring the ruſtic routs he threw,
The damſels' pleaſures with his conqueſts grew;
Or when aſlant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger ſmites the breaſt of every maid,
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the ſwain,
The parſon's maid, and neateſt of the plain;
Marian, that ſoft could ſtroke the udder'd cow,
Or leſſen with her ſcythe the barley-mow;
Marbled with ſage the hardening cheeſe ſhe preſs'd,
And yellow butter Marian's ſkill confeſs'd;
But Marian now, devoid of country cares,
Nor yellow butter, nor ſage-cheeſe, prepares;
For yearning love the witleſs maid employs,
And Love, ſay ſwains, "all buſy heed deſtroys."
Colin makes mock at all her piteous ſmart;
A laſs that Cicely hight had won his heart,
Cicely the weſtern laſs that tends the kee,
The rival of the parſon's maid was ſhe.
In dreary ſhade now Marian lies along,
And, mixt with ſighs, thus wails in plaining ſong:
Ah woeful day! ah woeful noon and morn!
When firſt by thee my younglings white were ſhorn;
Then firſt, I ween, I caſt a lover's eye,
My ſheep were ſilly, but more ſilly I.
Beneath the ſhears they felt no laſting ſmart,
They loſt but fleeces, while I loſt a heart.

Ah, Colin! canſt thou leave thy ſweetheart true?
What I have done for thee, will Cicely do?
Will ſhe thy linen waſh, or hoſen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own ſpun yarn?
Will ſhe with huſwife's hand provide thy meat?
And every Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait,
Which o'er thy kerſey doublet ſpreading wide,
In ſervice-time drew Cicely's eyes aſide?
Where'er I gad, I cannot hide my care,
My new diſaſters in my look appear.
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features that I'm hardly known.
Our neighbours tell me oft', in joking talk,
Of aſhes, leather oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine,
And wiſt not that with thoughtful love I pine.
Yet Colin Clout, untoward ſhepherd ſwain,
Walks whiſtling ſlitoe, while pitiful I plain.
Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight
To moil all day, and merry make at night.
If in the ſoil you guide the crooked ſhare,
Your early breakfaſt is my conſtant care;
And when with even hand you ſtrow the grain,
I fright the thieviſh rooks from off the plain.
In miſſing days, when I my threſher heard,
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
Loſt in the muſic of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the ſmoking pail:
In harveſt when the ſun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy draught ſupply;
Whene'er you mow'd, I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft' been ſun burnt for thy ſake:
When in the welkin gathering ſhowers were ſeen,
I lagg'd the laſt with Colin on the green;
And when at eve returning with thy car,
Awaiting heard the jingling bells from far,
Straight on the fire the ſooty pot I plac'd,
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haſte.
When hungry thou ſtood'ſt *ſtaring, like an aſs*,
I ſlic'd the luncheon from the barley-loaf;
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy meſs.
Ah, love me more, or love thy pottage leſs!
Laſt Friday's eve, when as the ſun was ſet,
I, near yon ſtile, three ſallow gypſies met.
Upon my hand they caſt a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they ſhook:
They ſaid that many croſſes I muſt prove;
Some in my worldly gain, but moſt in love.
Next morn I miſs'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinners and a ſmock;
I bore theſe loſſes with a chriſtian mind,
And no miſhaps could feel, while thou wert kind.
But ſince, alas! I grew my Colin's ſcorn,
I've known no pleaſure, night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye gypſies; bring him home again,
And to a conſtant laſs give back her ſwain
Have I not ſat with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our only light,
When every creature did in ſlumbers lie,
Beſides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I?
No troubleous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.
Remember, Colin, when at laſt year's wake
I bought the coſtly preſent for thy ſake;
Could'ſt thou ſpell o'er the poſy on thy knife,
And with another change thy ſtate of life?

Ver. 103—110 were not in the early editions. N.
Ver. 113. Marygold.
Ver. 117. Roſemary.
"Dic quibus in terris inſcripti nomina Regum
"Naſcantur Flores." VIRG.
Ver. 120. "Et vitula tu dignus & hic." VIRG.

Ver. 21. *Ize*, a weſt-country word for *I* or *we*.

orget'ſt, I wot, I can repeat,
ory can tell the verſe ſo ſweet:
is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
hy image on this heart of mine."
is me! ſuch preſents luckleſs prove,
, they tell me, *always ſever love.*
Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brimfull,
body Dobbins brought her cow to bull.
on blue to dry her tears ſhe ſought;
r the cow well ſerv'd, and took a groat.

WEDNESDAY:
OR,
THE DUMPS*.
SPARABELLA.

wailings of a maiden I recite,
maid in fair that Sparabella hight.
a ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
gay goldfinch chaunts ſo ſweet a note.
pye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
as heard to low, nor aſs to bray;
ing breezes play'd the leaves among,
hus her madrigal the damſel ſung.
ile, O D'Urfey, lend an ear or twain,
ugh in homely guiſe, my verſe diſdain;
r thou ſeek'ſt new kingdoms in the ſun,
r thy Muſe does at Newmarket run,
with goſſips at a feaſt regale,
ghten her conceits with ſack and ale,
at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
D'Urfey's lyricks ſwell in every voice;
:r me, thou bard of wondrous meed,
ıy bays to weave this rural weed.
the ſun drove adown the weſtern road,
en laid at reſt forgot the goad,
own fatigued trudg'd homeward with his
ſpade,
the meadows ſtretch'd the lengthen'd ſhade;

When Sparabella, penſive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
Lean'd on her rake, and ſtrait with doleful guiſe
Did this ſad plaint in mournful notes deviſe.
Come night as dark as pitch, ſurround my head,
From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;
The ribbon that his valorous cudgel won,
Laſt Sunday happier Clumſilis put on.
Sure if he'd eyes (*but love, they ſay, has none*)
I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
Ah well-a-day! I'm ſhent with baneful ſmart,
For with the ribbon he beſtow'd his heart.
" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
Shall heavy Clumſilis with me compare?
View this, ye lovers, and like me deſpair.
Her blubber'd lip by ſmutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne!
The cleanly cheeſe-preſs ſhe could never turn,
Her aukward fiſt did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er ſhe brew'd, the drink would ſtraight grow ſour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's power:
No huſwifry the dowdy creature knew;
To ſum up all, her tongue confeſs'd the ſhrew.
" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
I've often ſeen my viſage in yon lake,
Nor are my features of the homelieſt make:
Though Clumſilis may boaſt a whiter dye,
Yet the black ſloe turns in my rolling eye;
And faireſt bloſſoms drop with every blaſt,
But the brown beauty will like hollies laſt.
Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek,
While Katherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet ſhe, alas the witleſs lout hath won,
And by her gain poor Sparabell's undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling ſtraps unite,
The clucking hen make friendſhip with the kite;
Let the fox ſimply wear the nuptial nooſe,
And join in wedlock with the waddling gooſe;
For love hath brought a ſtranger thing to paſs,
The faireſt ſhepherd weds the fouleſt laſs.
" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."

Dumps, or *dumbs*, made uſe of to expreſs a ne *ſullens*. Some have pretended that it is from *Dumops*, a king of Egypt, that built ıid, and died of melancholy. So *mopes* after e manner is thought to have come from *Me*- ıother Egyptian king that died of the ſame ıer. But our Engliſh antiquaries have con- l that *dumps*, which is a *grievous heavineſs of* comes from the word *dumplin*, the heavieſt pudding that is eaten in this country, much Norfolk, and other counties of England.

5.
nemor herbarum quos eſt mirata juvenca
tantes, quorum ſtupefactæ carmine lynces,
nutata ſuos requiêrunt flumina curſus."

9.
mihi, ſeu magni ſuperas jam ſaxa Timavi,
e oram Illyrici legis æquoris—" VIRG.

11. An opera written by this author, called, World in the Sun, or The Kingdom of ' he is alſo famous for his ſong on the New- horſe-race, and ſeveral others that are ſung Britiſh ſwains.

17. *Meed*, an old word for *fame* or *renown.*

, 18.
—" Hanc ſine tempora circum
er victrices ederam tibi ſerpere lauros."

Ver. 25.
" Incumbens tereti Damon ſic cœpit olivæ." VIR.

Ver. 33. *Shent*, an old word, ſignifying *hurt* or *harmed.*

Ver. 37.
" Mopſo Niſa datur, quid non ſperemus amantes?" VIRG.

Ver. 49.
" Nec ſum adeo informis, nuper me in littore vidi." VIRG.

Ver. 53.
" Alba liguſtra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur." VIRG.

Ver. 59.
" Jungentur jam gryphes equis; ævoque ſequenti
" Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ." VIRG.

Ver. 67.
" Ante leves ergo paſcentur in æthere cervi,
" Et freta deſtituent nudos in littore piſces—
" Quàm noſtro illiuslabatur pectore vultus." VIR.

Sooner ſhall cats diſport in waters clear,
And ſpeckled mackrel graze the meadows fair:
Sooner ſhall ſcreech-owls baſk in ſunny day,
And the ſlow aſs on trees, like ſquirrels, play;
Sooner ſhall ſnails on inſect pinions rove;
Than I forget my ſhepherd's wonted love.
" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
Ah! didſt thou know what proffers I withſtood
When late I met the Squire in yonder wood!
To me he ſped, regardleſs of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with ſhame;
My lip he kiſs'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from his purſe of ſilk a guinea took,
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modeſt ſtruggling broke his hold.
He ſwore that Dick, in livery ſtriped with lace,
Should wed me ſoon, to keep me from diſgrace;
But I nor footman priz'd, nor golden fee;
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?
" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
Now plain I ken whence Love his riſe begun;
Sure he was born ſome bloody butcher's ſon,
Bred up in ſhambles, where our younglings ſlain
Erſt taught him miſchief, and to ſport with pain.
The father only ſilly ſheep annoys,
The ſon the ſillier ſhepherdeſs deſtroys.
Does ſon or father greater miſchief do?
The ſire is cruel, ſo the ſon is too.
" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
Farewell, ye woods, ye meads, ye ſtreams that flow;
A ſudden death ſhall rid me of my woe.
This penknife keen my windpipe ſhall divide.
What! ſhall I fall as ſqueaking pigs have dy'd?
No—To ſome tree this carcaſe I'll ſuſpend.
But worrying curs find ſuch untimely end!
I'll ſpeed me to the pond, where the high ſtool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
That ſtool, the dread of every ſcolding queen;
Yet, ſure a lover ſhould not die ſo mean!
There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
Though all the pariſh ſay I've loſt my wits;
And thence, if courage holds, myſelf I'll throw,
And quench my paſſion in the lake below.
" Ye laſſes, ceaſe your burthen, ceaſe to moan,
" And, by my caſe forewarn'd, go mind your own."
The ſun was ſet; the night came on apace,
And falling dews bewet around the place;
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarſe owl his woeful dirges ſings;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And till to morrow comes defers her fate.

Ver. 89. *To ken.* Scire. Chaucer, *to ken* and *kende*; notus A. S. *cunnan.* Goth. *kunnan.* Germanis *kennen.* Danis *kiende.* Iſlandis *kunna.* Belgis *kennen.* This word is of general uſe, but not very common, though not unknown to the vulgar. *Ken* for *proſpicere* is well known and uſed *to diſcover by the eye.* RAY, F. R. S.

" Nunc ſcio quid ſit amor, &c.
" Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?
" Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater."
VIRG.

Ver. 99. " —vivite ſylvæ:
" *Præceps aerii ſpeculâ de montis in undas*
" *Deferar.*" VIRG.

THURSDAY;
OR,
THE SPELL.
HORNELIA.

HORNELIA, ſeated in a dreary vale,
In penſive mood rehears'd her piteous tale;
Her piteous tale the winds in ſighs bemoan,
And pining Echo anſwers groan for groan.
I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woeful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forſakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin, theſe ditties hear;
Spells will I try, and ſpells ſhall eaſe my care.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
When firſt the year I heard the cuckow ſing,
And call with welcome note the budding ſpring,
I ſtraightway ſet a-running with ſuch haſte,
Deborah that won the ſmock ſcarce ran ſo faſt;
Till ſpent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a riſing bank I ſat adown,
Then doff'd my ſhoe, and by my troth, I ſwear,
Therein I ſpy'd this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
At eve laſt Midſummer no ſleep I ſought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-ſeed brought;
I ſcatter'd round the ſeed on every ſide,
And three times in a trembling accent cry'd,
" This hemp-ſeed with my virgin hand I ſow,
" Who ſhall my true-love be, the crop ſhall mow."
I ſtraight look'd back, and, if my eyes ſpeak truth,
With his keen ſcythe behind me came the youth.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
Laſt Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early roſe, juſt at the break of day,
Before the ſun had chas'd the ſtars away;
A-field I went, amid the morning dew
To milk my kine (for ſo ſhould huſwives do);
Thee firſt I ſpy'd; and the firſt ſwain we ſee,
In ſpite of fortune, ſhall our true-love be.
See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take;
And canſt thou then thy ſweetheart dear forſake?
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
Laſt May-day fair I ſearch'd to find a ſnail,
That might my ſecret lover's name reveal.
Upon a gooſeberry-buſh a ſnail I found
(For always ſnails near ſweeteſt fruit abound).
I ſeiz'd the vermine, whom I quickly ſped,
And on the earth the milk-white embers ſpread.
Slow crawl'd the ſnail, and, if I right can ſpell,
In the ſoft aſhes mark'd a curious *L*;

Ver. 8. *Dight*, or *bedight*, from the Saxon word *dihtan*, which ſignifies *to ſet in order.*

Ver. 21. *Doff* and *don*, contracted from the words *do off* and *do on.*

Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
For *L* is found in Lubberkin and Love.
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
"And turn me thrice around, around, around."
Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;
This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.
As blaz'd the nut, so may thy passion grow;
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
"And turn me thrice around, around, around."
As peasecods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I cropp'd I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;
My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch mov'd up, when, who should first come in,
But, in his proper person,—Lubberkin.
I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see;
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted slight:
So may again his love with mine unite!
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
"And turn me thrice around, around, around."
This Lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass,
"Fly, Lady-bird, North, South, or East, or West,
"Fly where the man is found that I love best."
He leaves my hand; see to the West he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town.
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
"And turn me thrice around, around, around."
I pare this pippin round and round again,
My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain,
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect *L* is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is seen
Than what the paring makes upon the green.
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
"And turn me thrice around, around, around."
This pippin shall another trial make,
See from the core two kernels brown I take;
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn;
And Boobyclod on t' other side is borne.
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound;
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last:
Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
"And turn me thrice around, around, around."

Ver. 64.——ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δέλφιδι δάφναν
Αἴθω. χ' ὡς αὐτὰ λακέει, μέγα καππυρίσασα.
THEOC.

Ver. 66.
"Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide."
VIRG.

Ver. 93. "Transque caput jace; ne respexeris."
VIRG.

As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee.
He wist not when the hempen string I drew.
Now mine I quickly doff, of inkle blue.
Together fast I tye the garters twain;
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain:
"Three times a true-love's knot I tye secure,
"Firm by the knot, firm may his love endure!"
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
"And turn me thrice around, around, around."
As I was wont, I trudg'd last market day
To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay.
I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.
Strait to the 'pothecary shop I went,
And in love-powder all my money spent.
Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers
When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,
These *golden flies* into his mug I'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.
"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
"And turn me thrice around, around, around."
But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
Nor shall she crown'd with willow die a maid.
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown:
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

FRIDAY.
OR
THE DIRGE*.
BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

WHY, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?
There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;
From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne,
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.
Yet ev'n this season pleasance blithe affords,
Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple hoards.
Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheary bowl,
Let cyder new "wash sorrow from thy soul."

GRUBBINOL.

Ah, Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert gone,
From these sad plains all merriment is flown;

Ver. 109.
"Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores:
"Necte, Amarylli, modo; et Veneris dic vincula
"necto. VIRG.

Ver. 123.
"Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena
"Ipse dedit Mœris." VIRG.

Ver. 127.—Ποτὸν κακὸν αὔριον οἰσῶ THEOC.

Ver. 131.
"Nescio quid certe est; & Hylax in limine latrat."
VIRG.

* *Dirge*, or *Dyrge*, a mournful ditty, or song of lamentation, over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin *Dirige* in the Popish Hymn, *Dirige gressus meos*, as some pretend. But from the Teutonic *Dyrke*, *Laudare*, to praise and extol. Whence it is possible their *Dyrke*, and our *Dirge* was a laudatory song to commemorate and applaud the dead.

COWEL'S Interpreter.

Should I reveal my grief, 'twould ſpoil thy cheer,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMKINET.

"Hang ſorrow!" Let's to yonder hut repair,
And with trim ſonnets "caſt away our care."
"Gillian of Croyden" well thy pipe can play:
Thou ſing'ſt moſt ſweet, "O'er hills and far away."
Of "Patient Griſſel" I deviſe to ſing,
And catches quaint ſhall make the vallies ring.
Come, Grubbinol, beneath this ſhelter, come;
From hence we view our flocks ſecurely roam.

GRUBBINOL.

Yes, blithſome lad, a tale I mean to ſing,
But with my woe ſhall diſtant vallies ring.
The tale ſhall make our kidlings droop their head,
For, woe is me!—our Blouzelind is dead!

BUMKINET.

Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell, my glee!
No happineſs is now reſerv'd for me.
As the wood-pigeon cooes without his mate,
So ſhall my doleful dirge bewail her fate.
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerleſs maid that did all maids excel.
Henceforth the morn ſhall dewy ſorrow ſhed,
And evening tears upon the graſs be ſpread;
The rolling ſtreams with watery grief ſhall flow,
And winds ſhall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft' as autumn ſhall return,
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, ſhall mourn;
The ſeaſon quite ſhall ſtrip the country's pride,
For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda dy'd.
Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind ſhall view,
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our paſſion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Freſh riſing ſorrow curdles in my blood.
Thither I've often been the damſel's guide,
When rotten ſticks our fuel have ſupply'd;
There I remember how her faggots large
Were frequently theſe happy ſhoulders charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
And ſtuff'd her apron wide with nuts ſo brown;
Or when her feeding hogs had miſs'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feaſt of acorns lay;
Th' untoward creatures to the ſtye I drove,
And whiſtled all the way—or told my love.
If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I ſhall her goodly countenance eſpy;
For there her goodly countenance I've ſeen,
Set off with kerchief ſtarch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, ſhe rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.
Whilom I've ſeen her ſkim the clouted cream,
And preſs from ſpongy curds the milky ſtream:
But now, alas! theſe ears ſhall hear no more
The whining ſwine ſurround the dairy door;
No more her care ſhall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye ſwine, in grunting ſpend your grief,
For you, like me, have loſt your ſole relief.
When in the barn the ſounding flail I ply,
Where from her ſieve the chaff was wont to fly;

Ver. 15.

"Incipe, Mopſe, prior, ſi quos aut Phyllidis ignes,
"Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri."
VIRG.

Ver. 27. *Glee*, Joy; from the Dutch *Gleeren*, to *recreate*.

The poultry there will ſeem around to ſtand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand.
No ſuccour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have loſt their Blouzelind.
Whenever by yon barley-mow I paſs,
Before my eyes will trip the tidy laſs.
I pitch'd the ſheaves, (oh, could I do ſo now!)
Which ſhe in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There every deale my heart by love was gain'd.
There the ſweet kiſs my courtſhip has explain'd.
Ah, Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er ſhall ſee,
But thy memorial will revive in me.
Lament, ye fields, and rueful ſymptoms ſhow;
Henceforth let not the ſmelling primroſe grow;
Let weeds, inſtead of butter-flowers, appear,
And meads, inſtead of daiſies, hemlock bear;
For cowſlips ſweet let dandelions ſpread;
For Blouzelinda, blithſome maid, is dead!
Lament, ye ſwains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
And ſpell ye right this verſe upon her ſtone:
"Here Blouzelinda lies—Alas, alas!
"Weep, ſhepherds—and remember fleſh is graſs."

GRUBBINOL.

Albeit thy ſongs are ſweeter to mine ear,
Than to the thirſty cattle rivers clear;
Or winter porridge to the labouring youth,
Or buns and ſugar to the damſel's tooth;
Yet Blouzelinda's name ſhall tune my lay,
Of her I'll ſing for ever and for aye.
When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
The ſolemn death-watch click'd the hour ſhe dy'd,
And ſhrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;
The boding raven on her cottage ſate,
And with hoarſe croaking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
Dropp'd on the plains that fatal inſtant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten ſtick the bees I ſpy'd,
Which erſt I ſaw when Goody Dobſon dy'd.
How ſhall I, void of tears, her death relate,
When on her darling's bed her mother ſate!
Theſe words the dying Blouzelinda ſpoke,
And of the dead let none the will revoke:
"Mother, quoth ſhe, let not the poultry need,
And give the gooſe wherewith to raiſe her breed:
Be theſe my ſiſter's care—and every morn
Amid the ducklings let her ſcatter corn;
The ſickly calf that's hous'd be ſure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet ere I die—ſee, mother, yonder ſhelf,
There ſecretly I've hid my worldly pelf.
Twenty good ſhillings in a rag I laid;
Be ten the Parſon's, for my ſermon paid.

Ver. 84.

"Pro molli viola, pro purpureo narciſſo,
"Carduus & ſpinis ſurgit paliurus acutis." VIRG.

Ver. 90.

"Et tumulum facite, & tumulo ſuperaddite carmen." VIRG.

Ver. 93.

"Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
"Quale ſopor feſſis in gramine: quale per æſtum
"Dulcis aquæ ſaliente ſitim reſtinguere rivo.
"Nos tamen hæc quocunque modo tibi noſtra viciſſim
"Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad aſtra."
VIRG.

Ver. 96. An imitation of Theocritus.

The lads with ſharpen'd hook and ſweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plough.
To the near hedge young Sufan ſteps aſide,
She feign'd her coat of garter was unty'd;
Whate'er ſhe did, ſhe ſtoop'd adown unſeen,
And merry reapers what they liſt will ween.
Soon ſhe roſe up, and cry'd with voice ſo ſhrill,
That echo anſwer'd from the diſtant hill;
The youths and damſels ran to Sufan's aid,
Who thought ſome adder had the laſs diſmay'd.
When faſt aſleep they Bowzybeus ſpy'd,
His hat and oaken ſtaff lay cloſe beſide;
That Bowzybeus who could ſweetly ſing,
Or with the roſin'd bow torment the ſtring;
That Bowzybeus who, with fingers' ſpeed,
Could call ſoft warblings from the breathing reed;
That bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
Ballads and roundelays and catches ſung:
They loudly laugh to ſee the damſel's plight,
And in diſport ſurround the drunken wight.
Ah, Bowzybee, why didſt thou ſtay ſo long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous ſtrong!
Thou ſhould'ſt have left the Pair before 'twas night;
But thou ſat'ſt toping till the morning light.
Cicely, briſk maid, ſteps forth before the rout,
And kiſs'd with ſmacking lip the ſmearing lout:
(For cuſtom ſays, "Whoe'er this venture proves,
'For ſuch a kiſs demands a pair of gloves.")
By her example Doreas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling ſtraw within his noſe.
He rubs his noſtril, and in wonted joke
The ſneering ſwains with ſtammering ſpeech beſpoke:
To you, my lads, I'll ſing my carols o'er,
As for the maids—I've ſomething elſe in ſtore.
No ſooner 'gan he raiſe his tuneful ſong,
But lads and laſſes round about him throng.
Not ballad-ſinger plac'd above the crowd
Sings with a note ſo ſhrilling ſweet and loud;
Nor pariſh-clerk, who calls the pſalm ſo clear,
Like Bowzybeus ſooths th' attentive ear.

Ver. 22.
"*Serta procul tantum capiti delapſa jacebant,*"
VIRG.

Ver. 40.
"*Sanguineis frontem moris & tempora pingit.*"
VIRG.

Ver. 43.
"*Carmina, quæ vultis, cognoſcite: carmina vobis;*
"*Huic aliud mercedis erit.*" VIRG.

Ver. 47.
"*Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnaſſia rupes;*
"*Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur & Iſmarus*
"*Orphea.*" VIRG.

Ver. 51. *Our ſwain had poſſibly read Tuſſer, from whence he might have collected theſe philoſophical obſervations:*
"*Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane*
"*coacta.*" &c.

Of Nature's laws his carols firſt begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the ſun.
For owls, as ſwains obſerve, deteſt the light,
And only ſing and ſeek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their ſwelling heads below;
And how the cloſing coleworts upwards grow;
How will-a-wiſp miſleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and ſinking bogs, and pathleſs downs.
Of ſtars he told, that ſhoot with ſhining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail.
He ſung where wood-cocks in the ſummer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed
(Some think to northern coaſts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours aſcend);
Where ſwallows in the winter's ſeaſon keep,
And how the drowſy bat and dormouſe ſleep;
How Nature does the puppy's eyelid cloſe
'Till the bright ſun has nine times ſet and roſe
(For huntſmen by their long experience find,
That puppies ſtill nine rolling ſuns are blind).
Now he goes on, and ſings of fairs and ſhows,
For ſtill new fairs before his eyes aroſe.
How pedlars' ſtalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country-maid.
Long ſilken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets ſhine:
How the tight laſs, knives, combs, and ſciſſars ſpies,
And looks on thimbles with deſiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where ſilver ſpoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and laſſes trudge the ſtreet along,
And all the fair is crowded in his ſong.
The mountebank now treads the ſtage, and ſells
His pills, his balſams, and his ague-ſpells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler ſprings,
And on the rope the venturous maiden ſwings;
Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket
Toſſes the glove, and jokes at every packet.
Of raree-ſhows he ſung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.
Then ſad he ſung "the Children in the Wood:"
(Ah, barbarous uncle, ſtain'd with infant blood!)
How blackberries they pluck'd in deſarts wild,
And fearleſs at the glittering faulchion ſmil'd;
Their little corpſe the robin-red-breaſts found,
And ſtrow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
(Ah gentle birds! if this verſe laſts ſo long,
Your names ſhall live for ever in my ſong.)
For "Buxom Joan" he ſung the doubtful ſtrife,
How the fly ſailor made the maid a wife.
To louder ſtrains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woeful wars in "Chevy-chace" befell.

Ver. 97.
"*Fortunati ambo, ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt,*
"*Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.*"
VIRG.

Ver. 99. *A Song in the Comedy of "Love for "Love," beginning "A Soldier and a Sailor," &c.*

When "Percy drove the deer with hound and "horn;
"Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!"
Ah, Witherington, more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
Yet shall the Squire, who fought on bloody stumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.
"All in the land of Eslex" next he chaunts,
How to sleek mares starch Quakers turn gallants:
How the grave brother stood on bank so green—
Happy for him if mares had never been!
Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.
He sung of "Taffey Welch," and "Sawney "Scot,"
"Lilly-bullero" and the "Irish Trot."
Why should I tell of "Bateman," or of "Shore,"
Or "Wantley's Dragon" slain by valiant Moore,
"The Bower of Rosamond," or "Robin Hood."
And how the "grass now grows where Troy "town stood?"
His carols ceas'd: the listening maids and swains
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
Sudden he rose: and, as he reels along,
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
The damsels laughing fly: the giddy clown
Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown:
The power that guards the drunk, his sleep attends,
Till, ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

TRIVIA;

OR, THE

ART OF WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.

IN THREE BOOKS.

"Quo te Mœri pedes? an, quo via ducit, in urbem?"
VIRG.

BOOK I.

OF THE IMPLEMENTS FOR WALKING THE STREETS AND SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night;
How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing; Thou, Trivia, Goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along,
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown:
But more my country's love demands my lays;
My country's be the profit, mine the praise!
When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And "clean your shoes" resounds from every voice;
When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,
And their stiff horses through the town move slow:
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster-cries:
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide:
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd:
Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet
Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside:
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And, when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.
Nor should it prove thy less important care,
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain,
And showers soon drench the camlet's cockled grain;
True Witney* broad-cloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn:
Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear?
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pelt,
Hands, that, stretch'd forth, invading harms prevent.
Let the loop'd bavaroy the sop embrace,
Or his deep cloak bespatter'd o'er with lace.
That garment best the winter's rage defends,
Whose ample form without one plait depends;
By various names† in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true surtout alone;
Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost.
If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;

Ver. 109. *A Song of Sir J. Denham's. See his Poems.*
Ver. 112.
"*Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent,*
"*Pastoribus.*" VIRG.
Ver. 107. "*Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi,* &c.
VIRG.
Ver. 117—120. *Old English ballads.*

* *A town in Oxfordshire.*
† *A Joseph, Wrap-rascal, &c.*

:urdy carmen ſhall thy nod obey,
tling coaches ſtop to make thee way:
rill direct thy cautious tread aright,
h not one glaring lamp enliven night.
ux their canes with amber tipt produce;
rs for empty ſhow, but thine for uſe.
ed chariots while they loll at eaſe,
zily inſure a life's diſeaſe;
ſofter chairs the tawdry load convey
rt, to White's ‡, aſſemblies, or the play;
omplexion'd health thy ſteps attends,
erciſe thy laſting youth defends.
ent men Heaven's choiceſt gift profane
ome beneath their arm ſupport the cane;
rty point oft checks the careleſs pace,
ity ſpots the clean cravat diſgrace.
ay I never ſuch misfortune meet!
ſuch vicious walkers crowd the ſtreet!
ovidence o'erſhade me with her wings,
the bold Muſe experience'd danger ſings!
that I wander from my native home,
empting peril!) foreign cities roam.
is be the theme of Gallia's Muſe,
Slavery treads the ſtreets in wooden ſhoes.
I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
ich the clumſy boor to ſkate in rhyme;
, if the warmer clouds in rain deſcend,
y ways induſtrious ſteps offend;
hing flood from ſloping pavements pours,
ickens the canals with dirty ſhowers.
ers Naples' ſmoother ſtreets reheatſe,
h proud Roman ſtructures grace their verſe,
frequent murders wake the night with groans,
od in purple torrents dyes the ſtones.
ll the Muſe through narrow Venice ſtray,
gondolas their painted oars diſplay.
ſtreets! to rumbling wheels unknown,
no coaches, ſhake the floating town!
as of old Britannia's city bleſs'd,
le and luxury her ſons poſſeſs'd;
and chariots yet unfaſhion'd lay,
-invented chairs perplex'd the way:
e proud lady tripp'd alone; the town,
k'd-up petticoats ſecur'd her gown;
r cheek with diſtant viſits glow'd,
rciſe unartful charms beſt w'd:
e in braided gold her foot is bound,
ng training mantua ſweeps the ground,
e diſdains the ſtreet: the lazy fair
rrow ſtep affects a limping air.
ady pride corrupts the lavish age,
: ſtreets flame with glaring equipage;
king gameſter inſolently rides,
oves and Graces on his chariot ſides;
ſtate the grining broker ſits,
ghs at honeſty and trudging wits.
, O honeſt men, theſe uſeful lays
uſe prepares; I ſeek no other praiſe.
n ſleep is firſt diſturb'd by morning cries;
re prognoſticks learn to know the ſkies,
of rheums and coughs at night complain;
d in dreary fogs, or driving rain.

When ſuffocating miſts obſcure the morn,
Let the worſt wig, long uſ'd to ſtorm, be worn;
This knows the powder'd footman, and with care
Beneath his flapping hat ſecures his hair.
Be thou for every ſeaſon juſtly dreſt,
Nor brave the piercing froſt with open breaſt:
And, when the burſting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy ſurtout defend the drenching ſhower.
The changing weather certain ſigns reveal.
Ere winter ſheds her ſnow, or froſts congeal,
You'll ſee the coals in brighter flame aſpire,
And ſulphur tinge with blue the riſing fire;
Your tender ſhins the ſcorching heat decline,
And at the hearth of coals the poor repine:
Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame,
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame;
Hovering, upon her feeble knees ſhe bends,
And all around the grateful warmth aſcends.
Nor do leſs certain ſigns the town adviſe
Of milder weather and ſeverer ſkies.
The ladies, gaily dreſt, the Mall adorn
With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn:
The wanton fawns with friſking pleaſure range,
And chirping ſparrows greet the welcome change;
Not that their minds with greater ſkill are fraught,
Endued by inſtinct, or by reaſon taught:
The ſeaſons operate on every breaſt;
'Tis hence the fawns are briſk, and ladies dreſt.
When on his box the nodding coachman ſnores,
And dreams of fancy'd fares; when tavern doors
The chairmen idly crowd; then ne'er refuſe
To truſt thy buſy ſteps in thinner ſhoes.
But when the ſwinging ſigns your ears offend
With creaking noiſe, then rainy floods impend;
Soon ſhall the kennels ſwell with rapid ſtreams,
And ruſh in muddy torrents to the Thames.
The bookſeller, whoſe ſhop's an open ſquare,
Foreſees the tempeſt, and with early care
Of learning ſtrips the rails; the rowing crew,
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue;
On hoſier's poles depending ſtockings ty'd
Flag with the ſlacken'd gale from ſide to ſide;
Church-monuments foretel the changing air,
Then Niobe diſſolves into a tear,
And ſweats with ſacred grief; you'll hear the ſounds
Of whiſtling winds, ere kennels break their bounds;
Ungrateful odours common-ſhores diffuſe,
And dropping vaults diſtil unwholeſome dews,
Ere the tiles rattle with the ſmoking ſhower,
And ſpouts on needleſs men their torrents pour.
All ſuperſtition from thy breaſt repel:
Let credulous boys and prattling nurſes tell,
How, if the feſtival of Paul be clear,
Plenty from liberal horn ſhall ſtrew the year;
When the dark ſkies diſſolve in ſnow or rain,
The labouring hind ſhall yoke the deer in vain;
But, if the threatening winds in tempeſts roar,
Then war ſhall bathe her waſteful ſword in gore.

‡ *Chocolate-houſe in St. James's-ſtreet.*

* " *Haud equidem credo, quia ſit divinitus* . . .
" *Ingenium, aut rerum fato* . . .

How, if on Swithin's feaſt the welkin lours,
And every penthouſe ſtreams with haſty ſhowers,
Twice twenty days ſhall clouds their fleeces drain,
And waſh the pavements with inceſſant rain.
Let not ſuch vulgar tales debaſe thy mind:
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.
If you the precepts of the Muſe deſpiſe,
And ſlight the faithful warning of the ſkies,
Others you'll ſee, when all the town's afloat,
Wrapt in th' embraces of a kerſey coat,
Or double-bottom'd frieze; their guarded feet
Defy the muddy dangers of the ſtreet:
While you, with hat unloop'd, the ſury dread
Of ſpouts high ſtreaming, and with cautious tread
Shun every daſhing pool, or idly ſtop,
To ſeek the kind protection of a ſhop.
But buſineſs ſummons: now with haſty ſcud
You joſtle for the wall; the ſpatter'd mud
Hides all thy hoſe behind; in vain you lower,
Thy wig, alas! uncurl'd admits the ſhower.
So fierce Alecto's ſnaky treſſes fell,
When Orpheus charm'd the rigorous powers of hell;
Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew
Clotted and ſtrait, when firſt his amorous view
Surpris'd the bathing fair; the frighted maid
Now ſtands a rock, tranſform'd by Circe's aid.
Good houſewives all the winter's rage deſpiſe,
Defended by the riding-hood's diſguiſe:
Or, underneath th' umbrella's oily ſhed,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let Perſian dames th' umbrella's ribs diſplay,
To guard their beauties from the ſunny ray;
Or ſweating ſlaves ſupport the ſhady load,
When eaſtern monarchs ſhow their ſtate abroad:
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly ſhowers the walking maid.
But, O! forget not, Muſe, the patten's praiſe,
That female implement ſhall grace thy lays:
Say from what art divine th' invention came,
And from its origin deduce its name.
Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny ſoil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil:
One only daughter bleſs'd his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) ſhe bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilſt on her father's knee the damſel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the ſmiling maid;
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.
Soon as the grey-ey'd morning ſtreaks the ſkies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty houſewife bears,
And ſinging to the diſtant field repairs;
And, when the plains with evening dews are ſpread,
The milky burthen ſmokes upon her head,
Deep through a miry lane ſhe pick'd her way,
Above her ancle roſe the chalky clay.
Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden ſpies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes:
He ſaw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.
Ah, Mulciber! recall thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy Paphian ſpouſe,
Think how her eyes dart inexhauſted charms,
And canſt thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?
The Lemnian Power forſakes the realms above,
His boſom glowing with terreſtrial love:
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found;
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholeſome ground.
Here ſmokes his forge, he bares his ſinewy arm,
And early ſtrokes the ſounding anvil warm:
Around his ſhop the ſteely ſparkles flew,
As for the ſteed he ſhap'd the bending ſhoe.
When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil reſts, his forge forgets to flame.
To hear his ſoothing tales, ſhe feigns delays;
What woman can reſiſt the force of praiſe?
At firſt ſhe coyly every kiſs withſtood,
And all her cheek was fluſh'd with modeſt blood;
With headleſs nails he now ſurrounds her ſhoes,
To ſave her ſteps from rains and piercing dews.
She lik'd his ſoothing tales, his preſents wore,
And granted kiſſes, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold ſhe pines,
And on her cheek the fading roſe declines;
No more her humid eyes their luſtre boaſt,
And in hoarſe ſounds her melting voice is loſt.
This Vulcan ſaw, and in his heavenly thought
A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,
Above the mire her ſhelter'd ſteps to raiſe,
And bear her ſafely through the wintery ways.
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the patten roſe.
No more her lungs are ſhook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The God obtain'd his ſuit: though flattery fail,
Preſents with female virtue muſt prevail.
The patten now ſupports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.

TRIVIA.

BOOK II.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY DAY.

THUS far the Muſe has trac'd in uſeful lays
The proper implements for wintery ways;
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings of the ſkies:
Now venture, Muſe, from home to range the town,
And for the public ſafety riſk thy own.
For eaſe and for diſpatch, the morning's beſt;
No tides of paſſengers the ſtreets moleſt.
You'll ſee a draggled damſel here and there,
From Billingſgate her fiſhy traffick bear;
On doors the ſallow milk-maid chalks her gains:
Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!
Before proud gates attending aſſes bray,
Or arrogate with ſolemn pace the way;
Theſe grave phyſicians with their milky chear
The love-ſick maid and dwindling beau repair;
Here rows of drummers ſtand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder ſhake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are ſounds like theſe
The proper prelude to a ſtate of peace?

Now induſtry awakes her buſy ſons;
Full-charg'd with news the breathleſs hawker runs:
Shops open, coaches roll, carts ſhake the ground,
And all the ſtreets with paſſing cries reſound.
If cloth'd in black you tread the buſy town,
Or if diſtinguiſh'd by the reverend gown,
Three trades avoid: oft' in the mingling preſs
The barber's apron ſoils the ſable dreſs;
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
Nor let the baker's ſtep advance too nigh.
Ye walkers too, that youthful colours wear.
Three ſullying trades avoid with equal care:
The little chimney-ſweeper ſkulks along,
And marks with ſooty ſtains the heedleſs throng;
When ſmall-coal murmurs in the hoarſer throat,
From ſmutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat;
The duſtman's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When through the ſtreet a cloud of aſhes flies;
But, whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's baſket, on his ſhoulder borne,
With tallow ſpots thy coat; reſign the way,
To ſhun the ſurly butcher's greaſy tray.
Butchers, whoſe hands are dy'd with blood's foul ſtain,
And always foremoſt in the hangman's train.
Let due civilities be ſtrictly paid:
The wall ſurrender to the hooded maid;
Nor let thy ſturdy elbow's haſty rage
Joſtle the feeble ſteps of trembling age:
And when the porter bends beneath his load,
And pants for breath, clear thou the crowded road.
But, above all, the groping blind direct;
And from the preſſing throng the lame protect.
You'll ſometimes meet a fop of niceſt tread,
Whoſe mantling peruke veils his empty head;
At every ſtep he dreads the wall to loſe,
And riſks, to ſave a coach, his red-heel'd ſhoes;
Him, like the miller, paſs with caution by,
Leſt from his ſhoulder clouds of powder fly.
But when the bully, with aſſuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarniſh'd lace,
Yield not the way, defy his ſtrutting pride,
And thruſt him to the muddy kennel's ſide;
He never turns again, nor dares oppoſe,
But mutters coward curſes as he goes.
If drawn by buſineſs to a ſtreet unknown,
Let the ſworn porter point thee through the town;
Be ſure obſerve the ſigns, for ſigns remain
Like faithful landmarks to the walking train.
Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way
Thoſe fabling boys will turn thy ſteps aſtray;
Aſk the grave tradeſman to direct thee right,
He ne'er deceives---but when he profits by't.
Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits ſpread,
An inrail'd column rears its lofty head,
Here to ſeven ſtreets ſeven dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray.
Here oft' the peaſant, with inquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;
He dwells on every ſign with ſtupid gaze
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze,
Tries every winding court and ſtreet in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary ſteps again.

Thus hardy Theſeus with intrepid feet
Travers'd the dangerous labyrinth of Crete;
But ſtill the wandering paſſes forc'd his ſtay,
Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.
But do not thou, like that bold thief, confide
Thy ventur'rous footſteps to a female guide;
She'll lead thee with deluſive ſmiles along,
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng.
When waggiſh boys the ſtunted beeſom ply,
To rid the ſlabby pavement, paſs not by
Ere thou haſt held their hands: ſome heedleſs flirt
Will overſpread thy calves with ſpattering dirt.
Where porters hogſheads roll from carts aſlope,
Or brewers down ſteep cellars ſtretch the rope,
Where counted billets are by carmen toſt,
Stay thy raſh ſtep, and walk without the poſt.
What though the gathering mire thy feet beſmear,
The voice of induſtry is always near.
Hark! the boy calls thee to his deſtin'd ſtand,
And the ſhoe ſhines beneath his oily hand.
Here let the Muſe, fatigued amid the throng,
Adorn her precepts with digreſſive ſong;
Of ſhirtleſs youths the ſecret riſe to trace,
And ſhew the parent of the ſable race.
Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of change)
Of old was wont this nether world to range,
To ſeek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd
Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd:
And ev'n the proudeſt Goddeſs now and then
Would lodge a night among the ſons of men,
To vulgar deities deſcends the faſhion,
Each, like her betters, had her earthly paſſion.
Then * Cloacina (Goddeſs of the tide,
Whoſe ſable ſtreams beneath the city glide)
Indulg'd the modiſh flame; the town ſhe rov'd,
A mortal ſcavenger ſhe ſaw, ſhe lov'd;
The muddy ſpots that dry'd upon his face,
Like female patches, heighten'd every grace:
She gaz'd; ſhe ſigh'd; (for love can beauties ſpy
In what ſeem faults to every common eye.)
Now had the watchman walk'd his ſecond round,
When Cloacina hears the rumbling ſound
Of her brown lover's cart (for well ſhe knows
That pleaſing thunder): ſwift the Goddeſs roſe,
And through the ſtreets purſu'd the diſtant noiſe,
Her boſom panting with expected joys.
With the night-wandering harlot's airs ſhe paſt,
Bruſh'd near his ſide, and wanton glances caſt;
In the black form of cinder-wench ſhe came,
When love, the hour, the place, had baniſh'd ſhame;
To the dark alley arm in arm they move:
O may no link-boy interrupt their love!
When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her horns,
The pregnant Goddeſs (cautious of diſgrace)
Deſcends to earth; but tought no midwife's aid,
Nor 'midſt her anguiſh to Lucina prav'd;
No cheerful goſſip wiſh'd the mother joy,
Alone, beneath a bulk ſhe dropt the boy.

* *Cloacina was a Goddeſs, whoſe image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common ſewers; and, not knowing what Goddeſs it was, he called it Cloacina, from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours.* Lactant. Fel. Oct. p. 234.

The child, thro' various riſks in years improv'd,
At firſt a beggar's brat, compaſſion mov'd;
His infant tongue ſoon learnt the canting art,
Knew all the prayers and whines to touch the heart.
Oh happy unown'd youths! your limbs can bear
The ſcorching dog-ſtar, and the winter's air;
While the rich infant nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirſts with each heat, and coughs with every rain!
The Goddeſs long had mark'd the child's diſtreſs,
And long had ſought his ſuffering to redreſs.
She prays the Gods to take the fondling's part,
To teach his hands ſome beneficial art
Practis'd in ſtreets: the Gods her ſuit allow'd,
And made him uſeful to the walking crowd;
To cleanſe the miry feet, and o'er the ſhoe
With nimble ſkill the gloſſy black renew.
Each power contributes to relieve the poor:
With the ſtrong briſtles of the mighty bear
Diana forms his bruſh; the God of Day
A tripod gives, amid the crowded way
To raiſe the dirty foot, and eaſe his toil;
Kind Neptune fills his vaſe with fetid oil
Preſt from th' enormous whale: the God of Fire,
From whoſe dominions ſmoky clouds aſpire,
Among theſe generous preſents joins his part,
And aids with ſoot the new japanning art.
Pleas'd ſhe receives the gifts: ſhe downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and ſhoots beneath the tide.
Now dawns the morn, the ſturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his ſtall, his tangled hair he ſhakes;
Then leaning o'er the rails, he muſing ſtood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common ſhores a lulling murmur keep,
Whoſe torrents ruſh from Holborn's fatal ſteep:
Penſive through idleneſs, tears flow'd apace,
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and waſh'd his face!
At length he ſighing cry'd, That boy was bleſt,
Whoſe infant lips have drain'd a mother's breaſt:
But happier far are thoſe (if ſuch be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own:
But I, alas! hard fortune's utmoſt ſcorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind cood oil aunts:
When time comes round, a Chriſtmas-box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year.
Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fate had earn'd,
For leſſer boys can drive: I thirſty ſtand,
And ſee the double flagon chace their hand,
See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.
While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide,
In widen'd circles, beats on either ſide:
The Goddeſs roſe amid the inmoſt round,
With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd:
Low reach'd her dripping treſſes, lank, and black
As the ſmooth jet, or gloſſy raven's back;
Around her wriſt a circling eel was twin'd,
Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind.
Now beckoning to the boy, ſhe thus begun:
Thy prayers are granted; weep no more my ſon:
Go thrive. At ſome frequented corner ſtand:
This bruſh I give thee, graſp it in thy hand,
Temper the ſoot within this vaſe of oil,
And let the little tripod aid thy toil:
On this methinks I ſee the walking crew,
At thy requeſt, ſupport the miry ſhoe:
The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrown'd,
And in thy pocket gingling halfpence ſound.
The Goddeſs plunges in beneath the flood,
And daſhes all around her ſhowers of mud:
The youth ſtrait choſe his poſt: the labour ply'd
Where branching ſtreets from Charing-croſs divide:
His treble voice reſounds along the Meuſe,
And Whitehall echoes — "Clean your Honour's "ſhoes!"
Like the ſweet ballad, this amuſing lay
Too long detains the walker on his way:
While he attend, new dangers round him throng;
The buſy city aſks inſtructive ſong.
Where, elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Claſp'd in the board the perfum'd head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailſtones pour,
Turnips and half-pitch'd eggs (a mingled ſhower)
Among the rabble rain: ſome random throw
May ſtain the trickling folk thy cheek o'erflow.
Though expedition bid, yet never ſtray
Where no ring'd poſt defend the rugged way.
Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
Wheels cruſh with wheels, and bar the narrow ſtreet;
The laſhing whip reſounds, the horſes ſtrain,
And blood in anguiſh burſts the ſwelling vein.
O barbarous men! your cruel breaſt aſſuage!
Why vent ye on the generous beaſt your rage?
Does not his ſervice earn your daily bread?
Your wives, your children, by his labour fed?
If, as the Samian taught, the ſoul revive,
And, ſhifting ſeat, in other bodies live:
Severe ſhall be the brutal coachman's chance,
Doom'd in a hackney horſe the town to range,
Carmen, tranſform'd, the groaning load ſhall draw,
Whom other tyrants with the laſh ſhall gore.
Who would in Watling-ſtreet the dangers dare,
When the broad pavement offers eaſier fare?
Or who that ragged ſtreet thro' Dirty-lane,
That ſtretches, Fleet-ditch, from thy black ſtore
To the Tower's moated walls? Here ſtrangers tread
That, in miry ſtyles, the middle walk extend.
Where chairmen's conſultations ſtops the way,
Hide the wet ſtall, long abſent from the day:
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's head,
And where large joints are worſt with raiſing dread;
Thy breathing noſtrils ſhun: but how ſhall I
Paſs, where in pile Carnarvan † cheeſe lie:
Cheeſe, that the table's cloſing rites denies,
And bids me with the wiſhing chaplain riſe?
O hear me to the path of fair Pall-mall!
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy ſmell!
At diſtance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor ſturdy carmen on thy walks encroach:
No leſs would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd,
The ſoft ſupports of lazineſs and pride:

* *Temple-ſtreet.* † *Cheſhire, anciently ſo called.*

Shops breathe perfumes, through sashes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies and the beau.
Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide, 265
Oft the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly,
Mortar and crumbled lime in showers descend,
And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend. 270
But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
And silent wander in the close abodes,
Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive stray,
In studious thought, the long uncrowded way.
Here I remark each walker's different face, 275
And in their look their various business trace.
The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
Upon his brow sit calousies and cares:
Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
He seeks by-streets, and saves th' expensive coach. 280
Soft, at low doors, old letchers tap their cane,
For fair recluse, who travels Drury-lane:
Here roams uncomb'd the jawish rake, to shun
His Fleet-street draper's everlasting don.
Careful observers, studious of the town, 285
Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;
Untempted, they contemn the juggler's feats,
Pass by the Mouse, nor try the * thimble's cheats.
When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
Where bubbling vest is blown by gusts of wind: 290
And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move slow,
Far from the straining steeds securely go,
Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.
The Parthian thus his javelin backward throws, 295
And as he flies infests pursuing foes.
The thoughtless wit shall frequent forfeits pay,
Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea.
Do thou some court or secret corner seek,
Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek. 300
Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
Nor volgar circumstance my verse prolong
Why should I teach the maid, when torrents pour,
Her head to shelter from the sudden shower?
Nature will best her ready hand inform, 305
With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
Does not each walker know the warning sign,
When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
Cross the close street; that then the paver's art
Renews the ways, denn'd to coach and cart? 310
Who knows not that the coachman lashing by
Oft' with his flourish cuts the heedless eye;
And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
His horses foreheads shun the winter's air?
Nor will I roam where summer's sultry rays 315
Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the ways;
With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
Smoke o'er the pavement; and involve the skies.
Winter my theme confines; whose nitry wind
Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind; 320
She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
And in her hoary mantle clothe the streets.
Let not the virgin tread these slippery roads,
The gathering fleece the hollow patten loads;
But, if thy foot tep slide with clotted frost, 325
Strike off the breaking balls against the post,
On silent wheel the passing coaches roll;
Oft' look behind, and ward the threatening pole.
In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,
To mark the coachman with a dext'rous throw. 330
Why do ye, boys, the kennel's surface spread,
To tempt with faithless pass the matron's tread?
How can you laugh to see the damsel spurn,
Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn?
At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands, 335
And swings around his waist his tingling hands;
The sempstress speeds to Change with red-tipt nose,
The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows;
In half-whipt muslin needles useless lie,
And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. 340
These sports warm harmless; why then will ye prove,
Deluded maids, the dangerous flame of love?
Where Covent-Garden's famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands;
Columns with plain magnificence appear, 345
And graceful porches lead along the square:
Here oft, my course I bend; when lo! from far
I spy the furies of the foot-ball war:
The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue. 350
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
The gathering globe augments with every round.
But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh,
The ball now skim, the street, now soars on high?
The dextrous glazier strong returns the bound, 355
And gingling sashes on the pent-house sound.
O, roving Muse! recal that wondrous year,
When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air:
When hoary Thames, with frosted oziers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound. 360
The waterman, forlorn, along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar;
See harness'd steeds desert the stony town,
And wander roads unstable, not their own;
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide, 365
And rase with whiten'd tracks the slippery tide;
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire:
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair. 370
So when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain:
Thick rising tents a canvass city build,
And the loud dice resound through all the field.
'Twas here the matron sound a doleful fate:
Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
When silent evening closes up the flower;
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise;
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice. 380

* *A cheat commonly practised in the streets with three thimbles and a little ball.*

Doll every day had walk'd theſe treacherous roads,
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit, ſhe now a baſket bore;
That head, alas! ſhall baſket bear no more.
Each booth ſhe frequent paſt, in queſt of gain,
And boys with pleaſure heard her ſhrilling ſtrain.
Ah, Doll! all mortals muſt reſign their breath,
And induſtry itſelf ſubmit to death!
The cracking cryſtal yield; ſhe ſinks, ſhe dies,
Her head, chopt off, from her loſt ſhoulders flies;
Pippins ſhe cry'd; but death her voice confound,
And *pip-pip-pip* along the ice reſounds.
So, when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His ſever'd head floats down the ſilver tide,
His yet warm tongue for his loſt conſort cry'd;
Eurydice with quivering voice he mourn'd,
And Heber's banks Eurydice return'd.
But now the weſtern gale the flood unbinds,
And blackening clouds move on with warmer winds;
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves,
And Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous waves;
From every pent-houſe ſtreams the fleeting ſnow,
And with diſſolving froſt the pavements flow.
Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways,
Need not the calendar to count their days.
When through the town with ſlow and ſolemn air,
Led by the naſtril walks the muzzled bear;
Behind him moves, majeſtically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the ſurly bull.
Learn hence the period of the week to name,
Mondays and Thurſdays are the days of game.
When ſiſhy ſtalls with trouble ſtore are laid:
The golden-belly'd carp, the broad-finn'd maid,
Red ſpeckled trout, the ſalmon's ſilver jowl,
The jointed lobſter, and unctuous ſoal,
And luſcious ſcallops to allure the taſte
Of rigid zealots to delicious faſts;
Wednesdays and Fridays you'll obſerve from hence,
Days when our ſires were doom'd to abſtinence.
When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dext'rous damſels twirl the ſprinkling mop,
And cleanſe the ſpatter'd ſaſh, and ſcrub the ſtairs;
Know Saturday's concluſive morn appears.
Succeſſive cries the ſeaſons' change declare,
And mark the monthly progreſs of the year.
Hark! how the ſtreets with treble voices ring,
To ſell the bounteous produce of the ſpring!
Sweet-ſmelling flowers, and elders early bud,
With nettle's tender ſhoots, to cleanſe the blood;
And, when June's thunder cools the ſultry ſkies,
E'en Sundays are profan'd by mackrel cries.
Walnuts the fruiterer's hand in autumn ſtain,
Blue plumbs and juicy pears augment his gain;
Next oranges the longing boys entice,
To truſt their copper fortunes to the dice.
When roſemary, and bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawl'd, in ſequent cries through all the town
Then judge the feſtival of Chriſtmas near,
Chriſtmas, the joyous period of the year.
Now with bright holly all your temples throw,
With laurel green, and ſacred miſſetoe.
Now, heaven-born Charity! thy bleſſings ſhed;
Bid meagre Want uprear her ſickly head;
Bid ſhivering limbs be warm; let Poverty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the thin needy ſoul.
See, ſee the heaven-born maid her bleſſings ſhed;
Lo! meagre Want uprear her ſickly head;
Cloth'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While ſelfiſh Avarice alone is ſad.
Proud coaches paſs, regardleſs of the moan
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan;
While Charity ſtill moves the walker's mind,
His liberal purſe relieves the lame and blind.
Judiciouſly thy halfpence are beſtow'd
Where the laborious beggar ſweeps the road.
Whate'r you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let old age long ſtretch his palſy hand.
Thoſe who give late are importun'd each day,
And ſtill are toaſs'd becauſe they ſtill delay.
If e'er the miſer durſt his farthings ſpare,
He thinly ſpreads them through the public ſquare,
Where, all beſide the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doleful cry;
With Heaven, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his ſcore,
Lifts up his eyes, and haſtes to begear more.
Where the braſs-knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand;
Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath:
As vultures o'er a camp, with hovering flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
Here canſt thou paſs, unmindful of a prayer,
That Heaven in mercy may thy brother ſpare?
Come, Forteſcue, ſincere, experienc'd friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees ſuſpend;
Come let us leave the Temple's ſilent walls,
Me buſineſs to my diſtant lodging calls;
Through the long Strand together let us ſtray;
With thee converſing, I forget the way.
Behold that narrow ſtreet which ſteep deſcends,
Whoſe building to the ſlimy ſhore extends;
Here Arundel's fam'd ſtructure rear'd its frame,
The ſtreet alone retains the empty name.
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
And Raphael's fair deſign, with judgment, charm'd
Now hangs the bellman's ſong, and paſted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
Where ſtatues breath'd the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump, or lonely watch-houſe, ſtands.
There Eſſex' ſtately pile adorn'd the ſhore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers' now no more.
Yet Burlington's fair palace ſtill remains;
Beauty within, without proportion reigns.
Beneath his eye declining art revives,
The wall with animated picture lives;
There Handel ſtrikes the ſtrings, the melting ſtrain
Tranſports the ſoul, and thrills through every vein;
There oft I enter (but with cleaner ſhoe),
For Burlington's belov'd by every Muſe.
O ye aſſociate walkers, O my friends,
Upon your ſtate what happineſs attends!
What though no coach to frequent viſits rolls,
Nor for your ſhilling chairmen ſling their poles;
Yet ſtill your nerves Rheumatic pains defy,
Nor lazy jaundice dulls your ſaffron eye;

ſting cough diſcharges ſounds of death,
heezing aſthma heaves in vain for breath;
om your reſtleſs couch is heard the groan
uing gout, or ſedentary ſtone.
ers in the jolting coach confide,
he leaky boat the Thames divide;
x'd within the chair, contemn the ſtreet,
uſt their ſafety to another's feet;
: me walk; for oft' the ſudden gale
the tide, and ſhifts the dangerous ſail;
hall the paſſenger too late deplore
helming billow, and the faithleſs oar;
unken chairman in the kennel ſpurns,
iſſes ſhutters, and his charge o'erturns.
an recount the coach's various harms,
gs diſjointed, and the broken arms?
ſeen a beau, in ſome ill fated hour,
o'er the ſtones chuak'd kennels ſwell the
ſhower,
d chariot loll; he with diſdain
ſpatter'd paſſengers all drench'd in rain.
mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws
near;
ile thy prancing ſteeds, hac'd charioteer:
ſtman laſhes on with ſpiteful rage,
nderous ſpokes thy painted wheel engage;
is thy pride, down falls the ſhrieking beau,
bby pavement cryſtal fragments ſtrow;
oods of mire th' embroider'd coat diſgrace,
nd enwraps the honours of his face.
n dread Jove the ſon of Phœbus hurl'd
with dark thunder, to the nether world,
adſtrong courſers tore the ſilver reins,
e ſun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.
: pale walker pant with weakening ills,
ly hand is ſtor'd with friendly bills:
ence he learns the ſeventh born doctor's
fame,
ence he learns the cheapeſt taylor's name.
the large mutton ſmoak upon your boards?
ewgate's copious market beſt affords.
ſt thou with mighty beef augment thy
meal?
aden-hall; St. James's ſends thee veal;
-ſtreet gives cheeſes; Covent-garden fruits;
elds old books; and Monmouth-ſtreet old
ſuits.
nayſt thou well ſupply the wants of life,
thy family, and clothe thy wife.
ues on ſhelter'd ſtalls expanded lie,
-ious ſcience lures the learned eye;
nding ſhelves with ponderous ſcholiaſts
groan,
ep divines, to modern ſhops unknown:
ke the bee, that on induſtrious wing
the various odours of the ſpring,
, at leiſure, learning's flowers may ſpoil,
ch the waſting of the midnight oil;
orals ſnatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
w'd Bacon, or Stagyra's ſage:
intering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
ngreve ſmile, or over D'Urfey ſleep;
'mpſtreſſes the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold;
ſquirts read Garth, till apozems grow cold

O Lintot! let my labours obvious lie,
Rang'd on thy ſtall, for every curious eye!
So ſhall the poor theſe precepts gratis know,
And to my verſe their future ſafeties owe.
What walks ſhall his mean ambition fix
On the falſe luſtre of a coach and ſix?
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring ſhow,
Sigh for the liveries of th' embroider'd beau.
See yon bright chariot on its braces ſwing,
With Flanders mares, and on an arched ſpring.
That wretch, to gain an equipage and place,
Betray'd his ſiſter to a lewd embrace.
This coach that with the blazon'd 'ſcutcheon
glows,
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb ſhows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, ſunk in velvet, ſleeps;
The ſtarving orphan, as he paſſes, weeps;
There ſtalks a fool, begirt with tinſel ſlaves,
Who wakes the wealth of a whole race of knaves;
That other, with a cluſtering train behind,
Owes his new honours to a ſordid mind!
This next in court-fidelity excels,
The publick rifles, and his country ſells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at ſo mean, ſo dear a rate!
Or rather give me ſweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good ſurtout!

TRIVIA.

BOOK III.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY NIGHT.

O TRIVIA, goddeſs! leave theſe low abodes,
And traverſe o'er the wide ethereal roads;
Celeſtial queen! put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.
At ſight of thee, the villain ſheathes his ſword,
Nor ſcales the wall, to ſteal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy ſilver lamp from heaven's high bower
Direct my footſteps in the midnight hour
When night firſt bids the twinkling ſtars appear,
Or with her cloudy veſt inwraps the air,
Then ſwarms the buſy ſtreet; with caution tread,
Where the ſhop-windows * falling threat thy head;
Now labourers home return, and join their ſtrength
To bear the tottering plank, or ladder's length;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng,
And, as the paſſes open, wind along.
Where the fair columns of St. Clement ſtand,
Whoſe ſtraiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low penthouſe bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding
tread;
Where not a poſt protects the narrow ſpace,
And, ſtrung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouze thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be reſolute, beware.
Forth iſſuing from ſteep lanes, the collier's ſteeds
Drag the black load; another cart ſucceeds;
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds ap-
pear,
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.
Now all the pavement ſounds with trampling feet,
And the mix'd hurry barricades the ſtreets.

* Apothecary's boy, in "The Diſpenſary."

* A ſpecies of window now almoſt forgotten.

Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the tough harneſs; here a ponderous beam
Lies over-turn'd athwart; for ſlaughter fed,
Here lowing bullocks raiſe their horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
And the ſmart blow provokes the ſturdy war;
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining laſh their ſhins reſound:
Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they try,
And the blood guſhes down their painful eye.
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
And with their ponderous fiſts renew the fight;
Blow anſwers blow, their cheeks are ſmear'd with blood,
Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
So when two boars, in wild Ytene * bred,
Or on Weſtphalia's fattening cheſnuts fed,
Gnaſh their ſharp tuſks, and, rouz'd with equal fire,
Diſpute the reign of ſome luxurious mire;
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
Till their arm'd jaws diſtil with foam and gore.
Where the mob gathers, ſwiftly ſhoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noiſy throng:
Lur'd by the ſilver hilt, amid the ſwarm,
The ſubtle artiſt will thy ſide diſarm.
Nor is the flaxen wig with ſafety worn;
High on the ſhoulder, in a baſket borne,
Lurks the ſly boy, whoſe hand, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
Here dives the ſkulking thief, with practis'd ſleight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light.
Where's now the watch, with all its trinkets, flown?
And thy late ſnuff-box is no more thy own.
But lo! his bolder theft ſome tradeſman ſpies,
Swift from his prey the ſcudding lurcher flies;
Deſtrous he 'ſcapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilſt every honeſt tongue "ſtop thief" reſounds.
So ſpeeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care:
Hounds following hounds grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries.
Breathleſs, he ſtumbling falls. Ill fated boy!
Why did not honeſt work thy youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough hands, he's drag'd amid the rout,
And ſtretch'd beneath the pump's inceſſant ſpout:
Or, plung'd in miry ponds, he gaſping lies,
Mud chokes his mouth, and plaiſters o'er his eyes.
Let not the ballad-ſinger's ſhrilling ſtrain
Amid the tumult of the throng detain:
Guard well thy pocket; for theſe Syrens ſtand
To aid the labours of the diving hand;
Confederate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambrick handkerchiefs reward the ſong.
But ſoon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rabble part, in ſhoals they backward run.
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,
And Greece and Troy retreat on either ſide.
If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Stop ſhort; nor ſtruggle through the crowd in vain,
But watch with careful eye the paſſing train.
Yet I (perhaps too fond), if chance the tide
Tumultuous bear my partner from my ſide,
Impatient venture back; deſpiſing harm,
I force my paſſage where the thickeſt ſwarm.
Thus his loſt bride the Trojan ſought in vain
Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of ſlain.
Thus Niſus wander'd o'er the pathleſs grove,
To find the brave companion of his love.
The pathleſs grove in vain he wanders o'er:
Euryalus, alas! is now no more.
That walker, who, regardleſs of his pace,
Turns oft' to pore upon the damſel's face,
From ſide to ſide by thruſting elbows toſt,
Shall ſtrike his aching breaſt againſt a poſt;
Or water, daſh'd from ſilthy ſtalls, ſhall ſtain
His hapleſs coat with ſpirts of ſcaly rain.
But, if unwarily he chance to ſtray
Where twirling turnſtiles intercept the way,
The thwarting paſſenger ſhall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathleſs to the ground.
Let conſtant vigilance thy footſteps guide,
And wary circumſpection guard thy ſide;
Then ſhalt thou walk unharm'd the dangerous night,
Nor need th' officious linkboy's ſmoaky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to croſs the road,
Where ale-houſe benches reſt the porter's load,
Grievous to heedleſs ſhins; no barrow's wheel,
That bruiſes oft' the truant ſchool-boy's heel,
Behind thee rolling, with inſidious pace,
Shall mark thy ſtocking with a miry trace.
Let not thy venturous ſteps approach too nigh,
Where, gaping wide, low ſteepy cellars lie.
Should thy ſhoe wrench aſide, down, down you fall,
And overturn the ſcolding huxter's ſtall;
The ſcolding huckſter ſhall not o'er thee moan,
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.
Though you through cleanlier allies wind by day,
To ſhun the hurries of the public way,
Yet ne'er to thoſe dark paths by night retire;
Mind only ſafety, and contemn the mire.
Then no impervious courts thy haſte detain,
Nor ſneering alewives bid thee turn again.
Where Lincoln's-inn, wide ſpace, is rail'd around,
Croſs not with venturous ſtep; there oft' is found
The lurking thief, who while the day-light ſhone
Made the walls echo with his begging tone:
That crutch, which late compaſſion mov'd, ſhall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
Yet truſt him not along the lonely wall;
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And ſhare the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public ſtreets, where oily rays,
Shot from the cryſtal lamp, o'erſpread the ways.
Happy Auguſta! law-defended town!
Here no dark lanterns ſhade the villain's frown;
No Spaniſh jealouſies thy lanes infeſt,
Nor Roman vengeance ſtabs th' unwary breaſt;
Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But liberty and juſtice guard the land;
No bravos here profeſs the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murderer's refuge made.
Let not the chairman, with aſſuming ſtride,
Preſs near the wall, and rudely thruſt thy ſide:
The laws have ſet him bounds; his ſervile feet
Should ne'er encroach where poſts defend the ſtreet.
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whoſe flambeau gilds the faſhes of Pall-mall,

* New Foreſt in Hampſhire, anciently ſo called.

in long rank a train of torches flame,
ht the midnight viſits of the dame?
, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
where the chairman reſts with ſafety tread;
'er I paſs, their poles (unſeen below)
my knee tremble with a jarring blow.
my knee tremble with a jarring blow.
'heels bar up the road, where ſtreets are croſt,
gentle words the coachman's ear accoſt:
er the threat or harſh commands obeys,
th contempt the ſpatter'd ſhoe ſurveys.
an with utmoſt fortitude thy ſoul,
ſs the way where carts and coaches roll;
not in thy hardy ſkill confide,
ſhly riſque the kennel's ſpacious ſtride;
l afar the diſtant wheel you hear,
ring thunder in the breaking air;
ot will ſlide upon the miry ſtone,
ſling coaches cruſh thy tortur'd bone,
eels incloſe the road; on either hand
ound with perils, in the midſt you ſtand,
ll for aid in vain; the coachman ſwears,
rmen drive, unmindful of thy prayers.
wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
ry ſide the preſſing ſpokes are nigh.
ors, while Charybdis' gulph they ſhun,
l, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.
re obſerve where brown Oſtrea ſtands,
aſts her ſhelly ware from Wallfleet ſands;
nay'ſt thou paſs with ſafe unmiry feet,
the rais'd pavement leads athwart the ſtreet.
e Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows,
ance to roam; where oyſter-tubs in rows
g'd beſide the poſts; there ſtay thy haſte,
th the ſavoury fiſh indulge thy taſte:
nſel's knife the gaping ſhell commands,
he ſalt liquor ſtreams between her hands.
man had ſure a palate cover'd o'er
raſs or ſteel, that on the rocky ſhore
oke the oozy oyſter's pearly coat,
qu'd the living morſel down his throat.
ill not luxury taſte? Earth, ſea, and air,
ly ranſack'd for the bill of fare!
uff'd in ſkins is Britiſh chriſtian's food;
ance robs marſhes of the croaking brood!
morels in ſtrong ragouts are found,
the ſoup the ſlimy ſnail is drown'd.
n from high ſpouts the daſhing torrents fall,
watchful to maintain the wall;
ould'ſt thou quit thy ground, the ruſhing throng
to gain theſe honours thou haſt loſt,
iely ſhove thee far without the poſt.
retrieve the ſhed you ſtrive in vain,
d all o'er, and ſoak'd in floods of rain.
ter bear the ſhower, and toil of mud,
the doubtful quarrel ritique thy blood.
on Oedipus' deteſted ſtate,
his woes be warn'd to ſhun thy fate.
e three roads join'd, he met his ſire unknown;
by ſire, but more unhappy ſon!
im'd the way, their ſword the ſtrife decide.
ry monarch fell, he groun'd, and died!
ſprung the fatal plague that thinn'd thy reign.
ſeu mene! and thy children ſtare.

Hence wert thou doom'd in endleſs night to ſtray
Through Theban ſtreets, and cheerleſs grope thy way.

Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years;
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!
Whether ſome heir attends in ſable ſtate,
And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate;
Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb:
Why is the hearſe with 'ſcutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of oſtrich crown'd?
No: the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only ſerves to prove the living vain.
How ſhort is life! how frail is human truſt!
Is all this pomp for laying duſt to duſt?

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted ſtall,
Bruſh not thy ſweeping ſkirt too near the wall:
Thy heedleſs ſleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
And ſpot indelible thy pocket ſoil.
Has not wiſe nature ſtrung the legs and feet
With firmeſt nerves, deſign'd to walk the ſtreet?
Has ſhe not given us hands to grope aright,
Amidſt the frequent dangers of the night?
And think'ſt thou not the double noſtril meant,
To warn from oily woes by previous ſcent?

Who can the various city frauds * recite,
With all the petty rapines of the night?
Who now the guſinea dropper's bait regards,
Trick'd by the ſharper's dice, or juggler's cards?
Why ſhould I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,
Where the ſham quarrel interrupts the way?
Lives there in theſe our days ſo ſoft a clown,
Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threatening frown?
I need not ſtrict enjoin the pocket's care,
When from the crowded play thou lead'ſt the fair;
Who has not here or watch or ſnuff-box left,
Or handkerchiefs that India's ſhuttle boaſt?
O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes!
The harlots' guileful paths, who nightly ſtand
Where Catherine-ſtreet deſcends into the Strand!
Say, vagrant Muſe, their wiles and ſubtle arts,
To lure the ſtrangers' unſuſpecting hearts:
So ſhall our youth on healthful ſinews tread,
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis ſhe who nightly ſtrolls with ſauntering pace,
No ſtubborn ſtays her yielding ſhape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-ſcour'd manteau, and the flattern air;
High-draggled petticoats her travels ſhow,
And hollow cheeks with artful bluſhes glow;
With flattering ſounds ſhe ſooths the credulous ear,
"My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!"
In riding hood near tavern-doors ſhe plies,
Or muffled pinners hide her livid eyes.
With empty bandbox ſhe delights to range,
And feigns a diſtant errand from the 'Change;
Nay, ſhe will oft' the Quaker's hood profane,
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane.
She darts from ſurſenet ambuſh wily leers,
Twitches thy ſleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek; theſe ſneers diſdain,
Nor gaze behind thee, when ſhe turns again.

I knew a yeoman, who, for thirſt of gain,
To the great city drove, from Devon's plain,
His numerous lowing herd; his herds he ſold,
And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold.

* Various cheats formerly in practice.

Drawn by a fraudful nymph, he gaz'd, he ſigh'd:
Unmindful of his home, and diſtant bride,
She leads the willing victim to his doom,
Through winding alleys to her cobweb room.
Thence through the ſtreet he reels from poſt to poſt,
Valiant with wine, nor knows his treaſure loſt.
The vagrant wretch th' aſſembled watchmen ſpies,
He waves his harger, and their poles deſies;
Deep in the round-houſe pent, all night he ſnores,
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.
Ah, hapleſs ſwain! unus'd to pains and ills!
Canſt thou forego roaſt beef for naufeous pills?
How wilt thou lift to Heaven thy eyes and hands,
When the long ſcroll the ſurgeon's fees demands!
Or elſe (ye Gods avert that worſt diſgrace!)
Thy ruin'd noſe falls level with thy face!
Then ſhall thy wife thy loathſome kiſs diſdain,
And wholeſome neighbours from thy mug refrain.
Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly light
Will teach thy reeling ſteps to tread aright;
For ſixpence will ſupport thy helpleſs arm,
And home conduct thee, ſafe from nightly harm.
But, if they ſhake their lanterns, from afar
To call their brethren to confederate war,
When rakes reſiſt their power; if hapleſs you
Should chance to wander with the ſcowring crew;
Though fortune yield thee captive, ne'er deſpair,
But ſeek the conſtable's conſiderate ear;
He will reverſe the watchman's harſh decree,
Mov'd by the rhetorick of a ſilver fee
Thus would you gain ſome favourite courtier's word,
Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my lord.
Now is the time that rakes their revels keep;
Kindlers of riot, enemies of ſleep.
His ſcatter'd pence the flying Nicker flings,
And with the copper ſhower the cafement rings.
Who has not heard the Scowrer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
Safe from their blows, or new invented wounds?
I paſs their deſperate deeds, and miſchiefs done,
Where from Snow Hill black ſteepy torrents run;
How matrons, hoop'd within the hogſhead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb
O'er the ſtones thunders, bounds from ſide to ſide:
So Regulus to ſave his country dy'd.
Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbiſh grows;
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark cave to common ſhores deſcend
Oft' by the watch extinct the ſignal lies,
Or ſmother'd in the glimmering ſocket dies,
Ere night his half roll'd undriven chariot throne;
In the wild gulph the ſhatter'd coach o'erthrown
Sinks [illegible] ſtanding fleet the reins are ſnake
And [illegible] axle-tree the ſpoke.
So, when ſome ſtaid old ſage diſdains the gray,
Thro' [illegible] the ſilver thread the prouder way,
Wide from its rocky roots the ſtones are torn,
And the [illegible] turret in the whirlwind borne;
Then bright'ning as the vagrant fire the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken all the ſtrand.
What then the ſpoils might weal the harneſs'd ſteed?
And who would hope the rattling wheels ſhould ſpeed?
[illegible] women ſhrieking from windows
with impotence.

But hark! diſtreſs with ſcreaming voice draws nigher,
And wakes the ſlumbering ſtreet with cries of fire.
At firſt a glowing red inwraps the ſkies,
And borne by winds the ſcattering ſparks ariſe;
From beam to beam the fierce contagion ſpreads;
The ſpiry flames now lift aloft their heads:
Through the burſt ſaſh a blazing deluge pours,
And ſplitting tiles deſcend in rattling ſhowers.
Now with thick crowds th' enlighten'd pavement ſwarms,
The fireman ſweats beneath his crooked arms;
A leathern caſque his ventorous head defends,
Boldly he climbs where maſſieſt ſtacks aſcends;
Mov'd by the mother's ſtreaming eyes and prayers,
The helpleſs nurſe through the flame he bears,
With no leſs virtue, than through hoſtile fire
The Dardan hero bore his aged ſire.
See forceful engines ſpout their level'd ſtreams,
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams;
The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
And heaps on heaps the ſmoaky ruin falls;
Blown by ſtrong winds, the fiery tempeſt roars,
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;
The heavens are all a blaze, the face of night
Is cover'd with a ſanguine dreadful light.
'Twas ſuch a light involv'd thy towers, O Rome!
The dire preſage of mighty Cæſar's doom,
When the ſun veil'd in ruſt his mourning head,
And frightful prodigies the ſkies o'erſpread.
Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crowds, retire:
Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,
The nitrous ſtore is laid, the ſmutty train
With running blaze awakes the barrel'd grain;
Flame-ſudden wrap the walls; with ſullen ſound
The ſhatter'd pile ſinks on the ſmoaky ground.
So, when the years ſhall have revolv'd the date,
Th' inevitable hour of Naples' fate,
Her ſapp'd foundations ſhall with thunders ſhake,
And heave and toſs upon the ſulphurous lake;
Earth's womb at once the fiery flood ſhall rend,
And in th' abyſs her plunging towers deſcend.
Conſider, reader, what fatigues I've known;
The toils, the perils, of the wintry town;
What riots ſeen, what ſudling crowds I bore,
How oft I curſ'd where coaches roar:
Yet ſhall I bleſs my labours, if mankind
Their future safety from my dangers find.
Thus the bold traveller (inur'd to toil,
Whoſe ſteps have printed Afric's deſert ſoil,
The barbarous Arab's haunt; or ſhivering croſs
Dark Grenland's mountains of eternal froſt;
Whom the violence in length of way ariſen
To the wiſh'd harbour of his native ſhore)
Sets forth his journals to the public view,
To [illegible], by his woes, the wand'ring crew,
[illegible] for more ſafety.
Death ſhall [illegible] this wand'ring frame,
But never [illegible] eternal part, my fame.
When Wren and [illegible], majeſty names [illegible]
Or but at Chelſea border cuſtards read;
When cricks crazy baſkets repair,
And [illegible], buſh'ls meaſure,
High [illegible] proſtrate poſts, confeſſion ſtone,
This work ſhall [illegible] workers ſhall [illegible].

[illegible], Ward and Gibbon. N.

EPISTLES
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

EPISTLE I.
TO A LADY.
OCCASIONED BY
ARRIVAL OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCESS OF WALES.

AM, to all your cenſures I ſubmit,
id frankly own I ſhould long ſince have
rit
me, ſilence would be thought a crime,
ily ſtrove to teaze me into rhyme:
let trifling themes your Muſe employ,
ſh verſe, to paint a fan's gay toy:
: on plains with rural damſels ſport;
the glories of the Britiſh court.
ur commands and inclination ſway'd,
th' unwilling Muſes to my aid:
I to write, the noble theme I choſe,
the Princeſs thus the poem roſe.
I me, bright Phœbus! aid, ye ſacred Nine!
my genius, and my verſe refine.
rains with Carolina's name I grace,
ovely parent of our royal race.
he ſoft, ye winds! ye waves, in ſilence ſleep!
roſperous breezes wanton o'er the deep,
the white ſails, and with the ſtreamers play,
aſt her gently o'er the watery way."
I to Neptune form'd a pompous prayer,
the winds, and guard the Royal Fair;
blue Tritons ſound their twiſted ſhells,
ll the Nereids from their pearly cells.
my warm zeal had drawn the Muſe along,
ew no method to conduct her ſong:
reſolv'd ſome model to purſue,
I French criticks, and began anew.
pen panegyric drags at beſt,
raiſe is only praiſe when well addreſs'd.
ight Horace for ſome lucky ode I ſought:
I along I trac'd him thought by thought.
ew performance to a friend I ſhow'd:
ame! ſays he; what, imitate an ode!
ner ballads write, and Grub-ſtreet lays,
village Cæſar for my parron's praiſe:
mmon fate all imitators ſhare,
e mince-pies, and cap the grocer's ware.
at the charge, I to the flames commit
es, ſimilies, Lords' names, and ends of wit:
ted ſtanzas ſcraps of odes expire,
aſtian mounts in pyramids of fire.
dies! to you I next inſcrib'd my lay,
rit a letter in familiar way:
ill impatient till the princeſs came,
rom deſcription wiſh'd to know the dame.
day my pleaſing labour larger grew,
ill new graces open'd to my view.
e lines ran on to introduce the theme;
hen I thus purſued the growing ſcheme:
eauty and wit were ſure by nature join'd,
d charms are emanations of the mind;
e ſoul, tranſpiercing through the ſhining frame,
ms all the graces of the Princely Dame:

" Benevolence her converſation guides,
" Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye reſides.
" Such harmony upon her tongue is found,
" As ſoftens Engliſh to Italian ſound:
" Yet in thoſe ſounds ſuch ſentiments appear,
" As charm the judgment, while they ſooth the ear.
" Religion's cheerful flame her boſom warms,
" Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms.
" Henceforth, ye Fair, at chapel mind your prayers,
" Nor catch your lover's eyes with artful airs;
" Reſtrain your looks, kneel more, and whiſper leſs,
" Nor moſt devoutly criticiſe on dreſs.
" From her form all your characters of life,
" The tender mother, and the faithful wife.
" Oft' have I ſeen her little infant-train,
" The lovely promiſe of a future reign;
" Obſerv'd with pleaſure every dawning grace,
" And all the mother opening in their face.
" The ſon ſhall add new honours to the line,
" And early with paternal virtues ſhine:
" When he the tale of Oudenard repeats,
" His little heart with emulation beats;
" With conqueſts yet to come his boſom glows,
" He dreams of triumphs, and of vanquiſh'd foes;
" Each year with arts ſhall ſtore his ripening brain,
" And from his grandſire he ſhall learn to reign.
Thus far I'd gone: Propitious riſing gales
Now bid the ſailor hoiſt the ſwelling ſails.
Fair Carolina lands; the cannons roar;
White Albion's cliffs reſound from ſhore to ſhore.
Behold the bright original appear,
All praiſe is faint when Carolina's near.
Thus to the nation's joy, but poet's coſt,
The princeſs came, and my new plan was loſt.
Since all my ſchemes were balk'd (my laſt reſort),
I left the Muſes, to frequent the Court:
Penſive each night from room to room I walk'd,
To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd;
Inquir'd what news, or ſuch a lady's name,
And did the next day, and the next, the ſame.
Places, I found, were daily given away,
And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd Gay.
I aſk'd a friend what method to purſue;
He cry'd, I want a place as well as you.
Another aſked me, why I had not writ;
A poet owes his fortune to his wit.
Straight I reply'd, With what a courtly grace
Flows eaſy verſe from him that has a place!
Had Virgil ne'er at court improv'd his ſtrains,
He ſtill had ſung of flocks and homely ſwains;
And, had not Horace ſweet preferment found,
The Roman lyre had never learnt to ſound.
Once Ladies fair in homely guiſe I ſung,
And with their names wild woods and mountains rung.
O teach me now to ſtrike a ſofter ſtrain!
The Court refines the language of the plain.
You muſt, cries one, the Miniſtry rehearſe,
And with each Patriot's name prolong your verſe:
But ſure this truth to Poets ſhould be known
That praiſing all alike, is praiſing none.
Another told me, if I wiſh'd ſucceſs,
To ſome diſtinguiſh'd Lord I muſt addreſs;
One whoſe high virtues ſpeak his noble blood,
One always zealous for his country's good;
Where valour and ſtrong eloquence unite,
In council cautious, reſolute in fight

While wretched is the wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whoſe gummy hat no ſcarlet plumes adorn;
No broider'd flowers his worſted ankle grace,
Nor cane emboſs'd with gold directs his pace;
No lady's favour on his ſword is hung;
What though Apollo dictate from his tongue,
His wit is ſpiritleſs and void of grace,
Who wants th' aſſurance of brocade and lace.
While the gay fop genteely talks of weather,
The fair in raptures doat upon his feather;
Like a court-lady though he write and ſpell,
His minuet-ſtep was faſhion'd by Marcell *;
He dreſſes, fences. What avails to know?
For women chooſe their men, like ſilks, for ſhow.
Is this the thing, you cry, that Paris boaſts?
Is this the thing renown'd among our toaſts?
For ſuch a fluttering ſight we need not roam;
Our own aſſemblies ſhine with theſe at home.
Let us into the field of beauty ſtart;
Beauty's a theme that ever warm'd my heart.
Think not, ye fair, that I the ſex accuſe:
How ſhall I ſpare you, prompted by the Muſe?
(The Muſes all are *prudes!*) She rails, ſhe frets,
Amidſt this ſprightly nation of coquettes:
Yet let not us their looſe coquetry blame;
Women of every nation are the ſame.
You aſk me, If Pariſian dames, like ours,
With rattling dice profane the Sunday's hours;
If they the gameſter's pale-ey'd vigils keep,
And ſtake their honour while their huſbands ſleep?
Yes, Sir; like Engliſh toaſts, the dames of France
Will riſque their income on a ſingle chance.
Nannette laſt night a tricking *pharaon* play'd,
The cards the Taillier's ſliding hand obey'd:
To-day her neck no brilliant circle wears,
Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.
Why does old Chloris an aſſembly hold?
Chloris each night divides the ſharper's gold.
Corinna's cheek with frequent loſſes burns,
And no bold *Trente le va* her fortune turns.
Ah, too raſh virgin! where's thy virtue flown?
She pawns her perſon for the ſharper's loan.
Yet who with juſtice can the fair upbraid,
Whoſe debts of honour are ſo duly paid?
But let me not forget the toilette's cares,
Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs:
This red's too pale, nor gives a diſtant grace;
Madame to-day puts on her opera face;
From this we ſcarce extract the milk-maid's bloom:
Bring the deep dye that warms acroſs the room:
Now flames her cheek, ſo ſtrong her charms prevail,
That on her gown the ſilken roſe looks pale!
Not but that France ſome native beauty boaſts,
Clermont and Charolois might grace our toaſts.
When the ſweet-breathing ſpring unfolds the buds,
Love flies the duſty town for ſhady woods.
Then Tottenham fields with roving beauty ſwarm,
And Hampſtead balls the city virgin warm?
Then Chelſea's meads o'erhear perfidious vows,
And the preſt graſs defrauds the grazing cows.
'Tis here the ſame; but in a higher ſphere,
For ev'n court ladies ſin in open air.

What cit with a gallant would truſt his ſpouſe
Beneath the tempting ſhade of Greenwich bough?
What peer of France would let his dutcheſs rove,
Where Boulogne's cloſeſt woods invite to love?
But here no wife can blaſt her huſband's fame,
Cuckold is grown an honourable name.
Stretch'd on the graſs, the ſhepherd ſighs his pain,
And on the graſs what ſhepherd ſighs in vain?
On Chloe's lap her Damon laid along,
Melts with the languiſh of her amorous ſong;
There Iris flies Palæmon through the glade,
Nor trips by chance—till in the thickeſt ſhade;
Here Celimene defends her lips and breaſt,
For kiſſes are by ſtruggling cloſer preſt:
Alexis there with eager flame grows bold,
Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold:
Be wiſe, Alexis; what, ſo near the road!
Hark, a coach rolls, and huſbands are abroad!
Such were our pleaſures in the days of yore,
When amorous Charles Britannia's ſceptre bore;
The nightly ſcene of joy the Park was made,
And Love in couples peopled every ſhade.
But, ſince at court the rural taſte is loſt,
What mighty ſums have velvet couches coſt!
Sometimes the Tuilleries' gaudy walk I love,
Where I through crowds of ruſtling mantuas rove.
As here from ſide to ſide my eyes I caſt,
And gaz'd on all the glittering train that paſt,
Sudden a fop ſteps forth before the reſt;
I knew the bold embroidery of his veſt.
He thus accoſts me with familiar air,
"Parbleu! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre!
"Quelle manche! ce galon eſt groſſièrement rangé;
"Voila quelque choſe de fort beau et degagé"
This ſaid: on his red heel he turns, and then
Hums a ſoft minuet, and proceeds again:
"Well; now you've Paris ſeen, you'll frankly own
"Your boaſted London ſeems a country town.
"Has chriſtianity yet reach'd your nation?
"Are churches built? Are maſquerades in faſhion?
"Do daily ſoups your dinners introduce?
"Are muſic, ſnuff, and coaches, yet in uſe?"
Pardon me, Sir; we know the Paris mode,
And gather *politeſſe* from courts abroad.
Like you, our courtiers keep a numerous train
To load their coach, and tradeſmen dun in vain.
Nor has religion left us in the lurch;
And, as in France, our vulgar crowd the church:
Our ladies too ſupport the maſquerade;
The ſex by nature love th' intriguing trade.
Straight the vain fop in ignorant raptures cries,
"Paris the barbarous world will civilize!"
Pray, Sir, point out among the paſſing band
The preſent beauties who the town command.
"See yonder dame; ſtrict virtue chills her breaſt.
"Mark in her eye demure the prude profeſt;
"That frozen boſom native fire muſt want,
"Which boaſts of conſtancy to one gallant!
"This next the ſpoils of fifty lovers wears,
"Rich Dandin's brilliant favours grace her ears;
"The necklace Florio's generous flame beſtow'd,
"Clitander's ſparkling gems her finger load;

* A famous dancing-maſter.

" But now her charms grow cheap by conſtant uſe,
" She ſins for fcarfs, clock'd-ſtockings, knots, and ſhoes
" This next, with ſober gait and ſerious leer,
" Wearies her knees with morn and evening prayer;
" She ſcorns th' ignoble love of feeble pages,
" But with three abbots in one night engages.
" This with the cardinal her nights employs,
" Where holy ſinews conſecrate her joys.
" Why have I promis'd things beyond my power?
" Five aſſignations wait me at this hour!
" The ſprightly counteſs firſt my viſit claims,
" To-morrow ſhall indulge inferior dames.
" Pardon me, Sir, that thus I take my leave;
" Gay Florimella ſlily twitch'd my ſleeve."
Adieu, Monſieur!—The opera hour draws near.

Not ſee the opera! all the world is there;
Where on the ſtage th' embroider'd youth of France
In bright array attract the female glance:
This languiſhes, this ſtruts, to ſhow his mien,
And not a gold-clock'd ſtocking moves unſeen.
But hark! the full orcheſtra ſtrike the ſtrings;
The hero ſtruts, and the whole audience ſings.
My jarring ear harſh grating murmurs wound,
Hoarſe and confus'd, like Babel's mingled ſound.
Hard chance had plac'd me near a noiſy throat,
That in rough quavers bellow'd every note.
Pray, Sir, ſays I, ſuſpend a while your ſong;
The opera's drown'd; your lungs are woudrous ſtrong;
I wiſh to hear your Roland's ranting ſtrain,
While he with rooted foreſts ſtrows the plain.
Sudden he ſhrugs ſurpriſe, and anſwers quick,
" Monſieur apparement n'aime pas la muſique!"
Then turning round, he join'd th' ungrateful noiſe;
And the loud chorus thunder'd with his voice.

O ſooth me with ſome ſoft Italian air,
Let harmony compoſe my tortur'd ear!
When Anaſtaſia's voice commands the ſtrain,
The melting warble thrills through every vein;
Thought ſtands ſuſpenſe, and ſilence pleas'd attends,
While in her notes the heavenly choir deſcends.

But you'll imagine I'm a Frenchman grown,
Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own,
So ſtrongly with this prejudice poſſeſt,
He thinks French muſic and French painting beſt.
Mention the force of learn'd Corelli's notes,
Some ſcraping fiddler of their ball he quotes;
Talk of the ſpirit Raphael's pencil gives,
Yet warm with life whoſe ſpeaking picture lives;
Yes, Sir, ſays he, in colour and deſign,
Regnat and Raphael are extremely fine!

'Tis true his country's love tranſports his breaſt
With warmer zeal than your old Greeks profeſt.
Ulyſſes lov'd his Ithaca of yore,
Yet that ſage traveller left his native ſhore.
What ſtronger virtue in the Frenchman ſhines!
He to dear Paris all his life confines.
I'm not ſo fond. There are, I muſt confeſs,
Things which might make me love my country leſs.
I ſhould not think my Britain had ſuch charms,
If loſt to learning, if enſlav'd by arms.
France has her Richlieus and her Colberts known;
And then, I grant it, France in ſcience ſhone.
We too, I own, without ſuch aids may chance
In ignorance and pride to rival France.
But let me not forget Corneille, Racine,
Boileau's ſtrong ſenſe, and Moliere's humorous ſcene.
Let Cambray's name be ſung above the reſt,
Whoſe maxims, Pulteny, warm thy patriot breaſt,
In Mentor's precepts wiſdom ſtrong and clear
Dictates ſublime, and diſtant nations hear.
Hear, all ye princes, who the world controul,
What cares, what terrors, haunt the Tyrant's ſoul;
His conſtant train are, Anger, Fear, Diſtruſt.
To be a king, is to be good and juſt;
His people he protects, their rights he ſaves,
And ſcorns to rule a wretched race of ſlaves!
Happy, thrice happy ſhall the monarch reign,
Where guardian laws deſpotic power reſtrain!
There ſhall the ploughſhare break the ſtubborn land,
And bending harveſt tire the peaſant's hand;
There Liberty her ſettled manſion boaſts,
There Commerce plenty brings from foreign coaſts.
O Britain guard thy laws, thy rights defend:
So ſhall theſe bleſſings to thy ſons deſcend!
You'll think 'tis time ſome other theme to choose,
And not with beaux and fops fatigue the Muſe:
Should I let ſatire looſe on Engliſh ground,
There fools of various character abound;
But here my verſe is to one race confin'd,
All Frenchmen are of *petit-maitre* kind.

EPISTLE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
PAUL METHUEN,* Eſq.

THAT 'tis encouragement makes ſcience ſpread,
Is rarely practis'd though 'tis often ſaid.
When learning droops and ſickens in the land,
What patron's found, to lend a ſaving hand?
True generous ſpirits proſperous vice deteſt,
And love to cherish virtue when diſtreſt:
But, ere our mighty lords this ſcheme purſue,
Our mighty lords muſt think and act like you.
Why muſt we climb the Alpine mountain's ſides
To find the ſeat where harmony reſides?
Why touch we not ſo ſoft the ſilver lute,
The cheerful hautboy, and the mellow flute?
'Tis not th' Italian clime improves the ſound;
But there the patrons of her ſons are found.
Why flouriſh'd verſe in great Auguſtus' reign?
He and Maecenas lov'd the Muſe's ſtrain.
But now that wight in poverty muſt mourn
Who was (O cruel fate!) a poet born.

Who

* Afterwards Sir Paul, K. B.

Yet there are ways for authors to be great;
Write rancorous libels to reform the ſtate:
Or, if you chooſe more ſure and ready ways,
Spatter a miniſter with fulſome praiſe:
Launch out with freedom, flatter him enough;
Fear not—all men are dedication proof.
Be bolder yet, you muſt go farther ſtill,
Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.
He, who his pen in party-quarrels draws,
Lifts an hir'd bravo to ſupport the cauſe;
He muſt indulge his patron's hate and ſpleen,
And ſtab the fame of thoſe he ne'er had ſeen.
Why then ſhould authors mourn their deſperate caſe?
Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.
Why art thou poor? Exert the gifts to riſe,
And baniſh timorous virtue from thy eyes.
All this ſeems modern preface, where we're told
That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold:
Againſt th' ungrateful age theſe authors roar,
And fancy learning ſtarves becauſe they're poor.
Yet why ſhould learning hope ſucceſs at court?
Why ſhould our patriots virtue's cauſe ſupport?
Why to true merit ſhould they have regard?
They know that virtue is its own reward.
Yet let not me of grievances complain,
Who (though the meaneſt of the Muſes' train)
Can boaſt ſubſcriptions to my humble lays,
And mingle profit with my little praiſe.
Ask painting, why ſhe loves Heſperian air?
Go view, ſhe cries, my glorious labours there;
Where in rich palaces I reign in ſtate,
And on the temples lofty domes create.
The nobles view my works with knowing eyes,
They love the ſcience, and the painter prize.
Why didſt thou, Kent, forego thy native land,
To emulate in picture Raphael's hand?
Think'ſt thou for this to raiſe thy name at home?
Go back, adorn the palaces of Rome;
There on the walls let thy juſt labours ſhine,
And Raphael live again in thy deſign.
Yet ſtay awhile; call all thy genius forth,
For Burlington unbiaſs'd knows thy worth;
His judgment in thy maſter-ſtrokes can trace
Titian's ſtrong fire, and Guido's ſofter grace.
But, oh, conſider, ere thy works appear,
Canſt thou unhurt the tongue of Envy hear?
Cenſure will blame; her breath was ever ſpent
To blaſt the laurels of the eminent.
While Burlington's proportion'd columns riſe,
Does not he ſtand the gaze of envious eyes?
Doors, windows, are condemn'd by paſſing fools,
Who know not that they damn Palladio's rules.
If Chandos with a liberal hand beſtow,
Cenſure imputes it all to pomp and ſhow;
When, if the motive right were underſtood,
His daily pleaſure is in doing good.
Had Pope with groveling numbers fill'd his page,
Dennis had never kindled into rage.
'Tis the ſublime that hurts the critic's eaſe;
Write nonſenſe, and he reads and ſleeps in peace.
Were Prior, Congreve, Swift, and Pope, unknown
Poor Lander-ſelling Curll would be undone.
He, who would free from malice paſs his days,
Muſt live obſcure, and never merit praiſe.
But let this tale to valiant virtue tell
The daily perils of deſerving well.
A crow was ſtrutting o'er the ſtubbled plain,
Juſt as a lark deſcending clos'd his ſtrain.
The crow beſpoke him thus, with ſolemn grace:
"Thou moſt accompliſh'd of the feather'd race!
"What force of lungs! how clear! how ſweet you ſing!
"And no bird ſoars upon a ſtronger wing."
The lark, who ſcorn'd ſoft flattery, thus replies:
"True, I ſing ſweet, and on ſtrong pinion riſe;
"Yet let me paſs my life from envy free,
"For what advantage are theſe gifts to me?
"My ſong confines me to the wiry cage,
"My flight provokes the falcon's fatal rage.
"But, as you paſs, I hear the fowlers ſay,
"To ſhoot at crows is powder flung away."

EPISTLE V.

To her Grace, HENRIETTA, DUTCHESS of MARLBOROUGH. 1722.

EXCUSE me, madam, if amidſt your tears
A Muſe intrudes, a Muſe who feels your cares;
Numbers, like muſic, can ev'n grief controul,
And lulls to peace the tumults of the ſoul.
If partners in our woes the mind relieve,
Conſider for your loſs ten thouſands grieve;
Th' affliction burthens not your heart alone;
When Marlborough died, a nation gave a groan.
Could I recite the dangerous toils he choſe,
To bleſs his country with a fixt repoſe;
Could I recount the labours he o'ercame,
To raiſe his country to the pitch of fame;
His councils, ſieges, his victorious fights,
To ſave his country's laws and native rights;
No father (every generous heart muſt own)
Has ſtronger fondneſs to his darling ſhown.
Britannia's ſighs a double loſs deplore,
Her father and her hero is no more.
Does Britain only pay her debt of tears?
Yes. Holland ſighs, and for her freedom fears.
When Gallia's monarch pour'd his waſteful bands,
Like a wide deluge, o'er her level lands,
She ſaw her frontick towers in ruin lie,
Ev'n Liberty had prun'd her wings to fly:
Then Marlborough came defeated Gallia fled;
And ſhatter'd Belgia rais'd her languid head;
In him ſecure, as in her ſtrongeſt mound
That keeps the raging ſea within its bound.
O Germany; remember Hockſtet's plain,
Where proſtrate Gallia bled at every vein:
Think on the reſcue of th' imperial throne,
Then think of Marlborough's death without a groan!
Apollo kindly whiſpers me: "Be wiſe:
"How to his glory ſhall thy numbers riſe?
"The force of verſe another theme might raiſe,
"But here the merit muſt tranſcend the praiſe.

"Haſt

" Haſt thou, preſumptuous bard! that godlike flame
" Which with the ſun ſhall laſt, and Marlborough's fame?
" Then ſing the man. But who can boaſt this fire?
" Reſign the taſk, and ſilently admire."
Yet ſhall he not in worthy lays be read?
Raiſe Homer, call up Virgil from the dead.
But he requires not the ſtrong glare of verſe:
Let punctual hiſtory his deeds rehearſe;
Let truth in native purity appear,
You'll find Achilles and Æneas there.
Is this the comfort which the Muſe beſtows?
I but indulge and aggravate your woes.
A prudent friend, who ſeeks to give relief,
Ne'er touches on the ſpring that mov'd the grief.
Is it not barbarous, to the ſighing maid
To mention broken vows and nymphs betray'd?
Would you the ruin'd merchant's ſoul appeaſe,
With talk of ſands, and rocks, and ſtormy ſeas?
Ev'n while I ſtrive on Marlborough's fame to riſe,
I call up ſorrow in a daughter's eyes.
Think on the laurels that his temples ſhade,
Laurels that (ſpite of time) ſhall never fade.
Immortal honour has enroll'd his name:
Detraction's dumb, and Envy put to ſhame.
Say, who can ſoar beyond his eagle flight;
Has he not reach'd to glory's utmoſt height?
What could he more, had Heav'n prolong'd his date?
All human power is limited by fate.
Forbear. 'Tis cruel further to commend;
I wake your ſorrow, and again offend.
Yet ſure your goodneſs muſt forgive a crime,
Which will be ſpread through every age and clime;
Though in your life ten thouſand ſummers roll,
And though you compaſs earth from pole to pole,
Where'er men talk of war and martial fame,
They'll mention Marlborough's and Cæſar's name.
But vain are all the counſels of the Muſe,
A ſoul like yours could not a tear refuſe:
Could you your birth and filial love forego,
Still ſighs muſt riſe, and generous ſorrow flow;
For, when from earth ſuch matchleſs worth removes,
A great mind ſuffers. Virtue virtue loves.

EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. POPE.

ON HIS HAVING FINISHED HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

A WELCOME FROM GREECE.

LONG haſt thou, friend, been abſent from my ſoil,
Like patient Ithacus at ſiege of Troy;
I have been witneſs of thy ſix years toil,
Thy daily labours, and thy nights annoy,
Loſt to thy native land with great turmoil,
On the wide ſea, oft' threatening to deſtroy:
Methinks with thee I've trod Sigæan ground,
And heard the ſhores of Helleſpont reſound.

II.

Did I not ſee thee when thou firſt ſett'ſt ſail
To ſeek adventures fair in Homer's land?
Did I not ſee thy ſinking ſpirits fail
And wiſh thy bark had never left the ſtrand?
Ev'n in mid ocean often didſt thou quail,
And oft' lift up thy holy eye and hand,
Praying the Virgin dear, and ſaintly choir,
Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

III.

Chear up, my friend! thy dangers now are o'er;
Methinks—nay, ſure the riſing coaſts appear;
Hark! how the guns ſalute from either ſhore,
As thy trim veſſel cuts the Thames ſo fair:
Shouts anſwering ſhouts from Kent and Eſſex roar,
And bells break loud through every guſt of air;
Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
As at the coming of ſome mighty king.

IV.

Now paſs we Graveſend with a friendly wind,
And Tilbury's white fort, and long Blackwall;
Greenwich, where dwells the friend of human kind,
More viſited than or her park or hall,
Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd)
Facetious Diſney, greet thee firſt of all:
I ſee his chimney ſmoke, and hear him ſay,
Duke! that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay.

V.

Come in, my friends! here ſhall ye dine and lie,
And here ſhall breakfaſt, and here dine again;
And ſup and breakfaſt on 'til ye comply.
For I have ſtill ſome dozens of champaign:
His voice ſtill ſuffers as the ſhip ſail's by;
He waves his hand to bring us back in vain;
For now I ſee, I ſee proud London's ſpires;
Greenwich is loſt, and Deptford-dock retires.

VI.

Oh, what a concourſe ſwarms on yonder quay!
The ſky re-echoes with new ſhouts of joy:
By all this ſhow, I ween, 'tis Lord Mayor's day;
I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy—
No, now I ſee them near—Oh, there are they
Who come in crowds to welcome thee from Troy.
Hail to the bard, whom long as loſt we mourn'd;
From ſiege, from battle, and from ſtorm, return'd!

VII.

Of goodly dames, and courteous knights, I view
The ſilken petticoat and broider'd veſt;
Yea peers, and mighty dukes, with ribbands blue
(True blue, fair emblem of unſtained breaſt.
Others I ſee, as noble, and more true,
By no coat-badge diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.
Firſt ſee I Methuen, of ſincereſt mind,
As Arthur grave, as ſoft as woman-kind.

VIII.

What lady's that, to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? ah! there are Wortley's eyes:

How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends!
For ſhe diſtinguiſhes the good and wiſe.
The ſweet-tongu'd Murray near her ſide attends;
Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, youth's youngeſt daughter, ſweet Lepell.

IX.

I ſee two lovely ſiſters, hand in hand,
The fair-hair'd Martha, and Thereſa brown;
Madge Bellenden, the talleſt of the land;
And ſmiling Mary, ſoft and fair as down.
Yonder I ſee the cheerful dutcheſs ſtand,
For friendſhip, zeal, and blithſome humours known:
Whence that loud ſhout in ſuch a hearty ſtrain?
Why, all the Hamilton's are in her train.

X.

See next the decent Scudamore advance,
With Winchelſea, ſtill meditating ſong:
With her perhaps Miſs Howe came there by chance,
Nor knows with whom, or why ſhe comes along.
Far off from theſe ſee Santlow, fam'd for dance;
And frolick Bicknell, and her ſiſter young;
With other names, by me not to be nam'd,
Much lov'd in private, not in public fam'd!

XI.

But now behold the female hand retire,
And the ſhrill muſic of their voice is ſtill'd!
Methinks I ſee fam'd Buckinghara admire,
That in Troy's ruin thou hadſt not been kill'd;
Sheffield, who knows to ſtrike the living lyre
With hand judicious, like thy Homer ſkill'd,
Bathurſt impetuous haſtens to the coaſt,
Whom you and I drive who ſhall love the moſt.

XII.

See generous Burlington, with goodly Bruce
(But Bruce comes wafted in a ſoft ſedan);
Dan Prior next, belov'd by every Muſe;
And friendly Congreve unreproachful man!
(Oxford by Cunningham hath ſent excuſe;)
See hearty Watkins comes with cup and can;
And Lewis, who has never friend forſaken;
And Lang ton whiſpering aſks—Is Troy town taken.

XIII.

Earl Warwick comes, of free and honeſt mind;
Bold, generous Craggs, whoſe heart was ne'er diſguis'd:
Ah why, ſweet St. John, cannot I thee find?
St. John, for every ſocial virtue priz'd—
Alas! to foreign climates he's confin'd,
Or elſe to ſee thee here I well ſurmiſe'd:
Thou too my Swift doſt breathe Boeotian air;
When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

XIV.

Harcourt I ſee, for eloquence renown'd,
The mouth of juſtice, oracle of law!
Another Simon is beſide him found,
Another Simon, like as ſtraw to ſtraw.
How Lanſdown ſmiles, with laſting laurel crown'd!
What mitred prelate there commands our awe?
See Rocheſter approving nods his head,
And ranks our modern with the mighty dead.

XV.

Carleton and Chandos thy arrival grace;
Hanmer, whoſe eloquence th' unbiaſs'd ſways;
Harley, whoſe goodneſs opens in his face,
And ſhews his heart the ſeat where virtue ſtays.
Ned Blount advances next, with buſy pace,
In haſte, but ſauntering, hearty in his ways:
I ſee the friendly Carylls come by dozens,
Their wives, their uncles, daughters, ſons, and couſins

XVI.

Arbuthnot there I ſee, in phyſic's art,
As Galen learn'd, or fam'd Hippocrate;
Whoſe company drives ſorrow from the heart,
As all diſeaſe his medicines diſſipate:
Kneller amid the triumph bears his part,
Who could (were mankind loſt) anew create;
What can th' extent of his vaſt ſoul confine?
A painter, critick, engineer, divine!

XVII.

Thee Jervas hails, robuſt and debonair,
Now have [we] conquer'd Homer, friends, he cries;
Darteneuf, grave joker, joyous Ford is there,
And wondering Maine, ſo fat with laughing eyes,
(Gay, Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear,
Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of ſize)
Yea Dennis, Gilden (hearing thou haſt riches),
And honeſt, hateſs Cromwell, with red breeches.

XVIII.

O Wanley, whence com'ſt thou with ſhorten'd hair,
And viſage from thy ſhelves with duſt beſprent;
"Forſooth (quoth he) from placing Homer there,
"For ancients to compyle is myne entente:
"Of ancients only hath Lord Harley care;
"But hither me hath my mecke lady ſent:—
"In manuſcript of Greeke rede we thilke fame,
"But book yprint beſt pleſyth myn gude dame."

XIX.

Yonder I ſee, among th' expecting crowd,
Evans with laugh joſoſe, and tragic Young;
High-buſkin'd Booth, grave Mawbert, wandering Frowde,
And Titcomb's belly waddles ſlow along.
See Digby faints at Southern talking loud.
Yea Steele and Tickle mingle in the throng:
Tickell, whoſe ſkiff (in partnerſhip they ſay)
Set forth for Greece, but founder'd in the way.

XX.

Lo the two Doncaſtles in Berkſhire known!
Lo Bickford, Forteſcue, of Devon land!
Lo Tooker, Eckerſhall, Sykes, Rawlinſon!
See hearty Morley takes thee by the hand!

Ayre,

Ayrs, Graham, Buckridge, joy thy voyage done;
But who can count the leaves, the ſtars, the ſand?
Lo Stonor, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward, and Broome!
Lo thouſands more; but I want rhyme and room!

XXI.

How lov'd! how honour'd thou! yet be not vain:
And ſure thou art not, for I hear thee ſay,
All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's ſtrain,
On whoſe ſtrong pinions I exalt my lay.
What from contending cities did he gain?
And what rewards his grateful country pay?
None, none were paid—why then all this for me!
Theſe honours, Homer, had been juſt to thee.

EPISTLE VII.

TO

MR. THOMAS SNOW, GOLDSMITH,

NEAR TEMPLE-BAR.

A PANEGYRIC, occaſioned by his buying and ſelling of the third South-Sea Subſcriptions, taken in by the Directors at a Thouſand per Cent.

DISDAIN not, Snow, my humble verſe to hear:
Stick thy black pen awhile behind thy ear:
Whether thy compter ſhine with ſums untold,
And thy wide-graſping hand grow black with gold;
Whether thy mien erect, and ſable locks,
In crowds of brokers over-awe the ſtocks;
Suſpend the worldly buſineſs of the day,
And, to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.
O though, whoſe penetrative wiſdom found
The South-Sea rocks and ſhelves, where thouſands drown'd!
When credit ſunk, and commerce gaſping lay,
Thou ſtood'ſt; nor ſent'ſt one bill unpaid away.
When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's boards,
And Atwell's ſelf was drain'd of all his hoards,
Thou ſtood'ſt (an Indian king in ſize and hue),
Thy unexhauſted ſhop was our Peru.
Why did 'Change-Alley waſte *thy* precious hours
Among the fools who gap'd for golden ſhowers?
No wonder if we found ſome poets there,
Who live on fancy, and can feed on air;
No wonder they were caught by South-Sea ſchemes,
Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea but in dreams;
No wonder they their third ſubſcriptions ſold,
For millions of imaginary gold;
No wonder, that their fancies wild can frame
Strange reaſons, that a thing is ſtill the ſame,
Though chang'd throughout in ſubſtance and in name.
But you (whoſe judgment ſcorns poetic flights)
With contracts furniſh boys for paper-kites.
Let Vulture Hopkins ſtretch his ruſty throat,
Who'd ruin thouſands for a ſingle groat.
I know thou ſpurn'ſt his mean, his ſordid mind;
Nor with ideal debts would'ſt plague mankind.
Why ſtrive his greedy hands to graſp at more?—
The wretch was born to want, whoſe ſoul is poor.
Madmen alone their empty dreams purſue,
And ſtill believe the fleeting viſion true;
They ſell the treaſure which their ſlumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
If to inſtruct thee all my reaſons fail,
Yet be *diverted* by this moral tale.
Through fam'd Moorfields extends a ſpacious ſeat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
Where, wrapp'd in contemplation and in ſtraw,
The wiſer few from the mad world withdraw.
There, in full opulence, a banker dwe't,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt:
His ſide-board glitter'd with imagin'd plate;
And his proud fancy held a vaſt eſtate.
As on a time he paſs'd the vacant hours,
In raiſing piles of ſtraw and twiſted bowers;
A poet enter'd, of the neighbouring cell,
And with fix'd eyes obſerv'd the ſtructure well;
A ſharpen'd ſkewer croſs his bare ſhoulders bound
A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.
The banker cry'd "Behold my caſtle walls,
"My ſtatues, gardens, fountains, and canals;
"With land of twenty thouſand acres round!
"All theſe I ſell thee for ten thouſand pound."
The bard with wonder the cheap purchaſe ſaw,
So ſign'd the contract (as ordains the law).
The banker's brain was cool'd, the miſt grew clear;
The viſionary ſcene was loſt in air.
He now the vaniſh'd proſpect underſtood,
And ſear'd the fancied bargain was not good:
Yet, loath the ſum entire ſhould be deſtroy'd,
"Give me a penny, and thy contract's void."
The ſtartled bard with eye indignant frown'd:
"Shall I, ye Gods (he cries), my debts compound!"
So ſaying, from his rug the ſkewer he takes,
And on the ſtick ten equal notches makes;
With juſt reſentment flings it on the ground;
"There, take my tally of ten thouſand pound!"

EPISTLE VIII.

MARY GULLIVER TO CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.

ARGUMENT.

The Captain, ſome time after his return, being retired to Mr Symſon's in the country; Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending ſome eſtrangement of his affections, writes him the following expoſtulating, ſoothing, and tenderly-complaining Epiſtle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
—What, touch me not? What, ſhun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious abſence borne,
And wak'd and wiſh'd whole nights for thy return?

In

In five long years I took no ſecond ſpouſe;
What Redriff wife ſo long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your noſe, inconſtancy betray;
Your noſe you ſtop, your eyes you turn away
'Tis ſaid that thou ſhould'ſt *cleave unto thy wife*;
Once thou didſt cleave, and I could cleave for life.
Hear, and relent! hark, how thy children moan:
Be kind at leaſt to theſe—they are thy own!
Be bold, and count them all: ſecure to find
The honeſt number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws;
Why ſtart you? are they ſnakes? or have they claws?
Thy Chriſtian ſeed, our mutual fleſh and bone:
Be kind at leaſt to theſe—they are thy own!
* Biddel, like thee, might fartheſt India rove;
He chang'd his country, but retains his love:
There's Captain * Pannel, abſent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife;
Yet Pannel's wife is brown, compar'd to me,
And Miſtreſs Biddel ſure is fifty-three!
Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me ſlut:
Was Flimnap's dame more ſweet in Lilliput?
I've no red hair, to breathe an odious fume;
At leaſt thy conſort's cleaner than thy groom.
Why then that dirty ſtable-boy thy care?
What mean theſe viſits to the ſorrel mare?
Say, by what witchcraft, or what dæmon led,
Preferr'ſt thou litter to the marriage-bed!
Some ſay the devil himſelf is in that mare:
If ſo, our Dean ſhall drive him forth by prayer.
Some think you mad; ſome think you are poſſeſt;
That Bedlam and clean ſtraw will ſuit you beſt.
Vain means, alas, this phrenzy to appeaſe!
That ſtraw, that ſtraw would heighten the diſeaſe.
My bed (the ſcene of all our former joys,
Witneſs two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
Alone I preſs; in dreams I call my dear,
I ſtretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I riſe, and ſhivering with the froſt,
Search all the houſe: my Gulliver is loſt!
Forth in the ſtreets I ruſh with frantic cries;
The windows open; all the neighbours riſe:
Where ſleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!
The neighbours anſwer, "With the ſorrel mare!"
At early morn, I to the market haſte
(Studious in every thing to pleaſe thy taſte);
A curious fowl and ſparagus I chooſe
(For I remember'd you were fond of thoſe):
Three ſhillings coſt the firſt, the laſt ſeven groats;
Mullen you turn from both, and call for oats.
Others bring goods and treaſure to their houſes,
Something to deck their pretty babes and ſpouſes;
My only token was a cup like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to ſee
The groom and ſorrel mare preferr'd to me!
Theſe for ſome moments when you deign to quit,
And (at due diſtance) ſweet diſcourſe admit,
'Tis all my pleaſure thy paſt toil to know,
For pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.

* Names of the Sea Captains mentioned in the Travels.

At every danger pants thy conſort's breaſt,
And gaping infants ſquall to hear the reſt.
How did I tremble when, by thouſands bound,
I ſaw thee ſtretch'd on Lilliputian ground!
When ſcaling armies climb'd up every part,
Each ſtep they trod I felt upon my heart.
But, when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation, ſtaring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my huſband came!
And what extinguiſh'd theirs, increas'd my flame.
Thoſe ſpectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to ſave,
Were once my preſent; Love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For, when he ſign'd thy death, he ſentenc'd me.
When folks might ſee thee all the country round
For ſix-pence, I'd have given a thouſand pound.
Lord! when that giant babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the marrow-bone I ſee thee ramm'd,
Or on the houſe-top by the monkey cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray Heav'n 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her eaſe:
Heaven guard the gentle girl from all diſgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to let him free?
My life, alas! I fear, prov'd death to thee.
O teach me, Dear, new words to ſpeak my flame!
Teach me to woo thee by thy beſt-lov'd name.
Whether the ſtyle of Grildrig pleaſe thee moſt,
So call'd on Brobdingnag's ſtupendous coaſt,
When on the monarch's ample hand you ſate,
And hallow'd in his ear intrigues of ſtate;
Or Quinbus Fleſtrin more endearment brings,
When like a mountain you look'd down on kings;
If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumhlum's humbler title ſooth thy ear;
Nay, would kind Jove my organs ſo diſpoſe,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm through the noſe,
I'd call the Houyhnhnm, that high-ſounding name,
Thy children's noſes all ſhould twang the ſame.
So might I find my loving ſpouſe of courſe
Endued with all the virtues of a horſe.

EPISTLE IX.

BOUNCE TO FOP.

FROM

A DOG AT TWICKENHAM,

TO

A DOG AT COURT.

TO thee, ſweet Fop, theſe lines I ſend,
Who, though no ſpaniel, am a friend.
Though once my tail in wanton play,
Now friſking this and then that way,

Chang'd

l, with a touch of juſt the tip,
t your lady-lap dog-ſhip,
nce to think I'd bite your head off
ounce is one you never read of.
you can dance, and make a leg,
ch and carry, cringe and beg;
hat's the top of all your tricks)
op to pick up ſtrings and ſticks.
ntry dogs love nobler ſport,
rn the pranks of dogs at court.
ughty Fop! where'er you come
and piſs about the room,
your head in every lap,
hen they think not of you—ſnap:
rit that envy, or that ſpite,
id of me is, I *can* bite;
urdy vagrants, rogues in rags,
oke at me, can make no brags;
at to touze ſuch things as *flutter*,
eſt Bounce is bread and butter.
le you and every courtly fop
on the devil for a chop;
e humanity to hate
her, though he brings me meat:
let me tell you, have a noſe
ever ſtinking fops ſuppoſe)
under cloth of gold or tiſſue,
ell a plaſter, or an iſſue
ilfering lord, with ſimple pride,
wear a pick-lock at his ſide:
after wants no key of ſtate,
unce can keep his houſe and gate.
en all ſuch dogs have had their days,
wiſh Pams, and fawning Trays:
pamper'd Cupids, beaſtly Veni's,
otley, ſquinting Harlequini's *,
ick no more their lady's breech,
e of looſeneſs, claps, or itch;
hames from either echoing ſhore
ear and dread my manly roar.
Bounce, like Berecynthia crown'd
thundering offspring all around,
th, beſide me, and at top,
dred ſons! and not one Fop.
: my children ſet your beef,
ne through Bounce will be a thief:
ne without permiſſion feed
gh ſome of J——'s hangry breed);
hatſoe'er the father's race,
me they ſuck a little grace:
: your fine whelps learn all to ſteal,
up by hand on chick and veal.
eldeſt-born reſides not far
e ſhines great Strafford's glittering ſtar;
:cond (child of fortune!) waits
rlington's Palladian gates;
rd majeſtically ſtalks
pieſt of dogs) in Cobham's walks!
ſhers friends to Bathurſt's door,
awns at Oxford's on the poor.
bles, whom arms or arts adorn,
for my infants yet unborn.
but a peer of wit and grace
nope a puppy of my race:

* Alii legunt *Harvequini's*.

And, oh! would fate the bliſs decree
To mine (a bliſs too great for me),
That two my talleſt ſons might grace
Attending each with ſtately pace
Iülus' ſide, as erſt Evander's *,
To keep off flatterers, ſpies, and panders;
To let no noble ſlave come near,
And ſcare lord Fannies from his ear:
Then might a royal youth and true,
Enjoy at leaſt a friend—or two;
A treaſure, which, of royal kind,
Few but himſelf deſerve to find;
Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave.
And though no doctors, Whig or Tory ones,
Except the ſect of Pythagoreans,
Have immortality aſſign'd
To any beaſt but Dryden's hind †:
Yet maſter Pope, whom Truth and Senſe
Shall call their friend ſome ages hence,
Though now on loftier themes he ſings,
Than to beſtow a word on kings,
Has ſworn by Styx ‡, the poet's oath,
And dread of dogs and poet's both,
Man and his works he'll ſoon renounce,
And roar in numbers worthy Bounce.

EPISTLE X.

TO THE

LEARNED INGENIOUS AUTHOR §

OF

LICENTIA POETICA DISCUSSED;

OR, THE

TRUE TEST OF POETRY.

WRITTEN IN 1709.

THE vulgar notion of poetic fire
Is, that laborious Art can ne'er aſpire,
Nor conſtant ſtudies the bright bays acquire;
And that high flights the unborn Bard receives,
And only Nature the due laurels gives:
But you with innate ſhining flames endow'd,
To wide Caſtalian ſprings point out the God;
Through your perſpective we can plainly ſee
The new-diſcover'd road of poetry;
To ſteep Parnaſſus you direct the way
So ſmooth, that venturous travellers cannot ſtray,
But with unerring ſteps rough ways diſdain,
And, by you led, the beauteous ſummit gain,
Where poliſh'd lays ſhall raiſe their glowing fames,
And with their tuneful guide enrol their honour'd names.

EPISTLE

* Virg. Æn. viii.

† "A milk-white hind, immortal and unchang'd." Hind and Panther, ver. 1.

‡ Orig. *Sticls*; purpoſely miſ-ſpelt, to make it "the dread of dogs."

§ Dr. William Coward, a phyſician of ſome eminence.

EPISTLE XI.

TO MY INGENIOUS AND WORTHY FRIEND

WILLIAM LOWNDS, Esq.

AUTHOR OF THAT CELEBRATED TREATISE IN FOLIO, CALLED THE LAND-TAX BILL.

WHEN poets print their works, the scribbling crew
Stick the bard o'er with bays, like Christmas-pew:
Can meagre poetry such fame deserve?
Can poetry, that only writes to starve?
And shall no laurel deck that famous head,
In which the Senate's annual law is bred?
That hoary head, which greater glory fires,
By nobler *ways and means* true fame acquires.
O had I Virgil's force, to sing the man,
Whose learn'd lines can millions raise *per ann.*
Great Lownds's praise should swell the trump of fame,
And *rapes* and *wapentakes* resound his name!
If the blind poet gain'd a long renown
By singing every Grecian chief and town;
Sure Lownds's prose much greater fame requires,
Which sweetly counts five thousand knights and squires.
Their seats, their cities, parishes, and shires
Thy copious preamble so smoothly runs,
Taxes no more appear like legal duns:
Lords, Knights, and Squires, th' Assessor's power obey;
We read with pleasure, though with pain we pay.
Ah! why did Coningsby thy works defame!
That author's long harangue betrays his name.
After his speeches can his pen succeed?
Though forc'd to hear, we're not oblig'd to read.
Under what science shall thy works be read?
All know thou wert not poet born and bred.
Or dost thou boast th' Historian's lasting pen.
Whose annals are the acts of worthy men?
No. Satire is thy talent; and each lash
Makes the rich miser tremble o'er his cash,
What on the Drunkard can be more severe,
Than direful taxes on his ale and beer?
Ev'n Button's wits are nought, compar'd to thee,
Who ne'er were known or prais'd but o'er his tea;
While thou through Britain's distant isle shalt spread,
In every *hundred* and *division* read.
Criticks in classes oft' interpolate,
But every word of thine is fix'd as fate.
Some works come forth at morn, but die at night,
In blazing fringes round a tallow-light.
Some may perhaps to a whole week extend,
Like Steele (when unassisted by a friend);
But thou shalt live a year, in spite of Fate;
And where's your author boasts a longer date?
Poets of old have such a wondrous power,
That with their verses they could raise a tower:
But in thy prose a greater force is found:
What poet ever rais'd ten thousand pound?
Cadmus, by sowing dragons' teeth, we read,
Rais'd a vast army from the [illegible] seed.
Thy labours, Lownds, can greater wonders do;
Thou raisest armies, and canst pay them too.
Truce with thy dreaded pen; thy annals cease;
Why need we armies when the land's in peace?
Soldiers are perfect devils in their way;
When once they're rais'd, ther're cursed hard to lay.

EPISTLE XII.

TO A

YOUNG LADY.

WITH SOME LAMPREYS.

WITH lovers 'twas of old the fashion
By presents to convey their passion;
No matter what the gift they sent,
The lady saw that love was meant.
Fair Atalanta, as a favour,
Took the boar's head her Hero gave her;
Nor could the bristly thing affront her;
'Twas a fit present from a hunter.
When squires send woodcocks to the dame,
It serves to shew their absent flame,
Some by a snip of woven hair,
In posied lokers, bribe the fair.
How many mercenary matches
Have sprung from diamond-rings and watches?
But hold—a ring, a watch, a locket,
Would drain at once a poet's pocket;
He should send songs that cost him nought,
Nor ev'n be prodigal of thought.
Why then send Lampreys? Fye, for shame!
'Twill set a virgin's blood on flame,
This to fifteen a proper gift!
It might lend sixty-five a lift.
I know your maiden aunt will scold:
And think my present somewhat bold.
I see her lift her hands and eyes:
"What! eat it, nice; eat Spanish flies!
"Lamprey's a most immodest diet:
"You'll neither wake nor sleep in quiet.
"Should I to night eat Sago-cream,
"'Twould make me blush to tell my dream:
"If I eat lobster, 'tis so warming,
"That every man I see looks charming,
"Wherefore had not the filthy fellow
"Laid Rochester upon your pillow?
"I vow and swear, I think the present
"Had been as modest and as decent.
"Who has her virtue in her power?
"Each day has its unguarded hour;
"Always in danger of undoing,
"A prawn, a shrimp, may prove our ruin!
The shepherdess, who lives on sallad,
"To cool her youth, controls her palate.
"Should Dian's maids turn liquorish livers,
"And of huge lampreys rob the rivers,
"Then, all beside each glade and visto,
"You'd see Nymphs lying like Calisto.
"The man, who meant to heat your blood,
"Needs not himself such vicious food—"
In this, Town, your aunt is clear,
I sent you what I well might spare;

For, when I ſee you (without joking),
Your eyes, lips, breaſts, are ſo provoking,
They ſet my heart more cock-a-hoop,
Than could whole ſeas of craw-fiſh ſoup.

EPISTLE XIII.

TO A LADY,

ON HER

PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.

WHAT ecſtaſies her boſom fire!
How her eyes languiſh with deſire!
How bleſt, how happy, ſhould I be,
Were that fond glance beſtow'd on me!
New doubts and fears within me war:
What rival's near? a china jar.
China's the paſſion of her ſoul:
A cup, a plate, a diſh, a bowl,
Can kindle wiſhes in her breaſt,
Inflame with joy, or break her reſt.
Some gems collect, ſome medals prize,
And view the ruſt with lovers' eyes;
Some court the ſtars at midnight hours;
Some doat on nature's charms in flowers;
But every beauty I can trace
In Laura's mind, in Laura's face;
My ſtars are in this brighter ſphere,
My lily and my roſe is here.
Philoſophers, more grave than wiſe,
Hunt ſcience down in butterflies;
Or, fondly poring on a ſpider,
Stretch human contemplation wider.
Foſſils give joy to Galen's ſoul;
He digs for knowledge, like a mole;
In ſhells ſo learn'd that all agree
No fiſh that ſwims knows more than he!
In ſuch purſuits if wiſdom lies,
Who, Laura, ſhall thy taſte deſpiſe?
When I ſome antique jar behold,
Or white, or blue, or ſpeck'd with gold;
Veſſels ſo pure, and ſo refin'd,
Appear the types of woman-kind:
Are they not valued for their beauty,
Too fair, too fine, for houſhold duty?
With flowers and gold and azure dy'd,
Of every houſe the grace and pride?
How white, how poliſh'd is their ſkin,
And valued moſt when only ſeen!
She, who before was higheſt priz'd,
Is for a crack or flaw deſpiſ'd.
I grant they're frail; yet they're ſo rare,
The treaſure cannot coſt too dear!
But man is made of coarſer ſtuff,
And ſerves convenience well enough;
He's a ſtrong earthen veſſel, made
For drudging, labour, toil, and trade;
And, when wives loſe their other ſelf,
With eaſe they bear the loſs of delf.
Huſbands, more covetous than ſage,
Condemn this china-buying rage;
They count that woman's prudence little,
Who ſets her heart on things ſo brittle.
But are thoſe wiſe men's inclinations
Fix'd on more ſtrong, more ſure foundations?
If all that's frail we muſt deſpiſe,
No human view or ſcheme is wiſe.
Are not Ambition's hopes as weak?
They ſwell like bubbles, ſhine, and break.
A Courtier's promiſe is ſo ſlight,
'Tis made at noon, and broke at night.
What pleaſure's ſure? The Miſs you keep
Breaks both your fortune and your ſleep.
The man who loves a country-life
Breaks all the comforts of his wife;
And, if he quit his farm and plough,
His wife in town may break her vow.
Love, Laura, love, while youth is warm,
For each new winter breaks a charm;
And woman's not like china ſold,
But cheaper grows in growing old;
Then quickly chooſe the prudent part,
Or elſe you break a faithful heart.

EPISTLE XIV.

ON A

MISCELLANY OF POEMS.

To BERNARD LINTOTT.

"Ipſa varietate tentamus efficere ut alia allis,
"quædam fortaſſe omnibus placeant."

PLIN. Epiſt.

AS when ſome ſkilful cook, to pleaſe each gueſt,
Would in one mixture comprehend a feaſt,
With due proportion and judicious care
He fills his diſh with different ſorts of fare,
Fiſhes and fowls deliciouſly unite,
To feaſt at once the taſte, the ſmell and ſight.
So, Bernard, muſt a Miſcellany be
Compounded of all kinds of poetry;
The Muſes' olio, which all ſtates may fit,
And treat each reader with his darling wit.
Would'ſt thou for Miſcellanies raiſe thy fame,
And bravely rival Jacob's mighty name,
Let all the Muſes in the piece conſpire;
The lyric bard muſt ſtrike th' harmonious lyre;
Heroic ſtrains muſt here and there be found,
And nervous ſenſe be ſung in lofty ſound;
Let elegy in moving numbers flow,
And fill ſome pages with melodious woe;
Let not your amorous ſongs too numerous prove,
Nor glut thy reader with abundant love;
Satire muſt interfere, whoſe pointed rage
May laſh the madneſs of a vicious age;
Satire! the Muſe that never fails to hit,
For if there's ſcandal, to be ſure there's wit.
Tire not our patience with Pindaric lays,
Thoſe ſwell the piece, but very rarely pleaſe;
Let ſhort-breath'd epigram its force confine,
And ſtrike at follies in a ſingle line.
Tranſlations ſhould throughout the work be ſown,
And Homer's god like Muſe be made our own;

Horace in uſeful numbers ſhould be ſung,
And Virgil's thoughts adorn the Britiſh tongue.
Let Ovid tell Corinna's hard diſdain,
And at her door in melting notes complain;
His tender accents pitying virgins move,
And charm the liſtening ear with tales of love.
Let every claſſic in the volume ſhine,
And each contribute to thy great deſign;
Through various ſubjects let the reader range,
And raiſe his fancy with a grateful change.
Variety's the ſource of joy below,
From whence ſtill freſh revolving pleaſures flow.
In books and love, the mind one end purſues,
And only *change* th' expiring flame renews.
Where Buckingham will condeſcend to give,
That honour'd place to diſtant times moſt live;
When noble Sheffield ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings,
The little Loves rejoice, and clap their wings;
Anacreon lives, they cry, th' harmonious ſwain
Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted ſtrain,
'Tis he—our loſt Anacreon lives again.
But, when th' illuſtrious poet ſoars above
The ſportive revels of the God of Love,
Like Maro's Muſe, he takes a loftier flight,
And towers beyond the wondering Cupid's ſight.
If thou would'ſt have thy volume ſtand the teſt,
And of all others be reputed beſt,
Let Congreve teach the liſtening groves to mourn,
As when he wept o'er fair Paſtora's urn.
Let Prior's Muſe with ſoftening accents move,
Soft as the ſtrains of conſtant Emma's love:
Or let his fancy chooſe ſome jovial theme,
As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream;
Prior th' admiring reader entertains
With Chaucer's humour, and with Spenſer's ſtrains.
Waller in Granville lives; when Mira ſings,
With Wallers hand he ſtrikes the ſounding ſtrings.
With ſprightly turns his noble genius ſhines,
And manly ſenſe adorns his eaſy lines.
On Addiſon's ſweet lays attention waits,
And ſilence guards the place while he repeats;
His Muſe alike on every ſubject charms,
Whether ſhe paints the god of love, or arms:
In him pathetic Ovid ſings again,
And Homer's Iliad ſhines in his Campaign.
Whenever Garth ſhall raiſe his ſprightly ſong,
Senſe flows in eaſy numbers from his tongue;
Great Phœbus in his learned ſon we ſee,
Alike in phyſic, as in poetry.
When Pope's harmonious Muſe with pleaſure roves
Amidſt the plains, the murmuring ſtreams and groves,
Attentive Echo, pleas'd to hear his ſongs,
Through the glad ſhade each warbling note prolongs;
His various numbers charm our raviſh'd ears,
His ſteady judgment far out-ſhoots his years,
And early in the youth the god appears.
From theſe ſucceſsful bards collect thy ſtrains;
And praiſe with profit ſhall reward thy pains:
Then, while calves-leather-binding bears the ſway,
And ſheep-ſkin to its ſleeker gloſs gives way;
While neat old Elzevir is reckon'd better
Than Pirate Hill's brown ſheets and ſcurvy letter;
While print-admirers careful Aldus chooſe,
Before John Morphew, or the weekly news;
So long ſhall live thy praiſe in books of fame,
And Tonſon yield to Lintott's lofty name.

EPISTLE XV.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE THE

EARL OF OXFORD,

THE LORD HIGH TREASURER.

The Epigrammatical Petition of your Lordſhip's moſt humble Servant.

JOHN GAY.

I'M no more to converſe with the ſwains,
But go where fine people reſort:
One can live without money on plains,
But never without it at court.

If when with the ſwains I did gambol,
I array'd me in ſilver and blue;
When abroad and in courts I ſhall ramble.
Pray, my lord, how much money will do?

ECLOGUES.

THE

BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

IN IMITATION OF THE POLLIO OF VIRGIL.

YE ſylvan Muſes, loftier ſtrains recite:
Not all in ſhades and humble cots delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the diſtant grounds
The driving gales convey the ſwelling ſounds;
Th' attentive ſwain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork.
What ſudden news alarms the waking morn?
To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye ſtags, and all ye beaſts of chace;
This hour deſtruction brings on all your race:
See the pleas'd tenants dutcous offerings bear,
Turkeys and geeſe, and grocer's ſweeteſt ware;
With the new health the ponderous tankard flows,
And old October reddens every noſe.
Beagles and ſpaniels round his cradle ſtand,
Kiſs his moiſt lip, and gently lick his hand.
He joys to hear the ſhrill horn's echoing ſounds,
And learns to liſp the names of all the hounds.
With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley ſhall in paternal acres grow;
The bee ſhall ſip the fragrant dew from flowers,
To give metheglin for his morning-hours;
For him the cluſtering hop ſhall climb the p es,
And his own orchard ſparkle in his bowls.
His Sire's exploits he now with wonder hears,
The monſtrous tales indulge his greedy ears;

How

How, when youth ſtrung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains.
He leads the ſtaring infant through the hall,
Points out the horny ſpoils that grace the wall;
Tells, how this ſtag through three whole counties fled,
What rivers ſwam, where bay'd, and where he bled,
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Deſcribes the deſperate chace, and all his cheats;
How in one day, beneath his furious ſpeed,
He tir'd ſeven courſers of the fleeteſt breed;
How high the pale he leap'd, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the witch!
Thoſe ſtories, which deſcend from ſon to ſon,
The forward boy ſhall one day make his own.

Ah, too fond mother, think the time draws nigh,
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How ſhall his feint brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar-ſchools?
Ler y unger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Laſh'd into Latin by the tingling rod;
No, let him never feel that ſmart diſgrace;
Why ſhould he wiſer prove than all his race?
When ripening youth with down o'erſhades his chin,
And every female eye inclines to ſin;
The milk-maid (thoughtleſs of her future ſhame)
With ſmacking lip ſhall raiſe his guilty flame;
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
Shall oft' be conſcious of their ſtolen love.
But think, Priſcilla, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and watery qualms ſhall own thy crime.
How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple's preſt,
To ſee the white drops bathe thy ſwelling breaſt?
Nine moons ſhall publickly divulge thy ſhame,
And the young Squire foreſtall a father's name.

When twice twelve times the reaper's ſweeping hand
With level'd harveſts has beſtrown the land;
On fam'd St. Hubert's feaſt, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound, and wake the morn;
This memorable day his eager ſpeed
Shall urge with bloody heel the riſing ſteed.
O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet, prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
Low in the duſt his groveling honour lies,
Headlong he falls, and on the rugged ſtone
Diſtorts his neck, and cracks the collar-bone.
O venturous youth, thy thirſt of game allay;
May'ſt thou ſurvive the perils of this day!
He ſhall ſurvive; and in late years be ſent
To more away debates in parliament.

The time ſhall come, when his more ſolid ſenſe
With nod important ſhall the laws diſpenſe;
A juſtice with grave Juſtices ſhall ſit;
He praiſe their wiſdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound ſhall attend the tenant's pace,
No ruſty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons ſhall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thieviſh net or triple ſpear;
Poachers ſhall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.

Aſſiſt me, Bacchus, and ye drunken powers,
To ſing his friendſhips and his midnight hours!
Why doſt thou glory in thy ſtrength of beer,
Firm-cork'd and mellow'd till the twentieth year;
Brew'd or when Phœbus warms the fleecy ſign,
Or when his languid rays in Scorpio ſhine?
Think on the miſchiefs which from thence have ſprung!
It arms with curſes dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul ſcandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the memory with injurious words.
O where is wiſdom when by this o'erpower'd is
The ſtate is cenſur'd, and the maid deflower'd!
And wilt thou ſtill, O Squire, brew ale ſo ſtrong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic ſong.

Methinks I ſee him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer,
'Midſt mugs and glaſſes ſhatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead drunk, his ſervile crew ſupinely ſnore;
Triumphant, o'er the proſtrate brutes he ſtands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and, like his glorious ſires,
In copious gulphs of potent ale expires.

THE TOILETTE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

LYDIA.

NOW twenty ſprings had cloth'd the park with green,
Since Lydia knew the bloſſom of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours moleſt,
And catch her at her toilette half-undreſt;
The thundering knocker wakes the ſtreet no more,
No chairs, no coaches, crowd her ſilent door;
Her midnights once at cards and hazard fled,
Which now, alas! ſhe dreams away in bed.
Around her wait Shocks, monkeys, and mockaws,
To fill the place of fops and perjur'd beaux;
In theſe ſhe views the mimickry of man,
And ſmiles when grinning Pug gallants her fan;
When Poll repeats the ſounds deceive her ear
(For ſounds like his once told her Damon's care);
With theſe alone her tedious mornings paſs;
Or, at the dumb devotion of her glaſs,
She ſmooths her brow, and frizzles forth her hairs,
And fancies youthful dreſs gives youthful airs;
With crimſon wool ſhe fixes every grace,
That not a bluſh can diſcompoſe her face.
Reclin'd upon her arm, ſhe penſive ſate,
And curs'd th' inconſtancy of youth too late.
O Youth! O ſpring of life! for ever loſt!
No more my name ſhall reign the favourite toaſt;
On glaſs no more the diamond grave my name,
And rhymes miſ-ſpelt record a lover's flame:

Nor ſhall ſide-boxes watch my reſtleſs eyes,
And, as they catch the glance, in rows ariſe
With humble bows; nor white-lov'd beaux encroach
In crowds behind, to guard me to my coach.
Ah, hapleſs nymph! ſuch conqueſts are no more;
For Chloe's now what Lydia was before!
'Tis true, this Chloe boaſts the peach's bloom.
But does her nearer whiſper breathe perfume?
I own, her taper ſhape is form'd to pleaſe,
Yet if you ſaw her unconfin'd by ſtays!
She doubly to fifteen may make pretence;
Alike we read it in her face and ſenſe.
Her reputation! but that never yet
Could check the freedoms of a young coquette.
Why will ye then, vain fops, her eyes believe?
Her eyes can, like your perjur'd tongues, deceive.
What ſhall I do? how ſpend the hateful day?
At chapel ſhall I wear the morn away?
Who there frequents at theſe unmodiſh hours,
But ancient matrons with their frizzled towers,
And grey religious maids? My preſence there
Amid that ſober train would own deſpair;
Nor am I yet ſo old; nor is my glance
As yet fixt wholly to devotion's trance.
Straight then I'll dreſs, and take my wonted range
Through every Indian ſhop through all the Change;
Where the tall jar erects his coſtly pride,
With antick ſhapes in china's azure dy'd;
There careleſs lies the rich brocade unroll'd;
Here ſhines a cabinet with burniſh'd gold:
But then remembrance will my grief renew,
'Twas there the raffling dice falſe Damon threw;
The raffling dice to him decide the prize;
'Twas there he firſt convers'd with Chloe's eyes.
Hence ſprung th' ill-fated cauſe of all my ſmart;
To me the toy he gave, to her his heart.
But ſoon thy perjury in the gift was found,
The ſhiver'd china dropt upon the ground;
Sure omen that thy vows wou'd faithleſs prove;
Frail was thy preſent, frailer was thy love.

O happy Poll, in wiry priſon pent;
Thou ne'er haſt known what love or rivals meant,
And Pug with pleaſure can his fetters bear,
Who ne'er believ'd the vows that lovers ſwear!
How am I curſt (unhappy and forlorn)
With perjury, with love, and rival's ſcorn!
Falſe are the looſe coquette's inveigling airs,
Falſe is the pompous grief of youthful heirs,
Falſe is the cringing courtier's plighted word,
Falſe are the dice when gameſters ſtamp the board,
Falſe is the ſprightly widow's public tear;
Yet theſe to Damon's oaths are all ſincere.
Fly from perfidious man, the ſex diſdain;
Let ſervile Chloe wear the nuptial chain.
Damon is practis'd in the modiſh life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife.
He games; he ſwears; he drinks; he fights; he roves;
Yet Chloe can believe he fondly loves.
Miſtreſs and wife can well ſupply his need;
A miſs for pleaſure, and a wife for breed.
But Chloe's air is unconfin'd and gay,
And can perhaps an injur'd bed repay;
Perhaps her patient temper can behold
The rival of her love adorn'd with gold.
Powder'd with diamonds; free from thought and care,
A huſband's ſullen humours ſhe can bear.
Why are theſe ſobs? and why theſe ſtreaming eyes?
Is love the cauſe? No, I the ſex deſpiſe;
I hate, I load his baſe perfidious name.
Yet if he ſhould but feign a rival flame?
But Chloe boaſts and triumphs in my pains;
To her he's faithful, 'tis to me he feigns.
Thus love-ſick Lydia rav'd. Her maid appears;
A band-box in her ſteady hand ſhe bears.
How well this ribband's gloſs becomes your face!
She cries, in raptures; then, ſo ſweet a lace!
How charmingly you look! ſo bright! ſo fair!
'Tis to your eyes the head-dreſs owes its air.
Straight Lydia ſmil'd; the comb adjuſts her locks,
And at the play-houſe Harry keeps her box.

THE TEA-TABLE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

DORIS and MELANTHE.

SAINT James's noon-day bell for prayers had toll'd,
And coaches to the patron's levee roll'd.
When Doris roſe. And now through all the room
From flowery Tea exhales a fragrant fume.
Cup after cup they ſipt, and talk'd by fits,
For Doris here, and there Melanthe ſits.
Doris was young, a laughter-loving dame,
Nice of her own alike and others' fame:
Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance,
And ſooner gave than ſunk a circumſtance;
Lock'd in her memory, ſecrets never dy'd.
Doris begun: Melanthe thus reply'd,

DORIS.

Sylvia the vain fantaſtic Fop admires;
The Rake's looſe gallantry her boſom fires;
Sylvia like that is vain, like this ſhe roves;
In liking them, ſhe but herſelf approves.

MELANTHE.

Laura rails on at men, the ſex reviles,
Their vice condemns, or at their folly ſmiles.
Why ſhould her tongue in juſt reſentment fail,
Since men at her with equal freedom rail?

DORIS.

Laſt Maſquerade was Sylvia nymph-like ſeen,
Her hand a crook ſuſtain'd, her dreſs was green;
An amorous ſhepherd led her through the crowd,
The nymph was innocent, the ſhepherd vow'd;
But nymphs their innocence with ſhepherds truſt;
So both withdrew, as nymph and ſhepherd muſt.

MELANTHE.

Name but the licence of the modern ſtage,
Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage;

The

The whining tragic love ſhe ſcarce can bear,
But nauſeous comedy ne'er ſhock'd her ear;
Yet, in the gallery mobb'd, ſhe ſits ſecure,
And laughs at jeſts that turn the box demure.

DORIS.

Truſt not, ye Ladies, to your beauty's power,
For beauty withers like a ſhrivel'd flower;
Yet thoſe fair flowers, that Sylvia's temples bind,
Fade not with ſudden blights, or winter's wind;
Like thoſe, her face defies the rolling years;
For art her roſes and her charms repairs.

MELANTHE.

Laura deſpiſes every outward grace,
The wanton ſparkling eye, the blooming face;
The beauties of the ſoul are all her pride,
For other beauties Nature has deny'd:
If affectation ſhews a beauteous mind,
Lives there a man to Laura's merits blind?

DORIS.

Sylvia be ſure defies the town's reproach,
Whoſe diſhabille is foil'd in hackney coach;
What though the ſaſh was cloſ'd, muſt we conclude,
That ſhe was yielding, when her fop was rude?

MELANTHE.

Laura learnt caution at too dear a coſt.
What fair could e'er retrieve her honour loſt?
Secret ſhe loves; and who the nymph can blame,
Who durſt not own a footman's vulgar flame?

DORIS

Though Laura's homely taſte deſcends ſo low;
Her footman well may vie with Sylvia's beau.

MELANTHE.

Yet why ſhould Laura think it a diſgrace,
When proud Miranda's groom wears Flanders lace?

DORIS.

What though for muſic Cynthio boaſts an ear?
Robin perhaps can hum an Opera air.
Cynthio can bow, takes ſnuff, and dances well;
Robin talks common ſenſe, can write and ſpell.
Sylvia's vain fancy dreſs and ſhow admires;
But 'tis the man alone whom Laura fires.

MELANTHE.

Plato's wiſe morals Laura's ſoul improve:
And this no doubt muſt be Platonic love!
Her ſoul to generous acts was ſtill inclin'd.
What ſhews more virtue than an humble mind?

DORIS

What though young Sylvia love the park's cool ſhade,
And wander in the duſk the ſecret glade?
Maſqu'd and alone (by chance) ſhe met her ſpark;
That innocence is weak which ſhuns the dark.

MELANTHE.

But Laura for her flame has no pretence;
Her footman is a footman too in ſenſe.
All prudes hate; and thoſe are rightly curſt
With ſcandal's double load, who cenſure firſt,

DORIS.

And what if Cynthio Sylvia's garter ty'd?
Who ſuch a foot and ſuch a leg would hide;
When crook-knee'd Phyllis can expoſe to view
Her gold-clock'd ſtocking, and her tawdry ſhoe?

MELANTHE.

If pure devotion center in the face,
If cenſuring others ſhew intrinſic grace,
If guilt to public freedoms be confin'd,
Prudes (all muſt own) are of the holy kind!

DORIS.

Sylvia diſdains reſerve, and flies conſtraint;
She neither is, nor would be thought, a Saint.

MELANTHE.

Love is a trivial paſſion, Laura cries:
May I be bleſt with friendſhip's ſtricter ties!
To ſuch a breaſt all ſecrets we commend;
Sure the whole Drawing-room is Laura's friend.

DORIS.

At marriage Sylvia rails? who men would truſt?
Yet huſbands' jealouſies are ſometimes juſt.
Her favours Sylvia ſhares among mankind:
Such generous love ſhould never be confin'd:

As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue,
With thundering raps the brazen knocker rung.
Laura and Sylvia came; the nymphs ariſe;
"This unexpected viſit" Doris cries,
"Is doubly kind!" Melanthe Laura led:
"Since I was laſt ſo bleſt, my dear," ſhe ſaid,
"Sure 'tis an age!" They ſate; the hour was ſet;
And all again that night at Ombre met.

THE FUNERAL.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

SABINA. LUCY.

TWICE had the moon perform'd her earthly race,
Since firſt the veil o'ercaſt Sabina's face.
When died the tender partner of her bed.
And lives Sabina when Fidelio's dead?
Fidelio's dead, and yet Sabina lives.
But ſee the tribute of her tears ſhe gives:
Their abſent Lord her rooms in ſable mourn,
And all the day the glimmering tapers burn;
Stretch'd on the couch of ſtate ſhe penſive lies,
While oft' the ſnowy cambric wipes her eyes.
Now enter'd Lucy: truſty Lucy knew
To roll a ſleeve, or bear a billet doux;
Her ready tongue, in ſecret ſervice try'd,
With equal fluency ſpoke truth or ly'd;
She well could flatter or humble a gallant,
And ſerve at once as maid and confidant!
A letter from her faithful ſtays ſhe took:
Sabina ſnatch'd it with an angry look,
And thus in haſty words her grief confeſt;
While Lucy ſtrove to ſoothe her troubled breaſt.

SABINA.

SABINA.

What, ſtill Myrtillo's hand! his flame I ſcorn;
Give back his paſſion with the ſeal untorn.
To break our ſoft repoſe has man a right?
And are we doom'd to read whate'er they write?
Not all the ſex my firm reſolves ſhall move;
My life's a life of ſorrow, not of love.
May Lydia's wrinkles all my forehead trace,
And Celia's paleneſs ſicken o'er my face;
May ſops of mine, as Flavia's favour, boaſt,
And coquettes triumph in my honour loſt;
May cards employ my nights, and never more
May theſe curſt eyes behold a matadore;
Break China, periſh Shock, die Parroquet;
When I Fidelio's dearer love forget!
Fidelio's judgment ſcorn'd the foppiſh train;
His air was eaſy, and his dreſs was plain;
His words ſincere, reſpect his preſence drew,
And on his lips ſweet converſation grew.
Where's wit, where's beauty, where is virtue fled?
Alas! they're now no more; Fidelio's dead!

LUCY.

Yet, when he liv'd, he wanted every grace;
That eaſy air was then an awkward pace:
Have not your ſighs in whiſpers often ſaid,
His dreſs was ſlovenly, his ſpeech ill-bred?
Have not I heard you, with a ſecret tear,
Call that ſweet converſe ſullen and ſevere?
Think not come to take Myrtillo's part;
Let Chloe, Daphne, Doris, ſhare his heart;
Let Chloe's love in every ear expreſs
His graceful perſon and genteel addreſs.
All well may judge what ſhaft has Daphne hit,
Who ſuffers ſilence, to admire his wit.
His equipage and liveries Doris move;
But Chloe, Daphne, Doris, fondly love.
Sooner ſhall cits in faſhions guide the court,
And beaux upon the buſy Change reſort;
Sooner the nation ſhall from ſnuff be freed,
And fops' apartments ſmoke with India's weed;
Sooner I'd wiſh and ſigh through nunnery grates;
Than recommend the flame Sabina hates.

SABINA.

Becauſe ſome widows are in haſte ſubdued;
Shall every fop upon our tears intrude?
Can I forget my lov'd Fidelio's tongue,
Soft as the warbling of Italian ſong?
Did not his roſy lips breathe forth perfume,
Fragrant as ſteams from tea's imperial bloom?

LUCY.

Yet once you thought that tongue a greater curſe
Than ſqualls of children for an abſent nurſe.
Have you not fancy'd, in his frequent kiſs,
Th' ungrateful leavings of a ſlothy miſs?

SABINA.

Love, I thy power defy; no ſecond flame
Shall ever raze my dear Fidelio's name.
Fannia without a tear might loſe her Lord,
Who ne'er enjoy'd his preſence but at board.
And why ſhould ſorrow ſit on Leſbia's face?
Are there ſuch comforts in a ſot's embrace?
No friend, no lover, is to Leſbia dead;
For Leſbia long had known a ſeparate bed.
Guſh forth, ye tears; waſte, waſte, ye ſighs, my breaſt;
My days, my nights, were by Fidelio bleſt!

LUCY.

You cannot ſure forget how oft' you ſaid,
His teazing fondneſs jealouſy betray'd!
When at the play the neighbouring box he took,
You thought you read ſuſpicion in his look,
When cards and counters flew around the board,
Have you not wiſh'd the abſence of your Lord?
His company was then a poor pretence,
To check the freedoms of a wife's expence.

SABINA.

But why ſhould I Myrtillo's paſſion blame,
Since Love's a fierce, involuntary flame?

LUCY.

Could he the ſallies of his heart withſtand,
Why ſhould he not to Chloe give his hand?
For Chloe's handſome; yet he ſlights her flame;
Laſt night ſhe fainted at Sabina's name.
Why, Daphne, doſt thou blame Sabina's charms?
Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms.
At crimp Myrtillo play'd; in kind regards
Doris threw love, unmindful of the cards;
Doris was touch'd with ſpleen, her fan he rent,
Flew from the table, and to tears gave vent.
Why, Doris, doſt thou curſe Sabina's eyes?
To her Myrtillo is a vulgar prize.

SABINA.

Yet ſay, I lov'd; how loud would cenſure rail!
So ſoon to quit the duties of the veil!
No, ſooner Plays and Operas I'd forſwear,
And change theſe China jars for Tunbridge ware;
Or truſt my mother as a confidant,
Or fix a friendſhip with my maiden-aunt;
Than till—to-morrow throw my weeds away.
Yet let me ſee him, if he comes to-day!

THE

ESPOUSAL.

A SOBER ECLOGUE.

BETWEEN TWO OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

CALEB. TABITHA.

BENEATH the ſhadow of a beaver hat,
Meek Caleb at a ſilent meeting ſat;
His eye-balls oft' forgot the holy trance,
While Tabitha demure return'd the glance.
The meeting ended, Caleb ſilence broke,
And Tabitha her inward yearnings ſpoke.

CALEB.

Beloved, ſee how all things follow love;
Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove diſports with dove
Yet fondled lambs their innocence ſecure,
And none can call that turtle's bill impure.
O faireſt of your ſiſters let me be
The billing dove and fondling lamb to thee.

TABITHA.

TABITHA.

But, Caleb, know that birds of gentle mind
Elect a mate among the ſober kind;
Not the Mockaws, all deck'd in ſcarlet pride,
Entice their mild and modeſt hearts aſide:
But thou, vain man! beguil'd by Popiſh ſhows,
Doateſt on ribbands, flounces, furbelows.
If thy falſe heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
Go, wed the painted arch in ſummer-ſkies;
Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
Strong at the firſt, but paſſeth ſoon away.

CALEB.

Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
When vice miſled me through the harlot's ways;
When I with wanton look the ſex beheld,
And Nature with each wanton look rebell'd;
Then party-colour'd pride my heart might move
With lace, the net to catch unhallow'd love.
All ſuch-like love is fading as the flower,
Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour:
But now I feel the ſpouſal love within,
And ſpouſal love no ſiſter holds a ſin.

TABITHA.

I know thou longeſt for the flaunting maid,
Thy falſehood own, and ſay I am betray'd;
The tongue of man is bliſter'd o'er with lies,
But truth is ever read in woman's eyes.
O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine!
Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine!

CALEB.

How bitter are thy words! forbear to teaſe,
I too might blame—but love delights to pleaſe.
Why ſhould I tell thee, that, when laſt the ſun
Painted the downy peach of Newington,
Joſiah led thee through the garden's walk,
And mingled melting kiſſes with his talk?
Ah, Jealouſy! turn, turn thine eyes aſide:
How can I ſee that watch adorn thy ſide?
For verily no gift the ſiſters take
For luſt of gain, but for the giver's ſake.

TABITHA.

I own, Joſiah gave the golden toy,
Which did the righteous hand of Quare employ.
When Caleb hath aſſign'd ſome happy day,
I look on this, and chide the hours delay:
And, when Joſiah would his love purſue,
On this I look and ſhun his wanton view.
Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move;
The only preſent love demands is love.

CALEB.

Ah, Tabitha, to hear theſe words of thine,
My pulſe beats high, as if inflam'd with wine!
When to the brethren firſt with fervent zeal
The ſpirit mov'd the yearnings to reveal,
How did I joy thy trembling lip to ſee
Red as the cherry from the Kentiſh tree!
When ecſtaſy had warm'd thy look ſo meek,
Gardens of roſes bluſhed on thy cheek!
With what ſweet tranſport didſt thou roll thine eyes!
How did thy words provoke the brethren's ſighs!
Vords that with holy ſighs might others move,
But, Tabitha, my ſighs were ſighs of love.

TABITHA.

Is Tabitha beyond her wiſhes bleſt?
Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breaſt?
Then hear me, Caleb, witneſs what I ſpeak,
This ſolemn promiſe death alone can break:
Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
And with immodeſt favourites ſhade my face,
Sooner like Babylon's lewd whore be dreſt
In flaming diamonds and a ſcarlet veſt,
Or make a curtſie in Cathedral pew,
Than prove inconſtant, while my Caleb's true.

CALEB.

When I prove falſe, and Tabitha forſake,
Teachers ſhall dance a jig at country-wake;
Brethren unbeaver'd then ſhall bow their head,
And with prophane mince-pies our babes be fed.

TABITHA.

If that Joſiah were with paſſion fir'd,
Warm as the zeal of youth when firſt inſpir'd;
In ſteady love though he might perſevere,
Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
Light as the feather on the head of beaux;
Yet I for thee would all thy ſex reſign.
Siſters, take all the reſt—be Caleb mine.

CALEB.

Though I had all that ſinful love affords,
And all the concubines of all the lords,
Whoſe couches creak with whoredom's ſinful ſhame,
Whoſe velvet chairs are with adultery lame;
Ev'n in the harlot's hall, I would not ſip
The dew of lewdneſs from her lying lip;
I'd ſhun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
More ſweet than powder which the merchant ſell.
O ſolace me with kiſſes pure like thine!
Enjoy, ye lords, the wanton concubine.
The ſpring now calls us forth; come, ſiſter come,
To ſee the primroſe and the daiſy bloom.
Let ceremony bind the worldly pair;
Siſters eſteem the brethren's words ſincere.

TABITHA.

Eſpouſals are but forms. O lead me hence,
For ſecret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates with draw:
True love is nature unreſtrain'd by law.
This tenet all the holy ſect allows;
So Tabitha took earneſt of a ſpouſe.

ELEGII

ELEGIES.

PANTHEA.

LONG had Panthea felt Love's ſecret ſmart,
Fear and hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart;
Conſenting glances had her flame confeſt;
In woman's eyes her very ſoul's expreſt.
Perjur'd Alexis ſaw the bluſhing maid,
He ſaw, he ſwore, he conquer'd, and betray'd.
Another love now calls him from her arms,
His fickle heart another beauty warms;
Thoſe oaths, oft' whiſper'd in Panthea's ears,
He now again to Galatea ſwears.
Beneath a beech th' abandon'd virgin laid,
In grateful ſolitude enjoys the ſhade;
There with faint voice ſhe breath'd theſe moving ſtrains,
While ſighing Zephyrs ſhar'd her amorous pains.
Pale ſett'ed ſorrow hangs upon my brow,
Dead are my charms; Alexis breaks his vow!
Think, think, dear ſhepherd, on the days you knew,
When I was happy, when my ſwain was true;
Think how thy looks and tongue are form'd to move;
And think yet more—that all my fault was love.
Ah, could you view me in this wretched ſtate,
You might not love me, but you could not hate.
Could you behold me in this conſcious ſhade,
Where firſt thy vows, where firſt my love was paid,
Worn out with watching, ſullen with deſpair,
And ſee each eye ſwell with a guſhing tear;
Could you behold me on this moſſy bed,
From my pale cheek the lively crimſon fled,
Which in my ſofter hours you oft' have ſworn,
With roſy beauty far outbluſh'd the morn;
Could you untouch'd this wretched object bear,
And would not loſt Panthea claim a tear?
You could not, ſure—tears from your eyes would ſteal,
And unawares thy tender ſoul reveal.
Ah, no! thy ſoul with cruelty is fraught,
No tenderneſs diſturbs thy ſavage thought;
Sooner ſhall tigers ſpare the trembling lambs,
And wolves with pity hear their bleating dams;
Sooner ſhall vultures from their quarry fly;
Than falſe Alexis for Panthea ſigh.
Thy boſom ne'er a tender thought confeſt,
Sure ſtubborn flint has arm'd thy cruel breaſt;
But hardeſt flints are worn by frequent rains,
And the ſoft drops diſſolve their ſolid veins;
While thy relentleſs heart more hard appears,
And is not ſoften'd by a flood of tears.
Ah, what is love? Panthea's joys are gone,
Her liberty, her peace, her reaſon, flown;
And when I view me in the watery glaſs,
I find Panthea now, not what ſhe was.
As northern winds the new-born roſes blaſt,
And on the ground their fading ruins caſt;
As ſudden blights corrupt the ripen'd grain,
And of its verdure ſpoil the mournful plain;
So hapleſs love on blooming features preys,
So hapleſs love deſtroys our peaceful days.
Come, gentle ſleep, relieve theſe weary'd eyes,
All ſorrow in thy ſoft embraces dies:
There, ſpite of all thy perjur'd vows, I find
Faithleſs Alexis languiſhingly kind:
Sometimes he leads me by the muzy ſtream,
And pleaſingly deludes me in my dream;
Sometimes he guides me to the ſecret grove,
Where all our looks, and all our talk is love.
Oh, could I thus conſume each tedious day,
And in ſweet ſlumbers dream my life away.
But ſleep, which now no more relieves theſe eyes,
To my ſad ſoul the dear deceit denies.
Why does the ſun dart forth its cheerful rays?
Why do the woods reſound with warbling lays?
Why does the roſe her grateful fragrance yield,
And yellow cowſlips paint the ſmiling field?
Why do the ſtreams with murmuring muſic flow,
And why do groves their friendly ſhade beſtow?
Let ſable clouds the cheerful ſun deface,
Let mournful ſilence ſeize the feather'd race;
No more, ye roſes, grateful fragrance yield,
Droop, droop, ye cowſlips, in the blaſted field;
No more, ye ſtreams, with murmuring muſic flow,
And let not groves a friendly ſhade beſtow:
With ſympathizing grief let nature mourn,
And never know the youthful ſpring's return.
And ſhall I never more Alexis ſee;
Then what is ſpring, or grove, or ſtream, to me?
Why ſport the ſkipping lambs on yonder plain?
Why do the birds their tuneful voices ſtrain?
Why friſk thoſe heifers in the cooling grove?
Their happier life is ignorant of love.
Oh! lead me to ſome melancholy cave,
To lull my ſorrows in a living grave;
From the dark rock where daſhing waters fall,
And creeping ivy hangs the craggy wall;
There I may waſte in tears my hours away,
And never know the ſeaſons or the day!
Die, die, Panthea—fly this hateful grove;
For what is life without the ſwain I love?

ARAMINTA.

AN ELEGY.

NOW Phœbus roſe, and with his early beams
Wak'd ſlumbering Delia from her pleaſing dreams;
Her wiſhes by her fancy were ſupply'd,
And in her ſleep the nuptial knot was ty'd.
With ſecret joy ſhe ſaw the morning ray
Chequer the floor, and through the curtains play;
The happy morn that ſhall her bliſs complete,
And all her rivals' envious hopes defeat.
In haſte ſhe roſe, forgetful of her prayers,
Flew to the glaſs, and practis'd o'er her airs:
Her new-ſet jewels round her robe are plac'd,
Some in a brilliant buckle bind her waiſt,
Some round her neck a circling light diſplay,
Some in her hair diffuſe a trembling ray;

The

The ſilver knot o'erlooks the Mechlin lace,
And adds becoming beauty to her face;
Brocaded flowers o'er the gay mantua ſhine,
And the rich ſtays her taper ſhape confine;
Thus all her dreſs exerts a graceful pride,
And ſporting Loves ſurround th' expecting bride;
For Daphnis now attends the bluſhing maid,
Before the prieſt the ſolemn vows are paid;
This day, which ends at once all Delia's cares,
Shall ſwell a thouſand eyes with ſecret tears.
Ceaſe, Araminta, 'tis in vain to grieve,
Canſt thou from Hymen's bonds the youth retrieve?
Diſdain his perjuries, and no longer mourn:
Recal my love, and find a ſure return.
But ſtill the wretched maid no comfort knows,
And with reſentment cheriſhes her woes;
Alone ſhe pines, and, in theſe mournful ſtrains,
Of Daphnis' vows, and her own fate complains:
Was it for this I ſparkled at the Play,
And loiter'd in the Ring whole hours away?
When if thy chariot in the circle ſhown,
Our mutual paſſion by our looks was known:
Through the gay crowd my watchful glances flew,
Where'er I paſs, thy grateful eyes purſue.
" Ah, faithleſs youth! too well you ſaw my pain;
" For eyes the language of the ſoul explain."
Think, Daphnis, think that ſcarce five days are fled,
Since (O falſe tongue!) thoſe treacherous things you ſaid;
How did you praiſe my ſhape and graceful air!
And woman thinks all compliments ſincere.
Didſt thou not then in rapture ſpeak thy flame,
And in ſoft ſighs breathe Araminta's name?
Didſt thou not then with oaths thy paſſion prove,
And with an awful trembling, ſay—I love?
" Ah, faithleſs youth! too well you ſaw my pain;
" For eyes the language of the ſoul explain."
How could'ſt thou thus, ungrateful youth, deceive?
How could I thus, unguarded maid, believe?
Sure thou canſt well recal that fatal night,
When ſubtle love firſt enter'd at my ſight:
When in the dance I was thy partner choſe,
Gods! what a rapture in my boſom roſe!
My trembling hand my ſudden joy confeſs'd,
My glowing cheeks a wounded heart expreſs'd;
My looks ſpoke love; while you, with anſwering eyes,
In killing glances made as kind replies.
Think, Daphnis, think what tender things you ſaid
Think what confuſion all my ſoul betray'd.
You call'd my graceful preſence Cynthia's air
And, when I ſung, the Syrens charm'd your ear:
My flame, blown up by flattery, ſtronger grew;
A gale of love in every whiſper flew.
" Ah, faithleſs youth! too well you ſaw my pain;
" For eyes the language of the ſoul explain."
Whene'er I dreſs'd, my maid who knew my flame,
Cheriſh'd my paſſion with thy lovely name;
Thy picture in her talk ſo lovely grew,
That thy dear image roſe before my view:
She dwelt whole hours upon thy ſhape and mien,
And wounded Delia's fame, to ſooth my ſpleen:
When ſhe beheld me at the name grow pale,
Straight to thy charms ſhe chang'd her artful tale;
And, when thy matchleſs charms were quite run o'er,
I bid her tell the pleaſing tale once more.
Oh, Daphnis! from thy Araminta fled!
Oh, to my love for ever, ever dead!
Like death, his nuptials all my hopes remove,
And ever part me from the man I love.
" Ah, faithleſs youth! too well you ſaw my pain;
" For eyes the language of the ſoul explain."
O might I by my cruel fate be thrown,
In ſome retreat far from this hateful town!
Vain dreſs and glaring equipage, adieu!
Let happier nymphs thoſe empty ſhows purſue.
Me let ſome melancholy ſhade ſurround,
Where not the print of human ſtep is found.
In the gay dance my feet no more ſhall move,
But bear me faintly through the lonely grove.
No more theſe hands ſhall o'er the ſpinnet bound,
And from the ſleeping ſtrings call forth the ſound:
Muſic, adieu! farewell, Italian airs!
The croaking raven now ſhall ſooth my cares.
On ſome old ruin, loſt in thought, I reſt,
And think how Araminta once was bleſt;
There o'er and o'er thy letters I peruſe,
And all my grief in one kind ſentence loſe:
Some tender line by chance my woe beguiles,
And on my cheek a ſhort-liv'd pleaſure ſmiles.
Why is this dawn of joy? flow, tears, again!
Vain are theſe oaths, and all theſe vows are vain;
Daphnis, alas! the Gordian knot has ty'd;
Nor force nor cunning can the band divide.
" Ah, faithleſs youth! ſince eyes the ſoul explain,
" Why knew I not that artful tongue could feign?"

AN

ELEGY ON A LAP-DOG.

SHOCK's fate I mourn; poor Shock is now no more;
Ye Muſes, mourn; ye chambermaids, deplore.
Unhappy Shock! yet more unhappy Fair,
Doom'd to ſurvive thy joy and only care!
Thy wretched fingers now no more ſhall deck,
And tie the favourite ribband round his neck;
No more thy hand ſhall ſmooth his gloſſy hair,
And comb the wavings of his pendant ear.
Yet ceaſe thy flowing grief, forſaken maid;
All mortal pleaſures in a moment fade;
Our ſureſt hope is in an hour deſtroy'd;
And love, beſt gift of Heaven, not long enjoy'd.
Methinks I ſee her frantic with deſpair,
Her ſtreaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair;
Her Mechlin pinners, rent, the floor beſtrow,
And her torn fan gives real ſigns of woe.

Hence Superſtition, that tormenting gueſt,
That haunts with fancy'd fears the coward breaſt;
No dread events upon this fate attend,
Stream eyes no more, no more thy treſſes rend.
Though certain omens oft' forewarn a ſtate,
And dying lions ſhow the monarch's fate;
Why ſhould ſuch fears bid Cælia's ſorrow riſe?
For, when a lap-dog falls, no lover dies.
Ceaſe Cælia, ceaſe; reſtrain thy flowing tears,
Some warmer paſſion will diſpel thy cares.
In man you'll find a more ſubſtantial bliſs,
More grateful toying, and a ſweeter kiſs.
He's dead. Oh lay him gently in the ground!
And may his tomb be by this verſe renown'd:
"Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid:
"Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd."

SONGS AND BALLADS.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Suſan came aboard.
Oh, where ſhall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet William ſails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his eyes below:
The cord ſlides ſwiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt
(If chance his mate's ſhrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her neſt.
The nobleſt captain in the Britiſh fleet
Might envy William's lip thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

O Suſan, Suſan, lovely dear,
My vows ſhall ever true remain,
Let me kiſs off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye liſt, ye winds, my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind.
They'll tell thee, ſailors, when away,
In every port a miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath in Afric's ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Suſan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, ſafe from harms,
William ſhall to his Dear return.
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from Suſan's eye.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread;
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay aboard:
They kiſs'd, ſhe ſigh'd, he hung his head.
Her leſſening boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! ſhe cries; and wav'd her lily hand.

A BALLAD,

FROM THE WHAT-D'YE-CALL-IT.

'Twas when the ſeas were roaring
With hollow blaſts of wind,
A damſel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She caſt a wiſtful look:
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days,
Why didſt thou, venturous lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the ſeas?
Ceaſe, ceaſe, thou cruel Ocean,
And let my lover reſt;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breaſt?

The merchant, robb'd of pleaſure,
Sees tempeſts in deſpair;
But what's the loſs of treaſure,
To loſing of my dear?
Should you ſome coaſt be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear;
Repay'd each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white wave ſtooping,
His floating corpſe ſhe ſpy'd;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

THE

THE

LADY's LAMENTATION.

A BALLAD.

PHYLLIDA, that lov'd to dream
In the grove, or by the ſtream;
Sigh'd on velvet pillow.
What, alas! ſhould fill her head,
But a fountain, or a mead,
Water and a willow?

Love in cities never dwells,
He delights in rural cells
Which ſweet woodbine covers,
What are your aſſemblies then?
There 'tis true, we ſee more men;
But much fewer lovers.

Oh! how chang'd the proſpect grows!
Flocks and herds to fops and beaux,
Coxcombs without number!
Moon and ſtars that ſhone ſo bright,
To the torch and waxen light,
And whole nights at ombre.

Pleaſant as it is, to hear
Scandal tickling in our ear,
Ev'n of our own mothers;
In the chit-chat of the day,
To us is pay'd, when we're away,
What we lent to others.

Though the favourite toaſt I reign;
Wine, they ſay, that prompts the vain,
Heightens defamation.
Muſt I live 'twixt ſpite and fear,
Every day grow handſomer,
And loſe my reputation?

Thus the fair to ſighs gave way,
Her empty purſe beſide her lay.
Nymph, ah! ceaſe thy ſorrow,
Though curſt fortune frown to night,
This odious town can give delight,
If you win to-morrow.

DAMON AND CUPID.

A SONG.

THE ſun was now withdrawn,
The ſhepherds home were ſped;
The moon wide o'er the lawn
Her ſilver mantle ſpread;
When Damon ſtay'd behind,
And ſaunter'd in the grove.
Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
And give me love for love?

Oh! thoſe were golden hours,
When Love, devoid of cares,
In all Arcadia's bowers
Lodg'd ſwains and nymphs by pairs;
But now from wood and plain
Flies every ſprightly laſs;
No joys for me remain,
In ſhades, or on the graſs.

The winged boy draws near,
And thus the ſwain reproves:
While Beauty revel'd here,
My game lay in the groves:
At court I never fail
To ſcatter round my arrows;
Men fall as thick as hail,
And maidens love like ſparrows.

Then, ſwain, if me you need,
Straight lay your ſheep-hook down;
Throw by your oaten reed,
And haſte away to town.
So well I'm known at court,
None aſks where Cupid dwells;
But readily reſort
To Bellenden's or Lepell's.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

A SONG.

DAPHNIS ſtood penſive in the ſhade,
With arms acroſs, and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And ſighs reliev'd his love-ſick mind:
His tuneful pipe all broken lay;
Looks, ſighs, and actions, ſeem'd to ſay,
My Chloe is unkind.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
Ye larks, ye linnets, ceaſe your ſtrains;
I faintly hear in your ſweet notes
My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains:
Yet why ſhould you your ſong forbear?
Your mates delight your ſong to hear;
But Chloe mine diſdains.

As thus he melancholy ſtood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet ſounds broke gently through the wood.
I feel the ſound; my heart-ſtrings move.
'Twas not the nightinga'e that ſung;
No. 'Tis my Chloe's ſweeter tongue.
Hark, hark, what ſays my love?

How fooliſh is the nymph (ſhe cries)
Who trifles with her lover's pain!
Nature ſtill ſpeaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O Daphnis, Daphnis, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd;
Come back, dear youth, again.

As t'other day my hand he ſeiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew;
Sudden I put on looks diſpleas'd,
And haſty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou ſimple ſwain;
Then hadſt thou preſt my hand again,
My heart had yielded too!

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That ſwell'd thy lip and roſy cheek;
Think not thy ſkill in ſong defam'd,
That lip ſhould other pleaſures ſeek;
Much, much thy muſic I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more to hear thee ſpeak.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone;
Laſt night with Delia's dog he play'd,
Love by ſuch trifles firſt comes on.
Now, now, dear ſhepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey.
Ah, Chloe, thou art won!

The youth ſtepp'd forth with haſty pace,
And found where wiſhing Chloe lay;
Shame ſudden lighten'd in her face,
Confus'd, ſhe knew not what to ſay.
At laſt, in broken words, ſhe cry'd;
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am loſt to-day!

The COQUETTE MOTHER and DAUGHTER.

A SONG.

At the cloſe of the day,
When the bean-flower and hay
Breath'd odours in every wind;
Love enliven'd the veins
Of the damſels and ſwains;
Each glance and each action was kind.

Molly, wanton and free,
Kiſs'd, and ſat on each knee,
Fond ecſtaſy ſwam in her eyes.
See, thy mother is near;
Hark! ſhe calls thee to hear
What age and experience adviſe.

Haſt thou ſeen the blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,
All gloſſy with purple and gold?
If a kiſs he obtain,
She returns it again:
What follows, you need not be told.

Look ye, mother, ſhe cry'd,
You inſtruct me in pride,
And men by good-manners are won.
She who trifles with all
Is leſs likely to fall
Than ſhe who but trifles with one.

Pr'ythee, Molly, be wiſe,
Leſt by ſudden ſurpriſe
Love ſhould tingle in every vein:
Take a ſhepherd for life,
And when once you're a wife,
You ſafely may trifle again.

Molly ſmiling reply'd,
Then I'll ſoon be a bride:
Old Roger has gold in his cheſt.
But I thought all you wives
Choſe a man for your lives,
And trifled no more with the reſt.

MOLLY MOG:

OR, THE

FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

A BALLAD.

Says my uncle, I pray you diſcover
What hath been the cauſe of your woes;
Why you pine and you whine like a lover!
—I have ſeen Molly Mog of the Roſe.

O nephew! your grief is but folly,
In town you may find better prize;
Half a crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.

I know that by wits 'tis recited
That women are beſt at a clog;
But I am not ſo eaſily frighted
From loving of ſweet Molly Mog.

The ſchool boy's deſire is a play-day;
The ſchool-maſter's joy is to flog;
The milk-maid's delight is on may-day;
But mine is on ſweet Molly Mog.

Will-a-wiſp leads the traveller gadding
Through ditch, and through quagmire, and bog;
But no light can ſet me a-madding
Like the eyes of my ſweet Molly Mog.

For guineas in other mens' breeches
Your gameſters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win ſweet Molly Mog.

The heart when half wounded is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog;
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis ſo fix'd upon ſweet Molly Mog.

Who follows all ladies of pleaſure,
In pleaſure is thought but a hog;
All the ſex cannot give ſo good meaſure
Of joys, as my ſweet Molly Mog.

I feel I'm in love to diſtraction,
My ſenſes all loſt in a fog;
And nothing can give ſatisfaction
But thinking of ſweet Molly Mog.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog,
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but ſweet Molly Mog.

If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wiſh I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my ſweet Molly Mog.

Thoſe faces want nature and ſpirit,
And ſeem as cut out of a log:
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit,
Unite in my ſweet Molly Mog.

Thoſe

Thoſe who toaſt all the Family Royal,
In bumpers of Hogan and Nog,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my ſweet Molly Mog.

Were Virgil alive with his Phyllis,
And writing another Eclogue;
Both his Phyllis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give up for ſweet Molly Mog.

When ſhe ſmiles on each gueſt, like her liquor,
Then jealouſy ſets me agog;
To be ſure ſhe's a bit for the Vicar,
And ſo I ſhall loſe Molly Mog.

BALLAD.

OF all the girls that e'er were ſeen,
There's none ſo fine as Nelly,
For charming face, and ſhape, and mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye;
Oh! the turn'd neck, and ſmooth white ſkin,
O lovely deareſt Nelly!
For many a ſwain it well had been
Had ſhe ne'er been at Calais.

For when as Nelly came to France
(Invited by her couſins),
Acroſs the Tuilleries each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens.
The king, as he at dinner ſat,
Did beckon to his huſſar,
And bid him bring his tabby cat,
For charming Nell to buſs her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd,
To ſee her ſo reſpected:
The men look'd arch, as Nelly ſtrok'd,
And puſs her tail erected.
But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly:
Then ſaid the Duke de Villeroy,
"Ah! qu'elle eſt bien jolie!"

But who's that great Philoſopher,
That carefully looks at her?
By his concern it ſhould appear,
The fair-one is his daughter.
Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier ſly)
He on his child does leer too:
I wiſh he has no mind to try
What ſome papa's will here do.

The courtiers all, with one accord,
Broke out in Nelly's praiſes,
Admir'd her roſe, and *lys ſans farde*,
(Which are your *termes Francoiſes*).
Then might you ſee a painted ring
Of dames that ſtood by Nelly;
She like the pride of all the Spring,
And they, like *Fleurs de Pulais*.

In Marli's gardens, and St. Clou,
I ſaw this charming Nelly,
Where ſhameleſs Nymphs, expos'd to view,
Stand naked in each *allee*
But Venus had a brazen face
Both at Verſailles and Meudon,
Or elſe ſhe had reſign'd her place,
And left the ſtone ſhe ſtood on.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' Italian:
Lord! how thoſe foreigners would ſtare
But I ſhould turn Pygmalion:
For, ſpite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
Me nothing can delight ſo,
As does that part that lies between
Her left-toe and her right-toe.

A BALLAD,

ON QUADRILLE.

WHEN as corruption hence did go,
And left the nation free;
When Ay ſaid ay, and No ſaid no,
Without or place or fee;
Then Satan, thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his ſpirit ca'l'd Quadrille.
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

Kings, queens, and knaves, made up his pack,
And four fair ſuits he wore;
His troops they were with red and black
All blotch'd and ſpott'd o'er;
And every houſe, go where you will,
Is haunted by this imp Quadrille, &c.

Sure cards he has for every thing,
Which well court-cards they name,
And, ſtateſmen-like, calls in the king,
To help out a bad game;
But, if the parties manage ill,
The king is forc'd to loſe Codille, &c.

When two and two were met of old,
Though they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's books enroll'd,
And call'd a Partie Quarrée;
But now, meet when and where you will,
A Partie Quarrée is Quadrille, &c.

The commoner, and knight, and peer,
Men of all ranks and fame,
Leave to their wives the only care
To propogate their name;
And well that duty they fulfil,
When the good huſband's at Quadrille, &c.

When patients lie in piteous caſe,
In comes th' Apothecary;
And to the Doctor cries, Alas!
Non debes Quadrillare:
The patient dies without a pill:
For why? the Doctor's at Quadrille, &c.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,
The Muſcovite grow louder;
Britain, to curb her neighbours proud,
Would want both ball and powder;
Muſt want both ſword and gun to kill:
For why? the General's at Quadrille, &c.

The King of late drew forth his ſword
(Thank God 'twas not in wrath),
And made, of many a 'ſquire and lord,
An unwaſh'd Knight of Bath:
What are their feats of arms and ſkill?
They're but nine parties at Quadrille, &c.

A party

A party late at Cambray met,
Which drew all Europe's eyes;
'Twas call'd in Poſt-Boy and Gazette
The Quadruple Allies;
But ſomebody took ſomething ill,
So broke this party at Quadrille, &c.

And now God ſave this noble realm,
And God ſave eke Hanover;
And God ſave thoſe who hold the helm,
When as the King goes over;
But let the King go where he will,
His ſubjects muſt play at Quadrille,
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

A NEW SONG
OF NEW SIMILES.

MY paſſion is as muſtard ſtrong;
I ſit all ſober ſad;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March-hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her:
For, though as drunk as David's ſow,
I love her ſtill the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber, could ſee
The reſt of womankind.

Like a ſtuck-pig I gaping ſtare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with ſighs and care,
Sleek as a mouſe before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And ſoft as ſilk my ſkin,
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin!

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But ſhe, inſenſible of that,
Sound as a top can ſleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or ſtone,
She laughs to ſee me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And briſk as bottled-ale.

The God of Love at her approach
Is buſy as a bee;
Hearts, ſound as any bell or roach,
Are ſmit and ſigh like me.

Ay me! as thick as hops or hail,
The fire men crowd about her;
But ſoon as dead as a door nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her ſhape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be ſcot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the ſun is brighter.

As ſoft as pap her kiſſes are,
Methinks I taſte them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet:

As ſmooth as glaſs, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words;
Her wit, like pepper, bites:

Briſk as a body-louſe ſhe trips,
Clean as a penny dreſt;
Sweet as a roſe her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breaſt.

Full as an egg was I with glee;
And happy as a king.
Good Lord! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing.

But, falſe as hell! ſhe, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her ſex muſt do;
Though ſeeming as the turtle kind,
And like the goſpel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru!
Great as an emperor ſhould I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any poſt;
Let us, like burs, together ſtick,
And warm as any toaſt.

You'll know me truer than a dye,
And wiſh me better ſped;
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun, ſhe'll drop a tear,
And ſigh perhaps, and wiſh,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fiſh.

NEWGATE'S GARLAND:
BEING
A NEW BALLAD,
SHEWING

How Mr. JONATHAN WILD's throat was cut from Ear to Ear with a Penknife, by Mr. BLAKE, alias BLUESKIN, the Bold Highwayman, as he ſtood at his Trial at the OLD BAILEY, 1725.

To the Tune of "The Cut-purſe."

YE gallants of Newgate, whoſe fingers are nice,
In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice;
Ye ſharpers ſo rich, who can buy off the nooſe;
Ye honeſter poor rogues, who die in your ſhoes;
Attend and draw near,
Good news you ſhall hear,
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear;
How Blue-ſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

When

Then to the Old-Bailey this Blue-ſkin was led,
He held up his hand, his indictment was read,
And rattled his chains near him Jonathan ſtood,
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.
Then, hopeleſs of life,
He drew his penknife,
And made a ſad widow of Jonathan's wife.
But forty pounds paid her, her grief ſhall appeaſe,
And every man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

Some ſay there are courtiers of higheſt renown,
Who ſteal the King's gold, and leave him but a crown;
Some ſay there are peers, and ſome parliament-men,
Who meet once a year, to rob courtiers again:
Let them all take their ſwing,
To pillage the King,
And get a blue ribbon inſtead of a ſtring.
Now Blue-ſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,
Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies penſions;
Phyſicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering, fees:
Since this happy day,
Now every man may
Rob (as ſafe as in office) upon the highway.
For Blue-ſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

Some cheat in the cuſtoms, ſome rob the exciſe,
But he who robs both is eſteemed moſt wiſe.
Church wardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to ſteal from the altar:
But now to get gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the highway, ſince Jonathan's cold,
For Blue ſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

MISCELLANIES.

PROLOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR THE PASTORAL TRAGEDY OF

DIONE.

THERE was a time (O were thoſe days renew'd!)
Ere tyrant-laws had woman's will ſubdued;
Then nature rul'd; and Love devoid of art,
Spoke the contenting language of the heart.
Love uncontroul'd! inſipid, poor delight!
'Tis the reſtraint that whets our appetite.
Behold the beaſts who range the foreſts free;
Behold the birds who fly from tree to tree;
In their amours ſee Nature's power appear!
And do they love? Yes—one month in the year.
Were theſe the pleaſures of the golden reign?
And did free nature thus inſtruct the ſwain?
I envy not, ye nymphs, your amorous bowers:
Such harmleſs ſwains!—I'm e'en content with ours,
But yet there's ſomething in theſe ſylvan ſcenes,
That tells our fancy what the lover means.
Name but the moſſy bank, and moon-light grove,
Is there a heart that does not beat with love?
To-night we treat you with ſuch country-fare:
Then for your lover's ſake our author ſpare.
He draws no Hemſkirk boors, or home-bred clowns,
But the ſoft ſhepherds of Arcadia's downs.
When Paris on the three his judgment paſs'd,
I hope, you'll own the ſhepherd ſhew'd his taſte;
And Jove, all know, was a good judge of beauty,
Who made the nymph Caliſto break her duty;
Then was the country-nymph no aukward thing,
See what ſtrange revolutions time can bring!
Yet ſtill methinks an author's fate I dread,
Were it not ſafer beaten paths to tread
Of Tragedy; than o'er wide heaths to ſtray,
And ſeeking ſtrange adventures loſe his way?
No trumpet's clangor makes his heroine ſtart,
And tears the ſoldier from her bleeding heart.
He, fooliſh bard! nor pomp nor ſhow regards.
Without the witneſs of a hundred guards
His lovers ſigh their vows.—If ſleep ſhould take ye,
He has no battle, no loud drum to wake ye.
What no ſuch ſhifts? there's danger in't, 'tis true;
Yet ſpare him, as he gives you ſomething new.

A CONTEMPLATION ON

NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I ſtray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day;
Still nature's various face informs my ſenſe,
Of an all-wiſe, all-powerful Providence.
When the gay ſun firſt breaks the ſhades of night,
And ſtrikes the diſtant eaſtern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the ſmiling year:
The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces ſhow;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts ariſe,
And a pure azure arches o'er the ſkies.
But, when the gloomy reign of Night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boaſt,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty loſt:
No diſtant landſkips draw our curious eyes;
Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies.
Yet ſtill, e'en now, while darkneſs clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;

Millions

Millions of ſtars in heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hangs the boundleſs ſphere:
The ſilver moon her weſtern couch forſakes,
And o'er the ſkies her nightly circle makes;
Her ſolid globe beats back the ſunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether thoſe ſtars, that twinkling luſtre ſend,
Are ſuns, and rolling worlds thoſe ſuns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new ſchemes declare;
Yet all his ſyſtems but conjectures are.
But this we know, that heaven's eternal King,
Who bade this univerſe from nothing ſpring,
Can at his word bid numerous worlds appear,
And riſing worlds th' all-powerful word ſhall hear.

When to the weſtern main the ſun deſcends,
To other lands a riſing day he lends;
The ſpreading dawn another ſhepherd ſpies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds ariſe;
Refreſh'd, the peaſant ſeeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow ſoil.
While we in ſleep's embraces waſte the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light:
And when thoſe lands the buſy ſun forſakes,
With us again the roſy morning wakes;
In lazy ſleep the night rolls ſwift away,
And neither clime laments his abſent ray.

When the pure ſoul is from the body flown,
No more ſhall Night's alternate reign be known;
The ſun no more ſhall rolling light beſtow,
But from th' Almighty ſtreams of glory flow.
Oh, may ſome nobler thought my ſoul employ,
Than empty, tranſient, ſublunary joy!
The ſtars ſhall drop, the ſun ſhall loſe his flame;
But thou, O GOD, for ever ſhine the ſame.

A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the ſubterraneous flame
Shall burſt its priſon, and devour this frame,
From angry heaven when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat diſſolves the melting ſkies,
Thou ſtill ſhalt be; ſtill as thou wert before,
And know no change, when Time ſhall be no more.

O endleſs thought! divine Eternity!
Th' immortal ſoul ſhares but a part of thee;
For thou were preſent when our life began,
When the warm duſt ſhot up in breathing man.

Ah! What is life? with ills encompaſs'd round
Amidſt our hopes Fate ſtrikes the ſudden wound:
To-day the ſtateſman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow Death deſtroys his airy ſchemes;
Is mouldy treaſure in thy cheſt confin'd?
Think all that treaſure thou muſt leave behind;
Thy heir with ſmiles ſhall view thy blazon'd hearſe,
And all thy hoards with laviſh hand diſperſe.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will ſicken, and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves diſarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wiſh to ſtretch this narrow ſpan,
To ſuffer life beyond the date of man?
The virtuous ſoul purſues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wiſhes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity.
For, while the boundleſs theme extends our thought,
Ten thouſand thouſand rolling years are nought.

AN EPIGRAMMATICAL EXPOSTULATION.

FROM Mohock and from Hawkubite,
Good Lord, deliver me;
Who wander through the ſtreets by night,
Committing cruelty.

They ſlaſh our ſons with bloody knives,
And on our daughters fall;
And if they raviſh not our wives,
We have good luck withal.

Coaches and chairs they overturn,
Nay carts moſt eaſily:
Therefore from Gog, and eke Magog,
Good Lord, deliver me!

EPITAPH OF BYE-WORDS.

HERE lies a round woman, who thought mighty *odd*
Every word ſhe e'er heard in this church about God.
To convince her of *God*, the good Dean did endeavour,
But ſtill in her heart ſhe held *Nature* more *clever*.
Though he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
Upon ſomething or other, ſhe found better *fun*.
For the dame, by her ſkill in affairs aſtronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the clouds was but *comical*.
In this world, ſhe deſpis'd every ſoul ſhe met here,
And now ſhe's in t'other, ſhe thinks it but *queer*.

MY OWN EPITAPH.

LIFE is a jeſt, and all things ſhow it;
I thought ſo once, but now I know it.

A MOTTO,

FOR THE OPERA OF MUTIUS SCÆVOLA.

WHO here blames words, or verſes, ſongs, or ſingers,
Like Mutius Scævola will burn his fingers.

WINE.

WINE.

A POEM.

"Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina poſſunt,
"Quæ ſcribuntur aquæ potoribus."

OF happineſs terreſtrial, and the ſource
Whence human pleaſures flow, ſing, heavenly Muſe;
Of ſparkling juices, of th' enlivening grape,
Whoſe quickening taſte adds vigour to the ſoul,
Whoſe ſovereign power revives decaying Nature,
And thaws the frozen blood of hoary age,
A kindly warmth diffuſing;—youthful fires
Gild his dim eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
His wrinkled viſage, ghaſtly wan before:
Cordial reſtorative to mortal man,
With copious hand by bounteous gods beſtow'd!
Bacchus divine, aid my adventurous ſong,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar.
Inſpir'd, ſublime, on Pegaſean wing,
By thee upborne, I draw Miltonic air.
When ſumy vapours clog our loaded brows
With furrow'd frowns; when ſtupid, downcaſt eyes,
Th' external ſymptoms of remorſe within,
Expreſs our grief; or when in ſullen dumps,
With head incumbent on expanded palm,
Moping we ſit, in ſilent ſorrow drown'd:
Whether inveigling Hymen has trepann'd
Th' unwary youth, and tied the Gordian knot
Of jangling wedlock not to be diſſolv'd;
Worry'd all day by loud Xantippe's din,
Who fails not to exalt him to the ſtars,
And fix him there among the branched crew
(Taurus, and Aries, and Capricorn,
The greateſt monſters of the Zodiac):
Or for the loſs of anxious worldly pelf,
Or Cælia's ſcornful ſlights, and cold diſdain,
Which check'd his amorous flame with coy repulſe;
The worſt events that mortals can befall:
By cares depreſs'd, in penſive hyppiſh mood,
With ſloweſt pace the tedious minutes roll.
Thy charming ſight, but much more charming guſt,
New life incites, and warms our chilly blood.
Straight with pert looks we raiſe our drooping fronts,
And pour in cryſtal pure, thy purer juice;
With cheerful countenance and ſteady hand
Raiſe it lip-high, then fix the ſpacious rim
To the expecting mouth;—with grateful taſte,
The ebbing wine glides ſwiftly o'er the tongue;
The circling blood with quicker motion flies:
Such is thy powerful influence, thou ſtraight
Diſpell'ſt thoſe clouds, that, louring dark, eclips'd
The whilom glories of the gladſome face;
While dimpled cheeks, and ſparkling, rolling eyes,
Thy cheering virtues and thy worth proclaim.
So miſts and exhalations that ariſe,
From *hills, or ſteamy lake, duſky or grey,*
Prevail; till Phœbus ſheds Titanian rays,
And paints their fleecy ſkirts with ſhining gold:
Unable to reſiſt the foggy damps,
That veil'd the ſurface of the verdant fields,
At the god's penetrating beams diſperſe;
The earth again in former beauty ſmiles,
In gaudieſt livery dreſt, all gay and clear.
When diſappointed Strephon meets repulſe,
Scoff'd at, deſpis'd, in melancholic mood,
Joyleſs he waſtes in ſighs the lazy hours;
Till, reinforc'd by thy moſt potent aid,
He ſtorms the breach, and wins the beauteous fort.
To pay thee homage, and receive thy bleſſing,
The Britiſh ſeaman quits his native ſhore,
And ventures through the trackleſs, deep abyſs,
Plowing the ocean, while the upheav'd oak,
"With beaked prow, rides lifting o'er the waves;"
Shock'd by tempeſtuous jarring winds, ſhe rolls
In dangers imminent, till ſhe arrives
At thoſe beſt climes thou favour'ſt with thy preſence.
Whether at Luſitania's ſultry coaſt,
Or lofty Teneriffe, Palma, Ferro,
Provence, or at the Celtiberian ſhores;
With gazing pleaſure and aſtoniſhment
At Paradiſe (ſeat of our ancient ſire)
He thinks himſelf arriv'd; the purple grapes,
In largeſt cluſters pendant, grace the vines
Innumerous; in fields groteſque and wild
They with implicit curls the oak entwine,
And load with fruit divine his ſpreading boughs;
Sight moſt delicious! not an irkſome thought,
Or of left native iſle, or abſent friends,
Or deareſt wife, or tender ſucking babe,
His kindly-treacherous memory now preſents:
The jovial God has left no room for cares.
Celeſtial liquor! thou that didſt inſpire
Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
With lofty numbers, and heroic ſtrains
Unparallel'd; with eloquence profound,
And arguments convictive, didſt enforce
Fam'd Tully, and Demoſthenes renown'd;
Ennius, firſt fam'd in Latin ſong, in vain
Drew Heliconian ſtreams ungrateful whet
To jaded Muſe, and oft', with vain attempt,
Heroic acts, in flagging numbers dull
With pains eſſay'd, but, abject ſtill and low,
His unrecruited Muſe could never reach
The mighty theme, till, from the purple fount
Of bright Lenæan fire, her barren drought
He quench'd, and with inſpiring nectarous juice
Her drooping ſpirits cheer'd;—aloft the towers,
Borne on ſtiff pennons, and of war's alarms,
And trophies won, in loftieſt numbers ſings.
'Tis thou the hero's breaſt to martial acts,
And reſolution bold, and ardour brave,
Excit'ſt, thou check'ſt inglorious, lolling eaſe,
And ſluggiſh minds with generous fires inflam'ſt.
O thou, that firſt my quicken'd ſoul didſt warm,
Still with thy aid aſſiſt me, that thy praiſe,
Thy univerſal ſway o'er all the world,
In everl'ſting numbers, like the theme,
I may record, and ſing thy matchleſs worth.

Had the Oxonian bard thy praiſe rehears'd,
His Muſe had yet retain'd her wonted height;
Such as of late o'er Blenheim's fields ſhe ſoar'd
Aerial: now in Ariconian bogs
She lies inglorious floundering, like her theme
Languid and faint, and on damp wing, immerg'd
In acid juice in vain attempts to riſe.
With what ſublimeſt joy ſome noiſy town,
At rural feaſt Lucretius retir'd:
Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares,
Where the white poplar and the lofty pine,
Join neighbouring boughs, ſweet hoſpitable ſhade
Creating, from Phœbean rays ſecure
A cool retreat, with new well-choſen friends,
On flowery mead recumbent ſpent the hours
In mirth innocuous, and alternate verſe!
With roſes interwoven, poplar wreaths
Their temples bind, dreſs of ſylveſtrian gods!
Choiceſt nectarean juice crown'd largeſt bowls,
And overlook'd the brim, alluring ſight.
Of fragrant ſcent, attractive, taſte divine!
Whether from Formian-grape depreſs'd, Falern,
Or Setin, Meſſic, Gauran, or Sabine,
Leſbian or Cæcuban, the cheering bowl
Mov'd briſkly round, and ſpurr'd their heighten'd wit
To ſing Mæcenas' praiſe, their patron kind.
But we not as our priſtine ſires repair
T' umbragrous grot or vale; but, when the ſun
Faintly from weſtern ſkies his rays oblique
Darts ſloping, and to Thetis' watery lap
Haſtens in prone career, with friends ſelect
Swiftly we hie to Devil *, young or old,
Jocund and boon, where at the entrance ſtands
A ſtripling, who with ſcrapes and humil cringe
Greets us in winning ſpeech, and accent bland;
With lighteſt bound, and ſafe, unerring ſtep,
He ſkips before, and nimbly climbs the ſtairs:
Melampus thus, panting with lolling tongue,
And wagging tail, gambols, and friſks before
His ſequent lord, from penſive walk return'd,
Whether in ſhady wood, or paſture green,
And waits his coming at the well known gate.—
Nigh to the ſtairs' aſcent, in regal port,
Sits a majeſtic dame, whoſe looks denounce
Command and ſovereignty; with haughty air,
And ſtudied mien, in ſemi-circular throne
Encloſ'd, ſhe deals around her dread commands;
Behind her, dazzling ſight! in order rang'd,
Pile above pile, cryſtalline veſſels ſhine;
Attendant ſlaves with cayer ſtrides advance,
And, after homage paid bawl out aloud
Words unintelligible, noiſe confus'd:
She knows the jargon ſounds, and ſtraight deſcribes,
In characters myſterious, words obſcure;
More legible are algebraic ſigns,
Or myſtic figures by magicians drawn,
When they invoke th' infernal ſpirits aid.
Drive hence the rude and barbarous diſſonance
Of ſavage Thracians, and Croatian boors;
The loud Centaurian broils with Lapithæ
Sound harſh and grating to Lenæan god;
Chaſe brutal feuds of Belgian ſkippers hence
(Amid their cups, whoſe innate temper's ſhewn),
In clumſy fiſt wielding ſcymmetrian knife,
Who ſlaſh each other's eyes and blubber'd face,
Profaning Bacchanalian, ſolemn rites;
Muſic's harmonious numbers better ſuit
His feſtivals, from inſtruments or voice,
Or Gaſparini's hand the trembling ſtring
Should touch; or from the dulcet Tuſcan dames,
Or warbling Toſt's far more melodious tongue,
Sweet ſymphonies ſhould flow the Delian god
For airy Bacchus is aſſociate meet.
The ſtairs aſcent now gain'd, our guide unbars
The door of ſpacious room, and creeking chairs
To ear offenſive round the table ſets.
We ſit, when thus his florid ſpeech begins:
"Name, Sirs, the wine that moſt invites your taſte
"Champaign, or Burgundy, or Florence pure,
"Or Hock antique, or Liſbon new or old,
"Bourdeaux or neat French wine, or Alicant."
For Bourdeaux we with voice unanimous
Declare ſuch ſympathy's in boon compeers)
He quits the room alert, but ſoon returns;
One hand capacious glitt'ring veſſels bears
Reſplendent; t'other, with a graſp ſecure,
A bottle (mighty charge) upſtaid, full-fraught
With goodly wine. He, with extended hand
Rais'd high pours forth his ſanguine frothy juice,
O'erſpread with bubbles, diſſipated ſoon:
We ſtraight to arms repair, experienc'd chiefs;
Now glaſſes claſh with glaſſes (charming ſound!)
And glorious Anna's health, the firſt, the beſt,
Crowns the full glaſs,—at her inſpiring name,
The ſprightly wine reſults, and ſeems to ſmile;
With hearty zeal, and wiſh unanimous,
Her health we drink and in her health our own.
A pauſe enſues, and now with grateful chat
W' improve the interval; and joyous mirth
Engages our rais'd ſouls, pat repartee,
Or witty joke, our airy ſenſes moves
To pleaſant laughter; ſtraight the echoing room
With univerſal peals and ſhouts reſound.
The royal Dane, bleſt conſort of the queen,
Next crowns the ruby'd nectar, all whoſe bliſs
In Anna's plac'd: with ſympathetic flame,
And mutual endearments, all her joys.
Like the kind turtle's pure untainted love,
Centre in him, who ſhares the grateful hearts
Of loyal ſubjects with his ſovereign queen;
For, by his prudent care, united ſhores
Were ſav'd from hoſtile fleets invaſion dire.
The hero Marlborough next, whoſe vaſt exploits
Fame's clarion ſounds; freſh laurels, triumphs new,
We wiſh like thoſe he won at Hochſtet's field.
Next Devonſhire illuſtrious, who from race
Of nobleſt patriots ſprung, whoſe worthy ſoul
Is with each fair and virtuous gift adorn'd.
Thus ſhone in his moſt worthy anceſtors:
For ſtrength diſtinct in Clarendon breaſt were ſeen
Virtues aſſimil, but all in him unite.
Prudent

* The Devil-Tavern, Temple-bar, frequented by his friends.

dent Godolphin, of the *nation's* weal
but free and generous of *his own*,
rowns the bowl; with faithful Sunderland
Halifax, the Muſes' darling ſon,
om conſpicuous, with full luſtre, ſhine
ireſt judgment and the brighteſt wit,
lf Mæcenas and a Flaccus too.—
ll the worthies of the Britiſh realm,
r rang'd, ſucceed; ſuch healths as tinge
lcet wine with a more charming guſt.
r each his miſtreſs toaſts, by whoſe bright eye
r'd; Coſmelia fair, or Dulcibell',
via, comely black, with jetty eyes
ig; or airy Cælia, ſprightly maid!—
bly thus flow unnumber'd hours;
ucceeds glaſs, till the Dircean god
in our eyes, and with his fulgent rays
tens our glad looks with lovely dye:
the and jolly, that, like Arthur's knights,
ind table, fam'd in old records,
noſt we ſeem'd—ſuch is the power of WINE.
s we the winged hours in harmleſs mirth
ys unſully'd paſs, till humid night
lf her race perform'd; now all abroad
h'd and ſilent, nor the rumbling noiſe
ch or cart, or ſmoky link-boy's call,
d—but univerſal ſilence reigns:
we in merry plight, airy and gay
'd to find the hours ſo ſwiftly fly,
taſty knock, or twang of pendent cord.
the drowſy youth from ſlumbering nod;
d he flies, and ſtumbles o'er the ſtairs
ous, and with buſy knuckle plies
t clung eye-lids, and with ſtaggering reel
confus'd, and muttering aſks our wil's;
we with liberal hand the ſcore diſcharge,
omeward each his courſe with ſteady ſtep
ng ſteers, of cares and coin bereft.

THE

LAMENTATION of GLUMDALCLITCH for the Loſs of GRILDRIG. *

A PASTORAL.

N as Glumdalclitch miſs'd her pleaſing care,
pt, ſhe blubber'd, and ſhe tore her hair.
tiſh miſs ſincerer grief has known,
irrel miſſing, or her ſparrow flown.
l'd her ſampler, and haul'd in her thread,
ck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
pread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
by, like the giant in Guildhall.
of thunder now ſhe roars, and now
ny whimpers like a lowing cow:
ely in her ſorrow ſtill appears;
ks diſhevel'd, and her flood of tears,

Seem like the lofty barn of ſome rich ſwain,
When from the thatch drips faſt a ſhower of rain.
In vain ſhe ſearch'd each cranny of the houſe,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouſe.
"Was it for this (ſhe cry'd) with daily care,
"Within thy reach I ſet the vinegar;
"And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
"While pepper-water worms thy bait ſupply'd,
"Where twin'd the ſilver eel around thy hook,
"And all the little monſters of the brook?
"Sure in that lake he dropt: My Grilly's drown'd."—
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
"Vain is thy courage, Grilly vain thy boaſt:
"But little creatures enterprize the moſt.
"I trembling, I've ſeen thee dare the kitten's paw,
"Nay, mix with children as they play'd at taw;
"Nor fear'd the marbles as they bounding flew:
"Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.
"Why did I truſt thee with that giddy youth!
"Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
"Vers'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
"To ſome lord's daughter ſold the living toy.
"Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
"As children tear the wings of flies away.
"From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
"And never will return, or bring thee home.
"But who hath eyes to trace the paſſing wind?
"How then thy fairy footſteps can I find?
"Doſt thou bewilder'd wander all alone,
"In the green thicket of a moſſy ſtone;
"Or, tumbled from the toadſtool's ſlippery round,
"Perhaps all maim'd, lie groveling on the ground?
"Doſt thou, imboſom'd in the lovely roſe,
"Or ſunk within the peach's down, repoſe?
"Within the king cup if thy limbs are ſpread,
"Or in the golden cowſlip's velvet head:
"O ſhew me, Flora, 'midſt thoſe ſweets, the flower
"Where ſleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bower!
"But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
"On little females, and on little loves;
"Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny ſpouſe,
"The baby-playthings that adorn thy houſe,
"Doors, windows, chimneys, and the ſpacious rooms
"Equal in ſize to cells of honeycombs.
"Haſt thou for theſe now ventur'd from the ſhore,
"Thy bark a bean-ſhell, and a ſtraw thy oar?
"Or in thy box now bounding on the main?
"Shall I ne'er bear thyſelf and houſe again?
"And ſhall I ſet thee on my hand no more,
"To ſee thee leap the lines, and traverſe o'er
"My ſpacious palm, of ſtature ſcarce a ſpan,
"Mimic the actions of a real man?
"No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
"As ſeamen at a capſtan anchors weigh?
"How waſt thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
"A diſh of tea, like milk-pail, on thy head!

* Faulkener's edition this poem is aſcribed , and the Lilliputian Ode to Arbuthnot.

"How chaſe the mite that bore thy cheeſe away.
"And keep the rolling maggot at a bay!"
She ſaid: but broken accents ſtopt her voice,
Soft as the ſpeaking trumpet's mellow noiſe.
She ſobb'd a ſtorm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which ſeem'd like two broad ſuns in miſty ſkies!
O! ſquander not thy grief; thoſe tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland.
The plenteous pickle ſhall preſerve the fiſh,
And Europe taſte thy ſorrows in a diſh.

TO

QUINBUS FLESTRIN, the MAN-MOUNTAIN.

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

I.

IN amaze
Loſt, I gaze.
Can your eyes
Reach thy ſize?
May my lays
Swell with praiſe,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muſe, inſpire
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they ſaid
Atlas' head
Propt the ſkies;
See! and believe your eyes!

II.

See him ſtride
Valleys wide:
Over woods,
Over floods.
When he treads,
Mountains heads
Groan and ſhake:
Armies quake,
Leſt his ſpurn
Overturn
Man and ſteed.
Troops, take heed!
Leſt and right
Speed your flight!
Leſt an hoſt
Beneath his foot be loſt.

III.

Turn'd aſide
From his hide
Safe from wound
Darts rebound.
From his noſe
Clouds he blows;
When he ſpeaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune ſhrinks!
Nigh thy ear
In mid air,
On thy hand,
Let me ſtand,
So ſhall I
(Lofty Poet!) touch the ſky.

A RECEIPT for STEWING VEAL.

WITH NOTES BY THE AUTHOR.

TAKE a knuckle of veal;
You may buy it or ſteal.
In a few pieces cut it.
In a ſtewing-pan put it,
Salt, pepper, and mace
Muſt ſeaſon this knuckle;
Then * what's join'd to a place
With other herbs muckle;
That which killed king † Will;
And what never ‡ ſtands ſtill.

Some ‖ ſprigs of that bed
Where children are bred,
Which much you will mend, ‖
Both ſpinnage and endive,
And lettuce, and beet,
With marygold meet.
Put no water at all;
For it maketh things ſmall,
Which, leſt it ſhould happen,
A cloſe cover clap on.
Put this po[t] of § Wood's metal
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach)
About—let me ſee—
Thrice as long as you preach ¶:
So ſkimming the fat off,
Say grace with your hat off,
O then! with what rapture
Will it fill dean and chapter!

* Vulgo, ſalary.
† Suppoſed ſorrel.
‡ This is by Dr. Bentley, thought to be time, or thyme.

‖ Parſley. Vide Chamberlayne.
§ Of this compoſition, ſee the Works of t[he] Copper-farthing Dean.
¶ Which we ſuppoſe to be near four hours.

ACIS AND GALATEA,

A

SERENATA.

THE MUSIC BY MR. HANDEL.

PART THE FIRST.

A rural proſpect, diverſified with rocks, grov[es] and a river. Acis and Galatea ſeated by a fountain. Chorus of nymphs and ſhepher[ds] diſtributed about the landſcape; and Polyph[emus] diſcovered ſitting upon a mountain.

CHORUS.

O THE pleaſure of the plains!
Happy nymphs and happy ſwains
(Harmleſs, merry, free, and gay)
Dance and ſport the hours away.

For us the zephyr blows,
For us diſtils the dew,
For us unfolds the roſe,
And flowers diſplay their hue;

For us the winters rain;
For us the ſummers ſhine;
Spring ſwells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine.

Da Ca

RECITATIVE

GALATEA.

Ye verdant plains, and woody mountains,
Purling ſtreams, and bubbling fountains,
Ye painted glories of the field,
Vain are the pleaſures which you yield;
Too thin the ſhadow of the grove,
Too faint the gales, to cool my love.

Al

AIR.

Huſh, you pretty warbling choir,
Your thrilling ſtrains
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce deſire:
Ceaſe your ſong, and take your flight;
Bring back my Acis to my ſight.

Da Capo.

AIR

ACIS.

Where ſhall I ſeek the charming Fair?
Direct the way, kind genius of the mountains:
O tell me if you ſaw my dear;
Seeks ſhe the groves, or bathes in cryſtal fountains?

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

DAMON.

Stay, ſhepherd, ſtay!
See how thy flocks in yonder valley ſtray.
What means this melancholy air?
No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

AIR.

Shepherd, what art thou purſuing,
Heedleſs running to thy ruin?
Share our joy, our pleaſure ſhare:
Leave thy paſſion till to-morrow;
Let the day be free from ſorrow,
Free from love, and free from care.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Lo here, my Love!
Turn, Galatea, hither turn thine eyes;
See at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

AIR.

Love in her eyes ſits playing,
And ſheds delicious death;
Love in her lips is ſtraying,
And warbling in her breath:
Love on her breaſt ſits panting,
And ſwells with ſoft deſire:
Nor grace, nor charm, is wanting
To ſet the heart on fire.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

O! didſt thou know the pains of abſent love,
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

AIR.

As when the dove
Laments his love,
All on the naked ſpray;
When he returns,
No more ſhe mourns,
But loves the live-long day.
Billing, cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs, fill the grove;
Melting murmurs, laſting love.

DUET.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

Happy we!
What joys I feel!—What charms I ſee!
Of all youths, thou deareſt boy!
Of all nymphs, thou brighteſt fair!
Thou all my bliſs, thou all my joy!

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Happy we, &c.

ACIS AND GALATEA,

A

SERENATA.

PART THE SECOND.

A CONCERTO ON THE ORGAN.

CHORUS.

WRETCHED lovers! Fate has paſs'd
This ſad decree; no joy ſhall laſt.
Wretched lovers! quit your dream;
Behold the monſter Polypheme.
See what ample ſtrides he takes;
The mountain nods, the foreſt ſhakes;
The waves run frighten'd to the ſhores:
Hark! how the thundering Giant roars!

RECITATIVE accompanied.

POLYPHEME.

I rage, I melt, I burn,
The feeble God has ſtabb'd me to the heart.
Thou truſty pine,
Prop of my godlike ſteps, I lay thee by.
Bring me a hundred reeds, of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In ſoft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the cherry!
O ſweeter than the berry!
O Nymph more bright
Than moon-ſhine night,
Like kidlings blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting cluſter!
No lily has ſuch luſtre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging flame,
And fierce as ſtorms that bluſter!

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

POLYPHEMUS, GALATEA.

POLY. Whither, faireſt, art thou running,
Still my warm embraces ſhunning?

GAL. The lion calls not to his prey;
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin ſtay.

POLY. Thee Polyphemus, great as Jove,
Calls to empire, and to love:

To his palace in the rock,
To his dairy, to his flock;
To the grape of purple hue,
To the plum of gloſſy blue;
Wildings which expecting ſtand,
Proud to be gather'd by thy hand.

GAL. Of infant-limbs to make my food,
And ſwill full draughts of human blood!
Go, monſter bid ſome other gueſt:
I loath the hoſt; I loath the feaſt.

AIR.

POLYPHEMUS.

Ceaſe to beauty to be ſuing:
Ever whining love diſdaining,
Let the brave, their aims purſuing,
Still be conquering, not complaining.
Da Capo.

AIR.

DAMON.

Would you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suffering is the lover's part:
Beauty by conſtraint poſſeſſing,
You enjoy but half the bleſſing,
Lifeleſs charms without the heart.
Da Capo.

RECITATIVE

ACIS.

His hideous love provokes my rage;
Weak as I am, I muſt engage:
Inſpir'd with thy victorious charms,
The God of Love will lend his arms.

AIR.

Love ſounds th' alarm,
And fear is a flying:
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying?
In defence of my treaſure,
I'd bleed at each vein:
Without her no pleaſure;
For life is a pain.
Da Capo.

AIR.

DAMON.

Conſider, fond ſhepherd,
How fleeting's the pleaſure,
That flatters our hopes
In purſuit of the fair:
The joys that attend it,
By moments we meaſure;
But life is too little
To meaſure our care.
Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Ceaſe, O ceaſe, thou gentle youth;
Truſt my conſtancy and truth.
Truſt my truth, and powers above,
The powers propitious ſtill to Love.

TRIO.

ACIS, GALATEA, AND POLYPHEME.

ACIS and GALATEA.

The flocks ſhall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle-dove,
The nymphs forſake the fountains,
Ere I forſake my love.

POLY. Torture! fury! rage! deſpair!
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

ACIS and GALATEA.

Not ſhowers to larks ſo pleaſing,
Nor ſun-ſhine to the bee;
Not ſleep to toil ſo eaſing
As theſe dear ſmiles to me.

POLY. Fly ſwift, thou maſſy ruin, fly;
Die, preſumptuous Acis, die.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Help, Galatea! help, ye parent gods!
And ta' me dying to your deep abodes!

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye Muſes; weep, ye ſwains;
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful ſtrains;
Groans, cries and howlings, fill the neighbouring ſhore,
Ah!—the gentle Acis is no more.

SONG AND CHORUS.

GALATEA.

Muſt I my Acis ſtill bemoan,
Inglorious cruſh'd beneath that ſtone?
Muſt the lovely charming youth
Die for his conſtancy and truth?
Say, what comfort can you find?
For dark deſpair o'erclouds my mind.

CHORUS.

Ceaſe, Galatea, ceaſe to grieve;
Bewail not, when thou canſt relieve:
Call forth thy power, employ thy art;
The goddeſs ſoon can heal thy ſmart:
To kindred gods the youth return,
Through verdant plains to roll his urn.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

'Tis done: thus I exert my power divine:
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

AIR.

Heart, thou ſeat of ſoft delight!
Be thou now a fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a cryſtal flood;
Rock, thy hollow womb diſcloſe:
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows,
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murmuring ſtill his gentle love.

CHORUS.

Galatea dry thy tears:
Acis now a god appears.

See how he rears him from his bed;
See the wreath that binds his head.
Hail! thou gentle murmuring ſtream,
Shepherds' pleaſure, Muſes' theme;
Through the plain ſtill joy to rove,
Murmuring ſtill thy gentle love.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE STORY OF ACHELOUS AND HERCULES.

From OVID'S METAMORPHESES. Book IX.

THESEUS requeſts the God to tell his woes,
Whence his maim'd brow, and whence his groans aroſe;
When thus the Calydonian Stream reply'd,
With twining reeds his careleſs treſſes tied;
"Ungrateful is the tale; for who can bear,
"When conquer'd, to rehearſe the ſhameful war?
"Yet I'll the melancholy ſtory trace;
"So great a conqueror ſoftens the diſgrace:
"Nor was it ſtill ſo mean the prize to yield,
"As great and glorious to diſpute the field.
"Perhaps you've heard of Dejanira's name,
"For all the country ſpoke her beauty's fame.
"Long was the nymph by numerous ſuitors woo'd,
"Each with addreſs his envy'd hopes purſued:
"I join'd the loving band to gain the fair,
"Reveal'd my paſſion to her father's ear.
"Their vain pretenſions all the reſt reſign;
"Alcides only ſtrove to equal mine:
"He boaſts his birth from Jove, recounts his ſpoils,
"His ſtep-dame's hate ſubdued, and finiſh'd toils.
"Can mortals then (ſaid I) with gods compare?
"Behold a god; mine is the watery care:
"Through your wide realms I take my mazy way,
"Branch into ſtreams, and o'er the regions ſtray:
"No foreign gueſt your daughter's charms adores,
"But one who riſes in your native ſhores.
"Let not his puniſhment your pity move;
"Is Juno's hate an argument for love?
"Though you your life from fair Alcmena drew,
"Jove's a feign'd father, or by fraud a true.
"Chooſe then; confeſs thy mother's honour loſt,
"Or thy deſcent from Jove no longer boaſt."
While thus I ſpoke, he look'd with ſtern diſdain,
Nor could the ſallies of his wrath reſtrain,
Which thus broke forth; "This arm decides our right;
"Vanquiſh'd in words; be mine the prize in fight!"
"Bold he ruſh'd on. My honour to maintain,
"I fling my verdant garments on the plain.
"My arms ſtretch forth, my pliant limbs prepare,
"And with bent hands expect the furious war.
"O'er my ſleek ſkin now gather'd duſt he throws,
"And yellow ſand his mighty muſcles ſtrows.
"Oft' he my neck and nimble legs aſſails,
"He ſeems to graſp me, but as often fails:
"Each part he now invades with eager hand;
"Safe in my bulk, immoveable I ſtand.
"So when loud ſtorms break high, and foam and roar
"Againſt ſome mole that ſtretches from the ſhore;
"The firm foundation laſting tempeſts braves,
"Defies the warring winds, and driving waves.
"Awhile we breathe, then forward ruſh amain,
"Renew the combat, and our ground maintain;
"Foot ſtrove with foot, I prone extend my breaſt,
"Hands war with hands, and forehead forehead preſs'd.
"Thus have I ſeen two furious bulls engage,
"Inflam'd with equal love, and equal rage;
"Each claims the faireſt heifer of the grove,
"And conqueſt only can decide their love:
"The trembling herds ſurvey the fight from far,
"Till victory decides th' important war.
"Three times in vain he ſtrove my joints to wreſt,
"To force my hold, and throw me from his breaſt;
"The fourth he broke my gripe, that claſp'd him round,
"Then with new force he ſtretch'd me on the ground;
"Cloſe to my back the mighty burden clung,
"As if a mountain o'er my limbs were flung.
"Believe my tale; nor do I boaſtful, aim
"By feign'd narration to extol my fame.
"No ſooner from his graſp I freedom get,
"Unlock my arms, that flow'd with trickling ſweat,
"But quick he ſeiz'd me, and renew'd the ſtrife,
"As my exhauſted boſom pants for life:
"My neck he gripes, my knee to earth he ſtrains:
"I fall, and bite the ſand with ſhame and pains.
"O'er-match'd in ſtrength, to wiles and arts I take,
"And ſlip his hold, in form of ſpeckled ſnake;
"Who, when I wreath'd in ſpires my body round,
"Or ſhew'd my forky-tongue with hiſſing ſound,
"Smiles at my threats. Such foes my cradle knew,
"He cries; dire ſnakes my infant-hand o'erthrew;
"A dragon's form might other conqueſts gain;
"To war with me you take that ſhape in vain.

"Art

"Art thou proportion'd to the Hydra's length,
"Who by his wounds receiv'd augmented
strength?
"He rais'd a hundred hissing heads in air;
"When one I lopp'd, up sprung a dreadful pair.
"By his wounds fertile, and with slaughter
strong,
"Singly I quell'd him, and stretch'd dead along.
"What canst thou do, a form precarious, prone,
"To rouze my rage with terrors not thy own?"
He said; and round my neck his hands he cast,
"And with his straining fingers wrung me fast:
"My throat he tortur'd, close as pincers clasp,
"In vain I strove to loose the forceful grasp.
"Thus vanquish'd too, a third form still remains,
"Chang'd to a bull, my lowing fills the plains.
"Straight on the left his nervous arms were thrown
"Upon my brindled neck, and tugg'd it down;
"Then deep he struck my horn into the sand,
"And fell'd my bulk along the dusty land.
"Nor yet his fury cool'd; 'twixt rage and scorn,
"From my maim'd front he tore the stubborn horn;
"This, heap'd with flowers and fruits, the Naiads bear,
"Sacred to plenty, and the bounteous year."
He spoke; when lo! a beauteous nymph appears,
Girt, like Diana's train, with flowing hairs;
The horn she brings, in which all autumn's stor'd,
And ruddy apples for the second board.
Now morn begins to dawn, the sun's bright fire
Gilds the high mountains, and the youths retire;
Nor stay'd they, till the troubled stream subsides
And in its bounds with peaceful current glides.
But Acheloüs in his oozy bed
Deep hides his brow deform'd, and rustic head:
No real wound the victor's triumph show'd.
But his lost honours griev'd the watery god;
Yet ev'n that loss the willow's leaves o'erspread,
And verdant reeds, in garlands, bind his head.

THE

DEATH OF NESSUS.

THE CENTAUR.

THIS virgin too, thy love, O Nessus, found,
To her alone you owe the fatal wound.
As the strong son of Jove his bride conveys.
Where his paternal lands their bulwarks raise;
Where from her source Evenus pours
Her rapid current, swell'd by wintery showers,
He came. The frequent eddies whirl'd the tide,
And the deep rolling waves all pass deny'd.
As for himself, he stood unmov'd by fears,
For now his bridal charge employ'd his cares.
The strong-limb'd Nessus thus officious cry'd
(For he the shallows of the stream had try'd),
Swim thou, Alcides, all thy strength prepare;
On yonder bank I'll lodge thy nuptial care.
Th' Aonian chief to Nessus trusts his wife,
All pale, and trembling for her hero's life:
Cloth'd as he stood in the fierce lion's hide,
The laden quiver o'er his shoulder ty'd
(For cross the stream his bow and club were cast);
Swift he plung'd in; these billows shall be pass'd.
He said, nor sought where smoother waters glide,
But stem'd the rapid dangers of the tide;
The bank he reach'd: again the bow he bears;
When, hark! his bride's known voice alarms his ears.
Nessus, to thee I call (aloud he cries);
Vain is thy trust in flight, be timely wise:
Thou monster double-shap'd, my right set free,
If thou no reverence owe my fame and me,
Yet kindred should thy lawless lust deny.
Think not, perfidious wretch, from me to fly,
Though wing'd with horse's speed; wounds shall pursue:
Swift as his words the fatal arrow flew:
The Centaur's back admits the feather'd wood,
And through his breast the barbed weapon stood;
Which when, in anguish, through the flesh he tore,
From both the wounds gush'd forth the spumy gore,
Mix'd with Lernæan venom; this he took,
Nor dire revenge his dying breast forsook.
His garments, in the reeking purple dy'd,
To rouze love's passion, he presents the bride.

The DEATH of HERCULES.

NOW a long interval of time succeeds,
When the great son of Jove's immortal deeds,
And step-dame's hate had fill'd earth's utmost round;
He from Oechalia, with new laurels crown'd
In triumph was return'd. He rites prepares,
And to the king of gods directs his prayers,
When Fame (who falsehood clothes in truth's disguise,
And swells her little bulk with growing lies)
Thy tender ear, O Dejanira mov'd,
That Hercules the fair Iole lov'd.
Her love believes the tale; the truth she fears
Of his new passion, and gives way to tears.
The flowing tears diffus'd her wretched grief,
Why seek I thus, from streaming eyes, relief?
She cries; indulge not thus these fruitless cares,
The harlot will but triumph in thy tears;
Let something be resolv'd, while yet there's time;
My bed not conscious of a rival's crime.
In silence shall I mourn, or loud complain?
Shall I seek Calydon, or here remain?
What though ally'd to Meleager's fame,
I boast the honours of a sister's name?
My wrongs, perhaps, now urge me to pursue
Some desperate deed, by which the world shall view

How

revenge and woman's rage can riſe,
/eltering in her blood the harlot dies.
various paſſions rul'd by turns her breaſt.
reſolves to ſen l the fatal veſt,
ih Lernæan gore, whoſe power might move
anew, and rouze declining love.
w ſhe what her ſid len rage beſtows,
he to Lichas truſts her future woes;
ft endearments ſhe the boy commands
the garment to her huſband's hands.
nwitting hero takes the gift in haſte,
: his ſhoulders Lerna's poiſon caſt.
the fire with frankincenſe he ſtrows,
:rs to the gods his holy vows;
the marble altar's poliſh'd ſrame
rth the grapy ſtream; the riſing flame
diſſolves the ſubtle poiſonous juice,
:ints his blood, and all his nerves bedews.
)nted fortitude he bore the ſmart,
a groan confeſs'd his burning heart.
h his patience was ſubdued by pain,
; the ſacred altar from the plain;
ide foreſts echo with his cries!
rip off the deathful robe he tries.
r he plucks the veſt, the ſkin he tears,
)gled muſcles and huge bones he bares,
ly ſight!) or, raging with his pain,
the ſticking plague he tugs in vain.
: red iron hiſſes in the flood,
the venom in his curdling blood.
:h the greedy flame his entrails glow,
d ſweats down all his body flow;
:king nerves burnt-up are burſt in twain,
:ing venom melts his ſwimming brain.
, lifting both his hands aloft, he cries,
' revenge dread empreſs of the ſkies;
i my death the rancour of thy heart,
wn with pleaſure, and enjoy my ſmart.
er pity mov'd a hoſtile breaſt
e I ſtand thy enemy profeſt),
nce this hateful life, with tortures torn,
) trouble, and to labours born.
the gift moſt welcome to my woe,
i a gift a ſtep-dame may beſtow.
)r this Buſiris was ſubdued,
barbarous temples reek'd with ſtrangers' blood?
n theſe arms, his fate Antæus found,
'd recruited vigour from the ground.
: triple-form'd Geryon fell?
fear the triple dog of hell?
theſe hands the bull's arm'd forehead hold?
)ur mighty toils in Elis told?
Stymphalian lakes proclaim my fame?
Parthenian woods reſound my name?
:'d the golden belt of Thermodon?
; the dragon-guarded apples won?
ie fierce Centaur's ſtrength my force withſtand,
:ll boar that ſpoil'd th' Arcadian land?
theſe arms the Hydra's rage ſubdue,
m his wounds to double fury grew?
What if the Thracian horſes, fat with gore,
Who human bodies in their mangers tore,
I ſaw, and with their barbarous lord o'erthrew?
What if theſe hands Nemæa's lion ſlew?
Did not this neck the heavenly globe ſuſtain?—
The female partner of the thunderer's reign,
Fatigu'd, at length ſuſpends her harſh commands;
Yet no fatigue hath ſlack'd theſe valiant hands.
But now new plagues purſue me; neither force,
Nor arms, nor darts, can ſtop their raging courſe.
Devouring flame through my rack'd entrails ſtrays,
And on my lungs and ſhrivel'd muſcles preys;
Yet ſtill Euryſtheus breathes the vital air!
What mortal now ſhall ſeek the gods with prayer?

THE TRANSFORMATION

OF

LYCHAS INTO A ROCK.

THE hero ſaid; and, with the torture ſtung,
Furious o'er Oete's lofty hills he ſprung:
Stuck with the ſhaft, thus ſcours the tiger round,
And ſeeks the flying author of his wound.
Now might you ſee him trembling, now he vents
His anguiſh'd ſoul in groans and loud laments;
He ſtrives to tear the clinging veſt in vain,
And with up-rooted foreſts ſtrews the plain;
Now, kindling into rage, his hands he rears,
And to his kindred gods directs his prayers.
When Lychas, lo, he ſpies; who trembling flew,
And, in a hollow rock conceal'd from view,
Had ſhunn'd his wrath. Now grief renew'd his pain,
His madneſs chaf'd, and thus he raves again:
Lychas, to thee alone my fate I owe,
Who bore the gift, the cauſe of all my woe.
The youth all pale with ſhivering fear was ſtung,
And vain excuſes faulter'd on his tongue.
Alcides ſnatch'd him, as with ſuppliant face
He ſtrove to claſp his knees, and beg for grace.
He toſs'd him o'er his head with airy courſe,
And hurl'd with more than with an engine's force;
Far o'er th' Eubœan main aloft he flies,
And hardens by degrees amid the ſkies.
So ſhowery drops, when chilly tempeſts blow,
Thicken at firſt, then whiten into ſnow;
In balls congeal'd the rolling fleeces bound,
In ſolid hail reſul. upon the ground.
Thus, whirl'd with nervous force through diſtant air,
The purple tide forſook hi veins with fear;
All moiſture left his limbs. Transform'd to ſtone,
In ancient days the craggy flint was known;
Still in th' Eubœan waves hi. front he rears,
Still the ſmall rock in human form appears,
And ſtill the name of hapleſs Lychas bears.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF HERCULES.

BUT now the hero of immortal birth
Fells Oete's foreſts on the groaning earth;
A pile he builds; to Philoctetes' care
He leaves his deathful inſtruments of war;
To him commits thoſe arrows, which again
Muſt ſee the bulwarks of the Trojan reign.
The ſon of Pæan lights the lofty pyre,
High round the ſtructure climbs the greedy fire;
Plac'd on the top, thy nervous ſhoulders ſpread
With the Nemæan ſpoils thy careleſs head;
Rais'd on the knotty club, with look divine;
Here thou, dread hero of celeſtial line,
Waſt ſtretch'd at eaſe; as when, a cheerful gueſt,
Wine crown'd thy bowls, and flowers thy temples dreſt.
Now on all ſides the potent flames aſpire,
And crackle round thoſe limbs that mock the fire.
A ſudden tremor ſeiz'd th' immortal hoſt,
Who thought the world's profeſt defender loſt.
This when the thunderer ſaw, with ſmiles he cries,
'Tis from your fears, ye gods, my pleaſures riſe;
Joy ſwells my breaſt, that my all-ruling hand
O'er ſuch a grateful people boaſts command,
That you my ſuffering progeny would aid;
Though to his deeds this juſt reſpect be paid,
Me you've oblig'd. Be all your fears forborn,
Th' Oetean fires do thou, great hero, ſcorn.
Who vanquiſh'd all things, ſhall ſubdue the flame.
That part alone of groſs maternal frame
Fire ſhall devour; white what from me he drew
Shall live immortal, and its force ſubdue;
That, when he's dead, I'll raiſe to realms above;
May all the powers the righteous act approve!
If any god diſſent, and judge too great
The ſacred honours of the heavenly ſeat,
Ev'n he ſhall own, his deeds deſerve the ſky,
Ev'n he, reluctant, ſhall at length comply.
Th' aſſembled powers aſſent. No frown till now
Had mark'd with paſſion vengeful Juno's brow.
Meanwhile whate'er was in the power of flame
Was all conſum'd, his body's nervous frame
No more was known;—of human form bereft,
Th' eternal part of Jove alone was left.
As an old ſerpent caſts his ſcaly veſt,
Wreathes in the ſun, in youthful glory dreſt;
So when Alcides mortal mould reſign'd,
His better part enlarg'd, and grew refin'd,
Auguſt his viſage ſhone; almighty Jove
In his ſwift car his honour'd offſpring drove;
High o'er the hollow clouds the courſers fly,
And lodge the hero in the ſtarry ſky.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF GALANTHIS.

ATLAS perceiv'd the load of heaven's new gueſt.
Revenge ſtill rancour'd in Euryſtheus' breaſt
Againſt Alcides' race. Alcmena goes
To Iole, to vent maternal woes;
Here ſhe pours forth her grief, recounts the ſpoils
Her ſon had bravely reap'd in glorious toils.
This Iole, by Hercules' commands,
Hyllus had lov'd, and join'd in nuptial bands.
Her ſwelling womb the teeming birth confeſs'd;—
To whom Alcmena thus her ſpeech addreſs'd:
O may the gods protect thee, in that hour,
When mid'ſt thy throes thou call'ſt th' Ilithyan power!
May no delays prolong thy racking pain,
As when I ſued for Juno's aid in vain!
When now Alcides' mighty birth drew nigh,
And the tenth ſign roll'd forward on the ſky,
My womb extends with ſuch a mighty load,
As Jove the parent of the burden ſhow'd.
I could no more th' increaſing ſmart ſuſtain:
My horror kindles to recount the pain;
Cold chills my limbs while I the tale purſue,
And now methinks I feel my pangs anew.
Seven days and nights amidſt inceſſant throes,
Fatigued with ills I lay nor knew repoſe;
When lifting high my hands, in ſhrieks I pray'd,
Implor'd the gods, and call'd Lucina's aid.
She came, but prejudic'd, to give my fate
A ſacrifice to vengeful Juno's hate.
She hears the groaning anguiſh of my fits,
And on the altar at my door ſhe ſits;
O'er her left knee her croſſing leg ſhe caſt,
Then knits her fingers cloſe and wrings them faſt:
This ſtay'd the birth; in muttering verſe ſhe pray'd,
The muttering verſe th' unfiniſh'd birth delay'd.
Now with fierce ſtruggles, raging with my pain,
At Jove's ingratitude I rave in vain.
How did I wiſh for death! ſuch groans I ſent,
As might have made the flinty heart relent.
Now the Cadmeian matrons round me preſs,
Offer their vows, and ſeek to bring redreſs.
Among the Theban dames Galanthis ſtands,
Strong-limb'd, red-hair'd, and juſt to my commands:
She firſt perceiv'd that all theſe racking woes
From the perſiſting hate of Juno roſe.
As here and there ſhe paſs'd, by chance ſhe ſees
The ſeated goddeſs; on her cloſe-preſs'd knees
Her faſt-knit hands ſhe leans: with cheerful voice
Galanthis cries, Whoe'er thou art, rejoice;
Congratulate the dame, ſhe lies at reſt,
At length the gods Alcmena's womb have bleſt.
Swift from her ſeat the ſtartled goddeſs ſprings,
No more conceal'd, her hands abroad ſhe flings;
The charm unloos'd, the birth my pangs reliev'd;
Galanthis' laughter vex'd the power deceiv'd.
Fame ſays, the goddeſs dragg'd the laughing maid
Faſt by the hair; in vain her force eſſay'd
Her groveling body from the ground to rear;
Chang'd to fore-feet her ſhrinking arms appear;
Her hairy back her former hue retains,
The form alone is loſt; her ſtrength remains;
Who, ſince the lie did from her mouth proceed,
Shall from her pregnant mouth bring forth her brood.
Nor ſhall ſhe quit her long-frequented home,
But haunt thoſe houſes where ſhe liv'd to roam.

THE STORY of IOLAÜS RESTORED TO YOUTH.

ARGUMENT.

wing related the fable of her ſiſter Dryope, who changed into a tree for violating the bloſſoms of blant Lotis (once a nymph); while ſhe is diſſing on theſe matters with Alcmena, ſhe finds new ter of wonder in the ſudden change of Iolaüs to a h.

ILE Iolé the fatal change declares,
Alcmena's pitying hand oft' wip'd her tears.
oo ſtream'd down her cheeks; ſoon ſorrow flies,
ſing joy the trickling moiſture dries:
laüs ſtands before their eyes.
th he ſtood; and the ſoft down began
is ſmooth chin to ſpread, and promiſe man.
ubmitted to her huſband's prayers,
l new vigour, and reſtor'd his years.

THE PROPHECY of THEMIS.

from her lips a ſolemn oath hed paſs'd,
hat Iolaüs the gift alone ſhould taſte,
ot juſt Themis thus maturely ſaid
h check'd her vow, and aw'd the blooming maid):
is embroil'd in war. Capaneus ſtands
ble; but by the thunderer's hands
on ſhall the guilty * brothers fire,
ſh to mutual wounds, and both expire.
eling earth ſhall ope her gloomy womb,
the † yet breathing bard ſhall find his tomb.
ſon ſhall bathe his hands in parent's blood,
one act be both unjuſt and good.
e and ſenſe depriv'd, where'er he flies,
ries and his mother's ghoſt he ſpies.
ſe the fatal bracelet ſhall implore,
hegeus ſtain his ſword in kindred gore.
e ſhall then with ſuppliant prayer
on Jupiter's relenting ear.
all with youth her infant ſons inſpire,
d their boſoms glow with manly fire.

THE DEBATE of the GODS.

EN Themis thus with preſcient voice had ſpoke
mong the gods a various murmur broke;
ion roſe in each immortal breaſt,
ne ſhould grant what was deny'd the reſt.

Aurora for her aged ſpouſe complains,
And Ceres grieves for Jaſon's freezing veins;
Vulcan would Erichthonius' years renew;
Her future race the care of Venus drew,
She would Anchiſes' blooming age reſtore;
A different care employ'd each heavenly power.
Thus various intereſts did their jars increaſe,
Till Jove aroſe;—he ſpoke—their tumults ceaſe.
—Is any reverence to our preſence given?
Then why this diſcord 'mong the powers of heaven?
Who can the ſettled will of Fate ſubdue?
'Twas by the Fates that Iolaüs knew
A ſecond youth. The Fates' determin'd doom
Shall give Callirhoe's race a youthful bloom.
Arms nor ambition can this power obtain:
Quell your deſires; even Me the Fates reſtrain.
Could I their will control, no rolling years
Had Æacus bent down with ſilver hairs;
Then Rhadamanthus ſtill had youth poſſeſs'd,
And Minos with eternal bloom been bleſs'd.
Jove's words the ſynod mov'd; the powers give o'er,
And urge in vain unjuſt complaint no more.
Since Rhadamanthus' veins now ſlowly flow'd,
And Æacus and Minos bore the load;
Minos, who, in the flower of youth and fame,
Made mighty nations tremble at his name,
Infirm with age, the proud Miletus fears,
Vain of his birth, and in the ſtrength of years;
And now, regarding all his realms as loſt,
He durſt not force him from his native coaſt.
But you by choice, Miletus, fled his reign,
And your ſwift veſſel plow'd th' Ægean main;
On Aſiatic ſhores a town you frame,
Which ſtill is honour'd with the founder's name.
Here you Cyanee knew, the beauteous maid,
As on her father's winding banks ſhe ſtray'd:
Caunus and Byblis hence their lineage trace,
The double offſpring of your warm embrace.

* *Eteocles and Polynices.*
† *Amphiaraus.* ‡ *Alcmæon.*

THE STORY of ARACHNE,

From the Beginning of the Sixth Book of OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

ARGUMENT.

Pallas, viſiting the Muſes on their hill to ſee the fountain Hippocrene, is by them informed how the Pierides were changed into chattering pies for rivalling the nine ſiſters in ſong.—This ſtimulating the Goddeſs to take vengeance on Arachne, the daughter of Idmon, who defied her in her own art, gives riſe to the following ſtory.

PALLAS, attentive, heard the Muſes' ſong,
Pleas'd that ſo well they had reveng'd their wrongs
Reflecting thus,—A vulgar ſoul can praiſe;
My fame let glorious emulation raiſe:
Swift vengeance ſhall purſue th' audacious pride
That dares my ſacred Deity deride:
Revenge the Goddeſs in her breaſt revolves;
And ſtraight the bold Arachne's fate reſolves;

Her haughty mind to Heaven diſdain'd to bend,
And durſt with Pallas in her art contend.
No famous town ſhe boaſts, or noble name;
But to her ſkilful hand owes all her fame;
Idmon her father on his trade rely'd,
And thirſty wool in purple juices dy'd;
Her mother, whom the ſhades of death confine,
Was, like her huſband, born of vulgar line.
At ſmall Hypæpe though ſhe did reſide,
Yet induſtry proclaim'd what birth deny'd:
All Lydia to her name due honour pays,
And every city ſpeaks Arachne's praiſe.
Nymphs of Timolus quit their ſhady woods,
Nymphs of Pactolus leave their golden floods,
And oft' with pleaſure round her gazing ſtand,
Admire her work, and praiſe her artful hand:
They view'd each motion, with new wonder ſeiz'd;
More than the work her graceful manner pleas'd.
Whether raw wool in its firſt orbs ſhe wound,
Or with ſwift fingers twirl'd the ſpindle round;
Whether ſhe pick'd with care the knotty piece,
Or comb'd like ſtreaky clouds the ſtretching fleece;
Whether her needle play'd the pencil's part;
'Twas plain from Pallas ſhe deriv'd her art.
But ſhe, unable to ſuſtain her pride,
The very miſtreſs of her art defy'd —
Pallas obſcures her bright cœleſtial grace,
And takes an old decrepit beldame's face.
Her head is ſcatter'd o'er with ſilver hairs,
Which ſeems to bend beneath a load of years.
Her trembling hand, emboſs'd with livid veins,
On truſty ſtaff her feeble limbs ſuſtains.
She thus accoſts the nymph: "Be timely wiſe,
"Do not the wholeſome words of age deſpiſe,
"For in the hoary head experience lies:
"On earth contend the greateſt name to gain;
"To Pallas yield;—with Heaven you ſtrive in vain."
Contempt contracts her brow, her paſſions riſe,
Wrath and diſdain inflame her rolling eyes:
At once the tangling thread away ſhe throws,
And ſcarce can curb her threatening hands from blows.
"Worn-out with age, and by diſeaſe declin'd,
"(She cries) thy carcaſe has ſurviv'd thy mind;
"Theſe lectures might thy ſervile daughters move,
"And wary doctrines for thy nieces prove:
"My counſel's from myſelf, my will commands,
"And my firſt reſolution always ſtands:
"Let her contend; or does her fear impart
"That conqueſt waits on my ſuperior art?"
The Goddeſs ſtraight throws off her old diſguiſe,
And heavenly beauty ſparkles in her eyes,
A youthful bloom fills up each wrinkled trace,
And Pallas ſmiles with every wonted grace.
The nymphs, ſurpris'd, the Deity adore,
And Lydian dames confeſs her matchleſs power;
The rival maid alone unmov'd remains,
Yet a ſwift bluſh her guilty feature ſtains;
In her unwilling cheek the crimſon glows,
And her check'd pride a ſhort confuſion knows.
So when Aurora firſt unveils her eyes,
A purple dawn inveſts the bluſhing ſkies;
But ſoon bright Phœbus gains th' horizon's height,
And gilds the hemiſphere with ſpreading light.

Deſire of conqueſt ſways the giddy maid,
To certain ruin by vain hopes betray'd:
The Goddeſs with her ſtubborn will comply'd,
And deign'd by trial to convince her pride.
Both take their ſtations, and the piece prepare,
And order every ſlender thread with care.
The web inwraps the beam; the reed divides,
While through the widening ſpace the ſhuttle glides,
Which their ſwift hands receive; then, pois'd with lead,
The ſwinging weight ſtrikes cloſe th' inſerted thread.
They gird their flowing garments round the waiſt,
And ply their feet and arms with dext'rous haſte.
Here each inweaves the richeſt Tyrian dye,
There fainter ſhades in ſoften'd order lie;
Such various mixtures in the texture ſhine,
Set-off the work, and brighten each deſign:
As when the ſun his piercing rays extends,
When from thin clouds ſome driſling ſhower deſcends,
We ſee the ſpacious humid arch appear,
Whoſe tranſient colours paint the ſplendid air:
By ſuch degrees the deepening ſhadows riſe
As pleaſingly deceive our dazzled eyes;
And though the ſame th' adjoining colour ſeems,
Yet hues of different natures dye th' extremes.
Here heightening gold they 'midſt the woof diſpoſe,
And in the web this antique ſtory roſe.
Pallas the lofty mount of Mars deſigns,
Cœleſtial judgment guides th' unerring lines;
Here, in juſt view, th' Athenian ſtructures ſtand,
And there the gods contend to name the land;
Twelve deities ſhe frames with ſtately mien,
And in the midſt ſuperior Jove is ſeen;
A glowing warmth the blended colours give,
The figures in the picture ſeem to live.
Heaven's thundring monarch ſits with awful grace,
And dread omnipotence imprints his face:
There Neptune ſtood, diſdainfully he frown'd,
And with his trident ſmote the trembling ground;
The parting rocks a ſpacious chaſm diſcloſe,
From whence a fiery, prancing ſteed aroſe;
And on that uſeful gift he founds his claim,
To grace the city with his honour'd name.
See her own figure next with martial air,
A ſhining helmet decks her flowing hair;
Her thoughtful breaſt her well-pois'd ſhield defends,
And her bare arm a glittering ſpear extends,
With which ſhe wounds the plain; from thence aroſe
A ſpreading tree; green olives load the boughs.
The powers her gift behold with wondering eyes,
And to the Goddeſs give the rightful prize.
Such mercy checks her wrath, that, to diſſuade
By others fate the too preſumptuous maid,
With miniatures ſhe fills each corner ſpace,
To curb her pride, and ſave her from diſgrace.
Hæmus and Rhodopé in this ſhe wrought,
The beauteous colours ſpoke her lively thought;
With arrogance and fierce ambition fir'd,
They to the ſacred names of gods aſpir'd

To mountains chang'd, their lofty heads ariſe,
And loſe their leſſening ſummits in the ſkies.
In that, in all the ſtrength of art was ſeen
The wretched fate of the Pygmæan queen;
Juno, enrag'd, reſents th' audacious aim,
And to a crane transforms the vanquiſh'd dame;
In that voracious ſhape ſhe ſtill appears,
And plagues her people with perpetual wars.
In this, Antigone for beauty ſtrove
With the bright conſort of imperial Jove:
Juno, incens'd, her royal power diſplay'd,
And to a bird converts the haughty maid.
Laomedon his daughter's fate bewails,
Nor his, nor Ilion's fervent prayer prevails,
But on her lovely ſkin white feathers riſe;
Chang'd to a clamorous ſtork, ſhe mounts the ſkies.
In the remaining orb, the heavenly maid
The tale of childleſs Cynaras diſplay'd;
A ſettled anguiſh in his look appears,
And from his bloodſhot eyes flow ſtreams of tears;
On the cold ground, no more a father, thrown,
He for his daughters claſp'd the poliſh'd ſtone.
And, when he ſought to hold their wonted charms,
The temple's ſteps deceiv'd his eager arms.
Wreaths of green olive round the border twine,
And her own tree incloſes the deſign.
Arachne paints th' amours of mighty Jove,
How in a bull the God diſguis'd his love;
A real bull ſeems in the piece to roar,
And real billows breaking on the ſhore:
In fair Europa's face appears ſurpriſe,
To the retreating land ſhe turns her eyes,
And ſeems to call her maids, who wondering ſtood,
And with her tears increas'd the briny flood
Her trembling feet ſhe by contraction ſaves
From the rude inſult of the riſing waves.
Here amorous Jove diſſolving Læda trod,
And in the vigorous ſwan conceal'd the god.
Love lends him now an eagle's new diſguiſe,
Beneath his fluttering wings Aſteria lies,
Th' enlivening colours here with force expreſs'd
How Jove the fair Antiope careſs'd.
In a ſtrong ſatyr's muſcled form he came,
Inſtilling love tranſports the glowing dame,
And luſty twins reward his nervous flame.
Here how he ſooth'd the bright Alcmena's love,
Who for Amphitryon took th' impoſtor Jove;
And how the God in golden ſhower allur'd
The guarded nymph, in brazen walls immur'd:
How, in a ſwain, Mnemoſyne he charms;
How lambent flame the fair Ægina warms:
And how with various glittering hues inlaid
In ſerpent's form Deois he betray'd.
Here you, great Neptune, with a ſhort-liv'd flame
In a young bull enjoy the Æolian dame.
Then in Enipeus' ſhape intrigues purſue:
'Tis thus th' Aloids boaſt deſcent from you.
Here to Biſaltis was thy love convey'd,
When a rough ram deceiv'd the yielding maid.
Ceres, kind mother of the bounteous year,
Whoſe golden locks a ſheafy garland bear;
And the dread dame, with hiſſing ſerpents hung,
(From whom the Pegaſæan courſer ſprung)
Thee in a ſnuffling ſtallion's form enjoy,
Exhauſt thy ſtrength, and every nerve employ;
Melantho as a dolphin you betray,
And ſport in pleaſures on the rolling ſea:
Such juſt proportion graces every part,
Nature herſelf appears improv'd by art.
Here in diſguiſe was mighty Phœbus ſeen,
With clowniſh aſpect, and a ruſtic mien;
Again transform'd, he's dreſs'd in falcon's plumes,
And now the lion's noble ſhape aſſumes;
Now, in a ſhepherd's form, with treacherous ſmiles
He Macareàn Iſſe's heart beguiles.
Here his plump ſhape enamour'd Bacchus leaves,
And in the grape Erigone deceives.
There Saturn, in a neighing horſe, ſhe wove,
And Chiron's double form rewards his love.
Feſtoons of flowers, inwove with ivy, ſhine,
Border the wondrous piece, and round the texture twine.
Not Pallas, nor ev'n ſpleen itſelf, could blame
The wondrous work of the Mæonian dame;
With grief her vaſt ſucceſs the Goddeſs bore,
And of cœleſtial crimes the ſtory tore.
Her boxen ſhuttle now, enrag'd, ſhe took,
And thrice the proud Idmonian artiſt ſtruck:
Th' unhappy maid, to ſee her labours vain,
Grew reſolute with pride, and ſhame, and pain:
Around her neck a fatal nooſe ſhe ty'd,
And ſought by ſudden death her guilt to hide.
Pallas with pity ſaw the deſperate deed,
And thus the virgin's milder fate decreed:
" Live, impious rival, mindful of thy crime,
" Suſpended thus to waſte thy future time;
" Thy puniſhment involves thy numerous race,
" Who for thy fault ſhall ſhare in thy diſgrace."
Her incantation magic juices aid,
With ſprinkling drops ſhe bath'd the pendent maid,
And thus the charm its noxious power diſplay'd.
Like leaves in autumn drop her falling hairs,
With theſe her noſe, and next her riſing ears.
Her head to the minuteſt ſubſtance ſhrunk,
The potent juice contracts her changing trunk;
Cloſe to her ſides her ſlender fingers clung,
There chang'd to nimble feet in order hung;
Her bloated belly ſwells to larger ſize,
Which now with ſmalleſt threads her work ſupplies,
The Virgin in the Spider ſtill remains;
And in that ſhape her former art retains.

TALES.

AN ANSWER

TO THE SOMPNER'S PROLOGUE OF CHAUCER.

IN IMITATION OF CHAUCER's STYLE.

THE Sompner leudly hath his prologue told,
And saine on the Freers his tale japing and bold;
How that in Hell they searchen near and wide,
And ne one Freer in all thilke place espyde:
But lo! the devil turned his erse about,
And twenty thousand Freers wend in and out.
By which in Jeoffry's rhyming it appears,
The devil's belly is the hive of Freers.
Now listneth lordlings! forthwith ye shall hear,
What happen'd at a house in Lancashire.
A misere that hath londs and tenement,
Who raketh from his villaines taxes and rent.
Owned a house which emptye long ystood.
Full deeply sited in a derkning wood;
Murmuring a shallow brook runneth along,
Mong the round stones it maken doleful song.
Now there spreaden a rumour that everich night.
The rooms yhaunted been by many a sprite;
The misser avoucheth, and all thereabout,
That they full oft' hearen the hellish rout;
Some saine they hear the jingling of chains,
And some hath yheard the psautries strsines;
At midnight some the heedless horse ymeet,
And some espien a corse in a white sheet,
And oother things, faye, elfin, and elfe,
And shapes that fear createn to itself.
Now it so hapt, there was not ferre away,
Of grey Freers a fair and rich Abbaye,
Where liven a Freer ycleped Pere Thomas,
Who daren alone in derke through church-yerds pass.
This Freere would lye in thilke house all night,
In hope he might espyen a dreadful sprite.
He taketh candle, beades, and holy watere,
And legends eke of Saintes, and bookes of prayere.
He entereth the room, and looketh round about,
And haspen the door, to haspen the goblin out.
The candle hath he put close by the bed,
And in low tone his *Ave Marye* said.
With water now besprinkled hath the floore,
And maken cross on key-hole of the doore.
Ne was there not a mouse-hole in thilke place,
But he ycrossed hath by God his grace;
He crossed hath this, and eke he crossed that,
With *benedicite* and God knows what.
Now he goeth to bed and lieth adown,
When the clock had just stricken the twelfth soun.
Bethinketh him now what the cause hath ybeen,
Why many sprites by mortals have been seen.
Hem remembereth how Dan Plutarch hath ysed
That Cæsar's sprite came to Brute his bed;
Of chains that frighten erst Artemidore,
The tales of Pline, Valere, and many more.
Hem thinketh that some murdere here been done,
And he mought see some bloodye ghost anone,
Or that some orphlines writings here be stor'd,
Or pot of gold laine deep beneath a board;
Or thinketh hem, if he might see no sprite,
The Abbaye mought buy this house cheap outright.
As hem thus thinketh, anone aslep he lies,
Up starten Sathanas with saucer eyes.
He turned the Freer upon his face downright,
Displaying his nether cheeks full broad and white.
Then quoth Dan Sathanas as he thwacked him sore,
Thou didst forget to guard thy postern-dore.
There is an hole which hath not crossed been:
Farewel, from whence I came, I creepen in.
Now plain it is ytellen in my verse,
If Devils in hell bear Freers in their erse,
On earth the Devil in Freers doth ydwell;
Were there no Freers the Devil mought keep in Hell.

WORK FOR A COOPER.

A TALE.

A MAN may lead a happy life,
Without that needful thing a wife:
This long have lusty Abbots known,
Who ne'er knew spouses—of their own.
What though your house be clean and neat,
With couches, chairs, and oeds compleat;
Though you each day invite a friend,
Though he should every dish commend;
On Bagshot-heath your mutton fed,
Your fowls at Brentford born and bred;
Though purest wine your cellars boast,
Wine worthy of the fairest toast;
Yet there are other things requir'd:
Ring, and let 's see the maid you hir'd.—
Bless me! those hands might hold a broom,
Twirl round a mop, and wash a room:
A batchelor his maid should keep,
Not for that servile use to sweep;
Let her his humour understand,
And turn to every thing her hand.
Get you a lass that's young and tight,
Whose arms are, like her apron, white.
What though her shift be seldom seen,
Let that, though coarse, be always clean;
She might each morn your tea attend,
And on your wrist your ruffle mend;
Then, if you break a roguish jest,
Or squeeze her hand, or pat her breast,
She cries, Oh, dear Sir, don't be naught!
And blushes speak her last night's fault.
To her your houshold cares confide;
Let your keys jingle at her side.
A footman's blunders teaze and fret ye;
Ev'n while you chide, you smile on Betty.
Discharge him then, if he's too spruce;
For Betty 's for his master's use.
Will you your amorous fancy baulk,
For fear some prudish neighbour talk?
But you 'll object, that you 're afraid
Of the pert freedoms of a maid.

wiſer heads will ſay,
› turns her hand this way,
'e to another drawn,
our ſilver-ſpoons in pawn.
nomely wrinkled jade
› learn the pilfering trade?
ſterty's wants ſupplies,
es, her manteau dyes,
-ſuits ſhe flings away,
ıread-ſattin every day.
a dirty drab would hire,
: hearth of kitchen-fire;
aſt own, were Betty put
: duties of the ſlut,
ſcours or ſcrubs a floor,
good for ſomething more?
avoid the greater vice,
ieſt, of conſcience nice,
luſt for neighbour's ſpouſe,
ıtion in his houſe.
mpatient all this time,
ounſel, curſe my rhyme.
I 'll talk no more,
tale begins—Of yore
at Blois a Prieſt full fair,
; eye and criſped hair;
g low, his brow was ſleek,
ıſking on his cheek;
at cloyſter-grates he ſate,
alk'd of this and that
, the Nuns lamented
-bars were e'er invented.
nton wife confeſt,
aſt eye, and heaving breaſt;
her cheek to ſtill her fear,
of ſins *en cavalier*;
njoin'd her penance mild,
on her like his child.
rial goſſip's feaſt
d was a welcome gueſt;
r'd not the leaſt reſtraint,
will ſhake off the ſaint;
l he when they freely ſpoke,
is ſides, and took the joke;
ıe to promote the jeſt,
the ſins which they confeſt.
: he might not always roam,
nveniencies at home.
as in the bloom of beauty,
d for every ſocial duty;
l with no houſhold cares,
ſign'd his whole affairs:
ſtudy kept the keys,
ſtudious—of his eaſe:
: power of all his locks,
mage every cheſt and box;
y ſuch credit gain'd,
ıe cellar was reſtrain'd.
it was a goodly ſhow,
full hogſheads all a-row.
from the rank remov'd,
than the reſt he lov'd;
me bouche 'twas ſet aſide,
choiceſt friends deny'd.
ıd then would ſend a quart,
ome wife's retentive heart,
Againſt confeſſion's ſullen hour
Wine has all ſecrets in its power reſt
At common feaſts it had been wa,
Nor was it fit for layman's taſte.
If monk or friar were his gueſt,
They drank it; for they know the beſt.
Nay, he at length ſo fond was grown,
He always drank it when—alone.
Who ſhall recount his civil labours,
In pious viſits to his neighbours?
Whene'er weak huſbands went aſtray,
He gueſs'd their wives were in the way:
'Twas then his charity was ſhown,
He choſe to ſee them when alone.
Now was he bent on cuckoldom:
He knew friend Dennis was from home:
His wife (a poor neglected beauty,
Defrauded of a huſband's duty)
Had often told him at confeſſion,
How hard ſhe ſtruggled 'gainſt tranſgreſſion.
He now reſolves in heat of blood,
To try how firm her virtue ſtood.
He knew that wine (to love beſt aid)
Has oft' made bold the ſhame-fac'd maid,
Taught her to romp, and take more freedoms,
Than nymphs train'd-up at Smith's or Needham's.
A mighty bottle ſtrait he choſe,
Such as might give two Friars their doſe.
Nannette he call'd: the cellar-door
She ſtraight unlocks, deſcends before;
He follow'd cloſe. But when he ſpies
His favourite caſk; with lifted eyes
And lifted hands aloud he cries,
Heigh-day! my darling wine aſtoop!
It muſt alas! have ſprung a hoop.
That there 's a leak is paſt all doubt,
(Reply'd the maid)—I'll find it out.
She ſets the candle down in haſte,
Tucks her white apron round her waiſt.
The hogſhead's mouldy ſide aſcends;
She ſtraddles wide and downward bends:
So low ſhe ſtoops to ſeek the flaw,
Her coats roſe up, her maſter ſaw—
I ſee—he cries—(then claſpt her faſt)
The leak through which my wine has paſt.
Then all in haſte the maid deſcended,
And in a trice the leak was mended.
He found in Nannette all he wanted,
So Dennis' brows remain'd unplanted.
Ere ſince this time, all luſty Friars
(Warm'd with predominant deſires,
Whene'er the fleſh with ſpirit quarrels)
Look on the ſex as leaky barrels.
Beware of theſe, ye jealous ſpouſes!
From ſuch like coopers guard your houſes;
For, if they find not work at home,
For jobbs through all the town they roam.

THE EQUIVOCATION.
A TALE.

AN Abbot rich (whoſe taſte was good
Alike in ſcience and in food)

His biſhop had reſolv'd to treat;
The Biſhop came, the Biſhop eat.
'Twas ſilence, till their ſtomachs fail'd;
And now at Hereticks they rail'd.
What Hereſy (the Prelate ſaid)
Is in that Church where Prieſts may wed!
Do not we take the Church for life?
But thoſe divorce her for a wife;
Like laymen, keep her in their houſes,
And own the children of their ſpouſes.
Vile practices! the Abbot cry'd,
For pious uſe we 're ſet aſide!
Shall we take wives? Marriage at beſt
Is but carnality profeſt!
Now, as the biſhop took his glaſs,
He ſpy'd our Abbot's buxom laſs,
Who croſs'd the room; he mark'd her eye
That glow'd with love; his pulſe beat high.
Fye, father, fye, (the Prelate cries)
A maid ſo young! for ſhame, be wiſe.
Theſe indiſcretions lend a handle
To lewd lay-tongues, to give us ſcandal.
For your vow's ſake, this rule I give t' ye;
Let all your maids be turn'd of fifty.
The Prieſt reply'd, I have not ſwerv'd,
But your chaſte precept well obſerv'd:
That laſs full twenty-five has told;
I 've yet another who 's as old;
Into one ſum their ages caſt;
So both my maids have fifty paſt.
The Prelate ſmil'd, but durſt not blame;
For why? his Lordſhip did the ſame.
Let thoſe who reprimand their brothers,
Firſt mend the faults they find in others.

A TRUE STORY

OF AN

APPARITION.

SCEPTICKS (whoſe ſtrength of argument makes out,
That wiſdom's deep enquiries end in doubt)
Hold this aſſertion poſitive and clear,
That ſprites are pure deluſions, rais'd by fear.
Not that fam'd ghoſt, which in preſaging ſound
Call'd Brutus to Philippi's fatal ground,
Nor can Tiberius Gracchus' goary ſhade,
Theſe ever-doubting diſputants perſuade.
Straight they with ſmiles reply, Thoſe tales of old
By viſionary prieſts were made and told.
Oh, might ſome ghoſt at dead of night appear,
And make you own conviction by your fear!
I know your ſneers my eaſy faith accuſe,
Which, with ſuch idle legends ſcares the Muſe:
But think not that I tell thoſe vulgar ſprites,
Which fr.ghted boys relate on winter nights,
How cleanly milk-maids meet the fairy train,
How headleſs horſes drag the clinking chain,
Night-roaming ghoſts, by ſnuffer eye-balls known,
The common ſpectres of each country-town.
No, I ſuch fables can like you deſpiſe,
And laugh to hear theſe nurſe-invented lies.
Yet has not oft' the fraudful guardian's fright
Compell'd him to reſtore an orphan's right?
And can we doubt that horrid ghoſts aſcend,
Which on the conſcious murderer's ſteps attend?
Hear then, and let atteſted truth prevail;
From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.
Where Arden's foreſt ſpreads its limits wide,
Whoſe branching paths the doubtful road divide,
A traveller took his ſolitary way,
When low beneath the hills was ſunk the day.
And now the ſkies with gathering darkneſs lour,
The branches ruſtle with the threaten'd ſhower;
With ſudden blaſts the foreſt murmurs loud,
Indented lightnings cleave the ſable cloud,
Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempeſt roars,
And heaven diſcharges all its watery ſtores.
The wandering traveller ſhelter ſeeks in vain,
And ſhrinks and ſhivers with the beating rains
On his ſteed's neck the ſlacken'd bridle lay,
Who choſe with cautious ſtep th' uncertain way;
And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
If any noiſe foretold a village near.
At length from far a ſtream of light he ſees
Extend its level ray between the trees;
Thither he ſpeeds, and, as he nearer came,
Joyful he knew the lamp's domeſtic flame
That trembled through the window; croſs the way
Darts forth the barking cur, and ſtands at bay.
It was an antient lonely houſe, that ſtood
Upon the borders of the ſpacious wood;
Here towers and antique battlements ariſe,
And there in heaps the moulder'd ruin lies.
Some Lord this manſion held in days of yore,
To chace the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar:
How chang'd, alas, from what it once had been!
'Tis now degraded to a public inn.
Straight he diſmounts, repeats his loud commands
Swift at the gate the ready landlord ſtands;
With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuſe,
His houſe was full, and every bed in uſe.
What not a garret, and no ſtraw to ſpare?
Why then the kitchen-fire and elbow-chair
Shall ſerve for once to nod away the night.
The kitchen ever is the ſervant's right,
Replies the hoſt; there, all the fire around,
The Count's tir'd footmen ſnore upon the ground.
The maid, who liſten'd to this whole debate,
With pity learnt the weary ſtranger's fate.
Be brave, ſhe cries, you ſtill may be our gueſt;
Our haunted room was ever held the beſt:
If then your valour can the fright ſuſtain
Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain;
If your courageous tongue have power to talk,
When round your bed the horrid ghoſt ſhall walk;
If you dare aſk it, why it leaves its tomb;
I'll ſee your ſheets well air'd, and ſhew the room.
Soon as the frighted maid her tale had told,
The ſtranger enter'd for his heart was bold.
The damſel led him through a ſpacious hall,
Where ivy hung the half-demoliſh'd wall;

quent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.
w they gain'd the winding ſtairs' aſcent,
the loneſome room of terrors went.
all was ready, ſwift retir'd the maid,
rch-lights burn, tuck'd warm in bed was laid
rdy ſtranger, and attends the ſprite
accuſtom'd walk at dead of night.
rſt he hears the wind with hollow roar
he looſe lock, and ſwing the creaking door;
and nearer draws the dreadful ſound
ing chains, that dragg'd upon the ground:
o, the ſpectre came with horrid ſtride,
h'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide!
an form the ghaſtful phantom ſtood,
his mangled boſom dy'd with blood.
lent pointing to his wounded breaſt,
wav'd his hand. Beneath the frighted gueſt
-cords trembled, and with ſhuddering fear,
ill'd his limbs, high roſe his briſtled hair;
uttering haſty prayers, he mann'd his heart,
d aloud; Say, whence and who thou art?
cing ghoſt with hollow voice replies,
ears are counted ſince with mortal eyes
e ſun, and vital air reſpir'd.
e benighted, and with travel tir'd,
theſe walls I ſlept. O thirſt of gain!
the planks the bloody mark retain.
on this very bed, from ſleep I ſtart,
the ſteel impending o'er my heart;
arous hoſteſs held the lifted knife,
r ran purple with my guſhing life.
ure now they ſeize, the golden ſpoil
ry deep beneath the graſs-grown ſoil,
e common field. Be bold, ariſe,
ſhall lead thee to the ſecret prize;
g and find; let that thy care reward:
on juſtice, bid her not retard
murder; lay my ghoſt at reſt:
with peace ſecure thy nights be bleſt;
en beneath theſe boards my bones are found,
ter them in ſome ſacred ground.
eas'd the ghoſt. The ſtranger ſprings from
ed,
ly follows where the phantom led:
-worn ſtony ſtairs they now deſcend,
aſſages obſcure their arches bend.
y walk; and now through groves they paſs,
ugh wet meads their ſteps imprint the graſs.
amidſt a ſpacious field they came:
ps the ſpectre, and aſcends in flame.
e ſtood, no buſh or brier was found,
his morning ſearch to find the ground.
ld he do? the night was hideous dark,
c his joints, and nature dropt the mark:
t he ſtarting walk'd, and rais'd his head,
l the golden mark was loſt in bed.
s the ſtateſman's vaſt ambitious ſcheme,
t viſion and a golden dream?
ealth, and title, elevate his hope;
: but for a garter, finds a rope.

THE MAD-DOG.

A TALE.

A PRUDE, at morn and evening prayer,
Had worn her velvet-cuſhion bare;
Upward ſhe taught her eyes to roll,
As if ſhe watch'd her ſoaring ſoul;
And, when devotion warm'd the crowd,
None ſung, or ſmote their breaſt ſo loud:
Pale Penitence had mark'd her face
With all the meagre ſigns of grace.
Her maſs-book was compleatly lin'd
With painted Saints of various kind:
But, when in every page ſhe view'd
Fine Ladies who the fleſh ſubdu'd,
As quick her beads ſhe counted o'er,
She cry'd—Such wonders are no more!
She choſe not to delay confeſſion,
To bear at once a year's tranſgreſſion;
But every week ſet all things even,
And balanc'd her accounts with Heaven.
Behold her now in humble guiſe,
Upon her knees with down-caſt eyes
Before the Prieſt: ſhe thus begins,
And, ſobbing, blubbers-forth her ſins:
"Who could that tempting man reſiſt;
"My virtue languiſh'd, as he kiſs'd;
"I ſtrove—till I could ſtrive no longer:
"How can the weak ſubdue the ſtronger?"
The Father aſk'd her where and when?
How many? and what ſort of men?
By what degrees her blood was heated?
How oft' the frailty was repeated?
Thus have I ſeen a pregnant wench
All bluſh'd with guilt before the bench:
The Judges (wak'd by wanton thought)
Dive to the bottom of her fault;
They leer, they ſimper at her ſhame,
And make her call all things by name.
And now to ſentence he proceeds,
Preſcribes how oft' to tell her beads;
Shews her what Saints could do her good,
Doubles her faſts, to cool her blood.
Eas'd of her ſins, and light as air,
Away ſhe trips, perhaps to prayer.
'Twas no ſuch thing. Why then this haſte?
The clock has ſtruck, the hour is paſt;
And, on the ſpur of inclination,
She ſcorn'd to bilk her aſſignation.
Whate'er ſhe did, next week ſhe came,
And pioufly confeſt the ſame.
The Prieſt, who female frailties pity'd,
Firſt chid her, then her ſins remitted.
But did ſhe now her crime bemoan
In penitent ſheets alone?
And was no bold, no beaſtly-fellow
The nightly partner of her pillow?
No, none: for next time in the grove
A bank was conſcious of her love.

Confeſſion-day was come about,
And now again it all muſt out.
She ſeems to wipe her twinkling eyes:
"What now, my child?" the Father cries.
"Again!" ſays ſhe.—With threatening looks,
He thus the proſtrate dame rebukes:
"Madam, I grant there 's ſomething in it,
"That virtue has th' unguarded minute;
"But pray now tell me what are whores,
"But women of unguarded hours?
"Then you muſt ſure have loſt all ſhame;
"What! every day, and ſtill the ſame,
"And no fault elſe! 'tis ſtrange to find
"A woman to one ſin confin'd!
"Pride is this day her darling paſſion,
"The next day Slander is in faſhion;
"Gaming ſucceeds; if Fortune croſſes,
"Then Virtue 's mortgag'd for her loſſes;
And loves new follies, like new cloathes:
"By uſe her favourite vice ſhe loaths,
"But you, beyond all thought unchaſte,
"Have all ſin center'd near your waiſt!
"Whence is this appetite ſo ſtrong?
"Say, Madam, did your mother long?
"Or is it luxury and high diet
"That won't let virtue ſleep in quiet?"
She tells him now, with meekeſt voice,
That ſhe had never err'd by choice;
Nor was there known a virgin chaſter,
Till ruin'd by a ſaid diſaſter.
That ſhe a favourite lap-dog had,
Which (as ſhe ſtroak'd and kiſs'd) grew mad;
And on her lip a wound indenting,
Firſt ſet her youthful blood fermenting.
The Prieſt reply'd, with zealous fury,
"You ſhould have ſought the means to cure ye.
"Doctors by various ways, we find,
"Treat theſe diſtempers of the mind.
"Let gaudy ribbands be deny'd
"To her who raves with ſcornful pride;
"And, if religion crack her notions,
"Lock up her volumes of devotions;
"But, if for man her rage prevail,
"Bar her the ſight of creatures male.
"Or elſe, to cure ſuch venom'd bites,
"And ſet the ſhatter'd thoughts arights;
"They ſend you to the ocean's ſhore,
"And plunge the patient o'er and o'er."
The dame reply'd,' "Alas! in vain
"My kindred forc'd me to the main;
"Naked, and in the face of day:
"Look not, ye fiſhermen, this way!
"What virgin had not done as I did?
"My modeſt hand, by nature guided,
"Debarr'd at once from human eyes
"The ſeat where female honour lies;
"And, though thrice dipt from top to toe,
"I ſtill ſecur'd the poſt below,
"And guarded it with graſp ſo faſt
"Not one drop through my fingers paſt.
"Thus owe I to my bathful care,
"That all the rage is ſettled there."
Weigh well the projects of mankind;
Then tell me, Reader, canſt thou find
The man from madneſs wholly free?
They all are mad—ſave you and me,
Do not the ſtateſman, fop, and wit,
By daily follies prove they 're bit?
And, when the briny cure they try'd,
Some part ſtill kept above the tide?
Some men (when drench'd beneath the wave)
High o'er their heads their fingers ſave;
Thoſe hands by mean extortion thrive,
Or in the pocket lightly dive:
Or, more expert in pilfering vice,
They burn and itch to cog the dice.
Plunge in a courtier; ſtrait his fears
Direct his hands to ſtop his ears.
And now truth ſeems a grating noiſe,
He loves the ſlanderer's whiſpering voice;
He hangs on flattery with delight,
And thinks all fulſome praiſe is right.
All women dread a watery death:
They ſhut their lips, to hold their breath;
And, though you duck them ne'er ſo long,
Not one ſalt drop e'er wets their tongue:
'Tis hence they ſcandal have at will,
And that this member ne'er lies ſtill.

THE QUIDNUNKI's:

A TALE.

OCCASIONED

By the Death of the DUKE REGENT of FRA

HOW vain are mortal man's endeavours?
(ſaid, at dame Elliot's *, maſter Travers)
Good Orleans dead! in truth 'tis hard:
Oh, may all ſtateſmen die prepar'd!
I do foreſee (and for fore-ſeeing
He equals any man in being)
The army ne'er can be diſbanded.
—I wiſh the King were ſafely landed.
Ah, friends! great changes threat the land;
All France and England at a ſtand!
There 's Meroweis—mark! ſtrange work!
And there 's the Czar, and there 's the Turk;
The Pope—An India Merchant by,
Cut ſhort the ſpeech with this reply:
"*All* at a ſtand? You ſee great changes?
"Ah, Sir! you never ſaw the Ganges.
"There dwell the nations of Quidnunki's
"(So Monomotapa calls monkies):
"On their bank, from bough to bough,
"They meet and chat (as we may now).
"Whiſpers go round, they grin, they ſhrug,
"They bow, they ſnarl, they ſcratch, they h
"And juſt as chance or whim provoke them,
"They either bite their friends, or ſtroke th

* *A coffee-houſe near St. James's.*

" There have I ſeen ſome active prig,
" To ſhew his parts, beſtride a twig:
" Lord! how the chattering tribe admire,
" Not that he 's wiſer, but he 's higher:
" All long to try the venturous thing
" (For power is but to have one's ſwing);
" From ſide to ſide he ſprings, he ſpurns,
" And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
" Thus, as in giddy freaks he bounces,
" Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces!
" Down the ſwift ſtream the wretch is borne;
" Never, ah never, to return!
" Zounds! what a fall had our dear brother;
" Morbleu! cries one; and Damme! t'other.
" The nations give a general ſcreech;
" None cocks his tail none claws his breech;
" Each trembles for the public weal,
" And for a while forgets to ſteal.
" A while, all eyes, intent and ſteddy,
" Purſue him, whirling down the eddy.
" But, out of mind when out of view,
" Some other mounts the twig anew;
" And buſineſs, on each monkey-ſhore,
" Runs the ſame track it went before."

FABLES.

IN TWO PARTS.

" Shall not my Fables cenſure vice,
" Becauſe a knave is over-nice?—
" If I laſh vice in general fiction,
" Is 't I apply, or ſelf-conviction?
" Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
" If men in morals are the ſame?
" I no man call or ape or aſs;
" 'Tis his own conſcience holds the glaſs.
" Thus void of all offence I write:
" Who claims the Fable, knows his right."

PROL. TO SHEP. WEEK.

INTRODUCTION TO THE FABLES.

PART THE FIRST.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a Swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was ſilver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him ſage;
In ſummer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew;
His wiſdom and his honeſt fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.
A deep Philoſopher (whoſe rules
Of moral life were drawn from ſchools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage ſought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.
Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books conſum'd the midnight oil?
Haſt thou old Greece and Rome ſurvey'd,
And the vaſt ſenſe of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy ſoul refin'd,
And haſt thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wiſe Ulyſſes, thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,
Haſt thou through many cities ſtray'd,
Their cuſtoms, laws, and manners, weigh'd?
The ſhepherd modeſtly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in diſguiſe,
He cheats the moſt diſcerning eyes:
Who by that ſearch ſhall wiſer grow,
When we ourſelves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from ſimple Nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their riſe,
Hence grew my ſettled hate to vice.
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my ſoul to induſtry:
Who can obſerve the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truſtieſt of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my ſervice copy Tray.
In conſtancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing, protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Inſtructs me in a parent's charge.
From Nature, too, I take my rule,
To ſhun contempt and ridicule.
I never, with important air,
In converſation overbear.
Can grave and formal paſs for wiſe,
When men the ſolemn owl deſpiſe?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much muſt talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who liſtens to the chattering pye?
Nor would I, with ſelonious ſlight,
By ſtealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deſerve their fate.
Do not we juſt abhorrence find
Againſt the toad and ſerpent-kind?
But Envy, Calumny, and Spite,
Bear ſtronger venom in their bite.

Thus every object of creation
Can furniſh hints to contemplation;
And, from the moſt minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.
Thy fame is juſt, the Sage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wiſe.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who ſtudies Nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And thoſe, without our ſchools, ſuffice
To make men moral, good, and wiſe.

TO HIS HIGHNESS

WILLIAM DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

FABLE I.

THE LION, THE TYGER, AND THE TRAVELLER.

ACCEPT, young Prince! the moral lay,
And in theſe TALES mankind ſurvey;
With early virtues plant your breaſt,
The ſpecious arts of vice deteſt.
Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are ſtrangers to the voice of Truth.
Learn to contemn all praiſe betimes,
For flattery 's the nurſe of crimes:
Friendſhip by ſweet reproof is ſhown
(A virtue never near a throne):
In courts ſuch freedom muſt offend;
There none preſumes to be a friend.
To thoſe of your exalted ſtation,
Each courtier is a dedication.
Muſt I, too, flatter like the reſt,
And turn my morals to a jeſt?
The Muſe diſdains to ſteal from thoſe
Who thrive in courts by fulſome proſe.
But ſhall I hide your real praiſe,
Or tell you what a nation ſays?
They in your infant boſom trace
The virtues of your royal race;
In the fair dawning of your mind,
Diſcern you generous, mild, and kind;
They ſee you grieve to hear diſtreſs,
And pant already to redreſs.
Go on, the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain:
For hence we juſtly may preſage
The virtues of a riper age.
True courage ſhall your boſom fire,
And future actions own your ſire.
Cowards are cruel; but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to ſave.
A Tyger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Traveller in the way;
The proſtrate game a Lion ſpies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies:
With mingled roar reſounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws, diſtil with blood;
Till, vanquiſh'd by the Lion's ſtrength,
The ſpotted Foe extends his length.
The Man beſought the ſhaggy Lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd.
His life the generous hero gave.
Together walking to his cave,
The Lion thus beſpoke his gueſt:
"What hardy beaſt ſhall dare conteſt
"My matchleſs ſtrength? You ſaw the fight,
"And muſt atteſt my power and right.
"Forc'd to forego their native home,
"My ſtarving ſlaves at diſtance roam.
"Within theſe woods I reign alone;
"The boundleſs foreſt is my own.
"Bears, wolves, and all the ſavage brood,
"Have dy'd the regal den with blood.
"Theſe carcaſſes on either hand,
"Thoſe bones that whiten all the land,
"My former deeds and triumphs tell,
"Beneath theſe jaws what numbers fell."
"True," ſays the Man, "the ſtrength I ſaw
"Might well the brutal nation awe;
"But ſhall a monarch, brave, like you,
"Place glory in ſo falſe a view?
"Robbers invade their neighbour's right.
"Be lov'd; let juſtice bound your might.
"Mean are ambitious heroes' boaſts
"Of waſted lands and ſlaughter'd hoſts.
"Pirates their power by murders gain;
"Wiſe kings by love and mercy reign.
"To me your clemency hath ſhown
"The virtue worthy of a throne.
"Heaven gives you power above the reſt,
"Like Heaven, to ſuccour the diſtreſt."
"The caſe is plain," the monarch ſaid;
"Falſe glory hath my youth miſled;
"For beaſts of prey, a ſervile train,
"Have been the flatterers of my reign.
"You reaſon well. Yet tell me, friend,
"Did ever you in courts attend?
"For all my fawning rogues agree.
"That human heroes rule like me."

FABLE II.

THE SPANIEL AND THE CAMELEON.

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a favourite heir,
Ne'er felt Correction's rigid hand;
Indulg'd to diſobey command,
In pamper'd eaſe his hours were ſpent:
He never knew what learning meant.
Such forward airs, ſo pert, ſo ſmart,
Were ſure to win his lady's heart;
Each little miſchief gain'd him praiſe:
How pretty were his fawning wayſ!
The wind was ſouth, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air:
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the ſofteſt ground;
When near him a Cameleon ſeen,
Was ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd from the green.

mblem of the flattering hoſt!
ve with clowns! a genius loſt,
and the court repair;
: cannot fail thee there:
its ſhall thy talents crown;
ie, Friend; I know the Town."
ays the Sycophant, "like you,
oliter life I knew:
, a courtier born and bred,
n'd their ear to what I ſaid.
per always met ſucceſs;
s prais'd me for addreſs.
hit each courtier's paſſion,
red every vice in faſhion.
, who hates the liar's ways,
it ſhort my proſperous days,
enc'd to retain my nature,
n'd me to this crawling creature.
a life obſcure and mean,
in the ſylvan ſcene:
the heart alone regards;
es what man rewards.
rent is thy caſe and mine!
at leaſt you ſup and dine;
condemn'd to thinneſt fare,
e I flatter'd, feed on air."

FABLE III.

IR, THE NURSE, AND THE FAIRY.

ſon. The bleſſing ſent,
er parents more content?
re their doting eyes!
alf ſo fair and wiſe.
he morning's pleaſing care,
roſe, and ſought her heir.
Nurſe like one poſſeſt,
g hands and ſobbing breaſt.
ne diſaſter has befell!
irſe; I hope the boy is well."
adam, think not me to blame;
fairy came:
s babe is hence convey'd,
lace a changeling laid.
e father's mouth and noſe?
eyes, as black as ſloes?
hocking aukward creature,
fool in every feature!"
man's blind, the mother cries;
cle in his eyes."
Madam, what a ſquinting leer!
fairy hath been here."
ſpoke, a pigmy ſprite
the key-hole ſwift as light;
e cradle's top he ſtands,
folly reprimands,
ſprung the vain conceited lye,
world with fools ſupply?
ur ſprightly race away
elpleſs ſons of clay!
rtial fondneſs ſhown,
doat upon our own.

Where yet was ever found a Mother
Who'd give her booby for another?
And, ſhould we change with human breed,
Well, might we paſs for fools indeed."

FABLE IV.

THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.

AS Jupiter's all-ſeeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the ſky,
From this ſmall ſpeck of earth were ſent
Murmurs and ſounds of diſcontent;
For every thing alive complain'd,
That he the hardeſt life ſuſtain'd.
Jove calls his Eagle. At the word,
Before him ſtands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from Heaven's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight,
Then cited every living thing,
To hear the mandates of his king.
"Ungrateful creatures! whence ariſe
Theſe murmurs which offend the ſkies?
Why this diſorder? ſay the cauſe;
For juſt are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his diſcontent reveal;
To yon' four Dog I firſt appeal."
"Hard is my lot, the Hound replies;
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary ſtep and ſlow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains, go.
The morning ſees my chace begun,
Nor ends it till the ſetting ſun."
"When (ſays the Greyhound) I purſue,
My game is loſt, or caught in view;
Beyond my ſight the prey's ſecure;
The Hound is ſlow, but always ſure;
And, had I his ſagacious ſcent,
Jove ne'er had heard my diſcontent."
The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
The Fox the Lion's force and heart:
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whoſe wings were rapid, ſtrong, and light;
The Pigeon ſtrength of wing deſpis'd,
And the Cock's matchleſs valour priz'd.
The fiſhes wiſh'd to graze the plain;
The Beaſts, to ſkim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's ſtate,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.
The bird of Heaven then cry'd aloud:
"Jove bids diſperſe the murmuring crowd;
The God rejects your idle prayers,
Would ye, rebellious Mutineers!
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envy'd creature?
What! ſilent all, and none conſent?
Be happy, then, and learn content;
Nor imitate the reſtleſs mind,
And proud ambition, of mankind."

FABLE V.

THE WILD BOAR AND THE RAM.

AGAINST an elm a ſheep was ty'd,
The bu'cher's knife in blood was dy'd;
The patient flock, in ſilent fright,
From far beheld the horrid ſight.
A ſavage Boar, who near them ſtood,
Thus mock'd to ſcorn the fleecy brood.
" All cowards ſhould be ſerv'd like you.
See, ſee, your murderer is in view:
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He ſtrips the ſkin yet warm with life.
Your quarter'd ſires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmleſs lambs,
Call for revenge. O ſtupid Race!
The heart that wants revenge is baſe."
" I grant, an ancient Ram replies,
We bear no terror in our eyes;
Yet think us not of ſoul ſo tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame;
Inſenſible of every ill,
Becauſe we want thy tuſks to kill.
Know, thoſe, who violence purſue,
Give to themſelves the vengeance due;
For in theſe maſſacres they find
The two chief plagues that waſte mankind.
Our ſkin ſupplies the wrangling bar,
It wakes their ſlumbering ſons to war;
And well revenge may reſt contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented."

FABLE VI.

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

THE wind was high, the window ſhakes,
With ſudden ſtart the Miſer wakes:
Along the ſilent room he ſtalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks.
Each lock and every bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries;
Then opes the cheſt with treaſure ſtor'd,
And ſtands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with ſudden qualms poſſeſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breaſt;
By conſcience ſtung, he wildly ſtares,
And thus his guilty ſoul declares:
" Had the deep earth her ſtores confin'd,
This heart had known ſweet peace of mind.
But virtue 's ſold. Good Gods! what price
Can recompenſe the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! ſeducing cheat,
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold baniſh'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold ſow'd the world with every ill;
Gold taught the murderer's ſword to kill;
'Twas gold inſtructed coward-hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the miſchiefs o'er?
Virtue reſides on earth no more!"
He ſpoke, and ſigh'd. In angry mood
Plutus, his god, before him ſtood.
The Miſer, trembling, lock'd his cheſt;
The Viſion frown'd, and thus addreſs'd:
" Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each ſordid raſcal's daily cant?
Did I, baſe wretch! corrupt mankind?
The fault 's in thy rapacious mind.
Becauſe my bleſſings are abus'd,
Muſt I be cenſur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Ev'n virtue's ſelf by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And Power (when lodg'd in their poſſeſſion)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppreſſion.
Thus, when the villain crams his cheſt,
Gold is the canker of the breaſt;
'Tis avarice, inſolence, and pride,
And every ſhocking vice beſide:
But, when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It bleſſes, like the dews of Heaven:
Like Heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
Their crimes on gold ſhall Miſers lay,
Who pawn'd their ſordid ſouls for pay?
Let bravoes, then, when blood is ſpilt,
Upbraid the paſſive ſoul with guilt."

FABLE VII.

THE LION, THE FOX, AND THE GEESE.

A LION, tir'd with ſtate-affairs,
Quite ſick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Reſolved (remote from noiſe and ſtrife)
In peace to paſs his latter life.
It was proclaim'd; the day was ſet;
Behold the general council met.
The Fox was viceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new regent humbly bow'd.
Wolves, bears, and mighty tigers, bend,
And ſtrive who moſt ſhall condeſcend.
He ſtraight aſſumes a ſolemn grace,
Collects his wiſdom in his face.
The crowd admire his wit, his ſenſe;
Each word hath weight and conſequence.
The flatterer all his art diſplays:
He who hath power is ſure of praiſe.
A Fox ſtept forth before the reſt,
And thus the ſervile throng addreſt:
" How vaſt his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in Virtue's honeſt ſchool!
What Clemency his temper ſways!
How uncorrupt are all his ways!
Beneath his conduct and command,
Rapine ſhall ceaſe to waſte the land.
His brain hath ſtratagem and art;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.
What bleſſings muſt attend the nation
Under this good adminiſtration!"
He ſaid. A Gooſe, who diſtant ſtood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood:
" Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me ſhun his worthy friend.
What praiſe! what mighty commendation!
But 'twas a Fox who ſpoke th' oration.

government may prize,
, plentiful, and wiſe;
joy the ſweets, 'tis plain
e muſt feel a tyrant-reign.
vock now ſhall thin our race,
ry petty clerk in place,
his taſte, and ſeem polite,
on Geeſe both noon and night!"

FABLE VIII.

THE LADY AND THE WASP.

r whiſpers muſt the beauty Beauty bear!
at hourly nonſenſe haunts her ear!
her eyes diſpenſe their charms,
ence around her ſwarms.
he tender nonſenſe ſtrike,
t and ſcorn might look diſlike;
g airs might thin the place,
reſt flap a fly can chace:
can drive the numerous breed?
e, another will ſucceed.
ows a fool, muſt know his brother;
will recommend another:
this plague ſhe 's rightly curſt,
he liſten'd to the firſt.
ris, at her toilette's duty,
tating on her beauty,
was penſive now was gay,
'd the ſultry hours away.
as in indolence ſhe lies,
Waſp around her flies.
advances, now retires,
ier neck and cheek aſpires.
n vain defends her charms;
returns, again alarms;
pulſe he bolder grew,
on her lip, and ſipt the dew.
owns; ſhe frets. "Good Gods! ſhe cries,
ne from theſe teazing flies!
e plagues that Heaven hath ſent,
is moſt impertinent."
overing inſect thus complain'd;
then ſlighted, ſcorn'd, diſdain'd?
offence your anger wake?
eauty caus'd the bold miſtake.
erry lips that breathe perfume,
eek ſo ripe with youthful bloom,
with ſtrong deſire purſue
eſt peach that ever grew."
like him not, Jenny, Doris cries,
rder Waſps like vulgar flies;
gh he's free (to do him right),
ature's civil and polite."
aſies away he poſts:
r he came, the favour boaſts;
w her ſweeteſt tea he ſips,
ws the ſugar on his lips.
int alarm'd the forward crew;
ſucceſs, away they flew:
are the dainties of the day,
her with airy muſic play:
And now they flutter now they reſt,
Now ſoar again, and ſkim her breaſt.
Nor were they baniſh'd, till ſhe found
That Waſps have ſtings, and felt the wound.

FABLE IX.

THE BULL AND THE MASTIFF.

SEEK you to train your favourite boy?
Each caution, every care employ;
And, ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be try'd:
Weigh well his manners, life, and ſcope;
On theſe depends thy future hope.
As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flowery plain,
A Maſtiff paſs'd; inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls ſhot indignant fire.
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirſt of blood.
'Spurning the ground, the monarch ſtood,
And roar'd aloud: "Suſpend the fight;
In a whole ſkin go ſleep to-night:
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
Is it ambition fires thy breaſt,
Or avarice, that ne'er can reſt?
From theſe alone unjuſtly ſprings
The world-deſtroying wrath of kings."
The ſurly maſtiff thus returns:
"Within my boſom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets ſing, I fight for fame.
The butcher's ſpirit-ſtirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd;
He train'd me to heroic deed,
Taught me to conquer, or to bleed."
"Curs'd Dog, the Bull reply'd, no more
I wonder at thy thirſt of gore;
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whoſe hands with cruelty are ſtain'd,
His daily murders in thy view)
Muſt, like thy tutor, blood purſue.
Take, then, thy fate." With goring wound
At once he lifts him from the ground:
Aloft the ſprawling hero flies,
Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

FABLE X.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE BOOKSELLER.

THE man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown ſeas to unknown ſoils,
With various wonders feaſts his ſight:
What ſtranger wonders does he write!
We read, and in deſcription view
Creatures which Adam never knew;
For, when we riſk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
Thoſe things that ſtartle me or you
I grant are ſtrange; yet may be true.

Who doubts that Elephants are found
For ſcience and for ſenſe renown'd?
Borri records their ſtrength of parts,
Extent of thought, and ſkill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And ſave the ſtate the hangman's fees;
And how by travel underſtand
The language of another land.
Let thoſe, who queſtion this report,
To Pliny's ancient page reſort.
How learn'd was that ſagacious breed!
Who now (like them) the Greek can read?
As one of theſe, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a ſhop of learning o'er,
Not like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding,
A book his curious eye detains,
Where with exacteſt care and pains,
Were every beaſt and bird pourtray'd,
That e'er the ſearch of man ſurvey'd;
Their natures and their powers were writ
With all the pride of human wit:
The page he with attention ſpread,
And thus remark'd on what he read:
"Man with ſtrong reaſon is endow'd;
A beaſt ſcarce inſtinct is allow'd;
But, let this author's worth be try'd,
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he diſcern the different natures,
And weigh the power of other creatures,
Who by the partial work hath ſhewn
He knows ſo little of his own?
How falſely is the Spaniel drawn!
Did man from him firſt learn to fawn?
A Dog proficient in the trade!
He the chief flatterer Nature made!
Go, Man! the ways of courts diſcern,
You 'll find a Spaniel ſtill might learn.
How can the Fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his cenſure or his wonder?
From Courtiers' tricks and Lawyers' arts,
The Fox might well improve his parts.
The Lion, Wolf, and Tiger's brood,
He curſes, for their thirſt of blood.
But is not Man to Man a prey?
Beaſts kill for hunger, Men for pay."
The Bookſeller who heard him ſpeak,
And ſaw him turn a page of Greek,
Thought, what a genius have I found!
Then thus addreſs'd with bow profound:
"Learn'd Sir, if you 'd employ your pen
Againſt the ſenſeleſs ſons of men,
Or write the hiſtory of Siam;
No man is better pay than I am.
Or, ſince you 're learn'd in Greek, let 's ſee
Something againſt the Trinity."
When wrinkling with a ſneer his trunk,
"Friend, quoth the Elephant, you 're drunk:
E'en keep your money, and be wiſe;
Leave man on man to criticiſe:
For that you ne'er can want a pen
Among the ſenſeleſs ſons of men.
They unprovok'd will court the fray;
Envy 's a ſharper ſpur than pay.
No author ever ſpar'd a brother;
Wits are gamecocks to one another."

FABLE XI.

THE PEACOCK, THE TURKEY, AND THE GOOSE.

IN beauty faults conſpicuous grow;
The ſmalleſt ſpeck is ſeen on ſnow.
As near a barn, by hunger led,
A peacock with the poultry fed,
All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.
He, conſcious of ſuperior merit,
Contemns their baſe reviling ſpirit;
His ſtate and dignity aſſumes,
And to the ſun diſplays his plumes,
Which, like the Heavens' o'er-arching ſkies,
Are ſpangled with a thouſand eyes.
The circling rays, and varied light,
At once confound their dazzled ſight;
On every tongue detraction burns,
And malice prompts their ſpleen by turns.
"Mark with what inſolence and pride
The creature takes his haughty ſtride,
The Turkey cries. Can ſpleen contain?
Sure never bird was half ſo vain!
But, were intrinſic merit ſeen,
We Turkeys have the whiter ſkin."
From tongue to tongue they caught abuſe;
And next was heard the hiſſing gooſe:
"What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
I ſcorn to cenſure little flaws.
Then what a horrid ſqualling throat!
Ev'n owls are frighted at the note."
"True. Thoſe are faults the Peacock cries;
My ſcream, my ſhanks you may deſpiſe;
But ſuch blind critics rail in vain.
What! overlook my radiant train!
Know, did my legs (your ſcorn and ſport)
The Turkey or the Gooſe ſupport,
And did ye ſcream with harſher ſound,
Thoſe faults in you had ne'er been found:
To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemiſh ſtrikes an envious mind."
Thus in aſſemblies have I ſeen
A nymph of brighteſt charms and mien
Wake envy in each ugly face,
And buzzing ſcandal fills the place.

FABLE XII.

CUPID, HYMEN, AND PLUTUS.

AS Cupid in Cythera's grove
Employ'd the leſſer powers of Love,
Some ſhape the bow, or fit the ſtring,
Some give the taper ſhaft its wing,
Or turn the poliſh'd quiver's mould,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.
Amidſt their toil and various care,
Thus Hymen with aſſuming air,
Addreſs'd the God: "Thou purblind chit,
Of aukward and ill-judging wit,
If matches are not better made,
At once I muſt forſwear my trade;

nd me ſuch ill-coupled folks,
'tis a ſhame to ſell them yokes.
ſquabble for a pin, a feather,
vonder how they came together.
uſband's ſullen, dogged, ſhy,
vife grows flippant in reply:
es command and due reſtriction;
e as well likes contradiction:
ver ſlaviſhly ſubmits;
have her will, or have her fits.
s way tugs, ſhe th' other draws;
an grows jealous, and with cauſe.
g can ſave him but divorce;
re the wife complies of courſe."
Vhen, ſays the boy, had I to do
ther your affairs or you?
idly ſpend my darts;
ade in mercenary hearts.
lements the lawyer's feed;
hand witneſs to the deed?
like cat and dog agree,
at Plutus, not at me."
us appear'd, and ſaid, "'Tis true,
riage, gold is all their view;
eek not beauty, wit, or ſenſe,
ve is ſeldom the pretence.
r incenſe at my ſhrine,
lone the bargain ſign.
n Belinda blame her fate?
y aſk'd a great eſtate.
as rich enough, 'tis true;
d muſt give her title too:
ery man, or rich or poor,
ne aſks, and aſks no more."
ice, whatever ſhape it bears,
ill be coupled with its cares.

FABLE XIII.

THE TAME STAG.

oung Stag the thicket paſt,
e branches held his antlers faſt.
, who ſaw the captive hung,
he horns his halter ſlung.
ſafely hamper'd in the cord,
the preſent to his lord.
I was pleas'd; as was the clown,
e was tipp'd with half-a-crown.
g was brought before his wife;
der lady begg'd his life.
ek's the ſkin! how ſpeck'd like ermine!
ver creature was ſo charming!
rit within the yard confin'd,
and hides from all mankind;
lder grown, with fix'd amaze,
tant awe, preſumes to gaze;
s the linen on the lines,
a hood or apron dines:
s my little maſter's bread,
the ſervants to be fed:
nd nearer now he ſtands,
the praiſe of patting hands;
Examines every fiſt for meat,
And, though repuls'd, diſdains retreat;
Attacks again with level'd horns,
And man, that was his terror, ſcorns.
Such is the country maiden's fright,
When firſt a Redcoat is in ſight;
Behind the door ſhe hides her face,
Next time at diſtance eyes the lace:
She now can all his terrors ſtand,
Nor from his ſqueeze withdraws her hand.
She plays familiar in his arms,
And every ſoldier hath his charms.
From tent to tent ſhe ſpreads her flame;
For cuſtom conquers fear and ſhame.

FABLE XIV.

THE MONKEY WHO HAD SEEN THE WORLD.

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Reſolv'd to viſit foreign climes;
For men in diſtant regions roam,
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortune ſerves to make us wiſe.
At length the treacherous ſnare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught; to Town convey'd;
There ſold. (How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!)
Proud, as a lover, of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
When'er the duty of the day
The toilette calls, with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.
In viſits too, his parts and wit,
When jeſts grew dull, were ſure to hit.
Proud with applauſe he thought his mind
In every courtly art refin'd;
Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the Monkey-weal;
So watch'd occaſion, broke his chain,
And ſought his native woods again.
The hairy ſylvans round him preſs,
Aſtoniſh'd at his ſtrut and dreſs.
Some praiſe his ſleeve, and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat,
His dapper perriwig commending;
With the black tail behind depending;
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary froſts, or fleecy ſnow;
But all, with envy and deſire,
His fluttering ſhoulder-knot admire.
Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
I come to make a nation wiſe.
Weigh your own worth; ſupport your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I paſs'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dreſs, their courtly manners ſee;
Reform your ſtate, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? In flattery deal;
Your ſcorn, your hate, with that conceal,

Seem only to regard your friends,
But uſe them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie when'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to ſpatter merit;
Scandal is converſation's ſpirit.
Boldly to every thing pretend,
And men your talents ſhall commend.
I knew the great. Obſerve me right;
So ſhall you grow, like man, polite.
He ſpoke, and bow'd. With muttering jaws
The wondering circle grinn'd applauſe.
Now, warm'd with malice, envy, ſpite,
Their moſt obliging friends they bite;
And, fond to copy human ways,
Practiſe new miſchiefs all their days.
Thus the dull lad, too tall for ſchool,
With travel finiſhes the fool;
Studious of every coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dreſſes, whores, and ſwears;
O'erlooks with ſcorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

FABLE XV.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE PHEASANTS.

THE Sage, awak'd at early day,
Through the deep foreſt took his way;
Drawn by the muſic of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves:
From tree to tree the warbling throats
Prolong the ſweet alternate notes;
But, where he paſt, he terror threw,
The ſong broke ſhort, the warblers flew;
The thruſhes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhorr'd his ſight;
All animals before him ran,
To ſhun the hateful ſight of man.
Whence is this dread of every creature?
Fly they our figure, or our nature?
As thus he walk'd in muſing thought,
His ear imperfect accents caught;
With cautious ſtep he nearer drew,
By the thick ſhade conceal'd from view.
High on the branch a pheaſant ſtood;
Around her all her liſtening brood;
Proud of the bleſſings of her neſt,
She thus a mother's care expreſs'd.
"No dangers here ſhall circumvent,
Within the woods enjoy content.
Sooner the hawk or vulture fruit
Than man, of animals the worſt.
In him ingratitude you find,
A vice peculiar to the kind.
The ſheep whoſe annual fleece is dy'd
To guard his health, and ſerve his pride,
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel ſhambles ſlain.
The ſwarms who with induſtrious ſkill,
His hives with wax and honey fill,
In vain whole ſummer-days employ'd,
Their ſtores are ſold, the race deſtroy'd.
What tribute from the gooſe is paid!
Does not her wing all ſcience aid?
Does it not lovers' hearts explain,
And drudge to raiſe the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this general uſe?
He takes the quills, and eats the gooſe.
Man then avoid, deteſt his ways,
So ſafety ſhall prolong your days.
When ſervices are thus acquitted,
Be ſure we Pheaſants muſt be ſpitted."

FABLE XVI.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

A PIN who long had ſerv'd a beauty,
Proficient in the toilette's duty,
Had form'd her ſleeve, confin'd her hair,
Or given her knot a ſmarter air,
Now neareſt to her heart was plac'd,
Now in her manteau's tail diſgrac'd:
But could ſhe partial Fortune blame,
Who ſaw her lovers ſerv'd the ſame?
At length from all her honours caſt,
Through various turns of life ſhe paſt;
Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm,
Now kept a beggar's infant warm;
Now, rang'd within a miſer's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat;
Now, rais'd again from low approach,
She viſits in the doctor's coach:
Here, there, by various fortune toſt,
At laſt in Greſham-hall was loſt.
Charm'd with the wonders of the ſhow,
On every ſide, above, below,
She now of this or that enquires,
What leaſt was underſtood admires.
'Tis plain, each thing ſo ſtruck her mind,
Her head's of virtuoſo kind.
"And pray what's this, and this, dear Sir?"
"A Needle," ſays th' interpreter.
She knew the name; and thus the fool
Addreſs'd her as a tailor's tool.
"A Needle with that filthy ſtone,
Quite idle, all with ruſt o'ergrown;
You better might employ your parts,
And aid the ſempſtreſs in her arts;
But tell me how the friendſhip grew
Between that paltry flint and you."
"Friend, ſays the Needle, ceaſe to blame;
I follow real worth and fame.
Know'ſt thou the loadſtone's power and art,
That virtue's virtues can impart?
Of all his talents I partake:
Who then can ſuch a friend forſake?
'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
To ſhun the rocks and treacherous ſand:
By me the diſtant world is known,
And either India is our own.
Had I with milliners been bred,
What had I been? the guide of thread,
And drudg'd as vulgar Needles do,
Of no more conſequence than you."

FABLE XVII.

E SHEPHERD'S DOG AND THE WOLF.

OLF, with hunger fierce and bold,
vag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold;
the wood ſecure he lay,
:fts of night regal'd the day.
the ſhepherd's wakeful care
ead the toils, and watch'd the ſnare;
the Dog purſued his pace,
:ter robber mock'd the chace.
ghtfoot rang'd the foreſt round,
ce his foe's retreat he found.
: us a while the war ſuſpend,
ſon as from friend to friend."
ruce?" replies the Wolf. "'Tis done."
g the parley thus begun.
we can that ſtrong intrepid mind
weak defenceleſs kind?
ws ſhould prey on nobler food,
lk the boar's and lion's blood.
als with generous pity melt,
oward tyrants never felt.
mleſs is our fleecy care!
, and let thy mercy ſpare."
:nd, ſays the Wolf, the matter weigh;
efign'd us beaſts of prey;
when hunger finds a treat,
ſſary wolves ſhould eat.
ful of the bleating weal,
im burn with real zeal,
ind thy tyrant lord beſeech;
epeat the moving ſpeech:
eats ſheep but now and then,
ſands are devour'd by men.
foe may prove a curſe,
tended friend is worſe."

FABLE XVIII.

INTER WHO PLEASED NOBODY AND EVERY BODY.

nen ſuſpect your tale untrue,
probability in view.
ller leaping o'er thoſe bounds,
t of his book confounds.
i his tongue hath armies routed,
:n his real courage doubted.
y never ſeems abſurd;
r'd always take your word:
ties ſeem juſt;
: the ſtrongeſt praiſe on truſt.
s, though ne'er ſo great,
:ome ſhort of ſelf-conceit.
like a Painter drew,
y eye the picture knew;
nplexion, feature, air,
ie life itſelf was there.
/ with his colours laid,
reſtor'd the faded maid;
ach muſcle all its ſtrength;
h, the chin, the noſe's length;
His honeſt pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
He loſt his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth ſhould not always be reveal'd:
In duſty piles his pictures lay,
For no one ſent the ſecond pay.
Two buſtos, fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view; reſolv'd to pleaſe,
Whoever ſat he drew from theſe,
From theſe corrected every feature,
And ſpirited each aukward creature.
All things were ſet; the hour was come,
His palette ready o'er his thumb.
My lord appear'd; and ſeated right,
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter look'd, he ſketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
Thoſe eyes, my Lord, the ſpirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features, fraught with ſenſe and wit,
You'll grant, are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you ſhall view
As much as paint and art can do.
"Obſerve the work." My Lord replied,
"Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Beſides, my noſe is ſomewhat long:
Dear Sir, for me, 'tis far too young"
"Oh! pardon me, the artiſt cry'd;
In this we Painters muſt decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes muſt ſtrike,
I warrant it extremely like."
My Lord examin'd it anew;
No looking-glaſs ſeem'd half ſo true.
A lady came, with borrow'd grace
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the Painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To every age ſome charm he lent;
Ev'n beauties were almoſt content.
Through all the town his art they prais'd;
His cuſtom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeneſs ſhown,
Would any man the picture own?
But, when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeneſs in his thought.

FABLE XIX.

THE LION AND THE CUB.

HOW fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and baſe!
Theſe cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from ſuperior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And loſe their hours in ale and ſmoke.
There o'er ſome petty club preſide;
So poor, ſo paltry, is their pride!
Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will ſit,
In hopes to be ſupreme in wit.
If theſe can read, to theſe I write,
To ſet their worth in trueſt light

A Lion-cub, of fordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applauſe he ſought the feaſts
Of vulgar and ignoble beaſts;
With aſſes all his time he ſpent,
Their club's perpetual preſident.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An aſs in every thing but ears!
If e'er his Highneſs meant to joke,
They grinn'd applauſe before he ſpoke;
But at each word what ſhouts of praiſe!
Good gods! how natural he brays!
Elate with flattery and conceit,
He ſeeks his royal ſire's retreat;
Forward and fond to ſhow his parts,
His Highneſs brays; the Lion ſtarts.
"Puppy! that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and converſation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noiſy race,
Are trumpets of their own diſgrace."
"Why ſo ſevere? the Cub replies;
Our ſenate always held me wiſe."
"How weak is pride! returns the ſire:
All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what ſtupid aſſes prize,
Lions and noble beaſts deſpiſe."

FABLE XX.

THE OLD HEN AND THE COCK.

RESTRAIN your child; you'll ſoon believe
The text which ſays we ſprung from Eve.
As an old Hen led forth her train,
And ſeem'd to peck to ſhow the grain,
She rak'd the chaff, ſhe ſcratch'd the ground,
And glean'd the ſpacious yard around.
A giddy chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin ſprings,
And prone ſhe drops. The mother's breaſt
All day with ſorrow was poſſeſt.
A Cock ſhe met; her ſon ſhe knew;
And in her heart affection grew.
"My ſon, ſays ſhe, I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
I ſee you vigorous, ſtrong, and bold;
I hear with joy your triumphs told.
'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread;
But let thy ever-wary tread
Avoid yon' well; that fatal place
Is ſure perdition to our race.
Print this my counſel on thy breaſt:
To the juſt gods I leave the reſt."
He thank'd her care; yet day by day
His boſom burn'd to diſobey,
And every time the well he ſaw,
Scorn'd in his heart the fooliſh law:
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dangerous view.
"Why was this idle charge? he cries;
Let courage female fears deſpiſe.
Or did ſhe doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave;
Or does her harveſt ſtore the place
A treaſure for her younger race?
And would ſhe thus my ſearch prevent?
I ſtand reſolv'd, and dare th' event."
Thus ſaid, he mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.
He ſtretch'd his neck; and from below
With ſtretching neck advanc'd a foe:
With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears:
Threat anſwer'd threat; his fury grew;
Headlong to meet the war he flew;
But, when the watery death he found,
He thus lamented as he drown'd:
"I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my Mother's prohibition."

FABLE XXI.

THE RAT-CATCHER AND CATS.

THE rats by night ſuch miſchief did,
Betty was every morning chid:
They undermin'd whole ſides of bacon,
Her cheeſe was ſapp'd, her tarts were taken;
Her paſties, fenc'd with thickeſt paſte,
Were all demoliſh'd and laid waſte:
She curs'd the Cat, for want of duty,
Who left her foes a conſtant booty.
An Engineer, of noted ſkill,
Engag'd to ſtop the growing ill.
From room to room he now ſurveys
Their haunts, their works, their ſecret ways;
Finds where they 'ſcape an ambuſcade,
And whence the nightly ſally's made.
An envious Cat from place to place,
Unſeen, attends his ſilent pace:
She ſaw that, if his trade went on,
The purring race muſt be undone;
So ſecretly removes his baits,
And every ſtratagem defeats.
Again he ſets the poiſon'd toils;
And Puſs again the labour foils.
"What foe (to fruſtrate my deſigns)
My ſchemes thus nightly countermines?
Incens'd he cries, this very hour
The wretch ſhall bleed beneath my power."
So ſaid, a ponderous trap he brought,
And in the fact poor Puſs was caught.
"Smuggler, ſays he, thou ſhalt be made
A victim to our loſs of trade."
The captive Cat, with piteous mews,
For pardon, life, and freedom ſues.
"A ſiſter of the ſcience ſpare;
One intereſt is our common care."
"What inſolence! the Man reply'd;
Shall Cats with us the game divide?
Were all your interloping band
Extinguiſh'd, or expell'd the land,
We Rat-catchers might raiſe our fees,
Sole guardians of a nation's cheeſe!"
A Cat, who ſaw the lifted knife,
Thus ſpoke, and ſav'd her ſiſter's life.

ery age and clime, we ſee,
trade can ne'er agree.
his neighbour for encroaching;
matizes 'ſquire for poaching;
ith beauties are in arms,
al pelts each other's charms;
, their neighbour-kings dethrone,
make the world their own:
limit our deſires,
ke beauties, kings, and 'ſquires;
we both one prey purſue,
me enough for us and you."

FABLE XXII.

HE GOAT WITHOUT A BEARD.

tain that the modiſh paſſions
end among the crowd like faſhions.
, then, if pride, conceit,
mers of the fair and great)
monkeys, aſſes, dogs,
ls, goats, butterflies, and hogs,
theſe are proud: what then?
id they equal men.
(as vain as Goat can be)
ingularity:
a thymy bank he found,
upon the fragrant ground,
with fond attention ſtood,
his image in the flood.
e my frowzy beard, he cries,
is loſt in this diſguiſe.
e females know my vigour,
ht they loath this reverned figure."
'd to ſmooth his ſhaggy face,
the barber of the place.
monkey, ſpruce and ſmart,
profeſs'd the dapper art:
vith pewter-baſons hung,
en teeth in order ſtrung,
ips, that in the window ſtood,
h red rags to look like blood;
his threefold trade explain,
'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.
oat he welcomes with an air,
him in his wooden chair:
oſe, and cheek. the lather hides;
nooth, and ſwift, the razor glides.
pe your cuſtom, Sir, ſays Pug.
r face was half ſo ſmug!"
oat, impatient for applauſe,
he neighbouring hill withdraws.
gy people grinn'd and ſtar'd.
day! what's here? without a beard!
ther, whence the dire diſgrace?
rious hand hath robb'd your face?"
us the fop, with ſmiles of ſcorn,
ards by civil nations worn?
ſcovites have mow'd their chins.
like formal Capuchins,
in pride, retain the mode,
about the hairy load?

Whene'er we through the village ſtray,
Are we not mock'd along the way,
Inſulted with loud ſhouts of ſcorn,
By boys our beards diſgrac'd and torn?
"Were you no more with Goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reaſon well,
Replies a bearded Chief. "Beſide,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou ſtand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? Affected fool!"
Coxcombs, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
To all but coxcombs are a jeſt.

FABLE XXIII.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER CATS.

WHO friendſhip with a knave hath made,
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
The matron, who conducts abroad
A willing nymph, is thought a bawd;
And, if a modeſt girl is ſeen
With one who cures a lover's ſpleen,
We gueſs her not extremely nice,
And only wiſh to know her price.
'Tis thus that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.
A wrinkled hag, of wicked fame,
Beſide a little ſmoaky flame
Sat hovering, pinch'd with age and froſt;
Her ſhrivel'd hands, with veins emboſs'd,
Upon her knees her weight ſuſtains,
While palſy ſhook her crazy brains:
She mumbles forth her backward prayers,
An untam'd ſcold of fourſcore years.
About her ſwarm'd a numerous brood
Of Cats, who, lank with hunger, mew'd.
Teaz'd with their cries, her choler grew,
And thus ſhe ſputter'd. "Hence, ye crew!
Fool that I was, to entertain
Such imps, ſuch fiends, a helliſh train!
Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,
I for a witch had ne'er been curs'd.
To you I owe that crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noiſe;
Straws laid acroſs my pace retard,
The horſeſhoe's nail'd (each threſhold's guard);
The ſtunted broom the wenches hide,
For fear that I ſhould up and ride;
They ſtick with pins my bleeding ſeat,
And bid me ſhow my ſecret teat."
"To hear you prate, would vex a ſaint;
Who hath moſt reaſon of complaint?
Replies a Cat. "Let's come to proof.
Had we ne'er ſtarv'd beneath your roof,
We had, like others of our race,
In credit liv'd as beaſts of chace.
'Tis infamy to ſerve a hag;
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;
And boys againſt our lives combine,
Becauſe 'tis ſaid your Cats have nine."

FABLE XXIV.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

ALL upſtarts, inſolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.
As in the ſunſhine of the morn
A butterfly (but newly born)
Sat proudly perking on a roſe,
With pert conceit his boſom glows;
His wings all glorious to behold)
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he diſplays; the ſpangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.
His now-forgotten friend, a ſnail,
Beneath his houſe, with ſlimy trail,
Crawls o'er the graſs; whom when he ſpies,
In wrath he to the gardener cries:
"What means yon' peaſant's daily toil,
From choaking weeds to rid the ſoil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach with crimſon hue?
And why the plumb's inviting blue?
Were they to feaſt his taſte deſign'd,
That vermin of voracious kind!
Cruſh then the ſlow, the pilfering race,
So purge thy garden from diſgrace."
"What arrogance! the Snail reply'd;
How inſolent is upſtart pride!
Hadſt thou not thus, with inſult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the ſcum of earth:
For ſcarce nine ſuns have wak'd the hours,
To ſwell the fruit, and paint the flowers,
Since I thy humbler life ſurvey'd,
In baſe, in ſordid guiſe array'd;
A hideous inſect, vile, unclean,
You drag'd a ſlow and noiſome train;
And from your ſpider-bowels drew
Foul film, and ſpun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail ſhall end.
And what's a Butterfly? at beſt
He's but a caterpillar dreſt;
And all thy race (a numerous ſeed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

FABLE XXV.

THE SCOLD AND THE PARROT.

THE huſband thus reprov'd his wife:
"Who deals in ſlander, lives in ſtrife.
Art thou the herald of diſgrace,
Denouncing war to all thy race;
Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
Which ſpares nor friend, nor ſex, nor age?
That vixen tongue of your's, my Dear,
Alarms our neighbours far and near.
Good Gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murmuring flows, and flows for ever!
Ne'er tir'd, perpetual diſcord ſowing!
Like Fame, it gathers ſtrength by going."
"Heigh-day!" the flippant tongue replies,
"How ſolemn is the fool! how wiſe!
Is Nature's choiceſt gift debarr'd?
Nay, frown not; for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden,
A Parrot's privilege forbidden!
You praiſe his talk, his ſqualling ſong;
But wives are always in the wrong."
Now reputations flew in pieces
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces:
She ran the Parrot's language o'er,
Bawd, huſſy, drunkard, flattern, whore;
On all the ſex ſhe vents her fury,
Tries and condemns without a jury.
At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds:
All join their forces to confound her,
Puſs ſpits, the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels aſſaults;
The magpie blabs out all her faults;
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke outſcream'd her rage.
"A Parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling women are deſpis'd.
She who attacks another's honour,
Draws every living thing upon her.
Think, Madam, when you ſtretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues:
One ſlander muſt ten thouſand get;
The world with intereſt pays the debt.

FABLE XXVI.

THE CUR AND THE MASTIFF.

A SNEAKING Cur, the maſter's ſpy,
Rewarded for his daily lye,
With ſecret jealouſies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor Puſs to-day was in diſgrace,
Another Cat ſupply'd her place;
The Hound was beat, the Maſtiff chid,
The Monkey was the room forbid;
Each to his deareſt friend grew ſhy,
And none could tell the reaſon why.
A plan to rob the houſe was laid:
The thief with love ſeduc'd the maid,
Cajol'd the Cur, and ſtroak'd his head,
And bought his ſecrecy with bread;
He next the Maſtiff's honour try'd,
Whoſe honeſt jaws the bribe defy'd;
He ſtretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The ſurly dog his fingers tore.
Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
The Maſter took his information.
"Hang him, the villain's curs'd," he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.
The Dog his humble ſuit preferr'd,
And beg'd in juſtice to be heard.
The matter ſate. On either hand
The cited Dogs confronting ſtand;

The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a Lawyer aggravates.
"Judge not unheard, the Maſtiff cry'd,
But weigh the cauſe of either ſide.
Think not that treachery can be juſt;
Take not informers words on truſt;
They ope their hand to every pay,
And you and me by turns betray."
He ſpoke; and all the truth appear'd:
The Cur was hang'd, the Maſtiff clear'd.

FABLE XXVII.

THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL.

"IS there no hope?" the ſick man ſaid.
The ſilent doctor ſhook his head,
And took his leave with ſigns of ſorrow,
Deſpairing of his fee to-morrow.
When thus the Man, with gaſping breath;
"I feel the chilling wound of Death.
Since I muſt bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
"I grant my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis ſelf-defence in each profeſſion:
Sure ſelf-defence is no tranſgreſſion.
The little portion in my hands,
By good ſecurity on lands
Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
My juſtice to myſelf and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good ſufficient bail;
If I, by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need
My will hath made the world amends
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heaven and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply ſhown."
An Angel came. "Ah! Friend! he cry'd.
No more in flattering hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is ſincere:
This inſtant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound."
"But why ſuch haſte, the ſick Man whines;
Who knows as yet what Heaven deſigns?
Perhaps I may recover ſtill.
That ſum and more are in my will."
"Fool, ſays the Viſion, now 'tis plain
Your life, your ſoul, your Heaven, was gain.
From every ſide, with all your might,
You ſcrap'd, and ſcrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own."
"While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd;
Then why ſo much haſte?" ſo groan'd and dy'd.

FABLE XXVIII.

THE PERSIAN, THE SUN, AND THE CLOUD.

IS there a bard whom genius fires,
Whoſe every thought the God inſpires?
When envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, ſhe rails, ſhe raves, ſhe pines;
Her hiſſing ſnakes with venom ſwell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The ſervile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curll's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up Calumny and Spite:
Thus ſhadow owes its birth to light.
As, proſtrate to the God of Day,
With heart devout, a Perſian lay,
His invocation thus begun:
"Parent of Light! all-ſeeing Sun!
Prolific beam, whoſe rays diſpenſe
The various gifts of Providence,
Accept our praiſe, our daily prayer;
Smile on our fields, and bleſs the year."
A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with ſudden darkneſs hung;
With pride and envy ſwell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud.
"Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to ſhine.
Shall I nor vows nor incenſe know?
Where praiſe is due, the praiſe beſtow."
With fervent zeal the Perſian mov'd,
Thus the proud Calumny reprov'd.
"It was that God who claims my prayer
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy ſubſtance is but plainer ſhown:
A paſſing gale, a puff of wind,
Diſpels thy thickeſt troops combin'd."
The gale aroſe; the vapour toſt
(The ſpout of winds) in air was loſt;
The glorious orb the day refines.
Thus envy breaks, thus merit ſhines.

FABLE XXIX.

THE FOX AD THE POINT OF DEATH.

A FOX, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, ſick, and faint, expiring lay:
All appetite had left his maw,
And age diſarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His numerous race around him ſtand,
To learn their dying ſire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone.
"Ah! Sons! from evil ways depart;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, ſee, the murder'd Geeſe appear!
Why are thoſe bleeding Turkeys there
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chickens ſlain?"
The hungry Foxes round them ſtar'd,
And for the promis'd feaſt prepar'd,

"Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor Turkey, Goose, nor Hen, is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain;
And your sons lick their lips in vain."
"O Gluttons! says the drooping Sire.
Restrain inordinate desire.
Your liquorish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race?
Thieves dread the searching eye of power;
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honestly your passions rein;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost redeem."
"The counsel's good, a Fox replies,
Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done;
A line of thieves from son to son.
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, and deed,
Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believ'd.
A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd."
"Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox,
(But, hark! I hear a hen that clucks)
Go; but be moderate in your food;
A chicken, too, might do me good."

FABLE XXX.

THE SETTING DOG AND THE PARTRIDGE.

THE ranging Dog the stubble tries,
And searches every breeze that flies;
The scent grows warm; with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near;
The men in silence, far behind,
Conscious of game, the net unbind.
A Partridge, with experience wise,
The fraudful preparation spies;
She mocks their toils, alarms her brood,
The covey springs, and seeks the wood;
But, ere her certain wings she tries:
Thus to the creeping Spaniel cries:
"Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of luxury, sneaking cheat,
Of thy whole species thou disgrace;
Dogs should disown thee of their race!
For, if I judge their native parts,
They're born with honest open hearts;
And, ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,
Were generous foes, or real friends."
When thus the Dog, with scornful smile:
"Secure of wing, thou dar'st revile.
Clowns are to polish'd manners blind;
How ignorant is the rustic mind!
My worth sagacious courtiers see,
And to preferment rise, like me.
The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,
Hath oft' enhanc'd a nation's debts:
Friend sets his friend, without regard,
And ministers his skill reward:
Thus train'd by man, I learnt his ways;
And growing favour feasts my days."
"I might have guess'd, the Partridge said,
The place where you were train'd and fed;
Servants are apt, and in a trice
Ape to a hair their master's vice.
You came from court, you say. Adieu!"
She said, and to the covey flew.

FABLE XXXI.

THE UNIVERSAL APPARITION.

A RAKE, by every passion rul'd,
With every vice his youth had cool'd;
Disease his tainted blood assails:
His spirits droop, his vigour fails:
With secret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.
As, twing'd with pain, he pensive sits,
And raves, and prays, and swears, by fits,
A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
Before him rose, and thus began:
"My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear;
Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise:
With health all taste of pleasure flies."
Thus said, the Phantom disappears.
The wary counsel wak'd his fears.
He now from all excess abstains,
With physic purifies his veins;
And to procure a sober life,
Resolves to venture on a wife.
But now again the Sprite ascends,
Where'er he walks, his ear attends;
Insinuates that beauty's frail,
That perseverance must prevail;
With jealousies his brain inflames,
And whispers all her lovers' names.
In other hours she represents
His household charge, his annual rents,
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.
Straight all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns.
But, when possess'd of Fortune's store,
The Spectre haunts him more and more;
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves, and all the murdering crew;
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infests his dream, or wakes his nights.
How shall he chace this hideous guest?
Power may perhaps protect his rest.
To Power he rose. Again the Sprite
Besets him morning, noon, and night;

Talks of Ambition's tottering ſeat,
How Envy perſecutes the great,
Of rival hate, of treacherous friends,
And what diſgrace his fall attends.
The court he quits, to fly from Care,
And ſeeks the peace of rural air:
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flowers.
But Care again his ſteps purſues,
Warns him of blaſts, of blighting dews,
Of plundering inſects, ſnails, and rains,
And droughts that ſtarv'd the labour'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there;
In vain we ſeek to fly from Care.
At length he thus the Ghoſt addreſt:
"Since thou muſt be my conſtant gueſt,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care, by right, ſhould go before."

FABLE XXXII.

THE TWO OWLS AND THE SPARROW.

TWO formal Owls together ſat,
Conferring thus in ſolemn chat:
"How is the modern taſte decay'd!
Where 's the reſpect to wiſdom paid?
Our worth the Grecian ſages knew;
They gave our ſires the honour due;
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And pry'd into the depth of Owls,
Athens, the ſeat of learned fame,
With general voice rever'd our name;
On merit title was conferr'd,
And all ador'd th' Athenian bird."
"Brother, you reaſon well, replies
The ſolemn mate, with half-ſhut eyes.
Right. Athens was the ſeat of learning,
And truly wiſdom is diſcerning.
Beſides, on Pallas' helm we ſit,
The type and ornament of wit:
But now, alas! we're quite neglected,
And a pert Sparrow's more reſpected."
A Sparrow, who was lodg'd beſide,
O'erhears them ſooth each other's pride;
And thus he nimbly vents his heat:
"Who meets a fool muſt find conceit,
I grant you were at Athens grac'd,
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd;
But every bird that wings the ſky,
Except an Owl, can tell you why:
From hence they taught their ſchools to know
How falſe we judge by outward ſhow;
That we ſhould never looks eſteem,
Since fools as wiſe as you might ſeem.
Would ye contempt and ſcorn avoid,
Let your vain-glory be deſtroy'd:
Humble your arrogance of thought,
Purſue the ways by Nature taught:
So ſhall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praiſe your care;
So ſhall ſleek mice your chace reward,
And no keen cat find more regard."

FABLE XXXIII.

THE COURTIER AND PROTEUS.

WHENE'ER a Courtier's out of place,
The country ſhelters his diſgrace;
Where, doom'd to exerciſe and health,
His houſe and gardens own his wealth.
He builds new ſchemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign;
Like Philip's ſon, would fain be doing,
And ſighs for other realms to ruin.
As one of theſe (without his wand)
Penſive along the winding ſtrand
Employ'd the ſolitary hour,
In projects to regain his power,
The waves in ſpreading circles ran,
Proteus aroſe, and thus began.
"Came you from court? for in your mien
A ſelf-important air is ſeen."
He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.
"Know, ſays the God, by matchleſs ſkill
I change to every ſhape at will;
But yet, I'm told, at court you ſee
Thoſe who preſume to rival me"
Thus ſaid: a Snake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his ſcaly mail.
"Know, ſays the Man, though proud in place,
All Courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Baſk in the ſun, and fly the ſtorm;
With malice hiſs, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat;
With new-got luſtre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred."
Sudden the God a Lion ſtands;
He ſhakes his mane, he ſpurns the ſands.
Now a fierce Lynx, with fiery glare;
A Wolf, an Aſs, a Fox, a Bear.
"Had I ne'er liv'd at court, he cries,
Such transformation might ſurprize;
But there, in queſt of daily game,
Each able Courtier acts the ſame;
Wolves, Lions, Lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chace.
They play the Bear's and Fox's part,
Now rob by force, now ſteal with art.
They ſometimes in the ſenate bray,
Or, chang'd again to beaſts of prey;
Down from the Lion to the Ape,
Practiſe the frauds of every ſhape."
So ſaid: upon the God he flies,
In cords the ſtruggling captive ties.
"Now, Proteus! now (to truth compell'd)
Speak, and confeſs thy art excell'd.
Uſe ſtrength, ſurpriſe, or what you will,
The Courtier finds evaſions ſtill;
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lyes."

FABLE XXXIV.

THE MASTIFF.

THOSE who in quarrels interpoſe,
Muſt often wipe a bloody noſe.
A Maſtiff, of true Engliſh blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.
When dogs were ſnarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own,

And often found (when two contend)
To interpoſe obtain'd his end.
He glory'd in his limping pace;
The ſcars of honour ſeam'd his face;
In every limb a gaſh appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.
As on a time he heard from far
Two dogs engag'd in noiſy war,
Away he ſcours, and lays about him,
Reſolv'd no fray ſhould be without him.
Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries:
"A cudgel ſhall correct your manners:
Whence ſprung this curſed hate to tanners?
While on my dog you vent your ſpite,
Sirrah! 'tis me you dare not bite."
To ſee the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher vex'd,
Hoarſe-ſcreaming from the circled crowd,
To the cuts'd Mattiff cries aloud:
Both Hockleyhole and Marybone
The combats of my dog h ve known;
He ne'er, like bullies, coward-hearted,
Attacks in public, to be parted.
Think not, raſh fool, to ſhare his fame;
Be his the honour, or the ſhame."
Thus ſaid, they ſwore, and rav'd like thunder,
Then dragg'd their faſten'd dogs aſunder;
While clubs and kicks from every ſide
Rebounded from the Maſtiff's hide.
All reeking now with ſweat and blood,
A while the parted warriors ſtood;
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe,
Who, worried, howl'd and ſprawl'd below.
He roſe; and limping from the fray,
By both ſides mangled, ſneak'd away.

FABLE XXXV.

THE BARLEY-MOW AND THE DUNGHILL.

HOW many ſaucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar to Aldgate-ſtreet!
Proud rogues, who ſhared the South-ſea prey,
And ſprung like muſhrooms in a day!
They think it mean to condeſcend
To know a brother or a friend;
They bluſh to hear their mother's name,
And by their pride expoſe their ſhame.
As croſs his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He ſtopp'd; and, leaning on his fork,
Obſerv'd the flail's inceſſant work.
In thought he meaſur'd all his ſtore,
His geeſe, his hogs, he number'd o'er;
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces ſhorn,
And multiply'd the next year's corn.
A Barley-mow, which ſtood beſide,
Thus to its muſing maſter cry'd:
"Say, good Sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and ſlight?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raiſe your mirth with ale and beer?
Why thus inſulted, thus diſgrac'd,
And that vile dunghill near me plac'd?
Are thoſe poor ſweepings of a groom,
That filthy ſight, that nauſeous fume,
Meet objects here? Command it hence;
A thing ſo mean muſt give offence."
The humble Dunghill thus reply'd:
"Thy maſter hears, and mocks thy pride:
Inſult not thus the meek and low;
In me thy benefactor know;
My warm aſſiſtance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadſt periſh'd low in earth;
But up-ſtarts, to ſupport their ſtation,
Cancel at once all obligation."

FABLE XXXVI.

PYTHAGORAS AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

PYTHAGORAS roſe at early dawn,
By ſoaring meditation drawn;
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flowery fields he took his way,
In muſing contemplation warm,
His ſteps miſled him to a farm,
Where on a ladder's topmoſt round
A Peaſant ſtood; the hammer's ſound
Shook the weak barn. "Say, friend, what cau
Calls for thy honeſt labour there?"
The Clown, with ſurly voice replies,
"Vengeance aloud for juſtice cries.
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens' annoy, my turkeys' dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid;
See on the wall his wings diſplay'd:
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls ſhall future ſafety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barns' refuſe fat the breed."
"Friend, ſays the Sage, the doom is wiſe;
For public good the murderer dies:
But, if theſe tyrants of the air
Demand a ſentence ſo ſevere,
Think how the glutton, man, devours;
What bloody feaſts regale his hours!
O impudence of power and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou, perhaps, carnivorous ſinner,
Hadſt pullets yeſterday for dinner!"
"Hold, cry'd the Clown, with paſſion heated,
Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When Heaven the world with creatures ſtor'd,
Man was ordain'd their ſovereign lord."
"Thus tyrants boaſt, the Sage reply'd,
Whoſe murders ſpring from power and pride.
Own then this manlike kite is ſlain,
Thy greater luxury to ſuſtain;
For "Petty rogues ſubmit to Fate,
"That great ones may enjoy their ſtate *."

FABLE XXXVII.

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN.

WHY are thoſe tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other huſband dead?
Or does a worſe diſgrace betide?
Hath no one ſince his death apply'd?
Alas! you know the cauſe too well;
The ſalt is ſpilt, to me it fell;

* *Garth's Diſpenſary.*

ntribute to my loſs,
nd fork were laid acroſs;
too! the day I dread!
ere ſafe at home in bed!
(I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
n the fire a coffin flew.
ome fatal news ſhall tell:
ıy Corniſh friends be well!
/ Widow, ceaſe thy tears,
fliction in thy fears;
r ſtomach be ſuſpended;
and weep when dinner's ended;
n the butler clears the table,
ſert I'll read my Fable.
her ſwagging pannier's load
s Wife to market rode,
ing on, with thoughtful care,
p the profits of her ware;
:ing from her ſilver dream,
nd wide was heard her ſcream.
Raven on yon' left hand oak
his ill-betiding croak!)
ıo good." No more ſhe ſaid,
r blind Ball, with ſtumbling tread,
; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,
ıaſh'd eggs beſtrow'd the way.
rawling in the yellow road,
ore, and curs'd. "Thou croaking toad,
take thy whoreſon throat!
ſfortune in the note."
:, quoth the Raven, ſpare your oaths,
your fiſt, and wipe your cloaths.
n me thoſe curſes thrown?
ıe fault was all your own;
rou laid this brittle ware
the old ſure-footed mare,
ll the Ravens of the Hundred
king had your tongue out-thundered,
d Dun had kept her legs,
good Woman, ſav'd your eggs."

FABLE XXXVIII.

HE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

men we faults can ſpy,
ame the mote that dims their eye,
: ſpeck and blemiſh find;
vn ſtronger errors blind.
cey, tir'd of common food,
ıe barn, and ſought the wood;
r ran an infant train,
; here and there a grain.
ear, my Birds! the Mother cries,
delicious fare ſupplies;
e buſy negroe race,
ns blacken all the place!
like me, with freedom eat;
: moſt delightful meat.
s'd, how envy'd, were our life,
but 'ſcape the poulterer's knife!
curs'd man, on Turkeys preys,
ſtmas ſhortens all our days.
s with oyſters we combine,
s aſſiſt the ſavoury chine;
low peaſant to the lord,
key ſmokes on every board.
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the ſeven deadly ſins the worſt."
An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus anſwer'd from the neighbouring beech:
"Ere you remark another's ſin,
Bid thy own conſcience look within;
Control thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfaſt nations kill."

FABLE XXXIX.

THE FATHER AND JUPITER.

THE Man to Jove his ſuit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife: his prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addreſſing;
For how precarious is the bleſſing!
A wife he takes; and now for heirs
Again he worries Heaven with prayers.
Jove nods aſſent: two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
Now more ſolicitous he grew,
And ſet their future lives in view;
He ſaw that all reſpect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.
"Once more, he cries, accept my prayer;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care:
Let my firſt hope, my favourite boy,
All Fortune's richeſt gifts enjoy.
My next with ſtrong ambition fire;
May favour teach him to aſpire,
Till he the ſtep of power aſcend,
And courtiers to their idol bend!
With every grace, with every charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heaven approve, a Father's bleſs'd."
Jove ſmiles, and grants his full requeſt.
The firſt, a miſer at the heart,
Studious of every griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increaſe,
He neither wakes nor ſleeps in peace;
In fancy'd want (a wretch complete)
He ſtarves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to ſudden honours grew;
The thriving art of courts he knew;
He reach'd the height of power and place,
Then fell the victim of diſgrace.
Beauty with early bloom ſupplies
His daughter's cheeks, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each ſuit diſdains,
And glories in her lovers' pains.
With age ſhe fades, each lover flies;
Contemn'd, forlorn, ſhe pines and dies.
When Jove the Father's grief ſurvey'd,
And heard him Heaven and Fate upbraid,
Thus ſpoke the God: "By outward ſhow
Men judge of happineſs and woe.
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and, of that poſſeſt,
To Providence reſign the reſt."

FABLE XL.

THE TWO MONKEYS.

THE learned, full of inward pride,
The fops of outward ſhew deride;
The fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant and the ſcience:
The Don, a formal ſolemn ſtrutter,
Deſpiſes Monſieur's airs and flutter;
While Monſieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and ſpeaks, and walks, by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain,
In fancy wiſer than the reſt,
Laughs at them both, of both the jeſt.
Is not the Poet's chiming cloſe
Cenſur'd by all the ſons of Proſe?
While bards of quick imagination
Deſpiſe the ſleepy proſe narration.
Men laugh at apes: they men contemn;
For what are we but apes to them?
Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair;
No critics had a ſourer air:
They forc'd their way through draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch Jack Pudding's jokes;
Then took their tickets for the ſhow,
And got by chance the foremoſt row.
To ſee their grave obſerving face,
Provok'd a laugh through all the place.
"Brother, ſays Pug, and turn'd his head,
The rabble's monſtrouſly ill-bred."
Now through the booth loud hiſſes ran,
Nor ended till the ſhow began.
The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With ſomerſets he ſhakes the ground;
The cord beneath the dancer ſprings;
Aloft in air the vaulter ſwings;
Diſported now, now prone depends,
Now through his twiſted arms aſcends;
The crowd, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the fight.
With ſmiles, quoth Pug, "If pranks like theſe
The giant-apes of reaſon pleaſe,
How would they wonder at our arts!
They muſt adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I 've ſeen you cling,
Play, twiſt, and turn in airy ring:
How can theſe clumſy things, like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applauſe, we find
Theſe emulators of our kind
Diſcern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimics thus reward."
"Brother, the grinning mate replies,
In this I grant that man is wiſe:
While good example they purſue,
We muſt allow ſome praiſe is due;
But, when they ſtrain beyond their guide,
I laugh to ſcorn the mimic pride;
For how fantaſtic is the ſight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Becauſe we ſometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew."

FABLE XLI.

THE OWL AND THE FARMER.

AN Owl o grave deport and mien,
Who (like the Turk) was ſeldom ſeen,
With n a barn had choſe his ſtation,
As fit for prey and contemplation:
Upon a beam aloft he ſit,
And nods, and ſeems to think by fits.
So have I ſeen a man of news
Or ſoft-boy or Gazette peruſe,
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the fate of Europe round.
Sheaves pil'd on ſheaves hid all the floor:
At dawn of morn to view his ſtore
The Farmer came. The hooting gueſt
His ſelf-importance thus expreſt:
"Reaſon in man is mere pretence:
How weak, how ſhallow, is his ſenſe!
To treat with ſcorn the Bird of Night,
Declares his folly or his ſpite.
Then, too, how partial is his praiſe!
The lark's, the linnet's, chirping lays
To his ill-judging ears are fine;
And nightingales are all divine:
But the more knowing feather'd race
See wiſdom ſtamp'd upon my face.
Whene'er to viſit light I deign,
What flocks of fowl compoſe my train!
Like ſlaves, they crowd my flight behind,
And own me of ſuperior kind."
The Farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd:
"Thou dull important lump of pride,
Dar'ſt thou with that hatſh grating tongue
Depreciate birds of warbling ſong?
Indulge thy ſpleen: know men and fowl
Regard thee, as thou art, an Owl.
Beſides, proud Blockhead! be not vain
Of what thou call'ſt thy ſlaves and train:
Few follow Wiſdom or her rules;
Fools in deriſion follow fools."

FABLE XLII.

THE JUGGLERS.

A JUGGLER long through all the Town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
You'd think (ſo far his art tranſcends)
The devil at his fingers' ends.
Vice heard his fame, ſhe read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior ſkill,
She ſought his booth, and from the crowd
Defy'd the man of art aloud.
"Is this then he ſo fam'd for ſleight?
Can this ſlow bungler cheat your ſight?
Dares he with me diſpute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes."
Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, "'Tis done;
In ſcience I ſubmit to none."
Thus ſaid, the cups and balls he play'd;
By turns this here, that there, convey'd.
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain:
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He ſhakes his bag, he ſhews all fair;
His fingers ſpread, and nothing there;

Then bids it rain with ſhowers of gold;
And now his ivory eggs are told;
But, when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd ſpectators hum applauſe.
Vice now ſtept forth, and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.
"This magic looking-glaſs, ſhe cries,
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes."
Each eager eye the ſight deſir'd,
And every man himſelf admir'd.
Next, to a ſenator addreſſing,
"See this bank-note; obſerve the bleſſing,
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, paſs! 'Tis gone."
Upon his lips a padlock ſhown.
A ſecond puff the magic broke;
The padlock vaniſh'd, and he ſpoke.
Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board
All full, with heady liquor ſtor'd,
By clean conveyance diſappear,
And now two bloody ſwords are there.
A purſe ſhe to a thief expos'd;
At once his ready fingers cloſ'd.
He opes his fiſt, the treaſure's fled;
He ſees a halter in its ſtead.
She bids ambition hold a wand;
He graſps a hatchet in his hand.
A box of charity ſhe ſhows.
"Blow here;" and a church-warden blows.
'Tis vaniſh'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table ſmokes a treat.
She ſhakes the dice, the board ſhe knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.
She next a meagre rake addreſt.
"This picture ſee; her ſhape, her breaſt!
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her." With ſurprize,
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.
A counter, in a miſer's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the ſum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
A guinea with her touch you ſee
Take every ſhape but Charity;
And not one thing you ſaw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was firſt in view.
The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this ſubmiſſion own'd her art.
"Can I ſuch matchleſs ſleight withſtand!
How practice hath improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You every day, and all day long."

FABLE XLIII.

THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

UPON a time a neighing ſteed,
Who graz'd among a numerous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And ſpread diſſenſion through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the ſtate
The council met in grand debate.
A Colt, whoſe eye-balls flam'd with ire,
Elate with ſtrength and youthful fire,
In haſte ſtept forth before the reſt,
And thus the liſtening throng addreſt.
"Good Gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to ſlavery and diſgrace!
Shall we our ſervitude retain,
Becauſe our ſires have borne the chain?
Conſider, Friends! your ſtrength and might;
'Tis conqueſt to aſſert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we deſign'd for daily toil,
To drag the plough-ſhare through the ſoil,
To ſweat in harneſs through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws ſubmit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back beſtride?
Shall the ſharp ſpur provoke my ſide?
Forbid it, Heavens! Reject the rein;
Your ſhame, your infamy, diſdain.
Let him the lion firſt control,
And ſtill the tiger's ſuniſh'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name."
A general nod approv'd the cauſe,
And all the circle neigh'd applauſe.
When, lo! with grave and ſolemn pace,
A Steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wiſe;
Around he caſt his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus ſpoke the Neſtor of the plain.
"When I had health and ſtrength, like you,
The toils of ſervitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all theſe wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increaſe;
My latter life is reſt and peace.
I grant, to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains;
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year?
How many thouſand ſtructures riſe,
To fence us from inclement ſkies!
For us he bears the ſultry day,
And ſtores up all our winter's hay.
He ſows, he reaps the harveſt's gain;
We ſhare the toil, and ſhare the grain.
Since every creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appeaſe your diſcontented mind,
And act the part by Heaven aſſign'd."
The tumult ceas'd. The Colt ſubmitted,
And, like his anceſtors, was bitted.

FABLE XLIV.

THE HOUND AND THE HUNTSMAN.

IMPERTINENCE at firſt is borne
With heedleſs ſlight, or ſmiles of ſcorn;
Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noiſy fool who perſeveres?
The morning wakes, the Huntſman ſounds,
At once ruſh forth the joyful Hounds;

They ſeek the wood with eager pace,
Through buſh, through brier, explore the chace:
Now ſcatter'd wide they try the plain,
And ſnuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what induſtry, what pains!
What univerſal ſilence reigns;
  Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once diſplays his babbling throat;
The pack, regardleſs of the note,
Purſue the ſcent; with louder ſtrain
He ſtill perſiſts to vex the train.
  The Huntſman to the clamour flies,
The ſmacking laſh he ſmartly plies.
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The puppy thus expreſs'd his moan:
  "I know the muſic of my tongue
Long ſince the pack with envy ſtung.
What will not ſpite? Theſe bitter ſmarts
I owe to my ſuperior parts."
  "When Puppies prate, the Huntſman cry'd,
They ſhew both ignorance and pride:
Fools may our ſcorn, not envy, raiſe;
For envy is a kind of praiſe.
Had not thy forward noiſy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'ſt have mingled with the reſt,
And ne'er thy fooliſh noſe conteſt;
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are ſure to make their follies known."

FABLE XLV.

THE POET AND THE ROSE.

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raiſe their own.
Thus ſcribblers, covetous of praiſe,
Think ſlander can tranſplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decry'd.
Who praiſes Leſbia's eyes and feature,
Muſt call her ſiſter aukward creature;
For the kind flattery's ſure to charm,
When we ſome other nymph diſarm.
  As in the cool of early day
A Poet fought the ſweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath aſcends,
And every ſtalk with odour bends;
A roſe he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd;
Thus ſinging, as the Muſe inſpir'd:
"Go, Roſe, my Chloe's boſom grace;
  "How happy ſhall I prove,
"Might I ſupply that envy'd place
  "With never-fading love!
"There, Phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
"Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.
"Know, hapleſs Flower! that thou ſhalt find
  "More fragrant Roſes there;
"I ſee thy withering head reclin'd
  "With envy and deſpair!
"One common fate we both muſt prove;
"You die with envy, I with love."
  "Spare your compariſons, reply'd
An angry Roſe, who grew beſide.
Of all mankind you ſhould not flout us;
What can a Poet do without us?
In every love-ſong Roſes bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume:
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praiſe on our abuſe?
Muſt we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

FABLE XLVI.

THE CUR, THE HORSE, AND THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE lad of all-ſufficient merit
  With modeſty ne'er damps his ſpirit;
Preſuming on his own deſerts,
On all alike his tongue exerts;
His noiſy jokes at random throws,
And pertly ſpatters friend and foes.
In wit and war the bully race
Contribute to their own diſgrace:
Too late the forward youth ſhall find
That jokes are ſometimes paid in kind;
Or, if they canker in the breaſt,
He makes a foe who makes a jeſt.
  A village Cur, of ſnappiſh race,
The perteſt puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was bleſt with Muſic's ſweeteſt note;
In the mid road he baſking lay,
The yelping nuiſance of the way;
For not a creature paſs'd along,
But had a ſample of his ſong.
Soon as the trotting Steed he hears,
He ſtarts, he cocks his dapper ears;
Away he ſcowers, aſſaults his hoof;
Now near him ſnarls, now barks aloof;
With ſhrill impertinence attends,
Nor leaves him till the village ends.
It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A Pad came pacing down the way;
The Cur, with never-ceaſing tongue,
Upon the paſſing traveller ſprung.
The horſe, from ſcorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward; rolling in the mire,
The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;
The Pad in peace purſu'd his way.
  A Shepherd's Dog, who ſaw the deed,
Deteſting the vexatious breed,
Beſpoke him thus: "When coxcombs prate,
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate;
Thy teazing tongue had judgement ty'd,
Thou hadſt not like a puppy dy'd."

FABLE XLVII.

THE COURT OF DEATH.

DEATH, on a ſolemn night of ſtate,
  In all his pomp of terror ſate:
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diſeaſes dire, a ghaſtly train!

e vaſt court. With hollow tone,
hus thunder'd from the throne:
ight our miniſter we name,
ſervant ſpeak his claim;
ll bear this ebon wand"
ıe word, ſtretch'd forth their hand.
with burning heat poſſeſt,
, and for the wand addreſt.
the weekly bills appeal,
expreſs my fervent zeal;
ſlight occaſion near,
ence I perſevere."
Gout appears with limping pace,
w he ſhifts from place to place;
d to foot how ſwift he flies,
y joint and ſinew plies;
ing when he ſeems ſuppreſt,
nacious ſtubborn gueſt.
ard ſpectre from the crew
rth, and thus aſſerts his due:
who taint the ſweeteſt joy,
e ſhape of Love deſtroy:
s, ſunk eyes, and noteleſs face,
pretenſion to the place."
'd his ever-growing force;
t, Conſumption's meagre corſe,
ıle voice that ſcarce was heard,
h ſhort coughs, his ſuit preferr'd:
ne object my lingering way,
ce Fabius, by delay;
ıd weaken every foe
:tack, ſecure, though ſlow."
repreſents his rapid power,
n'd a nation in an hour.
ke their claim, and hop'd the wand.
ſtation huſh'd the band;
ıs the Monarch from the throne:
it was ever modeſt known.
ı Phyſician ſpeak his right!
ł but fees their toils requite.
ntemperance take the wand,
with gold their zealous hand.
er, Gout, and all the reſt,
vary men, as foes, deteſt)
ur claim; no more pretend;
nce is eſteem'd a friend;
their mirth, their ſocial joys,
courted gueſt deſtroys.
ge on him muſt juſtly fall,
s employment for you all."

FABLE XLVIII.

IE GARDENER AND THE HOG.

DENER, of peculiar taſte,
young Hog his favour plac'd,
not with the common herd;
vas to the hall preferr'd.
v'd underneath the board,
maſter's chamber ſnor'd,
ly ſtroak'd him every day,
t him all the Puppy's play.

Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er fail'd his pleaſure to attend.
As on a time the loving pair
Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
The Maſter thus addreſs'd the Swine:
"My houſe, my garden, all is thine.
On turnips feaſt whene'er you pleaſe,
And riot in my beans and peaſe;
If the potatoe's taſte delights,
Or the red carrot's ſweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and evening hours;
But let due care regard my flowers:
My tulips are my garden's pride:
What vaſt expence thoſe beds ſupply'd!"
The Hog by chance one morning roam'd,
Where with new ale the veſſels foam'd:
He munches now the ſteaming grains,
Now with full ſwill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes ariſe;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then ſtaggering through the garden ſcours,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers.
With delving ſnout he turns the ſoil,
And cools his palate with the ſpoil.
The Maſter came, the ruin ſpy'd;
"Villain! ſuſpend thy rage, he cry'd.
Haſt thou, thou moſt ungrateful ſot,
My charge, my only charge, forgot?
What, all my flowers!" No more he ſaid,
But gaz'd, and ſigh'd, and hung his head.
The Hog with ſtuttering ſpeech returns:
"Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouch'd, your tulips ſtrown,
For I devour'd the roots alone."
At this the Gardener's paſſion grows;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows.
The ſtubborn brute the blows ſuſtains,
Aſſaults his leg, and tears the veins.
"Ah! fooliſh Swain! too late you find
That ſtyes were for ſuch friends deſign'd!"
Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on paſt diſgrace:
"Who cheriſhes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly ſoon or late."

FABLE XLIX.

THE MAN AND THE FLEA.

WHETHER on earth, in air, or main,
Sure every thing alive is vain!
Does not the Hawk all fowls ſurvey,
As deſtin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for ſlaves to kings?
When the Crab views the pearly ſtrands,
Or Tagus, bright with golden ſands,
Or crawls beſide coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above,
"Nature is too profuſe, ſays he,
Who gave all theſe to pleaſure me!"
When bordering pinks and roſes bloom,
And every garden breathes perfume;
When peaches glow with ſunny dyes,
Like Laura's cheek when bluſhes riſe;

When with huge figs the branches bend,
When cluſters from the vine depend;
The Snail looks round on flow'r and tree,
And cries, "All theſe were made for me!"
"What dignity's in human nature!"
Says Man, the moſt conceited creature,
As from a cliff he caſt his eye,
And view'd the ſea and arched ſky.
The ſun was ſunk beneath the main;
The moon and all the ſtarry train
Hung the vaſt vault of Heaven. The Man
His contemplation thus began:
"When I behold this glorious ſhow,
And the wide watery world below,
The ſcaly people of the main,
The beaſts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year;
And know all theſe by Heaven deſign'd
As gifts to pleaſure human-kind;
I cannot raiſe my worth too high;
Of what vaſt conſequence am I!"
"Not of th' importance you ſuppoſe,
Replies a Flea upon his noſe.
Be humble, learn thyſelf to ſcan;
Know, pride was never made for man.
'Tis vanity that ſwells thy mind.
What! heaven and earth for thee deſign'd!
For thee, made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed."

FABLE L.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unleſs to one you ſtint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers ſhare,
Hath ſeldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendſhips; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with every thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the beſtial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;
Her care was never to offend;
And every creature was her friend.
As forth ſhe went at early dawn,
To taſte the dew-beſprinkled lawn,
Behind ſhe hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She ſtarts, ſhe ſtops, ſhe pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to miſlead the hound,
And meaſures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear ſhe gaſping lay.
What tranſport in her boſom grew,
When firſt the Horſe appear'd in view!
"Let me, ſays ſhe, your back aſcend,
And owe my ſafety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight:
To friendſhip every burden's light."
The Horſe reply'd, "Poor honeſt Puſs,
It grieves my heart to ſee thee thus;
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."
She next the ſtately Bull implor'd;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord:
"Since every beaſt alive can tell
That I ſincerely wiſh you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite Cow
Expects me near yon' barley-mow;
And, when a lady's in the caſe,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might ſeem unkind;
But ſee, the Goat is juſt behind."
The Goat remark'd "her pulſe was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
My back, ſays he, may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."
The ſheep was feeble, and complain'd
His ſides a load of wool ſuſtain'd;
Said, he was ſlow, confeſs'd his fears;
For hounds eat ſheep as well as hares."
She now the trotting Calf addreſs'd,
To ſave from death a friend diſtreſs'd.
"Shall I, ſays he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler paſs'd you by;
How ſtrong are thoſe! how weak am I!
Should I preſume to bear you hence,
Thoſe friends of mine may take offence.
Excuſe me, then; you know my heart;
But deareſt friends, alas! muſt part.
How ſhall we all lament! Adieu;
For ſee the hounds are juſt in view."

END OF THE FIRST PART.

FABLES.

PART THE SECOND.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Theſe Fables were finiſhed by Mr. GAY, *and i*
tended for the preſs a ſhort time before his death
when they were left, with his other papers, to
care of his noble friend and patron the Duke
Queenſberry. His Grace has accordingly pu
mitted them to the preſs; and they are h
printed from the originals in the Author's o
hand-writing. We hope they will pleaſe equa
with his former Fables, though moſtly on ſubjec
of a graver and more political turn. They wi
certainly ſhew him to have been (what is eſteem
the beſt character) a man of a truly honeſt hear
and a ſincere lover of his country.

FABLE I.

THE DOG AND THE FOX.

To a Lawyer.

I KNOW you Lawyers can, with eaſe,
Twiſt words and meanings as you pleaſe;
That language, by your ſkill made pliant,
Will bend to favour every client;
That 'tis the fee directs the ſenſe,
To make out either ſide's pretence.

u peruſe the cleareſt caſe,
t with a double face:
icifm's your profeſſion;
there's doubt in all expreſſion.
is the bar with fees ſupply'd;
) quence takes either ſide.
ıd would have but paltry gleaning,
ery man expreſs his meaning,
es preſume to pen a deed,
ou previouſly are fee'd?
rn; and, to augment the coſt,
rolixity engroſs.
we 're well ſecur'd by law,
ıext brother find a flaw.
o'er a will. Was 't ever known
could make the will you own?
en you read, 'tis with intent
out meanings never meant.
ngs are thus, *ſe defendendo*,
acious *innendo*.
ous Porta's ſkill could trace
aſt or bird in every face.
d, the eye, the noſe's ſhape,
his an owl, and that an ape.
n the ſketches thus deſign'd,
ance brings ſome friend to mind,
w the piece, and give the hint,
l each feature in the print;
rous-like the portrait's found,
v it, and the laugh goes round,
ı I draw from general nature;
you then fix the ſatire?
r, I beg you, ſpare your pains,
ng comments on my ſtrains.
ıe ſlander I deteſt,
ot of my neighbour's breaſt:
d prejudice I hate,
ite no libels on the ſtate.
not my Fable cenſure vice,
a knave is over-nice?
ſt the guilty hear and dread,
t the decalogue be read?
vice in general fiction,
pply, or ſelf-conviction?
ire my theme. Am I to blame,
in morals are the ſame?
n call or ape or aſs;
own conſcience holds the glaſs.
id af oll offence I write:
ims the table, knows his right.
phherd's Dog unſkill'd in ſports,
ıp acquaintance of all ſorts;
the reſt a Fox he knew;
uent chat their friendſhip grew.
Reynard, "'Tis a cruel caſe,
an ſholud ſtigmatize our race.
bt, among us rogues you find,
ng dogs and human kind;
t (unknown to me and you)
nay be honeſt men and true.
ander tries whate'er it can
us on the foot with man.
ny own actions recommend;
judice can blind a friend:

You know me free from all diſguiſe;
My honour as my life I prize."
By talk like this, from all miſtruſt
The Dog was cur'd, and thought him juſt.
As on a time the Fox held forth
On conſcience, honeſty, and worth,
Sudden he ſtopp'd; he cock'd his ear;
Low dropt his buſhy tail with fear.
"Bleſs us! the hunters are abroad:
What 's all that clatter on the road!"
"Hold, ſays the Dog, we're ſafe from harm;
'Twas nothing but a falſe alarm.
At yonder town 'tis market-day;
Some farmer's wife is on the way;
'Tis ſo (I know her pye bald mare),
Dame Dobbins with her poultry-ware."
Reynard grew huff. Says he, "This ſneer
From you I little thought to hear:
Your meaning in your looks I ſee.
Pray, what 's Dame Dobbins, friend, to me?
Did I ever make her poultry thinner?
Prove that I owe the Dame a dinner."
"Friend, quoth the Cur, I meant no harm;
Then why ſo captious? why ſo warm?
My words in common acceptation,
Could never give this provocation.
No lamb (for aught I ever knew)
May be more innocent than you."
At this, gall'd Reynard wince'd, and ſwore
Such language ne'er was given before.
"What 's lamb to me? this ſaucy hint
Shows me, baſe Knave, which way you ſquint.
If t' other night your maſter loſt
Three lambs, am I to pay the coſt?
Your vile reflections would imply
That I 'm the thief. You Dog, you lie."
"Thou knave, thou fool! (the Dog reply'd)
The name is juſt, take either ſide;
Thy guilt theſe applications ſpeak:
Sirrah, 'tis conſcience make you ſqueak."
So ſaying, on the Fox he flies,
The ſelf-convicted felon dies.

FABLE II.

THE VULTURE, THE SPARROW, AND OTHER BIRDS.

To a Friend in the Country.

ERE I begin, I muſt premiſe,
Our miniſters are good and wiſe;
So, though malicious tongues apply,
Pray what care they, or what care I?
If I am free with courts, be 't known,
I ne'er preſume to mean our own.
If general morals ſeem to joke
On miniſters, and ſuch-like folk,
A captious fool may take offence:
What then? He knows his own pretence,
I meddle with no ſtate-affairs,
But ſpare my jeſt to ſave my ears.

Our preſent ſchemes are too profound,
For Machiavel himſelf to ſound:
To cenſure them I 've no pretenſion;
I own they 're paſt my comprehenſion.
  You ſay your brother wants a place,
('Tis many a younger brother's caſe)
And that he very ſoon intends
To ply the court, and teaze his friends.
If there his merits chance to find
A patriot of an open mind,
Whoſe conſtant actions prove him juſt
To both a king's and people's truſt,
May he, with gratitude, attend,
And owe his riſe to ſuch a friend!
  You praiſe his parts, for buſineſs fit,
His learning, probity, and wit;
But thoſe alone will never do,
Unleſs his patron have them too.
  I 've heard of times (pray God defend us!
We 're not ſo good but he can mend us)
When wicked miniſters have trod
On kings and people, law and God;
With arrogance they girt the throne,
And knew no intereſt but their own.
Then virtue, from preferment barr'd
Gets nothing but its own reward.
A gang of petty knaves attend 'em,
With proper parts to recommend 'em.
Then, if his patron burn with luſt,
The firſt in favour 's pimp the firſt.
His doors are never clos'd to ſpies,
Who cheer his heart with double lies;
They flatter him, his foes defame,
So lull the pangs of guilt and ſhame.
If ſchemes of lucre haunt his brain,
Projectors ſwell his greedy train;
Vile brokers ply his private ear
With jobs of plunder for the year;
All conſciences muſt bend and ply?
You muſt vote on, and not know why:
Through thick and thin you muſt go on;
One ſcruple, and your place is gone.
  Since plagues like theſe have curs'd a land,
And favourites cannot always ſtand,
Good courtiers ſhould for change be ready,
And not have principles too ſteady;
For, ſhould a knave engroſs the power,
(God ſhield the realm from that ſad hour!)
He muſt have rogues or ſlaviſh fools;
For what's a knave without his tools?
  Wherever thoſe a people drain,
And ſtrut with infamy and gain,
I envy not their guilt and ſtate,
And ſcorn to ſhare the public hate.
Let their own ſervile creatures riſe,
By ſcreening fraud, and venting lies;
Give me, kind Heaven, a private ſtation*,
A mind ſerene for contemplation:
Title and profit I reſign;
The poſt of honour ſhall be mine.
My Fable read, their merits view,
Then herd who will with ſuch a crew.
In days of yore (my cautious rhymes
Always except the preſent times)
A greedy Vulture, ſkill'd in game,
Inur'd to guilt, unaw'd by ſhame,
Approach'd the throne in evil hour,
And ſtep by ſtep intrudes to power:
When at the royal Eagle's ear,
He longs to eaſe the monarch's care.
The monarch grants; with pride elate,
Behold him miniſter of ſtate!
Around him throng the feather'd rout;
Friends muſt be ſerv'd, and ſome muſt out:
Each thinks his own the beſt pretention;
This aſks a place, and that a penſion;
  The Nightingale was ſet aſide.
A forward Daw his room ſupply'd.
  "This bird (ſays he), for buſineſs fit,
Hath both ſagacity and wit:
With all his turns, and ſhifts, and tricks,
He 's docile, and at nothing ſticks:
Then with his neighbours one ſo free
At all times will connive at me."
  The Hawk had due diſtinction ſhown,
For parts and talents like his own.
Thouſands of bireling Cocks attend him,
As bluſtering bullies, to defend him.
  At once the Ravens were diſcarded,
And magpies with their poſts rewarded.
  Thoſe fowls of omen I deteſt,
They pry into another's neſt.
State-lyes muſt loſe all good intent,
For they foreſee and croak th' event.
My friends ne'er think, but talk by rote,
Speak what they 're taught, and ſo to vote.
  "When rogues like theſe (a Sparrow cries)
To honours and employments riſe,
I court no favour, aſk no place;
From ſuch, preferment is diſgrace.
Within my thatch'd retreat I find
(What theſe ne'er feel) true peace of mind."

*—*When impious men bear ſway,*
The poſt of honour is a private ſtation. ADDISON.

FABLE III.

THE BABOON AND THE POULTRY.

To a Levee-hunter.

WE frequently miſplace eſteem,
By judging men by what they ſeem.
To birth, wealth, power, we ſhould allow
Precedence, and our loweſt bow:
In that is due diſtinction ſhewn;
Eſteem is Virtue's right alone.
  With partial eye we 're apt to ſee
The man of noble pedigree:
We 're prepoſſeſt my Lord inherits,
In ſome degree, his grandſire's merits;
For thoſe we find upon record,
But find him nothing but my Lord.
  When we, with ſuperficial view,
Gaze on the rich, we 're dazzled too.
We know that wealth, well underſtood,
Hath frequent power of doing good;
Then fancy that the thing is done,
As if the power and will were one.

Thus oft the cheated crowd adore
The thriving knaves that keep them poor,
  The cringing train of power ſurvey:
What creatures are ſo low as they!
With what obſequiouſneſs they bend!
To what vile actions condeſcend!
Their riſe is on their meanneſs built,
And flattery is their ſmalleſt guilt.
What homage, reverence, adoration,
In every age, in every nation,
Have ſycophants to power addreſs'd!
No matter who the power poſſeſs'd!
Let miniſters be what they will,
You find their levees always fill:
Ev'n thoſe who have perplex'd a ſtate,
Whoſe actions claim contempt and hate,
Had wretches to applaud their ſchemes,
Though more abſurd than madmen's dreams.
When barbarous Moloch was invok'd,
The blood of infants only ſmok'd!
But here (unleſs all hiſtory lies)
Whole realms have been a ſacrifice.
  Look through all courts: 'tis power we find
The general idol of mankind;
There worſhip'd under every ſhape:
Alike the lion, fox, and ape,
Are follow'd by time-ſerving ſlaves
Rich proſtitutes and needy knaves.
  Who then ſhall glory in his poſt?
How frail his pride, how vain his boaſt!
The followers of his proſperous hour
Are as unſtable as his power.
Power, by the breath of Flattery nurſt,
The more it ſwells is nearer burſt;
The bubble breaks, the gewgaw ends,
And in a dirty tear deſcends.
  Once on a time an ancient maid,
By wiſhes and by time decay'd,
To cure the pangs of reſtleſs thought,
In birds and beaſts amuſement ſought:
Dogs, parrots, apes, her hours employ'd;
With theſe alone ſhe talk'd and toy'd.
A huge Baboon her fancy took
(Almoſt a man in ſize and look),
He finger'd every thing he found,
And mimick'd all the ſervants round;
Then, too, his parts and ready wit
Show'd him for every buſineſs fit.
With all theſe talents 'twas but juſt,
That pug ſhould hold a place of truſt;
So to her favourite was aſſign'd
The charge of all her feather'd kind.
'Twas his to tend them eve and morn,
And portion out their daily corn.
  Behold him now, with haughty ſtride,
Aſſume a miniſterial pride.
The morning roſe. In hope of picking,
Swans, turkeys, peacocks, ducks, and chicken,
Fowls of all ranks ſurround his hut,
To worſhip his important ſtrut.
The miniſter appears. The crowd,
Now here, now there, obſequious bow'd.
This prais'd his parts, and that his face,
T' other his dignity in place.
From bill to bill the flattery ran:
He hears and bear *it like a man*;
For, when we flatter Self-conceit,
We but his ſentiments repeat.
  If we 're too ſcrupulouſly juſt,
What profit 's in a place of truſt;
The common practice of the great
Is to ſecure a ſnug retreat.
So Pug began to turn his brain
(Like other folks in place) on gain.
  An apple-woman's ſtall was near,
Well ſtock'd with fruits through all the year;
Here every day he cram'd his guts,
Hence were his hoards of pears and nuts;
For 'twas agreed (in way of trade)
His payments ſhould in corn be made.
  The ſtock of grain was quickly ſpent,
And no account which way it went.
Then, too, the Poultry's ſtarv'd condition
Caus'd ſpeculations of ſuſpicion.
The facts were prov'd beyond diſpute;
Pug muſt refund his hoards of fruit;
And though then miniſter in chief,
Was branded as a public thief.
Diſgrac'd, deſpis'd, confin'd to chains,
He nothing but his pride retains.
  A Gooſe paſs'd by; he knew the face,
Seen every levee while in place.
  "What, no reſpect! no reverence ſhown!
How ſaucy are theſe creatures grown!
Not two days ſince (ſays he) you bow'd
The loweſt of my fawning crowd."
  "Proud fool! (replies the Gooſe) 'tis true
Thy corn a fluttering levee drew;
For that I join'd the hungry train,
And ſold thee flattery for thy grain.
But then, as now, conceited Ape,
We ſaw thee in thy proper ſhape."

FABLE IV.

THE ANT IN OFFICE.

To a Friend.

YOU tell me that you apprehend
  My verſe may touchy folks offend.
In prudence, too, you think my rhymes
Should never ſquint at courtiers' crimes;
For though nor this nor that is meant,
Can we another's thoughts prevent?
  You aſk me if I ever knew
Court chaplains thus the lawn purſue?
I meddle not with gown or lawn;
Poets, I grant, to riſe muſt fawn;
They know great ears are over-nice,
And never ſhock their patron's vice.
But I this hackney-path deſpiſe;
'Tis my ambition not to riſe.
If I muſt proſtitute the Muſe,
The baſe conditions I refuſe.
  I neither flatter nor defame,
Yet own I would bring guilt to ſhame.
If I Corruption's hand expoſe,
I make corrupted men my foes;
What then? I hate the paltry tribe:
Be virtue mine; be theirs the bribe.

I no man's property invade;
Corruption 's yet no lawful trade.
Nor would it mighty ills produce,
Could I ſhame bribery out of uſe.
I know 'twould cramp moſt politicians,
Were they ty'd down to thoſe conditions.
'Twould ſtint their power, their riches bound,
And make their parts ſeem leſs profound.
Were they deny'd their proper tools,
How could they lead their knaves and fools?
Were this the caſe, let 's take a view
What dreadful miſchiefs would enſue.
Though it might aggrandize the ſtate,
Could private luxury dine on plate?
Kings might indeed their friends reward,
But miniſters find leſs regard.
Informers, ſycophants, and ſpies,
Would not augment the year's ſupplies.
Perhaps, too, take away this prop,
An annual job or two might drop.
Beſides, if penſions were deny'd,
Could Avarice ſupport its pride?
It might ev'n miniſters confound,
And yet the ſtate be ſafe and ſound.
I care not though 'tis underſtood;
I only mean my country's good:
And (let who will my freedom blame)
I wiſh all courtiers did the ſame.
Nay, though ſome folks the leſs might get,
I wiſh the nation out of debt.
I put no private man's ambition
With public good in competition:
Rather than have our laws defac'd
I 'd vote a miniſter diſgrac'd.
I ſtrike at vice, be 't where it will;
And what if great folks take it ill?
I hope corruption, bribery, penſion,
One may with deteſtation mention;
Think you the law (let who will take it)
Can *ſcandalum magnatum* make it?
I vent no ſlander, owe no grudge,
Nor of another's conſcience judge:
At him or him I take no aim,
Yet dare againſt all vice declaim.
Shall I not cenſure breach of truſt,
Becauſe knaves know themſelves unjuſt?
That ſteward, whoſe account is clear,
Demands his honour may appear:
His actions never ſhun the light;
He is, and would be prov'd, upright.
But then you think my Fable bears
Allu ſion, too, to ſtate-affairs.
I grant it does: and who 's ſo great,
That has the privilege to cheat?
If then in any future reign
(For miniſters may thirſt for gain)
Corrupted hands defraud the nation,
I bar no reader's application.
An Ant there was, whoſe forward prate
Control'd all matters in debate;
Whether he knew the thing or no,
His tongue eternally would go;
For he had impudence at will,
And boaſted univerſal ſkill.
Ambition was his point in view:
Thus by degrees to power he grew.

Behold him now his drift attain:
He 's made chief treaſurer of the grain.
But as their antic laws are juſt,
And puniſh breach of public truſt,
'Tis order'd (leſt wrong application
Should ſtarve that wiſe induſtrious nation)
That all accounts be ſtated clear,
Their ſtock, and what defray'd the year;
That auditors ſhall theſe inſpect,
And public rapine thus be check'd.
For this the ſolemn day was ſet;
The auditors in council met.
The granary-keeper muſt explain,
And balance his account of grain.
He brought (ſince he could not refuſe them)
Some ſcraps of paper to amuſe them.
An honeſt Pismire, warm with zeal,
In juſtice to the public weal,
Thus ſpoke: "The nation's hoard is low;
From whence does this profuſion flow?
I know our annual funds' amount;
Why ſuch expence? and where 's th' account?"
With wonted arrogance and pride,
The Ant in office thus reply'd.
"Conſider, Sirs, were ſecrets told,
How could the beſt-ſchem'd projects hold?
Should we ſtate myſteries diſcloſe,
'Twould lay us open to our foes.
My duty and my well-known zeal
Bid me our preſent ſchemes conceal:
But, on my honour, all th' expence
(Though vaſt) was for the ſwarm's defence."
They paſt th' account as fair and juſt,
And voted him implicit truſt.
Next year again, the granary drain'd,
He thus his innocence maintain'd.
"Think how our preſent matters ſtand,
What dangers threat from every hand;
What hofts of turkeys ſtroll for food,
No farmer's wife but hath her brood.
Conſider, when invaſion 's near,
Intelligence muſt coſt us dear;
And, in this tickliſh ſituation,
A ſecret told betrays the nation:
But, on my honour, all th' expence
(Though vaſt) was for the ſwarm's defence."
Again, without examination,
They thank'd his ſage adminiſtration.
The year revolves. Their treaſure, ſpent,
Again in ſecret ſervice went.
His honour, too, again was pledg'd,
To ſatisfy the charge alledg'd.
When thus, with panic ſhame poſſeſs'd,
An auditor his friends addreſs'd.
"What are we? miniſterial tools!
We little knaves are greater fools,
At laſt this ſecret is explor'd,
'Tis our corruption thins the hoard.
For every grain we touch'd, at leaſt
A thouſand his own heaps increas'd.
Then for his kin and favourite ſpies,
A hundred hardly could ſuffice.
Thus, for a paltry ſneaking bribe,
We cheat ourſelves and all the tribe;
For all the magazine contains
Grows from our annual toil and pains."

ıey vrte th' account ſhall be inſpected;
cunning plunderer is detected;
fraud is ſentenc'd; and his hoard,
ue, to public uſe reſtor'd.

FABLE V.

THE BEAR IN A BOAT.

To a Coxcomb.

IAT man muſt daily wiſer grow,
Whoſe ſearch is beſt himſelf to know;
rtially he weighs his ſcope,
on firm reaſon founds his hope;
ies his ſtrength before the race,
never ſeeks his own diſgrace;
nows the compaſs, ſail, and oar,
ver launches from the ſhore;
e he builds, computes the coſt,
in no proud purſuit is loſt:
arns the bounds of human ſenſe,
afely walks within the fence.
, conſcious of his own defect,
ride and ſelf-importance cheek'd.
then, ſelf-knowledge to purſue,
t our life in every view,
the fools that pride can boaſt,
coomb claims diſtinction moſt.
coombs are of all ranks and kind;
're not to ſex or age confin'd,
h, or poor, or great, or ſmall,
anity beſots them all.
norance is pride increas'd:
moſt aſſume, who know the leaſt;
own falſe balance gives them weight,
ery other finds them light.
that all Coxcombs' follies ſtrike,
raw our ridicule alike;
ferent merits each pretends:
n love-vanity tranſcends;
ſmitten with his face and ſhape,
:ſs diſtinguiſhes the ape;
er with learning crams his ſhelf,
s books, and all things but himſelf.
theſe are fools of low condition,
ar'd with Coxcombs of ambition:
oſe, puff'd up with flattery, dare,
e a nation's various care.
ne'er the groſſeſt praiſe miſtruſt,
ſycophants ſeem hardly juſt;
eſe, in part alone, atteſt
ttery their own thoughts ſuggeſt.
wide ſphere a Coxcomb 's ſhown
r realms beſides his own:
lf-deem'd Machiavel at large
ns controls in every charge.
Commerce ſuffer in her rights?
directs the naval flights.
ailor dares diſpute his ſkill?
be an admiral when he will.

Now, meddling in the ſoldier's trade,
Troops muſt be hir'd, and levies made.
He gives ambaſſadors their cue,
His cobbled treaties to renew;
And annual taxes muſt ſuffice
The current blunders to diſguiſe.
When his crude ſchemes in air are loſt,
And millions ſcarce defray the coſt,
His arrogance (nought undiſmay'd)
Truſting in ſelf-ſufficient aid,
On other rocks miſguides the realm,
And thinks a pilot at the helm.
He ne'er ſuſpects his want of ſkill,
But blunders on from ill to ill;
And, when he fails of all intent,
Blames only unforeſeen event.
Left you miſtake the application,
The Fable calls me to relation.
A Bear of ſhag and manners rough,
At climbing trees expert enough;
For dextrouſly, and ſafe from harm,
Year after year he robb'd the ſwarm.
Thus thriving on induſtrious toil,
He glory'd in his pilfer'd ſpoil.
This trick ſo ſwell d him with conceit,
He thought no enterpriſe too great.
Alike in ſciences and arts,
He boaſted univerſal parts:
Pragmatic, buſy, buſtling, bold,
His arrogance was uncontrol'd:
And thus he made his party good,
And grew dictator of the wood.
The beaſts, with admiration, ſtare,
And think him a prodigious Bear.
Were any common booty got,
'Twas his each portion to allot:
For why? he found there might be picking,
Ev'n in the carving of a chicken.
Intruding thus, he by degrees
Claim'd, too, the butcher's larger fees.
And now his over-weening pride
In every province will preſide.
No taſk too difficult was found:
His blundering noſe miſleads the hound.
In ſtratagem and ſubtle arts
He over-rules the fox's parts.
It chanc'd, as on a certain day,
Along the bank he took his way,
A boat, with rudder, ſail, and oar,
At anchor floated near the ſhore.
He ſtopt, and, turning to his train,
Thus pertly vents his vaunting ſtrain.
" What blundering puppies are mankind!
In every ſcience always blind!
I mock the pedantry of ſchools:
What are their compaſſes and rules?
From me that helm ſhall conduct learn,
And man his ignorance diſcern."
So ſaying, with audacious pride,
He gains the Boat, and climbs the ſide.
The beaſts, aſtoniſh'd, line the ſtrand.
The anchor 's weigh'd; he drives from land:
The ſlack ſail ſhifts from ſide to ſide;
The Boat untrimm'd admits the tide.
Borne down, adrift, at random toſt,
His oar breaks ſhort, the rudder 's loſt.

The Bear, preſuming on his ſkill,
Is here and there officious ſtill;
Till, ſtriking on the dangerous ſands,
Aground the ſhatter'd veſſel ſtands.
To ſee the bungler thus diſtreſt,
The very fiſhes ſneer and jeſt:
Ev'n gudgeons join in ridicule,
To mortify the meddling fool.
The clamorous watermen appear;
Threats, curſes, oaths, inſult his ear:
Seiz'd, thraſh'd, and chain'd, he's dragg'd to land;
Deriſion ſhouts along the ſtrand.

FABLE VI.

THE SQUIRE AND HIS CUR.

To a Country Gentleman.

THE man of pure and ſimple heart
Through life diſdains a double part:
He never needs the ſcreen of lies,
His inward boſom to diſguiſe.
In vain malicious tongues aſſail;
Let envy ſnarl, let ſlander rail,
From Virtue's ſhield (ſecure from wound)
Their blunted venom'd ſhafts rebound.
So ſhines his light before mankind,
His actions prove his honeſt mind.
If in his country's cauſe he riſe,
Debating ſenates to adviſe,
Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
The honeſt dictates of his heart.
No miniſterial frown he fears,
But in his virtue perſeveres.
But would you play the politician,
Whoſe heart's averſe to intuition,
Your lips at all times, nay, your reaſon,
Muſt be control'd by place and ſeaſon,
What ſtateſman could his power ſupport,
Were lying tongues forbid the court?
Did princely ears to truth attend,
What miniſter could gain his end?
How could he raiſe his tools to place,
And how his honeſt foes diſgrace?
That politician ſteps his part,
Who readily can lye with art:
The man's proficient in his trade;
His power is ſtrong, his fortune's made.
By that the intereſt of the throne
Is made ſubſervient to his own:
By that, have kings of old, deluded,
All their own friends for his excluded:
By that, his ſelfiſh ſchemes purſuing,
He thrives upon the public ruin.
Antiochus*, with hardy pace,
Provok'd the dangers of the chace;
And, loſt from all his menial train,
Traverſ'd the wood and pathleſs plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal gueſt;
The Parthian clown brought forth his beſt.
The King unknown his feaſt enjoy'd,
And various chat the hours employ'd.

From wine what ſudden friendſhip ſprings!
Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.
"We country-folks (the Clown replies)
Could ope our gracious monarch's eyes.
The King, (as all our neighbours ſay)
Might he (God bleſs him!) have his way,
Is ſound at heart, and means our good,
And he would do it if he could.
If truth in courts were not forbid,
Nor kings nor ſubjects would be rid.
Were he in power, we need not doubt him;
But, that transferr'd to theſe about him,
On them he throws the regal cares;
And what mind they? Their own affairs.
If ſuch rapacious hands be truſt,
The beſt of men may ſeem unjuſt.
From kings to coblers 'tis the ſame;
Bad ſervants wound their maſter's fame.
In this our neighbours all agree:
Would the King knew as much as we!"
Here he ſtopt ſhort. Repoſe they fought,
The Peaſant ſlept, the monarch thought.
The courtiers learn'd, at early dawn,
Where their loſt Sovereign was withdrawn.
The guards' approach our hoſt alarms;
With gaudy coats the cottage ſwarms.
The crown and purple robes they bring,
And proſtrate fall before the King.
The Clown was call'd; the royal gueſt
By due reward his thanks expreſt.
The King then turning to the crowd,
Who fawningly before him bow'd,
Thus ſpoke. "Since, bent on private gain,
Your counſels firſt miſled my reign.
Taught and inform'd by you alone,
No truth the royal ear hath known,
Till here converſing; hence, ye crew;
For now I know myſelf and you."
Whene'er the royal ear's engroſt,
State lyes but little genius coſt.
The favourite then ſecurely robs,
And gleans a nation by his jobbs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill,
He daily poiſons dares inſtil;
And, as his preſent views ſuggeſt,
Inflames and ſoothes the royal breaſt.
Thus wicked miniſters oppreſs,
When oft' the monarch means redreſs.
Would kings their private ſubjects hear,
A miniſter muſt talk with fear;
If honeſty oppos'd his views.
He dar'd not innocence accuſe;
'Twould keep him in ſuch narrow bound,
He could not right and wrong confound.
Happy were kings, could they diſcloſe
Their real friends and real foes!
Were both themſelves and ſubjects known,
A monarch's will might be his own.
Had he the uſe of ears and eyes,
Knaves would no more be counted wiſe.
But then a miniſter might loſe
(Hard caſe!) his own ambitious views.
When ſuch as theſe have vex'd a ſtate,
Purſued by univerſal hate,
Their falſe ſupport at once hath fail'd,
And perſevering truth prevail'd.

* *Plutarch.*

their train of fraud is ſeen;
ill at laſt remove the ſcreen.
intry 'Squire, by whim directed,
: ſtaunch dogs of chace neglected.
his board no hound was fed:
ne'er ſtroak'd the ſpaniel's head.
iſh Cur, alone careſt,
had baniſh'd all the reſt.
his ear; and defamation
n full ſcope of converſation.
pliants muſt be preferr'd;
uſt be made for all his herd:
re, to bring his ſchemes about,
ful ſervants all muſt out.
ur on every creature flew
r great men's puppies do),
ue court to him were ſhown,
h their face and buſineſs known:
ſt tongue an audience found;
ied all the tenants round;
? he liv'd in conſtant fear,
h by chance ſhould interfere.
tranger dar'd intrude,
ſy Cur his heels purſued.
ce with rage, now ſtruck with dread,
he ſnarl'd, bit, and fled.
bays, with briſtling hair,
s in ſecret growls his fear:
knows but Truth, in this diſguiſe,
ſtrate my beſt-guarded lyes?
he (thus maſk'd) admittance find,
y hour my ruin's ſign'd."
in his howl's continued ſound,
ords were loſt, the voice was drown'd.
awe of honeſt tongues,
ery day he ſtrain'd his lungs.
pen'd in ill-omen'd hour,
ip, unmindful of his power,
his poſt, to love inclin'd;
rite bitch was in the wind.
ſeduc'd, in amorous play,
iſk'd the joyous hours away.
y untimely love purſuing,
ıtony he fought his ruin.
ow the 'Squire, unvex'd with noiſe,
eſt neighbour's chat enjoys.
ee, ſays he; your mind impart;
friendly open heart.
ks my tenants ſhun my gate;
ich a ſtranger grown of late?
ll me what offence they find,
in they're not ſo well inclin'd."
ırn off your Cur (the Farmer cries)
eds your ear with daily lyes.
rling inſolence offends:
that keeps you from your friends.
ut that ſaucy puppy checkt,
find again the ſame reſpect.
ily him, he 'll ſwear it too,
l our hatred is to you.
rn from us your true eſtate;
ıt curs'd Cur alone we hate."
'Squire heard Truth. Now Yap ruſh'd in;
de hall echoes with his din;
uth prevail'd; and, with diſgrace,
g was cudgel'd out of place.

FABLE VII.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND JUPITER.

To Myſelf.

HAVE you a friend (look round and ſpy)
So fond, ſo prepoſſeſs'd as I?
Your faults, ſo obvious to mankind,
My partial eyes could never find.
When by the breath of Fortune blown,
Your airy caſtles were o'erthrown,
Have I been ever prone to blame,
Or mortify'd your hours with ſhame?
Was I e'er known to damp your ſpirit,
Or twit you with the want of merit?
'Tis not ſo ſtrange that Fortune's frown
Still perſeveres to keep you down.
Look round, and ſee what others do.
Would you be rich and honeſt too?
Have you (like thoſe ſhe rais'd to place)
Been opportunely mean and baſe?
Have you (as times requir'd) reſign'd
Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind?
If theſe are ſcruples, give her o'er;
Write, practice morals, and be poor.
The gifts of Fortune truly rate,
Then tell me what would mend your ſtate.
If happineſs on wealth were built.
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt.
As grows the miſer's hoarded ſtore,
His fears, his wants, increaſe the more.
Think, Gay, (what ne'er may be the caſe)
Should Fortune take you into grace,
Would that your happineſs augment?
What can ſhe give beyond content?
Suppoſe yourſelf a wealthy heir,
With a vaſt annual income clear!
In all the affluence you poſſeſs,
You might not feel one care the leſs.
Might you not then (like others) find
With change of fortune change of mind?
Perhaps, profuſe beyond all rule,
You might ſtart out a glaring fool;
Your luxury might break all bounds:
Plate, table, horſes, ſtewards, hounds,
Might ſwell your debts: then, luſt of play
No regal income can defray.
Sunk is all credit, writs aſſail,
And doom your future life to gaol.
Or, were you dignify'd with power,
Would that avert one penſive hour?
You might give avarice its ſwing,
Defraud a nation, blind a king:
Then, from the hirelings in your cauſe
Though daily fed with falſe applauſe,
Could it a real joy impart?
Great guilt knew never joy at heart.
Is happineſs your point in view?
(I mean th' intrinſic and the true)
She nor in camps or courts reſides,
Nor in the humble cottage hides;
Yet found alike in every ſphere;
Who finds content will find her there.
O'erſpent with toil, beneath the ſhade,
A Peaſant reſted on his ſpade.

" Good Gods! he cries, 'tis hard to bear
This load of life from year to year!
Soon as the morning ſtreaks the ſkies,
Induſtrious Labour bids me riſe;
With ſweat I earn my homely fare,
And every day renews my care."
Jove heard the diſcontented ſtrain,
And thus rebuk'd the murmuring ſwain.
" Speak out your wants, then, honeſt Friend:
Unjuſt complaints the gods offend,
If you repine at partial Fate,
Inſtruct me what could mend your ſtate.
Mankind in every ſtation ſee.
What wiſh you? tell me what you'd be."
So ſaid, upborne upon a cloud,
The Clown ſurvey'd the anxious crowd.
" You face of care, ſays Jove, behold,
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold.
See with what joy he counts it o'er!
That ſum to-day hath ſwell'd his ſtore."
" Were I that man, (the Peaſant cry'd)
What bleſſing could I aſk beſide?"
" Hold, ſays the God; firſt learn to know
True happineſe from outward ſhow.
This optic glaſs of intuition—
Here, take it, view his true condition."
He look'd, and ſaw the miſer's breaſt
A troubled ocean ne'er at reſt;
Want ever ſtares him in the face,
And fear anticipates diſgrace:
With conſcious guilt he ſaw him ſtart;
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart:
And, never, or in thought or dream,
His breaſt admits one happy gleam.
" May Jove, he cries, reject my prayer,
And guard my life from guilt and care!
My ſoul abhors that wretched fate.
O keep me in my humble ſtate!
But ſee, amidſt a gawdy crowd,
Yon' miniſter ſo gay and proud;
On him what happineſs attends,
Who thus rewards his grateful friends!"
" Firſt take the glaſs, the God replies;
Man views the world with partial eyes."
" Good Gods! exclaims the ſtartled wight,
Defend me from this hideous ſight!
Corruption with corroſive ſmart
Lies cankering on his guilty heart:
I ſee him with polluted hand
Spread the contagion o'er the land.
Now Av'rice with inſatiate jaws.
Now Rapine with her harpy claws,
His boſom tears. His conſcious breaſt
Groans with a load of crimes oppreſt.
See him, mad and drunk with power,
Stand tottering on Ambition's tower,
Sometimes, in ſpeeches vain and proud,
His boaſts inſult the nether crowd;
Now ſeiz'd with giddineſs and fear,
He trembles leſt his fall is near."
" Was ever wretch like this! he cries;
Such miſery in ſuch diſguiſe!
The change, O Jove! I diſavow;
Still be my lot the ſpade and plough."

He next, confirm'd by ſpeculation,
Rejects the lawyer's occupation;
For he the ſtateſman ſeem'd in part,
And bore ſimilitude of heart.
Nor did the ſoldier's trade inflame
His hopes with thirſt of ſpoil and fame.
The miſeries of war he mourn'd;
Whole nations into deſerts turn'd.
" By theſe have laws and rights been brav'
By theſe was free-born man enſlav'd:
When battles and invaſion ceaſe,
Why ſwarm they in the lands of peace?
Such change (ſays he) may I decline;
The ſcythe and civil arms be mine!"
Thus, weighing life in each condition,
The Clown withdrew his raſh petition.
When thus the God: " How mortals err!
If you true happineſs prefer,
'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
But dwells in every honeſt mind.
Be juſtice then your ſole purſuit:
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit."
So Jove, to gratify the Clown,
Where firſt he found him, ſet him down.

FABLE VIII.

THE MAN, THE CAT, THE DOG, AND THE FLY.

To my native Country.

HAIL, happy land! whoſe fertile grounds
The liquid fence of Neptune bounds;
By bounteous Nature ſet apart,
The ſeat of Induſtry and Art!
O Britain; choſen port of trade,
May luxury ne'er thy ſon's invade!
May never miniſter (intent
His private treaſures to augment)
Corrupt thy ſtate! If jealous foes
Thy rights of commerce dare oppoſe,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
Who is't preſcribes the ocean law?
Whenever neighbouring ſtates contend,
'Tis thine to be the general friend.
What is't who rules in other lands?
On trade alone thy glory ſtands;
That benefit is unconfin'd,
Diffuſing good among mankind:
That firſt gave luſtre to thy reigns,
And ſcatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:
'Tis that alone thy wealth ſupplies,
And draws all Europe's envious eyes.
Be commerce, then, thy ſole deſign;
Keep that, and all the world is thine.
When naval traffic plows the main,
Who ſhares not in the merchant's gain?

ſupports the regal ſtate,
es the farmer's heart elate:
ierous flocks that cloathe the land
e ſupply the loom's demand;
ulture glaps the fields,
bare heath a harveſt yields.
expects mankind ſhould ſhare
s of the public care.
orn for ſloth? * To ſome we find
ighſhare's annual toil aſſign'd:
the ſounding anvil glow;
ſwift-ſliding ſhuttle throw;
udious of the wind and tide,
le to pole our commerce guide:
ught by induſtry) impart
ds and feet the works of art;
me of genius more refin'd,
d and tongue aſſiſt mankind.
ning at one common end,
the whole a needful friend.
orn each other's uſeful aid,
are obligations paid.
ionarch, when his table 's ſpread,
clown oblig'd for bread;
ien in all his glory dreſt,
the loom his royal veſt.
ne maſon's toil and care
im from th' inclement air?
the cutler's art ſupply
iment that guards his thigh?
, in duty to the throne,
mmon obligations own.
his own and people's cauſe)
their properties and laws.
y their honeſt toil employ,
h content the fruits enjoy.
rank, or great or ſmall,
iſtry ſupports us all.
nimals, by want oppreſs'd,
their ſervices addreſs'd:
ich purſu'd their ſelfiſh good,
nger'd for precarious food:
urs with anxious cares were vext;
they fed, and ſtarv'd the next:
r that plenty, ſure and rife,
d alone in ſocial life;
tual induſtry profeſs'd,
ous wants of man redreſs'd.
at, half famiſh'd, lean and weak,
s the privilege to ſpeak.
ll, Puſs, (ſays Man) and what can you
fit the public do?"
at replies, "Theſe teeth, theſe claws,
ilance ſhall ſerve the cauſe.
uſe, deſtroy'd by my purſuit,
r ſhall your feaſts pollute;
, from nightly ambuſcade,
iſteful teeth your ſtores invade.
ant, ſays Man, to general uſe,
ts and talents may conduce;

For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threſhers whirl the flail in vain:
Thus ſhall the Cat, a foe to ſpoil,
Proteſt the farmer's honeſt toil."
Then turning to the Dog, he cry'd,
"Well, Sir, be next your merits try'd."
"Sir, ſays the Dog, by ſelf-applauſe
We ſeem to own a friendleſs cauſe.
Aſk thoſe who know me, if diſtruſt
E'er found me treacherous or unjuſt?
Did I e'er faith or friendſhip break?
Aſk all thoſe creatures; let them ſpeak.
My vigilance and truſty zeal
Perhaps might ſerve the public weal.
Might not your flocks in ſafety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed?
Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you ſleep?"
The man replies, "Tis juſt and right;
Rewards ſuch ſervice ſhould requite.
So rare, in property, we find
Truſt uncorrupt among mankind,
That, taken in a public view,
The firſt diſtinction is your due,
Such merits all reward tranſcend:
Be then my comrade and my friend."
Addreſſing now the Fly: "From you
What public ſervice can accrue?"
"From me! (the ſtuttering inſect ſaid)
I thought you knew me better bred.
Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is 't fit
That I to induſtry ſubmit?
Let mean mechanics, to be fed,
By buſineſs earn ignoble bread;
Loſt in exceſs of daily joys,
No thought, no care, my life annoys.
At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I ſip the tea's delicious flower.
On cates luxuriouſly I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine.
Studious of elegance and eaſe,
Myſelf alone I ſeek to pleaſe."
The man his pert conceit derides,
And thus the uſeleſs coxcomb chides:
"Hence, from that peach, that downy ſeat;
No idle fool deſerves to eat.
Could you have ſapp'd the bluſhing rind,
And on that pulp ambroſial din'd;
Had not ſome hand, with ſkill and toil
To raiſe the tree, prepar'd the ſoil?
Conſider, Sot, what would enſue,
Were all ſuch worthleſs things as you.
You'd ſoon be forc'd (by hunger ſtung)
To make your dirty meals on dung,
On which ſuch deſpicable need,
Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.
Beſides, vain ſelfiſh inſect, learn,
(If you can right and wrong diſcern)
That he who, with induſtrious zeal,
Contributes to the public weal,
By adding to the common good,
His own hath rightly underſtood."

* *Barrow.*

So saying, with a sudden blow
He laid the noxious vagrant low.
Rush'd in his luxury and pride,
The spunger on the public dy'd

FABLE XI.

THE JACKALL LEOPARD, AND OTHER BEASTS.

To a modern Politician.

I GRANT corruption sways mankind;
That interest, too, perverts the mind.
That bribes have blinded common sense,
Foil'd reason, truth, and eloquence:
I grant you, too, our present crimes
Can equal those of former times.
Against plain facts shall I engage,
To vindicate our righteous age?
I know that in a modern fist
Bribes in full energy subsist.
Since then these arguments prevail,
And itching palms are still so frail,
Hence Politicians, you suggest,
Should drive the nail that goes the best;
That it shows parts and penetration,
To ply men with the right temptation.
To this I humbly must dissent,
Premising, no reflection 's meant.
Does justice or the client's sense
Teach lawyers either side's defence?
The fee gives eloquence its spirit;
That only is the client's merit.
Does art, wit, wisdom, or address,
Obtain the prostitutes caress?
The guinea (as in other trades)
From every hand alike persuades.
Man, Scripture says, is prone to evil;
But does that vindicate the devil?
Besides, the more mankind are prone,
The less the devil's parts are shown.
Corruption 's not of modern date;
Hath been try'd in every state;
Great knaves of old their power have fenc'd;
By places, pensions, bribes, dispens'd;
By these they glory'd in success,
And impudently dar'd oppress:
Or these despoticly they sway'd,
And slaves extoll'd the hand that pay'd;
Nor parts nor genius were employ'd,
Nor these alone were realms destroy'd.
Now see these wretches in disgrace,
Out of their treasures, power, and place;
Of them abandon'd and forlorn,
Lay'd to such reproach and scorn.
Now is all your pride, your boast?
Are your slaves, your flattering host!
What tongues now feed you with applause?
Where are the champions of your cause?
Now ev'n that very fawning train,
Which shar'd the gleanings of your gain,
Press foremost who shall first accuse
Your selfish jobbs, your paltry views,
Your narrow schemes, your breach of trust,
And want of talents to be just.
What fools were these amidst their power!
How thoughtless of their adverse hour!
What friends were made? A hireling herd,
For temporary votes preferr'd.
Was it these sycophants to get,
Your bounty swell'd a nation's debt?
You 're bit: for these, like Swiss, attend;
No longer pay, no longer friend.
The Lion is (beyond dispute)
Allow'd the most majestic brute;
His valour and his generous mind
Prove him superior of his kind:
Yet to Jackalls (as 'tis averr'd)
Some Lions have their power transferr'd;
As if the parts of pimps and spies
To govern forests could suffice.
Once, studious of his private good,
A proud Jackall oppress'd the wood;
To cram his own insatiate jaws,
Invaded property and laws.
The forest groans with discontent,
Fresh wrongs the general hate foment.
The spreading murmurs reach'd his ear;
His secret hours were vex'd with fear.
Night after night he weighs the case,
And feels the terrors of disgrace.
"By friends (says he) I 'll guard my seat,
By those malicious tongues defeat;
I 'll strengthen power by new allies,
And all my clamorous foes despise."
To make the generous beasts his friends,
He cringes, fawns, and condescends;
But those repulsed his abject court,
And scorn'd oppression to support.
Friends must be had He can't subsist.
Bribes shall new proselytes inlist:
But these nought weigh'd in honest paws;
For bribes confess a wicked cause:
Yet think not every paw withstands
What hath prevail'd in human hands.
A tempting turnip's silver skin
Drew a base Hog through thick and thin;
Bought with a Stag's delicious haunch,
The mercenary Wolf was staunch:
The convert Fox grew warm and hearty,
A pullet gain'd him to the party:
The golden-pippin in his fist,
A chattering Monkey join'd the list.
But soon, expos'd to public heat,
The favourite's fall redress'd the state.
The Leopard, vindicating right,
Had brought his secret frauds to light.
As rats, before the mansion falls,
Desert late hospitable walls,
In shoals the servile creatures run,
To bow before the rising sun.

Hog with warmth expreſs'd his zeal,
ras for hanging thoſe that ſteal;
op'd, though low, the public hoard
half a turnip ſtill afford.
ſaving meaſures were profeſt,
b's head was the Wolf's requeſt.
ox ſubmitted, if to touch
ing would be deem'd too much.
Monkey thought his grin and chatter
aſk a nut, or ſome ſuch matter.
e Hirelings! hence! (the Leopard cries)
venal conſcience I deſpiſe.
ho the public good intends,
bes needs never purchaſe friends.
ſts this juſt, this open part,
pt by every honeſt heart.
ption now too late has ſhow'd,
ribes are always ill-beſtow'd;
u your bubbled maſter 's taught,
ſerving tools, not friends, are bought."

FABLE X.

THE DEGENERATE BEES.

e Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's.

HOUGH courts the practiſe diſallow,
A friend at all times I 'll avow.
itics I know 'tis wrong;
ndſhip may be kept too long;
hat they call the prudent part,
ear intereſt next the heart.
times take a different face,
endſhips ſhould to new give place.
ow, too, you have many foes,
wning you is ſharing thoſe;
very knave in every ſtation,
h and low denomination,
at you ſpeak, and what you write,
you at once, and bear you ſpite.
eedoms in your works are ſhown,
an't enjoy what's not their own.
nces, too, in church and ſtate,
hy nonſenſe ſhew their hate;
ll the petty ſcribbling crew
hoſe port ſots are not a few),
you and Pope their envy ſpurt.
okſellers alone are hurt.
d Gods! by what a powerful race
lockheads may have power and place)
ndals rais'd, and libels writ!
ve your honeſty and wit!
with yourſelf: thoſe worthy men,
ow, have ſuffer'd by your pen.
hem you 've nothing but your due.
ence, 'tis plain, your friends are few,
myſelf, I know of none,
the wife and good alone.

To ſet the caſe in fairer light,
My Fable ſhall the reſt recite,
Which (though unlike our preſent ſtate)
I for the moral's ſake relate.

A Bee of cunning, not of parts,
Luxurious, negligent of arts,
Rapacious, arrogant, and vain,
Greedy of power, but more of gain,
Corruption ſow'd throughout the hive:
By petty rogues the great ones thrive.

As power and wealth his views ſupply'd,
'Twas ſeen in overbearing pride.
With him loud impudence had merit;
The Bee of conſcience wanted ſpirit;
And thoſe who follow'd honour's rules
Were laugh'd to ſcorn for ſqueamiſh fools.
Wealth claim'd diſtinction, favour grace,
And poverty alone was baſe.
He treated induſtry, with ſlight,
Unleſs he found his profit by 't.
Rights, laws, and liberties, give way,
To bring his ſelfiſh ſchemes in play.
The ſwarm forgot the common toil,
To ſhare the gleanings of his ſpoil.

While vulgar ſouls of narrow parts,
Waſte life in low mechanic arts,
Let us (ſays he), to genius born,
The drudgery of our fathers ſcorn.
The Waſp and Drone, you muſt agree,
Live with more elegance than we.
Like gentlemen they ſport and play;
No buſineſs interrupts the day:
Their hours to luxury they give,
And nobly on their neighbours live.
A ſtubborn Bee, among the ſwarm,
With honeſt indignation warm,
Thus from his cell with zeal reply'd:

"I ſlight thy frowns, and hate thy pride,
The laws our native rights protect;
Offending thee, I thoſe reſpect.
Shall luxury corrupt the hive,
And none againſt the torrent ſtrive?
Exert the honour of your race;
He builds his riſe on your diſgrace.
'Tis induſtry our ſtate maintains;
'Twas honeſt toil and honeſt gains
That rais'd our ſires to power and fame.
Be virtuous; ſave yourſelves from ſhame.
Know that, in ſelfiſh ends purſuing,
You ſcramble for the public ruin."
He ſpoke; and, from his cell diſmiſs'd,
Was inſolently ſcoff'd and hiſs'd.
With him a friend or two reſign'd,
Diſdaining the degenerate kind.
"Theſe Drones (ſays he), theſe inſects vile,
(I treat them in their proper ſtyle)
May for a time oppreſs the ſtate:
They own our virtue by their hate;
By that our merits they reveal,
And recommend our public zeal;
Diſgrac'd by this corrupted crew,
We're honour'd by the virtuous few."

FABLE XI.

THE PACK-HORSE AND THE CARRIER.

To a young Nobleman.

BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth.
To ſuffer, nay, encourage truth;
And blame me not for diſreſpect,
If I the flatterer's ſtyle reject;
With that, by menial tongues ſupply'd,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.
The tree's diſtinguiſh'd by the fruit.
Be virtue then your firſt purſuit;
Set your great anceſtors in view,
Like them deſerve the title too;
Like them ignoble actions ſcorn;
Let virtue prove you greatly born.
Though with leſs plate their ſide-board ſhone,
Their conſcience always was their own;
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;
Their hands, by no corruption ſtain'd,
The miniſterial bribe diſdain'd;
They ſerv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
Yet jealous of the public weal,
They ſtood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cauſe;
By neither place or penſion bought,
They ſpoke and voted as they thought.
Thus did your ſires adorn their ſeat;
And ſuch alone are truly great.
If you the paths of learning ſlight,
You're but a dunce in ſtronger light.
In foremoſt rank the coward plac'd,
Is more conſpicuouſly diſgrac'd.
If you to ſerve a paltry end,
To knaviſh jobbs can condeſcend,
We pay you the contempt that's due;
In that you have precedence too.
Whence had you this illuſtrious name?
From virtue and unblemiſh'd fame.
By birth the name alone deſcends;
Your honour on yourſelf depends:
Think not your coronet can hide
Aſſuming ignorance and pride.
Learning by ſtudy muſt be won;
'Twas ne'er entail'd from ſon to ſon.
Superior worth your rank requires;
For what mankind reveres your ſires;
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merits heighten your diſgrace.
A Carrier, every night and morn,
Would ſee his horſes eat their corn:
This ſunk the hoſtler's vails, 'tis true;
But then his horſes had their due.
Were we ſo cautious in all caſes,
Small gain would riſe from greater places.
The manger now had all its meaſure;
He heard their grinding teeth with pleaſure;
When all at once confuſion rung;
They ſnorted, joſtled, bit, and ſlung.
A pack-horſe turn'd his head aſide,
Foaming, his eye-balls ſwell'd with pride.
Good Gods! (ſays he) how hard's my lot!
Is then my high deſcent forgot?
Reduc'd to drudgery and diſgrace
(A life unworthy of my race),
Muſt I, too hear the vile attacks
Of ragged ſcrubs and vulgar hacks?
See ſcurvy Roan that brute ill-bred,
Dares from the manger thruſt my head!
Shall I, who boaſt a noble line,
On offals of theſe creatures dine?
Kick'd by old Ball! ſo mean a foe?
My honour ſuffers by the blow.
Newmarket ſpeaks my grandſire's fame;
All jockeys ſtill revere his name:
There yearly are his triumphs told,
There, all his maſſy plates enroll'd.
Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
You ſaw him with a livery train;
Returning, too, with laurels crown'd,
You heard the drums and trumpets ſound.
Let it then, Sir be underſtood,
Reſpect's my due, for I have blood."
"Vain-glorious fool! (the Carrier cry'd)
Reſpect was never paid to pride.
Know 'twas thy giddy wilful heart
Reduc'd thee to this ſlaviſh part,
Did not thy headſtrong youth diſdain
To learn the conduct of the rein?
Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
In vicious frolics fancy ſpirit.
What is't to me by whom begot,
Thou reſtive, pert, conceited ſot?
Your ſires I reverence; 'tis their due;
But, worthleſs fool, what's that to you?
Aſk all the Carriers on the road,
They'll ſay, thy keeping's ill beſtow'd;
Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
That neither mends thy ſtrength or pace.
What profits me thy boaſt of blood?
An aſs has more intrinſic good.
By outward ſhow let's not be cheated;
An aſs ſhould like an aſs be treated."

FABLE XII.

PAN AND FORTUNE.

To a young Heir.

SOON as your father's death was known.
(As if th' eſtate had been their own)
The gameſters outwardly expreſt
The decent joy within your breaſt.

'in your praiſe they grew,
their certain hopes in you.

ıunts your income of the year.
ch'in ready money clear.

houſe, ſays he, is more complete;
len's elegant and great.
: the park around it lies!
ɔer's of a noble ſize.
ınt his jewels and his plate.
'tis no entail'd eſtate.
ın low, his lands in fee
for ſale or mortgage, free."

:hey, before you threw the main,
a.:ticipate their gain.
ou when thieves are known abroad,
:th your treaſures in the road?
ot the fool abet the ſtealth,
ıly thus expos'd his wealth?
you do, whene'er you play
he gentlemen of prey.

fools to keep their own contrive,
on whom could gameſters thrive?
harity you game.
your worthy gang from ſhame?
:a furniſh'd daily bread,
/ay could idleneſs to be fed?
eſe profeſſors of deceit
he law no longer cheat,
ıſt run bolder riſks for prey,
› the traveller on the way.
your annual rents they ſhare,
pe the nooſe from year to year.

ler, ere you make the bett,
n might croſs your taylor's debt.
ɔu the pilfering rattle ſhake,
ɔur honour, too, at ſtake?
ı not by mean lies evade
ow's duns from every trade;
ıifes ſo often paid,
ur taylor's bill defray'd?
ı not pitifully fawn
your butcher's writ withdrawn?
ſt be done. In debts of play,
nour ſuffers no delay;
this year's and next year's rent
ɜ of rapine can content.

·ound, the wrecks of play behold,
iſmember'd, mortgag'd, ſold!
vners now, to gaols confin'd,
ual poverty of mind.
rho the ſpoil of knaves were made,
attempt to learn their trade.
ɔr the folly of one hour,
the dirty tools of power;
ıh the mercenary lift,
ıurt-charity ſubſiſt.

I find at laſt this maxim true,
: the game which knaves purſue.

The foreſt (a whole century's ſhade)
Muſt be one waſteful ruin made:
No mercy's ſhewn to age or kind;
The general maſſacre is ſign'd.
The park, too, ſhares the dreadful fate,
For duns grow louder at the gate.
Stern clowns, obedient to the 'ſquire,
(What will not barbarous hands for hire?)
With brawny arms repeat the ſtroke;
Fall'n are the elm and reverend oak.
Through the long wood loud axes ſound,
And Echo groans with every wound.

To ſee the deſolation ſpread,
Pan drops a tear, and hangs his head:
His boſom now with fury burns;
Beneath his hoof the dice he ſpurns.
Cards, too, in peeviſh paſſion torn,
The ſport of whirling winds are borne.

"To ſnails inveterate hate I bear,
Who ſpoil the verdure of the year;
The caterpillar I deteſt,
The blooming Spring's voracious peſt;
The locuſt, too, whoſe ravenous band
Spreads ſudden famine o'er the land.
But what are theſe? the dice's throw
At once hath laid a foreſt low.
The cards are dealt, the bett is made,
And the wide park hath loſt its ſhade.
Thus is my kingdom's pride defac'd,
And all its antient glories waſte.
All this (he cries) is Fortune's doing:
'Tis thus ſhe meditates my ruin.
By Fortune, that falſe, fickle jade,
More havock in one hour is made,
Than all the hungry inſect race,
Combin'd, can in an age deface."

Fortune, by chance, who near him paſt,
O'erheard the vile aſperſion caſt,

"Why, Pan, (ſays ſhe) what's all this rant?
'Tis every country-bubble's cant.
Am I the patroneſs of vice?
Is 't I who cog or palm the dice?
Did I the ſhuffling art reveal,
To mark the cards, or range the deal?
In all th' employments men purſue,
I mind the leaſt what gameſters do.
There may (if computation's juſt)
One now and then my conduct truſt.
I blame the fool, for what can I,
When ninety-nine my power defy?
Theſe truſt alone their fingers' ends,
And not one ſtake on me depends.
Whene'er the gaming-board is ſet,
Two claſſes of mankind are met;
But, if we count the greedy race,
The knaves fill up the greater ſpace.
'Tis a groſs error held in ſchools,
That fortune always favours fools.
In play it never bears diſpute;
That doctrine theſe fell'd oaks confute.

Then why to me ſuch rancour ſhow?
'Tis Folly, Pan, that is thy foe.
By me his late eſtate he won,
But he by folly was undone."

FABLE XIII.

PLUTUS, CUPID, AND TIME.

OF all the burdens man muſt bear,
Time ſeems moſt galling and ſevere:
Beneath this grievous load oppreſs'd,
We daily meet ſome friend diſtreſs'd.
"What can one do? I roſe at nine?
'Tis full ſix hours before we dine:
Six hours! no earthly thing to do!
Would I had doz'd in bed till two!"
A pamphlet is before him ſpread,
And almoſt half a page is read;
Tir'd with the ſtudy of the day,
The fluttering ſheets are toſs'd away.
He opes his ſnuff-box, hums an air,
Then yawns, and ſtretches in his chair.
"Not twenty, by the minute-hand!
Good Gods, ſays he, my watch muſt ſtand!
How muddling, 'tis on books to pore!
I thought I 'ad read an hour or more.
The morning, of all hours, I hate.
One can't contrive to riſe too late."
To make the minutes faſter run,
Then, too, his tireſome ſelf to ſhun,
To the next coffee-houſe he ſpeeds,
Takes up the news, ſome ſcraps he reads.
Sauntering, from chair to chair he trails;
Now drinks his tea, now bites his nails.
He ſpies a partner of his woe;
By chat afflictions lighter grow;
Each other's grievances they ſhare,
And thus their dreadful hours compare.
Says Tom, "Since all men muſt confeſs,
That time lies heavy, more or leſs,
Why ſhould it be ſo hard to get,
Till two, a party at Piquet?
Play might relieve the lagging morn:
By cards long wintery nights are borne.
Does not Quadrille amuſe the fair,
Night after night, throughout the year?
Vapours and ſpleen forgot, at play
They cheat uncounted hours away."
"My caſe, ſays Will, then muſt be hard,
By want of ſkill from play debarr'd.
Courtiers kill time by various ways;
Dependence wears out half their days.
How happy theſe, whoſe time ne'er ſtands!
Attendance takes it off their hands.
Were it not for this curſed ſhower,
The Park had wil'd away an hour.
At court, without or place or view,
I daily loſe an hour or two:
It fully anſwers my deſign,
When I have pick'd up friends to dine;
The tavern makes our burden light;
Wine puts our time and care to flight.
At ſix (hard caſe!) they call to pay.
Where can one go? I hate the play.
From ſix till ten! unleſs in ſleep.
One cannot ſpend the hours ſo cheap.
The comedy's no ſooner done,
But ſome aſſembly is begun;
Loitering from room to room I ſtray,
Converſe, but nothing hear or ſay:
Quite tir'd, from fair to fair I roam.
So ſoon! I dread the thoughts of home.
From thence, to quicken ſlow-pac'd night,
Again my tavern-friends invite:
Here, too, our early mornings paſs,
Till drowſy ſleep retard the glaſs."
Thus they their wretched life bemoan,
And make each other's caſe their own.
Conſider, friends, no hour rolls on
But ſomething of your grief is gone.
Were you to ſchemes of buſineſs bred,
Did you the paths of learning tread,
Your hours, your days, would fly too faſt;
You'd then regret the minute paſt.
Time 's fugitive and light as wind:
'Tis indolence that clogs your mind:
That load from off your ſpirits ſhake,
You 'll own, and grieve for, your miſtake.
A while your thoughtleſs ſpleen ſuſpend,
Then read, and (if you can) attend.
As Plutus, to divert his care,
Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,
Cupid o'ertook his ſtrutting pace.
Each ſtar'd upon the ſtranger's face,
Till recollection ſet them right,
For each knew th' other but by ſight.
After ſome complimental talk,
Time met them, bow'd, and join'd their walk.
Their chat on various ſubjects ran,
But moſt, what each had done for man.
Plutus aſſumes a haughty air,
Juſt like our purſe-proud fellows here.
"Let kings, ſays he, let coblers tell,
Whoſe gifts among mankind excel.
Conſider courts; what draws their train?
Think you 'tis loyalty or gain?
That ſtateſman hath the ſtrongeſt hold,
Whoſe tool of politics is gold;
By that, in former reigns, 'tis ſaid,
The knave in power hath ſenates led:
By that alone he ſway'd debates,
Enrich'd himſelf, and beggar'd ſtates.
Forego your boaſt. You muſt conclude,
That's moſt eſteem'd that's moſt purſued.
Think, too, in what a woeful plight
That wretch muſt live whoſe pocket's light.
Are not his hours by want depreſt?
Penurious care corrodes his breaſt.
Without reſpect, or love, or friends,
His ſolitary day deſcends."
"You might, ſays Cupid, doubt my parts,
My knowledge, too, in human hearts,

the power of gold diſpute,
reat examples might confute.
when nothing elſe prevails,
ve money ſeldom fails;
auty, too, (like other wares)
, as well as conſcience, bears.
arriage (as of late profeſt)
money-jobb at beſt.
, compliance, may be ſold;
's beyond the price of gold.
ers there are, who, by retail,
what they call Love to ſale;
gains are an arrant cheat:
rchaſe flattery and deceit.
who true love have ever try'd
mmon cares of life ſupply'd)
ts endure, no wiſhes make,
y real joy partake.
fort on themſelves depends;
ant nor power, nor wealth, nor friends.
ien, hath every bliſs in ſtore;
ndſhip, and 'tis ſomething more.
ier every wiſh they give:
now love, is not to live."
love, or money, (Time reply'd)
en the queſtion to decide,
ear the prize: on both intent,
n 's neglected or miſpent.
ho meaſure vital ſpace,
l out years to human race.
little priz'd, and ſeldom ſought,
t me love and gold are nought.
es the miſer time employ?
er ſee him life enjoy?
forſook, the hoards be won
ter'd by his laviſh ſon.
all uſeful arts are gain'd:
, learning, wiſdom, is attain'd.
en would think (ſince ſuch my power)
r I knew an idle hour?
le and ſo ſwift I fly,
not more fugitive than I.
ith not heard coquettes complain
, months, years, miſ-ſpent in vain?
e miſus'd they pine and waſte,
re's ſweet pleaſures never taſte.
who direct their time aright,
or wealth their hopes excite,
purſuit fit hours employ'd,
th by time have been enjoy'd.
edleſs then are mortals grown!
tle is their intereſt known!
y view they ought to mind me,
hen once loſt, they never find me."
poke. The gods no more conteſt,
s ſuperior gift confeſt,
ime (when truly underſtood)
noſt precious earthly good.

FABLE XIV.

THE OWL, THE SWAN, THE COCK, THE SPIDER, THE ASS, AND THE FARMER.

To a Mother.

CONVERSING with your ſprightly boys,
Your eyes have ſpoke the Mother's joys.
With what delight I've heard you quote
Their ſayings in imperfect note!
I grant, in body and in mind
Nature appears profuſely kind.
Truſt not to that. Act you your part;
Imprint juſt morals on their heart;
Impartially their talents ſcan:
Juſt education forms the man.
Perhaps (their genius yet unknown)
Each lot of life's already thrown;
That this ſhall plead, the next ſhall fight,
The laſt aſſert the church's right.
I cenſure not the fond intent;
But how precarious is th' event!
By talents miſapply'd and croſt,
Conſider, all your ſons are loſt.
One day (the tale's by Martial penn'd)
A father thus addreſs'd his friend:
"To train my boy, and call forth ſenſe,
You know I've ſtuck at no expence;
I've try'd him in the ſeveral arts;
(The lad, no doubt, hath latent parts)
Yet, trying all, he nothing knows,
But, crab-like, rather backward goes.
Teach me what yet remains undone;
'Tis your advice ſhall fix my ſon."
"Sir, ſays the friend, I've weigh'd the matter;
Excuſe me, for I ſcorn to flatter:
Make him (nor think his genius checkt)
A herald or an architect."
Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)
He heard th' advice, and took his own.
The boy wants wit; he 's ſent to ſchool,
Where learning but improves the fool.
The college next muſt give him parts,
And cram him with the liberal arts.
Whether he blunders at the bar,
Or owes his infamy to war;
Or if by licence or degree
The ſexton ſhare the doctor's fee:
Or from the pulpit by the hour
He weekly floods of nonſenſe pour;
We find (th' intent of nature foil'd)
A taylor or a butcher ſpoil'd.
Thus miniſters have royal boons
Conferr'd on blockheads and buffoons:
In ſpite of nature, merit, wit,
Their friends for every poſt were fit.
But now let every Muſe confeſs
That merit finds its due ſucceſs.

Th' examples of our days regard;
Where 's virtue ſeen without reward?
Diſtinguiſh'd and in place you find
Deſert and worth of every kind.
Survey the reverend bench, and ſee
Religion, learning, piety:
The patron, ere he recommends,
Sees his own image in his friend's.
Is honeſty diſgrac'd and poor?
What is 't to us what was before?
We all of times corrupt have heard,
When paltry minions were preferr'd;
When all great offices, by dozens,
Were fill'd by brothers, ſons, and couſins.
What matter ignorance and pride?
The man was happily ally'd.
Provided that his clerk was good,
What though he nothing underſtood?
In church and ſtate the ſorry race
Grew more conſpicuous fools in place.
Such heads, as then a treaty made,
Had bungled in the cobbler's trade.
Conſider, Patrons, that ſuch elves
Expoſe your folly with themſelves.
'Tis yours, as 'tis the parent's care,
To fix each genius in its ſphere.
Your partial hand can wealth diſpenſe,
But never give a blockhead ſenſe.
An owl of magiſterial air,
Of ſolemn voice, of brow auſtere,
Aſſum'd the pride of human race,
And bore his wiſdom in his face;
Not to depreciate learned eyes,
I've ſeen a pedant look as wiſe.
Within a barn, from noiſe retir'd,
He ſcorn'd the world, himſelf admir'd;
And, like an ancient ſage, conceal'd
The follies public life reveal'd.
Philoſophers of old, he read,
Their country's youth to ſcience bred,
Their manners form'd for every ſtation,
And deſtin'd each his occupation.
When Xenophon, by numbers brav'd,
Retreated, and a people ſav'd,
That laurel was not all his own;
The plant by Socrates was ſown.
To Ariſtotle's greater name
The Macedonian ow'd his fame.
Th' Athenian bird, with pride replete,
Their talents equal'd in conceit.
And, copying the Socratic rule,
Set up for maſter of a ſchool.
Dogmatic jargon learnt by heart,
Trite ſentences, hard terms of art,
To vulgar ears ſeem'd ſo profound.
They fancy'd learning in the ſound.
The ſchool had fame; the crowded place
With pupils ſwarm'd of every race.
With theſe the ſwan's maternal care
Had ſent her ſcarce-fledg'd cygnet heir:
The Hen (though fond and loath to part)
Here lodg'd the darling of her heart:
The Spider, of mechanic kind,
Aſpir'd to ſcience more refin'd:
The Aſs learnt metaphors and tropes,
But moſt on muſe fix'd his hopes.
The pupils now, advanc'd in age,
Were call'd to tread life's buſy ſtage;
And to the Maſter 'twas ubmitted,
That each might to his part be fitted.
"The Swan, ſays he, in arms ſhall ſhine;
The ſoldier's glorious toil be thine.
The Cock ſhall mighty wealth attain:
Go, ſeek it on the ſtormy main.
The court ſhall be the Spider's ſphere:
Power, fortune, ſhall reward him there.
In muſic's art, the Aſs's fame
ſhall emulate Corelli's name."
Each took the part that he adviſ'd,
And all were equally deſpiſ'd.
A Farmer, at his folly mov'd,
The dull Preceptor thus reprov'd.
"Blockhead, ſays he, by what you 've done,
One would have thought them each your ſon;
For parents, to their offſpring blind,
Conſult nor parts nor turn of mind,
But ev'n in infancy decree
What this, what th' other ſon ſhall be.
Had you with Judgment weigh'd the caſe,
Their genius thus had fix'd their place:
The Swan had learnt the ſailor's art;
The Cock had play'd the ſoldier's part;
The Spider in the weaver's trade
With credit had a fortune made;
But for the foal, in every claſs,
The blockhead had appear'd an Aſs."

FABLE XV.

THE COOK-MAID, THE TURNSPIT, AND THE OX.

To a poor Man.

CONSIDER man in every ſphere,
Then tell me, is your lot ſevere?
'Tis murmur, diſcontent, diſtruſt,
That makes you wretched. God is juſt.
I grant, the hungry muſt be fed,
That toil, too, earns thy daily bread.
What then? Thy wants are ſeen and known;
But every mortal feels his own
We 're born a reſtleſs, needy crew:
Shew me the happier man than you.
Adam, though bleſt above his kind,
For want of ſocial woman pin'd.
Eve's wants the ſubtle ſerpent ſaw,
Her fickle taſte tranſgreſs'd the law:
Thus fell our ſire; and their diſgrace
The curſe entail'd on human race,
When Phil p's ſon, by glory led,
Had o'er the globe, his empire ſpread;
When altars to his name were dreſs'd;
That he was man, his tears confeſs'd.

e hopes of avarice are check'd :
proud man always wants reſpect.
various wants on power attend !
ition never gains its end.
hath not heard the rich complain
irfeits and corporeal pain ?
arr'd from every uſe of wealth,
's the ploughman's ſtrength and health.
ier, in a beauteous wife:
all the miſeries of life
ſtie jars and jealous fear
ter all his days with care.
wants an heir; the line is loſt :
was that vain entail engroſt ?
thou diſcern another's mind ?
is't you envy ? Envy's blind.
Envy, when ſhe would annoy,
thouſands want what you enjoy.
The dinner muſt be diſh'd at one.
e's this vexatious Turnſpit gone ?
's the ſkulking Cur is caught,
urloin's ſpoilt, and I 'm in fault."
us ſaid, (for ſure you 'll think it fit
I the Cook-maid's oaths omit)
all the fury of a cook,
ooler kitchen Nan forſook :
room-ſtick o'er her head ſhe waves ;
veats, ſhe ſtamps, ſhe puffs, ſhe raves :
neaking Cur before her flies ;
hiſtles, calls ? fair ſpeech ſhe tries.
nought avail. Her choler burns ;
iſt and cudgel threat by turns.
haſty ſtride ſhe preſſes near ;
inks aloof, and howls with fear.
Was ever Cur ſo curs'd ! (he cry'd)
ſtar did at my birth preſide !
for life by compact bound
ad the wheel's eternal round ?
rious taſk ! of all our race
ive is half ſo mean and baſe.
'ate a kinder lot aſſign'd,
'orm'd me of the lap-dog kind,
, in higher life employ'd,
ndolence and eaſe enjoy'd ;
like a gentleman, careſt,
een the lady's favourite gueſt.
ere I ſprung from ſpaniel line,
his ſagacious noſtril mine,
e, their never-erring guide,
wood and plain their feaſts ſupply'd,
nts, 'ſquires, attendant on my pace,
nar'd the pleaſures of the chace.
d with native ſtrength and fire,
call'd I not the lion fire ?
! ſuch mean views I ſcorn :
was I not of woman born ?
lares with reaſon's power contend ?
an we brutal ſlaves depend :
n all creatures tribute pay,
uxury employs his day."
Ox by chance o'erheard his moan,
hus rebuk'd the lazy drone.
Dare you at Partial Fate repine ?
tind 's your lot compar'd with mine !
d to toil, the barbarous knife
ever'd me from ſocial life ;
Urg'd by the ſtimulating goad,
I drag the cumbrous waggon's load :
'Tis mine to tame the ſtubborn plain,
Break the ſtiff ſoil, and houſe the grain ;
Yet I without a murmur bear
The various labours of the year.
But then, conſider, that one day
(Perhaps the hour 's not far away)
You, by the duties of your poſt,
Shall turn the ſpit when I 'm the roaſt ;
And for reward ſhall ſhare the feaſt,
I mean, ſhall pick my bones at leaſt."
" Till now, th' aſtoniſh'd Cur replies,
I look'd on all with envious eyes.
How falſe we judge by what appears !
All creatures feel their ſeveral cares.
If thus yon' mighty beaſt complains ;
Perhaps man knows ſuperior pains,
Let envy then no more torment :
Think on the Ox, and learn content."
Thus ſaid, cloſe following at her heel,
With cheerful heart he mounts the wheel.

FABLE XVI.

THE RAVEN, THE SEXTON, AND THE EARTH WORM.

To Laura.

LAURA, methinks you 're over-nice.
True ; flattery is a ſhocking vice :
Yet ſure, whene'er the praiſe is juſt,
One may commend without diſguſt.
Am I a privilege deny'd,
Indulg'd by every tongue beſide ?
How ſingular are all your ways !
A woman, and averſe to praiſe !
If 'tis offence ſuch truths to tell,
Why do your merits thus excel ?
Since then I dare not ſpeak my mind,
A truth conſpicuous to mankind ;
Though in full luſtre every grace
Diſtinguiſh your celeſtial face ;
Though beauties of inferior ray
(Like ſtars before the orb of day)
Turn pale and fade ; I check my lays,
Admiring what I dare not praiſe.
If you the tribute due diſdain,
The Muſe's mortifying ſtrain
Shall, like a woman in mere ſpite,
Set beauty in a moral light.
Though ſuch revenge might ſhock the ear
Of many a celebrated fair,
I mean that ſuperficial race
Whoſe thoughts ne'er reach beyond their face ;
What's that to you ? I but diſpleaſe
Such ever-girliſh ears as theſe.
Virtue can brook the thoughts of age,
That laſts the ſame through every ſtage.
Though you by time muſt ſuffer more
Than ever woman loſt before,

The duke in wrath call'd for his ſteeds,
And fiercely drove them on;
Lord! lord! how rattled then thy ſtones,
O kingly Kenſington *!

All in a trice he ruſh'd on Guiſe,
Thruſt out his lady dear;
He tweak'd his noſe, trod on his toes,
And ſmote him on the ear.

But mark, how midſt of victory
Fate plays her old dog-trick!
Up leap'd duke John, and knock'd him down,
And ſo down fell duke Nic.

Alas, oh Nic! oh Nic, alas!
Right did thy goſſip call thee:
As who ſhould ſay, alas the day
When John of Guiſe ſhall maul thee!

For on thee did he clap his chair,
And on that chair did ſit;
And look'd as if he meant therein
To do —— what was not fit.

Up didſt thou look, oh woeful duke!
Thy mouth yet durſt not ope,
Certes for fear of finding there
A t—d inſtead of trope.

"Lie there, thou caitiff vile!" quoth Guiſe,
"No *ſheet* is here to ſave thee:
"The caſement it is ſhut likewiſe;
"Beneath my feet I have thee.

"If thou haſt aught to ſpeak, ſpeak out,"
Then Lancaſtere did cry,
"Know'ſt thou not me, nor yet thyſelf?
"Who thou, and who am I?

"Know'ſt thou not me, who (God be prais'd)
"Have brawl'd and quarrel'd more,
"Than all the line of Lancaſtere,
"That battled heretofore?

"In ſenates fam'd for many a ſpeech,
"And (what ſome awe muſt give ye,
Though laid thus low beneath thy breech)
"Still of the council privy;

"Still of the *dutchy* chancellor:
"*Durante* life I have it;
"And turn, as now thou doſt on me,
"Mine a—e on them that gave it."

But now the ſervants they ruſh'd in;
And duke Nic. up leap'd he:
"I will not cope againſt ſuch odds,
"But, Guiſe! I'll fight with thee:

"To-morrow with thee will I fight
"Under the green-wood tree."
"No, not to-morrow, but to-night"
(Quoth Guiſe) "I'll fight with thee."

And now the ſun declining low
Beſtrea!'d with blood the ſkies;
When, with his ſword at ſaddle-bow,
Rode forth the valiant Guiſe.

Full gently paſs'd he o'er the lawn,
Oft' roll'd his eyes around,
And from the ſtirrup ſtretch'd to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandiſh'd he the blade in air,
Long look'd the field all o'er:
At length he ſpy'd the merry-men brown,
And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold Nicholas
Did wave his wand ſo white,
As pointing out the gloomy glade
Wherein he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful hour ſo calm
Was Lancaſtere to ſee,
As if he meant to take the air,
Or only take a fee:

And ſo he did—for to New Court
His rolling wheels did run:
Not that he ſhunn'd the doubtful ſtrife;
But *buſineſs* muſt be done,

Back in the dark, by Brompton-park,
He turn'd up through the Gore!
So ſlunk to Camden-houſe ſo high,
All in his coach and four.

Mean-while duke Guiſe did fret and fume,
A ſight it was to ſee,
Benumb'd beneath the evening dew
Under the green-wood tree.

Then, wet, and weary, home he far'd,
Sore muttering all the way,
"The day I meet him, Nic ſhall rue
"The cudgel of that day.

"Mean time on every piſſing-poſt
"Paſte we this recreant's name,
"So that each piſſer-by ſhall read
"And piſs againſt the ſame."

Now God preſerve our gracious king,
And grant his nobles all
May learn this leſſon from duke Nic.
That *pride will have a fall!*

* *Lord Lechmere lived at Camden-houſe, near Kenſington. N.*

DIONE.

A

PASTORAL TRAGEDY.

" Sunt numine amanti,
" Sævit et injuſtâ lege relecta Venus."
TIBULL. Eleg. v. Lib. 1.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

EVANDER under the name of LYCIDAS.
CLEANTHES.
Shepherds.

WOMEN.

DIONE under the name of ALEXIS.
PARTHENIA.
LAURA.

Scene, ARCADIA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Plain, at the Foot of a ſteep craggy Mountain.

DIONE. LAURA.

LAURA.

WHY doſt thou fly me? Stay, unhappy fair,
Seek not theſe horrid caverns of deſpair!
To trace thy ſteps, the midnight air I bore,
Trod the brown deſert, and unſhelter'd moor:
Three times the lark has ſung his matin-lay,
And roſe on dewy wing to meet the day,
Since firſt I found thee, ſtretch'd in penſive mood,
Where laurels border Ladon's ſilver flood.

DIONE.

O let my ſoul with grateful thanks o'erflow!
'Tis to thy hand my daily life I owe.
Like the weak lamb, you rais'd me from the plain,
Too faint to bear bleak winds and beating rain;
Each day I ſhare thy bowl and clean repaſt,
Each night thy roof defends the chilly blaſt.
But vain is all thy friendſhip, vain thy care;
Forget a wretch abandon'd to deſpair.

LAURA.

Deſpair will fly thee, when thou ſhalt impart
The fatal ſecret that torments thy heart;
Diſcloſe thy ſorrows to my faithful ear,
Inſtruct theſe eyes to give thee tear for tear.
Love, love's the cauſe; our foreſts ſpeak thy flame,
The rocks have learnt to ſigh Evander's name.
If faultering ſhame thy baſhful tongue reſtrain,
If thou haſt look'd, and bluſh'd, and ſigh'd in vain;
Say, in what grove thy lovely ſhepherd ſtrays,
Tell me what mountains warble with his lays;
Thither I'll ſpeed me, and with moving art
Draw ſoft confeſſions from his melting heart.

DIONE.

Thy generous care has touch'd my ſecret woe,
Love bids theſe ſcalding tears inceſſant flow.
Ill-fated love! O ſay, ye ſylvan maids,
Who range wide foreſts and ſequeſter'd ſhades,
Say where Evander bled, point out the ground
That yet is purple with the ſavage wound.
Yonder he lies; I hear the bird of prey;
High o'er thoſe cliffs the raven wings his way;
Hark how he croaks! he ſcents the murder near.
O may no greedy beak his viſage tear!
Shield him, ye Cupids; ſtrip the Paphian grove,
And ſtrow unfading myrtle o'er my love!
Down, heaving heart.

LAURA.

—The mournful tale diſcloſe.

DIONE.

Let not my tears intrude on thy repoſe.
Yet if thy friendſhip ſtill the cauſe requeſt;
I'll ſpeak, though ſorrow rend my labouring breaſt.
Know then, fair ſhepherdeſs, no honeſt ſwain
Taught me the duties of the peaceful plain;
Unus'd to ſweet content, no flocks I keep,
Nor browzing goats that overhang the ſteep.
Born where Orchomenos' proud turrets ſhine,
I trace my birth from long illuſtrious line,
Why was I train'd amidſt Arcadia's court?
Love ever revels in that gay reſort.
Whene'er Evander paſt, my ſmitten heart
Heav'd frequent ſighs, and felt unuſual ſmart.
Ah! hadſt thou ſeen with what ſweet grace he mov'd!
Yet why that wiſh? for Laura then had lov'd.

LAURA.

Diſtruſt me not; thy ſecret wrongs impart.

DIONE.

Forgive the ſallies of a breaking heart.
Evander's ſighs his mutual flame confeſt,
The growing paſſion labour'd in his breaſt;
To me he came; my heart with rapture ſprung.
To ſee the bluſhes, when his faultering tongue
Firſt ſaid, I love. My eyes conſent reveal,
And plighted vows our faithful paſſion ſeal:
Where's now the lovely youth; he's loſt, he's ſlain,
And the pale corſe lies breathleſs on the plain!

LAURA.

Are thus the hopes of conſtant lovers paid?
If thus—ye Powers, from love defend the maid!

DIONE.

Now have twelve mornings warm'd the purple eaſt,
Since my dear hunter rouz'd the tuſky beaſt;

Swift flew the foaming monſter through the wood,
Swift as the wind, his eager ſteps purſued:
'Twas then the ſavage turn'd; then fell the youth,
And his dear blood diſtain'd the barbarous tooth.

LAURA.

Was there none near? no ready ſuccour found?
Nor healing herb to ſtaunch the ſpouting wound?

DIONE.

In vain through pathleſs woods the hunters creſt,
And fought with anxious eye their maſter loſt;
In vain their frequent hallows echo'd ſhrill,
And his lov'd name was ſent from hill to hill;
Evander hears you not. He's loſt, he's ſlain,
And the pale corſe lies breathleſs on the plain.

LAURA.

Has yet no clown (who, wandering from the way,
Beats every buſh to raiſe the lamb aſtray)
Obſerv'd the fatal ſpot?

DIONE.

—— O, if ye paſs
Where purple murder dyes the wither'd graſs,
With pious finger gently cloſe his eyes,
And let his grave with decent verdure riſe. [*Weeps.*

LAURA.

Behold the turtle who has loſt her mate;
A while with drooping wing ſhe mourns his fate;
Sullen, a while ſhe ſeeks the darkeſt grove,
And cooing meditates the murder'd dove;
But time the rueful image wears away,
Again ſhe's chear'd, again ſhe ſeeks the day.
Spare then thy beauty, and no longer pine.

DIONE.

Yet ſure ſome turtle's love has equal'd mine,
Who, when the hawk has ſnatch'd her mate away,
Hath never known the glad return of day.
When my fond father ſaw my faded eye,
And on my livid cheek the roſes die;
When catching ſighs my waſted boſom mov'd,
My looks, my ſighs, confirm'd him that I lov'd.
He knew not that Evander was my flame,
Evander dead! my paſſion ſtill the ſame!
He came, he threaten'd; with paternal ſway,
Cleanthes nam'd, and fix'd the nuptial day:
O cruel kindneſs! too ſeverely preſt!
I ſcorn his honours, and his wealth deteſt.

LAURA.

How vain is force! Love ne'er can be compell'd.

DIONE.

Though bound my duty, yet my heart rebell'd.
One night, when ſleep had huſh'd all buſy ſpies,
And the pale moon had journey'd half the ſkies,
Softly I roſe and dreſs'd; with ſlept tread,
Unbarr'd the gates, and to theſe mountains fled.
Here let me ſooth the melancholy hours!
Cloſe me, ye woods, within your twilight bowers!
Where my calm ſoul may ſettled ſorrow know,
And no Cleanthes interrupt my woe
With importuning love——

[*Melancholy Muſic is heard at a diſtance.*

On yonder plain
Advances ſlow a melancholy train;
Black cypreſs boughs their drooping heads adorn.

LAURA.

Alas! Menalcas to his grave is borne.
Behold the victim of Parthenia's pride!
He ſaw, he ſigh'd, he lov'd, was ſcorn'd, and dy'd.

DIONE.

Where dwells this beauteous tyrant of the plains?
Where may I ſee her?

LAURA.

—— Aſk the ſighing ſwains.
They beſt can ſpeak the conqueſts of her eyes;
Whoever ſees her, loves; who loves her, dies.

DIONE.

Perhaps untimely fate her flame hath croſs'd,
And ſhe, like me, hath her Evander loſt.
How my ſoul pities her!

LAURA.

—— If pity move
Your generous boſom, pity thoſe who love.
There late arriv'd among our ſylvan race
A ſtranger ſhepherd, who with lonely pace
Viſits thoſe mountain-pines at dawn of day,
Where oft' Parthenia takes her early way
To rouze the chace; mad with his amorous pain,
He ſtops and raves; then ſullen walks again.
Parthenia's name is borne by paſſing gales,
And talking hills repeat it to the dales.
Come, let us from this vale of ſorrow go,
Nor let the mournful ſcene prolong thy woe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.*

Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes (crowned with garlands of cypreſs and yew) bearing the body of Menalcas.

1 SHEPHERD.

Here gently reſt the corſe—With faultering breath
Thus ſpake Menalcas on the verge of death.
" Belov'd Palemon, hear a dying friend;
" See where yon hills with craggy brows aſcend,
" Low in the valley where the mountain grows,
" There firſt I ſaw her, there began my woes.
" When I am cold, may there this clay be laid!
" There often ſtrays the dear, the cruel maid;
" There as ſhe walks, perhaps you'll hear her ſay,
" (While a kind guſhing tear ſhall force its way)
" How could my ſtubborn heart relentleſs prove!
" Ah, poor Menalcas—all thy fault was love!"

* *This and the following ſcene are formed upon the novel of Marcella in Don Quixote.*

2 SHEPHERD.

i pitying lions o'er a carcaſe groan,
ıungry tigers bleeding kids bemoan;
ı the lean wolf laments the mangled ſheep;
ſhall Parthenia o'er Menalcas weep.

1 SHEPHERD.

famiſh'd panthers ſeek their morning food,
nonſters roar along the deſert wood;
hiſſing vipers ruſtle through the brake,
the path-way rears the ſpeckled ſnake:
ary ſwain th' approaching peril ſpies,
hrough ſome diſtant road ſecurely flies.
en, ye ſwains, from beauty's ſurer wound.
was the fate our poor Menalcas found!

2 SHEPHERD.

ſhepherd does not mourn Menalcas ſlain!
by a barbarous woman's proud diſdain!
'er attempts to bend her ſcornful mind,
:o the deſerts, and purſues the wind.

1 SHEPHERD.

:very grace Menalcas was endow'd,
erits dizzled all the ſylvan croud.
would know his pipe's melodious ſound,
l the echoes of theſe hills around,
ey have learnt his ſtrains; who ſhall re-
earſe
rength, the cadence of his tuneful verſe?
:ad thoſe lofty poplars; there you'll find
tender ſonnet grow on every rind.

2 SHEPHERD.

hat avails his ſkill? Parthenia flies.
erit hope ſucceſs in woman's eyes?

1 SHEPHERD.

vas Parthenia form'd of ſofteſt mould?
loes her heart ſuch ſavage nature hold?
ind gods! or all her charms efface,
ıe her heart—ſo ſpare the ſhepherd race.

2 SHEPHERD.

: the flowers which on the grave I caſt;
r Parthenia's tranſient beauty waſte!

1 SHEPHERD.

woman ever counts the fleeting years,
the wrinkle which her forehead wears?
ng her features never ſhall decay,
vain ſhe ſcorns, from that ſhe turns away.
ow, as when the roſe her bud unfolds,
: each breaſt the ſhort-liv'd fragrance holds;
the dry ſtalk lets drop her ſhrivel'd pride,
vely ruin's ever thrown aſide.
Parthenia be.

2 SHEPHERD.

—See, ſhe appears,
ſt her ſpoils, and triumph in our tears.

SCENE III.

Parthenia *appears from the mountain.*

PARTHENIA. SHEPHERDS.

1 SHEPHERD.

Why this way doſt thou turn thy baneful eyes,
Pernicious Baſiliſk? Lo! there he lies:
There lies the youth thy curſed beauty ſlew;
See, at thy preſence, how he bleeds anew!
Look down, enjoy thy murder.

PARTHENIA.

—Spare my fame;
I come to clear a virgin's injur'd name.
If I'm a Baſiliſk, the danger fly,
Shun the ſwift glances of my venom'd eye:
If I'm a murderer, why approach ye near,
And to the dagger lay your boſom bare?

1 SHEPHERD.

What heart is proof againſt that face divine?
Love is not in our power.

PARTHENIA.

—Is love in mine?
If e'er I trifled with a ſhepherd's pain,
Or with falſe hope his paſſion ſtrove to gain;
Then might you juſtly curſe my ſavage mind,
Then might you rank me with the ſerpent kind:
But I ne'er trifled with a ſhepherd's pain,
Nor with falſe hope his paſſion ſtrove to gain:
'Tis to his raſh purſuit he owes his fate;
I was not cruel; he was obſtinate.

1 SHEPHERD.

Hear this, ye ſighing ſhepherds, and deſpair.
Unhappy Lycidas, thy hour is near!
Since the ſame barbarous hand hath ſign'd thy
doom,
We'll lay thee in our lov'd Menalcas' tomb.

PARTHENIA.

Why will intruding man my peace deſtroy?
Let me content and ſolitude enjoy;
Free was I born; my freedom to maintain,
Early I fought the unambitious plain.
Moſt women's weak reſolves, like reeds, will ply,
Shake with each breath, and bend with every
ſigh;
Mine, like an oak, whoſe firm roots deep deſcend.
Nor breath of love can ſhake, nor ſigh can bend.
If ye unhappy Lycidas would ſave;
Go ſeek him, lead him to Menalcas' grave;
Forbid his eyes with flowing grief to rain,
Like him Menalcas wept, but wept in vain:
Bid him his heart-conſuming groans give o'er:
Tell him, I heard ſuch piercing groans before,
And heard unmov'd. O Lycidas, be wiſe,
Prevent thy fate.—Lo! there Menalcas lies.

1 SHEPHERD.

Now all the melancholy rites are paid,
And o'er his grave the weeping marble laid;

Let 's ſeek our charge; the flocks, diſperſing wide,
Whiten with moving fleece the mountain's ſide.
Truſt not, ye ſwains, the lightning of her eye,
Leſt ye, like him, ſhould love, deſpair and die.

[*Exeunt* Shepherds, *&c.* Parthenia *remains in a melancholy poſture, looking on the grave of* Menalcas.

Enter LYCIDAS.

SCENE IV,

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA.

LYCIDAS.

When ſhall my ſteps have reſt? through all the wood,
And by the winding banks of Laden's flood,
I ſought my love. O ſay, ye ſkipping fawns
(Who range entangled ſhades and daiſy'd lawns),
If ye have ſeen her! ſay, ye warbling race
(Who meaſure on ſwift wing th' aerial ſpace,
And view below hills, dales, and diſtant ſhores),
Where ſhall I find her whom my ſoul adores!

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, DIONE, LAURA.

[Dione *and* Laura *at a diſtance.*

LYCIDAS.

What do I ſee? no. Fancy mocks my eyes,
And bids the dear deluding viſion riſe.
'Tis ſhe. My ſpringing heart her preſence feels.
See, proſtrate Lycidas before thee kneels.
[*Kneeling to* Parthenia.
Why will Parthenia turn her face away?

PARTHENIA.

Who calls Parthenia? hah!
[*She ſtarts from her melancholy; and, ſeeing* Lycidas, *flies into the wood.*

LYCIDAS.

——Stay, virgin, ſtay.
O wing my feet, kind Love. See, ſee, ſhe bounds,
Fleet as the mountain roe, when preſt by hounds.
[*He purſues her.* Dione *faints in the arms of* Laura.

LAURA.

What means this trembling? All her colour flies,
And life is quite unſtrung. Ah! lift thy eyes,
And anſwer me; ſpeak, ſpeak, 'tis Laura calls.
Speech has forſook her lips.—She faints, ſhe falls.
Fan her, ye zephyrs, with your balmy breath,
And bring her quickly from the ſhades of death:
Blow, ye cool gales. See, ſee, the foreſt ſhakes
With coming winds! ſhe breathes, ſhe moves, ſhe wakes.

DIONE.

Ah, falſe Evander!

LAURA.

——Calm thy ſobbing
Say, what new ſorrow has thy heart oppre

DIONE.

Didſt thou not hear his ſighs and ſuppliant
Didſt thou not hear the pitying mountain g
Didſt thou not ſee him bend the ſuppliant k
Thus in my happy days he knelt to me,
And pour'd forth all his ſoul! See how he fl
And leſſens to the ſight o'er yonder plains,
To keep the fair in view! Run, virgin, run
Hear not his vows; I heard, and was undo

LAURA.

Let not imaginary terrors fright.
Some dark deluſion ſwims before thy ſight.
I ſaw Parthenia from the mountain's brow,
And Lycidas with proſtrate duty bow:
Swift, as the falcon's wing, I ſaw her fly,
And heard the cavern to his groans reply.
Why ſtream thy tears for ſorrows not thy o

DIONE.

Oh! where are honour, faith, and juſtice fle
Perjur'd Evander!

LAURA.

——Death has laid him lo
Touch not the mournful ſtring that wake
woe.

DIONE.

That amorous ſwain, whom Lycidas you nam
(Whoſe faithleſs boſom feels another flame)
Is my once kind Evander—yes—'twas he.
He lives—but lives, alas! no more for me.

LAURA.

Let not thy frantic words confeſs deſpair.

DIONE.

What, know I not his voice, his mien, his air
Yes, I that treacherous voice with joy believ
That voice, that mien, that air, my ſoul deceiv
If my dear ſhepherd love the lawns, and gl
With him I'll range the lawns, and ſeek
ſhades,
With him through ſolitary deſerts rove.
But could he leave me for another love?
O baſe ingratitude!

LAURA.

——Suſpend thy grief,
And let thy friendly counſel bring relief
To thy deſponding ſoul. Parthenia's ear
Is barr'd for ever to the lover's prayer;
Evander courts diſdain, he follows ſcorn,
And in the paſſing winds his vows are borne.

will he find that all in vain he ſtrove
ne her boſom; then his former love
wake his ſoul; then will he ſighing blame
:art inconſtant, and his perjur'd flame:
ſhall he at Dione's feet implore,
nt his broken faith, and change no more.

DIONE.

ps this cruel nymph well knows to feign
lding ſpeech, coy looks, and cold diſdain,
iſe his paſſion. Such are female arts,
ld in ſafer ſnares inconſtant hearts!

LAURA.

:nia's breaſt is ſteel'd with real ſcorn.

DIONE.

oſt thou think Evander will return?

LAURA.

o thy ſex, lay all thy robes aſide,
›ff theſe ornaments of female pride;
ıepherd's veſt muſt hide thy graceful air,
the bold manly ſtep a ſwain appear;
with Evander may'ſt thou rove unknown,
let thy tender elegance be ſhown;
the new fury of his heart control,
rith Dione's ſufferings touch his ſoul.

DIONE.

as refreſhing dews, or ſummer ſhowers,
: long parching thirſt of drooping flowers;
ful as fanning gales to fainting ſwains.
oft as trickling balm to bleeding pains;
ıre thy words. The ſex ſhall be reſign'd,
›re ſhall braided gold theſe treſſes bind;
ıepherd's garb the woman ſhall diſguiſe.
ıas loſt all love, may friendſhip's tyes
me to his heart!

LAURA.

—— Go proſperous maid,
miling love thy faithful wiſhes aid!
w Alexis call'd. With thee I'll rove,
watch thy wanderer through the mazy
rove:
e be honour'd with a ſiſter's name;
ce I feel a more than ſiſter's flame.

DIONE.

›s my ſhepherd has outſtript her haſte,
'ſt thou, when out of ſight, ſhe flew ſo
aſt?
ıdden glance might turn her ſavage mind;
he like Daphne fly, nor look behind,
ain her ſcorn, his eager flame deſpiſe,
iew Evander with Dione's eyes!

ACT. II.

SCENE I.

Lycidas *lying on the grave of* Menalcas.

LYCIDAS.

WHEN ſhall theſe ſcalding fountains ceaſe to flow?
How long will life ſuſtain this load of woe?
Why glows the morn? Roll back, thou ſource of light,
And feed my ſorrows with eternal night.
Come, ſable Death! give, give the welcome ſtroke;
The raven calls thee from yon' blaſted oak.
What pious care my ghaſtful lid ſhall cloſe?
What decent hand my frozen limbs compoſe?
O happy ſhepherd, free from anxious pains,
Who now art wandering in the ſighing plains
Of bleſt Elyſium; where in myrtle groves
Enamour'd ghoſts bemoan their former loves.
Open, thou ſilent grave; for lo! I come
To meet Menalcas in the fragrant gloom;
There ſhall my boſom burn with friendſhip's flame,
The ſame our paſſion, and our fate the ſame;
There, like two nightingales on neighbouring boughs,
Alternate ſtrains ſhall mourn our fruſtrate vows.
But if cold death ſhould cloſe Parthenia's eye,
And ſhould her beauteous form come gliding by;
Friendſhip would ſoon in jealous fear be loſt,
And kindling hate purſue thy rival ghoſt.

SCENE II.

LYCIDAS, DIONE *in a Shepherd's Habit.*

LYCIDAS.

Hah! who comes here? turn hence, be timely wiſe;
Truſt not thy ſafety to Parthenia's eyes.
As from the bearing falcon flies the dove,
So, wing'd with fear, Parthenia flies from love.

DIONE.

If in theſe vales the fatal beauty ſtray,
From the cold marble riſe; let's haſte away.
Why lie you panting, like the ſmitten deer?
Truſt not the dangers which you bid me fear.

LYCIDAS.

Bid the lur'd lark, whom tangling nets ſurprize,
On ſoaring pinion rove the ſpacious ſkies;
Bid the cag'd linnet range the leafy grove;
Then bid my captive heart get looſe from love.

The ſnares of death are o'er me. Hence! beware;
Leſt you ſhould ſee her, and like me deſpair.

DIONE.

No. Let her come; and ſeek this vale's receſs,
In all the beauteous negligence of dreſs;
Though Cupid ſend a ſhaft in every glance,
Though all the Graces in her ſtep advance,
My heart can ſtand it all. Be firm my breaſt;
Th' enſnaring oath, the broken vow deteſt:
That flame, which other charms have power to move,
O give it not the ſacred name of love!
'Tis perjury, fraud, and meditated lyes.
Love's ſeated in the ſoul, and never dies.
What then avail her charms? My conſtant heart
Shall gaze ſecure, and mock a ſecond dart.

LYCIDAS.

But you perhaps a happier fate have found,
And the ſame hand that gave, now heals the wound.
Or art thou left abandon'd and forlorn,
A wretch, like me, the ſport of pride and ſcorn?

DIONE.

O tell me, ſhepherd, hath thy faithleſs maid,
Falſe to her vow, thy flatter'd hope betray'd?
Did her ſmooth tongue engage thee to believe?
Did ſhe proteſt and ſwear, and then deceive?
Such are the pangs I feel!

LYCIDAS.

—— The haughty fair
Contemns my ſufferings, and diſdains to hear.
Let meaner Beauties, learn'd in female ſnares,
Entice the ſwain with half-conſenting airs;
Such vulgar arts ne'er aid her conquering eyes,
And yet, where'er ſhe turns, a lover ſighs.
Vain is the ſteady conſtancy you boaſt;
All other love at ſight of her is loſt.

DIONE.

True conſtancy no time, no power, can move.
He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love.
Though the dear author of my hapleſs flame
Purſue another; ſtill my heart's the ſame.
Am I for ever left? (excuſe theſe tears)
May your kind friendſhip ſoften all my cares!

LYCIDAS.

What comfort can a wretch, like me, beſtow?

DIONE.

He beſt can pity who hath felt the woe.

LYCIDAS.

Since different objects have our ſouls poſſeſt,
No rival fears our friendſhip ſhall moleſt.

DIONE.

Come, let us leave the ſhade of theſe brown hills,
And drive our flocks beſide the ſtreaming rills.
Should the fair tyrant to theſe vales return,
How would thy breaſt with double fury burn!
Go hence, and ſeek thy peace.

SCENE III.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

——Fly, fly this place;
Beware of love; the proudeſt of her race
This way approaches: from among the pines,
Where from the ſteep the winding path declines,
I ſaw the nymph deſcend.

LYCIDAS.

——She comes, ſhe comes;
From her the paſſing Zephyrs ſteal perfumes,
As from the violet's bank with odours ſweet
Breathes every gale; ſpring blooms beneath her feet.
Yes, 'tis my fairеſt; here ſhe's wont to rove.

LAURA.

Say, by what ſigns I might have known thy Love!

LYCIDAS.

My Love is fairer than the ſnowy breaſt
Of the tall ſwan, whoſe proudly ſwelling cheſt
Divides the wave; her treſſes, looſe behind,
Play on her neck, and wanton in the wind;
The riſing bluſhes, which her cheek o'erſpread,
Are opening roſes in the lily's bed,
Know'ſt thou Parthenia?

LAURA.

—— Wretched is the ſlave
Who ſerves ſuch pride! Behold Menalcas' grave!
Yet if Alexis and this ſighing ſwain
Wiſh to behold the Tyrant of the plain,
Let us behind theſe myrtles twining arms
Retire unſeen; from thence ſurvey her charms.
Wild as the chaunting thruſh upon the ſpray,
At man's approach ſhe ſwiftly flies away.
Like the young hare, I've ſeen the panting maid
Stop, liſten, run; of every wind afraid.

LYCIDAS.

And wilt thou never from thy vows depart?
Shepherd, beware—now fortify thy heart.

[To Dione

[Lycidas, Dione, *and* Laura, *retire behind the boughs.*

SCENE IV.

THENIA, LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

PARTHENIA.

:lancholy ſcene demands a groan.
/hat inſcription marks the weeping ſtone?
wer of beauty! here Menalcas lies,
not, ye ſhepherds, on Parthenia's eyes."
d Heaven form me with ſuch poliſh'd
e?
ſt my features in a mould ſo fair?
ning beauty was a bleſſing meant,
e my ſighing hours deny'd content?
wny peach, that glows with ſunny dyes,
ie black ſnail, and lures voracious flies;
cy pear invites the feather'd kind,
cking finches ſcoop the golden rind;
uty ſuffers more pernicious wrongs,
by envy, and cenſorious tongues.
ippy lives the nymph whoſe comely face
rafing glances boaſt ſufficient grace
ind the ſwain ſhe loves! No jealous fears
x her nuptial ſtate with nightly tears;
orous youths, to puſh their foul pretence,
er days with dull impertinence.
y talk I of love? My guarded heart
s his power, and turns aſide the dart.
from his hollow tomb Menalcas cries,
not, ye ſhepherds, on Parthenia's eyes."
Lycidas, the mournful lay peruſe,
u, like him, Parthenia's eyes accuſe.
ds in a melancholy poſture, looking on the tomb.

LYCIDAS.

he not Lycidas?—I come, my fair;
erous pity melts into a tear.
r heart ſoftens. Now 's the tender hour;
ne, Love! exert thy ſovereign power
e the ſcornful maid.

DIONE.

——Raſh ſwain, be wiſe:
t from thee or him; from Love ſhe flies.
er, forget her. [*They hold* Lycidas.

LAURA.

——Why this furious haſte?

LYCIDAS.

d me; looſe me.

DIONE.

——Siſter, hold him faſt.
low her, is, to prolong deſpair.
rd, you muſt not go.

LYCIDAS.

——Bold youth, forbear.
ne, Parthenia.

PARTHENIA.

——From behind the ſhade
Methought a voice ſome liſtening ſpy betray'd.
Yes, I'm obſerv'd. [*She runs out.*

LYCIDAS.

—— Stay, nymph; thy flight ſuſpend.
She hears me not—when will my ſorrows end!
As over-ſpent with toil, my heaving breaſt
Beats quick. 'Tis death alone can give me reſt.
[*He remains in a fixt melancholy*

SCENE V.

LYCCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA

Recall thy ſcatter'd ſenſe, bid reaſon wake,
Subdue thy paſſion.

LYCIDAS.

——Shall I never ſpeak?
She's gone, ſhe's gone—Kind ſhepherd, let me
reſt
My troubled head upon thy friendly breaſt.
The foreſt ſeems to move—O curſed ſtate!
I doom'd to love, and ſhe condemn'd to hate!
Tell me, Alexis, art thou ſtill the ſame?
Did not her brighter eyes put out the flame
Of thy firſt love? did not thy fluttering heart,
Whene'er ſhe rais'd her look, confeſs the dart?

DIONE.

I own, the nymph is faireſt of her race,
Yet I unmov'd can on this beauty gaze,
Mindful of former promiſe; all that's dear,
My thoughts, my dreams, my every wiſh is
there. [tye
Since then our hopes are loſt; let friendſhip's
Calm our diſtreſs, and ſlighted love ſupply;
Let us together drive our fleecy ſtore,
And of ungrateful woman think no more.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis death alone can raſe her from my breaſt.

LAURA.

Why ſhines thy love ſo far above the reſt?
Nature, 'tis true, in every outward grace,
Her niceſt hand employ'd; her lovely face
With beauteous feature ſtampt; with roſy dyes
Warm'd her fair cheek; with lightning arm'd her
eyes:
But, if thou ſearch the ſecrets of her mind,
Where ſhall thy cheated ſoul a virtue find?

Sure hell with cruelty her breaſt ſupply'd:
How did ſhe glory when Menalcas dy'd!
Pride in her boſom reigns; ſhe's falſe, ſhe's vain;
She firſt entices, then inſults the ſwain.
Shall female cunning lead thy heart aſtray?
Shepherd, be free; and ſcorn for ſcorn repay.

LYCIDAS.

How woman talks of woman!

DIONE.

—— Hence depart;
Let a long abſence cure thy love-ſick heart.
To ſome far grove retire, her ſight diſclaim,
Nor with her charms awake the dying flame.
Let not an hour thy happy flight ſuſpend;
But go not, Lycidas, without thy friend.
Together let us ſeek the chearful plains,
And lead the dance among the ſportive ſwains,
Devoid of care.

LAURA.

——Or elſe the groves diſdain,
Nor with the ſylvan walk indulge thy pain.
Haſte to the town; there (I have oft' been told)
The courtly nymph her treſſes binds with gold,
To captivate the youths; the youths appear
In fine array; in ringlets waves their hair
Rich with ambroſial ſcents, the fair to move,
And all the buſineſs of the day is love.
There from the gaudy train ſelect a dame,
Her willing glance ſhall catch an equal flame.

LYCIDAS.

Name not the Court—The thought my ſoul confounds,
And with Dione's wrongs my boſom wounds.
Heaven juſtly vindicates the faithful maid;
And now are all my broken vows repaid.
Perhaps ſhe now laments my fancy'd death
With tears unfeign'd; and thinks my gaſping breath
Sigh'd forth her name. O guilt, no more upbraid!
Yes. I fond innocence and truth betray'd. [*Aſide.*

DIONE *and* LAURA *apart.*

DIONE.

Hark! how reflection wakes his conſcious heart.
From my pale lids the trickling ſorrows ſtart.
How ſhall my breaſt the ſwelling ſighs confine!

LAURA.

O ſmooth thy brow, conceal our juſt deſign:
Be yet awhile unknown. If grief ariſe,
And force a paſſage through thy guſhing eyes,
Quickly retire, thy ſorrows to compoſe;
Or with a look ſerene diſguiſe thy woes.
[Dione *is going out.* Laura *walks at a diſtance,*

LYCIDAS.

Canſt thou, Alexis, leave me thus diſtreſt?
Where's now the boaſted friendſhip of thy br
Haſt thou not oft' ſurvey'd the dappled deer
In ſocial herds o'erſpread the paſtures fair?
When opening hounds the warmer ſcent pur
And force the deſtin'd victim from the crew,
Off' he returns, and fain would join the band
While all their horns the panting wretch w
ſtand.
Such is thy friendſhip, thus might I confide.

DIONE.

Why wilt thou cenſure what thou ne'er haſt t
Sooner ſhall ſwallows leave their callow brood
Who with their plaintive chirpings cry for fo
Sooner ſhall hens expoſe their infant care,
When the ſpread kite ſails wheeling in the ai
Than I forſake thee when by danger preſt.
Wrong not by jealous fears a faithful breaſt.

LYCIDAS.

If thy fair-ſpoken tongue my boſom ſhows,
There let the ſecrets of my ſoul repoſe.

DIONE.

Far be ſuſpicion; in my truth confide.
O let my heart thy load of cares divide!

LYCIDAS.

Know then, Alexis, that in vain I ſtrove
To break her chain, and free my ſoul from lo
On the lim'd twig thus finches beat their wi
Still more entangled in their clammy ſtring
The ſlow-pac'd days have witneſs'd my defp
Upon my weary couch ſits wakeful care;
Down my ſluſh'd cheek the flowing ſorrows
As dews deſcend to weep the abſent ſun.
O loſt Parthenia!

DIONE.

——Theſe wild thoughts ſuſpend
And in thy kind commands inſtruct thy frien

LYCIDAS.

Whene'er my faultering tongue would urge
cauſe,
Deaf is her ear, and ſullen ſhe withdraws.
Go then, Alexis; ſeek the ſcornful maid,
In tender eloquence my ſufferings plead;
Of ſlighted paſſion you the pangs have known
O judge my ſecret anguiſh by your own!

DIONE.

Had I the ſkill inconſtant hearts to move,
My longing ſoul had never loſt my Love.
My feeble tongue, in theſe ſoft arts unry'd
Can ill ſupport the thunder of her pride;

he ſhall bid me to thy bower repair,
ſhall my trembling lips her threats declare!
ſhall I tell thee that ſhe could behold,
brow ſerene, thy corſe all pale and cold
on the daſhing billow? Should'ſt thou go
e the tall hill o'erhangs the rocks below,
thee the tyrant could unpitying ſtand,
all thee back, nor ſtretch a ſaving hand.
thou then ſtill perſiſt to tempt thy fate,
ed her pride, and gratify her hate?

LYCIDAS.

', unexperienc'd youth, that woman's mind
hifts her paſſions, like th' inconſtant wind;
n ſhe rages, like the troubled main,
ſinks the ſtorm, and all is calm again.
h the kind moment, then my wrongs im-
part,
the ſoft tale ſhall glide into her heart.

DIONE.

Let her wander in the lonely grove,
never hear the tender voice of love.
r awhile, neglected by the ſwain,
y, nor ſighs moleſt the chearful plain:
ſhall the fury of her pride be laid;
humble into love the haughty maid.

LYCIDAS.

ire attempts my paſſion to control.
the balm to cure my fainting ſoul?

DIONE.

then among the green-wood ſhades I 'll
ove,
eek with weary'd pace thy wander'd Love;
ate I 'll fall, and with inceſſant prayers
on her knees, and bathe her feet with tears.
hs of pity can her ear incline,
'cidas, my life is wrapt in thine!) [*Aſide.*
harge her from thy voice to hear the tale,
voice more ſweet than notes along the vale
h'd from the warbling pipe: the moving
train
ſtay her flight, and conquer her diſdain.
ſhe hear, ſhould Love the meſſage ſpeed,
dies all hope!—then muſt Dione bleed.
[*Aſide.*

LYCIDAS.

thou, dear faithful ſwain. Beneath thoſe
ews;
e ſable arms the browneſt ſhades diffuſe,
e all around, to ſhun the fervent ſky,
anting flocks in ſcorny thickets lie;
with impatience ſhall I wait my friend,
he wide proſpect frequent glances ſend
y thy wiſh'd return. As thou ſhalt find
der welcome, may thy love be kind!
[*Exit* Lycidas.

SCENE VI.

DIONE, LAURA.

DIONE.

Methinks I 'm now ſurrounded by deſpair,
And all my withering hopes are loſt in air.
Thus the young linnet on the rocking bough
Hears through long woods autumnal tempeſt
blow,
With hallow blaſts the claſhing branches bend;
And yellow ſhowers of ruſtling leaves deſcend;
She ſees the friendly ſhelter from her fly,
Nor dare her little pinions truſt the ſky;
But on the naked ſpray in wintery air,
All ſhivering, hopeleſs, mourns the dying year.
What have I promis'd? raſh, unthinking maid!
By thy own tongue thy wiſhes are betray'd!
[Laura *advances.*

LAURA.

Why walk'ſt thou thus diſturb'd with frantic air?
Why roll thy eyes with madneſs and deſpair?

DIONE. [*Muſing.*

How wilt thou bear to ſee her pride give way?
When thus the yielding nymph ſhall bid thee ſay,
"Let not the ſhepherd ſeek the ſilent grave,
"Say, that I bid him live—if hope can ſave!"

LAURA.

Hath he diſcern'd thee through the ſwain's diſ-
guiſe,
And now alike thy love and friendſhip flies?

DIONE,

Yes. Firm and faithful to the promiſe made,
I 'll range each ſunny hill, each lawn and glade.

LAURA.

'Tis Laura ſpeaks. O calm your troubled mind.

DIONE.

Where ſhall my ſearch this envy'd Beauty find?
I 'll go, my faithleſs ſhepherd's cauſe to plead,
And with my tears accuſe the rival maid.
Yet, ſhould her ſoften'd heart to love incline!

LAURA.

If thoſe are all thy fears, Evander's thine.

DIONE.

Why ſhould we both in ſorrow waſte our days?
If love unfeign'd my conſtant boſom ſways,
His happineſs alone is all I prize,
And that is center'd in Parthenia's eyes.
Haſte then, with earneſt zeal her love implore,
To bleſs his hours—when thou ſhalt breathe no
more.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Dione *lying on the ground by the ſide of a Fountain.*

DIONE.

HERE let me reſt; and in the liquid glaſs
View with impartial look my fading face.
Why are Parthenia's ſtriking beauties priz'd?
And why Dione's weaker glance deſpis'd?
Nature in various moulds has beauty caſt,
And form'd the feature for each different taſte:
This ſighs for golden locks and azure eyes;
That, for the gloſs of ſable treſſes, dies.
Let all mankind theſe locks, theſe eyes deteſt,
So I were lovely in Evander's breaſt!
When o'er the garden's knot we caſt our view,
While ſummer paints the ground with various hue;
Some praiſe the gaudy tulip's ſtreaky red,
And ſome the ſilver lily's bending head;
Some the jonquil in ſhining yellow dreſt,
And ſome the fring'd carnation's varied veſt;
Some love the ſober violet's purple dyes,
Thus beauty fares in different lovers' eyes.
But bright Parthenia like the roſe appears,
She in all eyes ſuperior luſtre bears.

SCENE II.

DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Why thus beneath the ſilver willow laid,
Weeps fair Dione in the penſive ſhade?
Haſt thou yet found the over-arching bower,
Which guards Parthenia from the ſultry hour?

DIONE.

With weary ſtep in paths unknown I ſtray'd,
And ſought in vain the ſolitary maid.

LAURA.

Seeſt thou the waving tops of yonder woods,
Whoſe aged arms imbrown the cooling floods?
The cooling floods o'er breaking pebbles flow,
And waſh the ſoil from the big roots below;
From the tall rock the daſhing waters bound.
Hark, o'er the fields the ruſhing billows ſound!
There, loſt in thought, and leaning on her crook,
Stood the ſad nymph, nor rais'd her penſive look;
With ſettled eye the bubbling waves ſurvey'd,
And watch'd the whirling eddies as they play'd.

DIONE.

Thither to know my certain doom I ſpeed,
For by this ſentence life or death's decreed.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

LAURA, CLEANTHES.

LAURA.

But ſee! ſome haſty ſtranger bends this way
His broider'd veſt reflects the ſunny ray;
Now through the thinner boughs I mark mien,
Now veil'd, in thicker ſhades he moves unſee
Hither he turns; I hear a muttering ſound;
Behind this reverend oak with ivy bound
Quick I 'll retire; with buſy thought poſſeſt,
His tongue betrays the ſecrets of his breaſt.
[*She hides herſel*

CLEANTHES.

The ſkilful hunter with experienc'd care
Traces the doubles of the circling hare;
The ſubtle fox (who breathes the weary hou
O'er hills and plains) in diſtant brakes is foun
With eaſe we track ſwift hinds and ſkipping
But who th' inconſtant ways of woman know
They ſay, ſhe wanders with the ſylvan train,
And courts the native freedoms of the plain;
Shepherds explain their wiſh without offence,
Nor bluſh the nymphs;—for Love is innocen
O lead me where the rural youth retreat,
Where the ſlope hills the warbling voice rep
Perhaps on daiſy'd turf reclines the maid,
And near her ſide ſome rival clown is laid.
Yet, yet I love her.—O loſt nymph return,
Let not thy fire with tears inceſſant mourn;
Return, loſt nymph; bid ſorrow ceaſe to flo
And let Dione glad the houſe of woe.

LAURA.

Call'd he not loſt Dione? hence I 'll ſtart,
Croſs his ſlow ſteps, and ſift his opening hea
[*A*

CLEANTHES.

Tell me, fair nymph, direct my wandering w
Where, in cloſe bowers, to ſhun the ſultry
Repoſe the ſwains; whoſe flocks with bleatin
The bordering foreſt and the thymy hill.
But if thou frequent join thoſe ſylvan bands,
Thyſelf can anſwer what my ſoul demands.

LAURA.

Seven years I trod theſe fields, theſe bowers, glades,
And by the leſſening and the lengthening ſha

mark'd the hours; what time my flock to
ead
ady mountains, or the watery mead:
'd in the labours of the sylvan crew,
sports, retreats, their cares and loves I
new.

CLEANTHES.

et me then, if late among your race,
nger nymph is found, of noble grace,
al arts unskill'd, no charge she tends;
when the morn and evening dew descends
the big-udder'd ewe. Her mien and dress
olish'd manners of the Court confess.

LAURA.

day arrive the neighbouring nymphs and
wains,
are the pastime of the jovial plains;
an I there thy roving beauty trace,
e not one nymph is bred of vulgar race!

CLEANTHES.

she breathe, what tortures must she find!
urse of disobedience tears her mind.
r your breast with filial duty burn'd,
r you sorrow'd when a parent mourn'd;
ier, I charge you, with incessant groans
rooping sire his absent child bemoans.

LAURA.

ppy man!

CLEANTHES.

——With storms of passion tost,
a first he learnt his vagrant child was lost,
ie cold floor his trembling limbs he flung,
with thick blows his hollow bosom rung;
up he started, and with fixt surprize,
i her picture threw his frantick eyes,
e thus he cry'd: "In her my life was bound,
arm in each feature is her mother found!
rhaps despair has been her fatal guide,
id now she floats upon the weeping tide;
on the willow hung, with head reclin'd,
l pale and cold she wavers in the wind.
d I not force her hence by rash commands?
d not her soul abhor the nuptial bands?"

LAURA.

a not, ye fires, your daughters to rebel.
unsel rein their wills, but ne'er compel.

CLEANTHES.

uteous daughters, trust these tender guides;
hink a parent's breast the tyrant hides.

LAURA.

a either lid the scalding sorrows roll;
moving tale runs thrilling to my soul.

CLEANTHES.

Perhaps she wanders in the lonely woods,
Or on the sedgy borders of the floods;
Thou know'st each cottage, forest, hill, and vale,
And pebbled brook that winds along the dale.
Search each sequester'd dell to find the fair;
And just reward shall gratify thy care.

LAURA.

O ye kind boughs, protect the virgin's flight,
And guard Dione from his prying sight! [*Aside.*

CLEANTHES.

Mean while, I 'll seek the shepherd's cool abodes'
Point me, fair nymph, along these doubtful roads'

LAURA.

Seest thou yon' mountain rear his shaggy brow?
In the green valley graze the flocks below:
There every gale with warbling music floats,
Shade answers shade, and breathes alternate
notes. [*Exit* Cleanthes.
He 's gone; and to the distant vale is sent,
Nor shall his force Dione's love prevent.
But see, she comes again with hasty pace,
And conscious pleasure dimples on her face.

SCENE IV.

LAURA, DIONE.

DIONE.

I found her laid beside the crystal brook,
Nor rais'd she from the stream her settled look,
Till near her side I stood; her head she rears,
Starts sudden, and her shrieks confess her fears.

LAURA.

Did not thy words her thoughtful soul surprize,
And kindle sparkling anger in her eyes?

DIONE.

Thus she reply'd, with rage and scorn possest.
" Will importuning love ne'er give me rest?
" Why am I thus in deserts wild pursu'd,
" Like guilty consciences when stain'd with
blood?
" Sure boding ravens, from the blasted oak,
" Shall learn the name of Lycidas to croak.
" To sound it in my ears! As swains pass by,
" With looks askance, they shake their heads and
cry,
" Lo! this is she for whom the shepherd dy'd!
" Soon Lycidas, a victim to her pride,

" Shall ſeek the grave; and in the glimmering glade,
" With look all pale, ſhall glide the reſtleſs ſhade
" Of the poor ſwain; while we with haggard eye
" And briſtled hair the fleeting phantom fly."
Still let their curſes innocence upbraid:
Heaven never will forſake the virtuous maid.

LAURA.

Didſt thou perſiſt to touch her haughty breaſt?

DIONE.

She ſtill the more diſdain'd, the more I preſt.

LAURA.

When you were gone, theſe walks a ſtranger croſt,
He turn'd through every path, and wander'd loſt;
To me he came; with courteous ſpeech demands
Beneath what bowers repos'd the ſhepherd bands;
Then further aſks me, if among that race
A ſhepherdeſs was found of courtly grace;
With proffer'd bribes my faithful tongue eſſays;
But for no bribe the faithful tongue betrays.
In me Dione's ſafe. Far hence he ſpeeds,
Where other hills reſound with other reeds.

DIONE.

Should he come back; Suſpicion's jealous eyes
Might trace my feature through the ſwain's diſguiſe.
Now every noiſe and whiſtling wind I dread.
And in each ſound approaches human tread.

LAURA.

He ſaid, he left your houſe involv'd in cares,
Sighs ſwell'd each breaſt, each eye o'erflow'd with tears;
For his loſt child thy penſive father mourns,
And ſunk in ſorrow to the duſt returns.
Go back, obedient daughter; hence depart,
And ſtill the ſighs that tear his anxious heart,
Soon ſhall Evander, wearied with diſdain,
Forego theſe fields, and ſeek the town again.

DIONE.

Think, Laura, what thy haſty thoughts perſuade.
If I return, to Love a victim made,
My wrathful ſire will force his harſh command,
And with Cleanthes join my trembling hand.

LAURA.

Truſt a fond father; raiſe him from deſpair.

DIONE.

I fly not him; I fly a life of care.
On the high nuptials of the Court look round;
Where ſhall, alas, one happy pair be found!
There marriage is for ſervile intereſt ſought
Is love for wealth or power or title bought?
'Tis hence domeſtic jars their peace deſtroy,
And looſe adultery ſteals the ſhameful joy.
But ſearch we wide o'er all the diſtant plain
Where love alone, devoid of intereſt, reign
What concord in each happy pair appears!
How fondneſs ſtrengthens with the rolling ye
Superior power ne'er thwarts their ſoft delig
Nor jealous accuſations wake their nights.

LAURA.

May all thoſe bleſſings on Dione fall.

DIONE.

Grant me Evander, and I ſhare them all.
Shall a fond parent give perpetual ſtrife,
And doom his child to be a wretch for life?
Though he bequeath'd me all theſe woods plains,
And all the flocks the ruſſet down contains:
With all the golden harveſts of the year,
Far as where yonder purple mountains rear;
Can theſe the broils of nuptial life prevent?
Can theſe, without Evander, give content?
But ſee, he comes.

LAURA.

——I 'll to the vales repair
Where wanders by the ſtream my fleecy care.
Mayſt thou the rage of this new flame control
And wake Dione in his tender ſoul! [*Exit La*

SCENE V.

DIONE, LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

Say, my Alexis, can thy words impart
Kind rays of hope to chear a doubtful heart?
How didſt thou firſt my pangs of love diſcl
Did her diſdainful brow confirm my woes?
Or did ſoft pity in her boſom riſe,
Heave on her breaſt, and languiſh in her eye

DIONE.

How ſhall my tongue the faultering tale expl
My heart drops blood to give the ſhepherd pa

LYCIDAS.

Pronounce her utmoſt ſcorn; I come prepar
To meet my doom. Say, is my death decla

DIONE.

Why ſhould thy fate depends on woman's wi
Forget this tyrant, and be happy ſtill.

LYCIDAS.

Didſt thou beſeech her not to ſpeed her flight
Nor ſhun with wrathful glance my hated ſight

ıe conſent my ſighing plaint to hear,
t my piercing cries be loſt in air?

DIONE.

ariners appeaſe the toſſing ſtorm,
ſoming waves the yawning deep deform?
o'er the ſable cloud the thunder flies,
ho ſhall calm the terror of the ſkies?
hall the lion's famiſh'd roar aſſuage?
an we, ſtill proud woman's ſtronger rage?
s my faithful tongue pronounc'd thy name,
ı her glances ſhot reſentful flame:
nh, ſhe cries, this whining love give o'er,
ex me with the teazing theme no more.

LYCIDAS.

ride alone that keeps alive her ſcorn.
e mean ſwain, in humble cottage born,
overty that haughty heart obtain,
: avarice and ſtrong ambition reign?
verty paſs by in tatter'd coat,
ex his heels and ſtretch their barking throat;
nce he mingle in the female croud,
toſſes high her head, Scorn laughs aloud;
ıymph turns from him to her gay gallant,
ronders at the impudence of Want.
anity that rules all woman-kind,
is the weakeſt paſſion of their mind.

DIONE.

gh one is by thoſe ſervile views poſſeſt,
idas condemn not all the reſt.

LYCIDAS.

gh I were bent beneath a load of years,
ſeventy winters thin'd my hoary hairs;
if my olive branches dropt with oil,
rooked ſhares were brighten'd in my ſoil,
wing herds my fattening meads poſſeſt,
my white fleece the tawny mountain dreſt;
would ſhe lure me with love-darting glance,
with fond mercenary ſmiles advance.
gh hell with every vice my ſoul had ſtain'd,
froward anger in my boſom reign'd,
gh avarice my coffers cloath'd in ruſt,
ny joints trembled with enfeebled luſt;
were my ancient name with titles great,
would ſhe languiſh for the gaudy bait!
her love all-tempting wealth pretend,
virtuous woman can her heart defend?

DIONE.

ueſts, thus meanly bought, men ſoon de-
ſpiſe,
juſtly ſlight the mercenary prize.

LYCIDAS.

w theſe frailties in her breaſt reſide.
t her glance, and every action guide.
let Alexis' faithful friendſhip aid;
more attempt to bend the ſtubborn maid.
her no baſe-born ſwain provokes her ſcorn,
lown, beneath the ſedgy cottage born;
her, for her the ſylvan dreſs I took,
her my name and pomp of Courts forſook;
ofty roofs with golden ſculpture ſhine,
my high birth deſcends from ancient line.

DIONE.

Love is a ſacred voluntary fire,
Gold never bought that pure, that chaſte deſire.
Who thinks true love for lucre to poſſeſs,
Shall graſp falſe flattery and the feign'd careſs;
Can we believe that mean, that ſervile wife,
Who vilely ſells her dear-bought love for life,
Would not her virtue for an hour reſign,
If in her ſight the proffer'd treaſure ſhine.

LYCIDAS.

Can reaſon (when by winds ſwift fires are borne
O'er waving harveſts of Autumnal corn)
The driving fury of the flame reprove?
Who then ſhall reaſon with a heart in love?

DIONE.

Yet let me ſpeak; O may my words perſuade
The noble youth to quit the ſylvan maid!
Reſign thy crook, no more to plains reſort,
Look round on all the beauties of the Court;
There ſhall thy merit find a worthy flame,
Some nymph of equal wealth and equal name.
Think, if theſe offers ſhould thy wiſh obtain,
And ſhould the ruſtic beauty ſtoop to gain;
Thy heart could ne'er prolong th' unequal fire,
The ſudden blaze would in one year expire;
Then thy raſh folly thou too late ſhall chide,
To poverty and baſe-born blood ally'd:
Her vulgar tongue ſhall animate the ſtrife,
And hourly diſcord vex thy future life.

LYCIDAS.

Such is the force thy faithful words impart,
That like the galling goad they pierce my heart.
You think fair virtue in my breaſt reſides,
That honeſt truth my lips and actions guides,
Deluded ſhepherd, could you view my ſoul,
You 'd ſee it with deceit and treachery foul;
I 'm baſe, perfidious. Ere from Court I came,
Love ſingled from the train a beauteous dame;
The tender maid my fervent vows believ'd,
My ferven' vows the tender maid deceiv'd,
Why doſt thou tremble?—why thus heave thy
ſighs?
Why ſteal thy ſilent ſorrows from thy eyes?

DIONE.

Sure the ſoft lamb hides rage within his breaſt,
And cooing turtles are with hate poſſeſt;
When from ſo ſweet a tongue flow fraud and lies,
And thoſe meek looks a perjur'd heart diſguiſe.
Ah! who ſhall now on faithleſs man depend?
The treacherous lover proves as falſe a friend.

LYCIDAS.

When with Dione's love my boſom glow'd,
Firm conſtancy and truth ſincere I vow'd;
But ſince Parthenia's brighter charms were known,
My love, my conſtancy and truth are flown.

DIONE.

Are not thy hours with conſcious anguiſh ſtung?
Swift vengeance muſt o'ertake the perjur'd
tongue.

The Gods the cauſe of injur'd love aſſert,
And arm with ſtubborn pride Parthenia's heart.

LYCIDAS.

Go, try her; tempt her with my birth and ſtate,
Stronger ambition will ſubdue her hate.

DIONE.

O rather turn thy thoughts on that loſt maid,
Whoſe hourly ſighs thy faithleſs oath upbraid!
Think you behold her at the dead of night,
Plac'd by the glimmering taper's paly light,
With all your letters ſpread before her view,
While trickling tears the tender lines bedew;
Sobbing ſhe reads the perjuries o'er and o'er,
And her long nights know peaceful ſleep no more.

LYCIDAS.

Let me forget her.

DIONE.

O falſe youth, relent;
Think ſhould Parthenia to thy hopes conſent;
When Hymen joins your hands, and muſick's voice
Makes the glad echoes of thy domes rejoice,
Then ſtall Dione force the crouded hall.
Kneel at thy feet, and loud for juſtice call:
Could you behold her weltering on the ground,
The purple dagger reeking from the wound;
Could you, unmov'd, this dreadful ſight ſurvey?
Such fatal ſcenes ſhall ſtain thy bridal day.

LYCIDAS.

The horrid thought ſinks deep into my ſoul,
And down my cheek unwilling ſorrows roll.

DIONE.

From this new flame you may as yet recede,
Or have you doom'd that guiltleſs maid ſhall bleed?

LYCIDAS.

Name her no more.—Haſte, ſeek the ſylvan Fair.

DIONE.

Should the rich proffer tempt her liſtening ear,
Bid all your peace adieu. O barbarous youth,
Can you forego your honour, love, and truth?
Yet ſhould Parthenia wealth and title ſlight,
Would juſtice then reſtore Dione's right?
Would you then dry her ever-falling tears;
And bleſs with honeſt love your future years?

LYCIDAS.

I'll in yon' ſhade thy wiſh'd return attend;
Come, quickly come, and cheer thy ſighing friend. [*Exit* Lycidas.

DIONE.

Should her proud ſoul reſiſt the tempting bait,
Should ſhe contemn his proffer'd wealth and ſtate;
Then I once more his perjur'd heart may move,
And in his boſom wake the dying love.
As the pale wretch involv'd in doubts and fears,
All trembling in the judgment-hall appears;
So ſhall I ſtand before Parthenia's eyes,
For as ſhe dooms, Dione lives or dies.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, *aſleep in a Bower.*

LYCIDAS.

MAY no rude wind the ruſtling branches move; [Love.
Breathe ſoft, ye ſilent gales, nor wake my
Ye Shepherds, piping homeward on the way,
Let not the diſtant echoes learn your lay;
Strain not, ye nightingales, your warbling throat,
May no loud ſtrake prolong the ſhriller note,
Leſt ſhe awake; O Sleep, ſecure her eyes,
That I may gaze; for, if ſhe wake, ſhe flies.
While eaſy dreams compoſe her peaceful ſoul,
What anxious cares within my boſom roll!
If tir'd with ſighs beneath the beech I lie,
And languid ſlumber cloſe my weeping eye,
Her lovely viſion riſes to my view,
Swift flies the nymph, and ſwift would I purſue;
I ſtrive to call, my tongue has loſt its ſound;
Like rooted oaks, my feet benumb'd are bound;
Struggling I wake. Again my ſorrows flow,
And not one flattering dream deludes my woe.
What innocence! how meek is every grace!
How ſweet the ſmile that dimples on her face!
Calm as the ſleeping ſeas! but ſhould my ſighs
Too rudely breathe, what angry ſtorms would riſe!
Though the fair roſe with beauteous bluſh is crown'd,
Beneath her fragrant leaves the thorn is found;
The peach that with inviting crimſon blooms,
Deep at the heart the cankering worm conſumes.
'Tis thus, alas! thoſe lovely features hide
Diſdain and anger and reſentful pride.

SCENE II.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, PARTHENIA.

LYCIDAS.

Hath proffer'd greatneſs yet o'ercome her hate?
And does ſhe languiſh for the glittering bait?
Againſt the ſwain ſhe might her pride ſupport.
Can ſhe ſubdue her ſex, and ſcorn a Court?
Perhaps in dreams the ſhining viſion charms,
And the rich bracelet ſparkles on her arms;
In fancy'd heaps the golden treaſure glows:
Parthenia, wake; all this thy ſwain beſtows.

DIONE.

Sleeps ſhe in theſe cloſe bowers?

LYCIDAS.

——Lo! there ſhe lies.

DIONE.

O may no ſtartling ſound unſeal her eyes,
And drive her hence away. 'Till now, in vain
I trod the winding wood and weary plain.
Hence, Lycidas; beyond thoſe ſhades repoſe,
While I thy fortune and thy birth diſcloſe.

LYCIDAS.

May I Parthenia to the friendſhip owe?

DIONE.

O rather think on loſt Dione's woe!

e thy broken faith for ever mourn,
ill that juſter paſſion ne'er return?

LYCIDAS.

id me not; but go. Her ſlumbers chace;
her view the bright temptation place.
[*Exit* Lycidas.

SCENE III.

DIONE, PARTHENIA.

DIONE.

lames the weſtern ſky with golden beams,
ie ray kindles on the quivering ſtreams;
lights of crows, high-croaking from their
od,
eek the nightly covert of the wood;
nder graſs with dewy cryſtal bends,
athering vapour from the heath aſcends.
off this downy reſt; wake, gentle maid
not thy charms beneath the noxious ſhade.
nia, riſe.

PARTHENIA.

——What voice alarms my ear?
Approach not. Hah! Alexis there!
together to the vales deſcend,
o the folds our bleating charge attend;
t me hear no more that ſhepherd's name,
ot my quiet with his hateful flame.

DIONE.

behold him gaſping on the ground,
eek no healing herb to ſtaunch the wound?
ee continual ſighs conſume his heart,
ou alone can cure the bleeding ſmart.
more I come the moving cauſe to plead,
his ſufferings cannot intercede,
my friendſhip do his paſſion right,
ow thy lover in his native light.

PARTHENIA.

n dark myſtery are thy words involv'd?
idas you mean; know, I'm reſolv'd.

DIONE.

t thy kindling rage my words reſtrain.
then, Parthenia ſlights no vulgar ſwain.
ee he bears the ſcrip and ſylvan crook,
ee the glories of a Court forſook.
ot thy heart the wealthy flame decline!
nours, his poſſeſſions, all are thine.

PARTHENIA.

's a Courtier, O ye nymphs, beware;
who moſt promiſe are the leaſt ſincere.
uick-ey'd hawk ſhoots headlong from above,
n his pounces bears the trembling dove,
ilfering wolf o'erleaps the fold's defence.
he falſe Courtier preys on innocence.
's a Courtier, O ye Nymphs, beware;
who moſt promiſe are the leaſt ſincere.

DIONE.

Alas! thou ne'er haſt prov'd the ſweets of State,
Nor known that female pleaſure to be great.
'Tis for the town ripe cluſters load the poles,
And all our Autumn crowns the Courtier's bowls;
For him our woods the red-ey'd pheaſant breed,
And annual coveys in our harveſt feed;
For him with fruit the bending branch is ſtor'd,
Plenty pours all her bleſſings on his board.
If (when the market to the city calls)
We chance to paſs beſide his palace-walls,
Does not his hall with muſick's voice reſound,
And the floor tremble with the dancer's bound?
Such are the pleaſures Lycidas ſhall give,
When thy relenting boſom bids him live.

PARTHENIA.

See yon gay goldfinch hop from ſpray to ſpray,
Who ſings a farewel to the parting day;
At large he flies o'er hill and dale and down;
Is not each buſh, each ſpreading tree his own?
And canſt thou think he'll quit his native brier,
For the bright cage o'er-arch'd with golden wire?
What then are honours pomp and gold to me?
Are thoſe a price to purchaſe liberty?

DIONE.

Think, when the Hymeneal torch ſhall blaze,
And on the ſolemn rites the virgins gaze;
When thy fair locks with glittering gems are
grac'd,
And the bright zone ſhall ſparkle round thy waiſt;
How will their hearts with envious ſorrow pine,
When Lycidas ſhall join his hand to thine!

PARTHENIA.

And yet, Alexis, all that pomp and ſhow
Are oft' the varniſh of internal woe.
When the chaſte lamb is from her ſiſters led,
And interwoven garlands paint her head;
The gazing flock all envious of her pride,
Behold her ſkipping by the Prieſteſs' ſide;
Each hopes the flowery wreath with longing eyes;
While ſhe, alas! is led to ſacrifice!
Thus walks the bride in all her ſtate array'd,
The gaze and envy of each thoughtleſs maid.

DIONE.

As yet her tongue reſiſts the tempting ſnare,
And guards my panting boſom from deſpair. [*Aſide.*
Can thy ſtrong ſoul this noble flame forego?
Muſt ſuch a lover waſte his life in woe?

PARTHENIA.

Tell him, his gifts I ſcorn; not all his art,
Not all his flattery ſhall ſeduce my heart.
Courtiers, I know, are diſciplin'd to cheat,
Their infant lips are taught to liſp deceit;
To prey on eaſy nymphs they range the ſhade,
And vainly boaſt of innocence betray'd;
Chaſte hearts, unlearn'd in falſehood they aſſail,
And think our ear will drink the grateful tale.
No; Lycidas ſhall ne'er my peace deſtroy,
I'll guard my virtue, and content enjoy.

DIONE.

So ſtrong a paſſion in my boſom burns,
Whene'er his ſoul is grie-'d, Alexis mourns!
Canſt thou this importuning ardor blame?
Would not thy tongue for friendſhip urge the
same?

PARTHENIA.

Yes, blooming ſwain. You ſhow an honeſt mind;
I ſee it, with the pureſt flame refin'd.
Who ſhall compare love's mean and groſs deſire
To the chaſte zeal of friendſhip's ſacred fire?
By whining love our weakneſs is confeſt;
But ſtronger friendſhip ſhows a virtuous breaſt.
In Folly's heart the ſhort-liv'd blaze may glow,
Wiſdom alone can purer friendſhip know.
Love is a ſudden blaze which ſoon decays,
Friendſhip is like the ſun's eternal rays;
Not daily benefits exhauſt the flame,
It ſtill is giving, and ſtill burns the ſame;
And could Alexis from his ſoul remove
All the low images of groſſer love;
Such mild, ſuch gentle looks thy heart declare,
Fain would my breaſt thy faithful friendſhip ſhare.

DIONE.

How dare you in the different ſex confide?
And ſeek a friendſhip which you ne'er have try'd?

PARTHENIA.

Yes, I to thee could give up all my heart.
From thy chaſte eye no wanton glances dart,
Thy modeſt lips convey no thought impure,
With thee may ſtricteſt virtue walk ſecure,

DIONE.

Yet can I ſafely on the nymph depend,
Whoſe unrelenting ſcorn can kill my friend?

PARTHENIA.

Accuſe me not, who act a generous part;
Had I, like city maids, a fraudful heart,
Then had his proffers taught my ſoul to feign,
Then had I vilely ſtoopt to ſordid gain,
Then had I ſigh'd for honours, pomp and gold,
And for unhappy chains my freedom ſold.
If you would ſave him, bid him leave the plain,
And to his native city turn again;
There, ſhall his paſſion find a ready cure,
There not one dame reſiſts the glittering lure.

DIONE.

All this I frequent urg'd, but urg'd in vain.
Alas thou only canſt aſſuage his pain.

SCENE IV.

DIONE, PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS. [*Liſtening.*

Why ſtays Alexis? can my boſom bear
Thus long alternate ſtorms of hope and fear?
Yonder they walk; no frowns her brow diſguiſe,
But love conſenting ſparkles in her eyes;
Here will I liſten, here impatient wait.
Spare me, Parthenia, and reſign thy hate. [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

When Lycidas ſhall to the Court repair,
Still let Alexis love his fleecy care;
Still let him chuſe cool grots and ſylvan bowers,
And let Parthenia ſhare his peaceful hours.

LYCIDAS.

What do I hear? my friendſhip is betray'd;
The treacherous rival has ſeduc'd the maid. [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

With thee, where bearded goats deſcend the ſteep,
Or where like winter's ſnow, the nibbling ſheep
Cloath the ſlope hills; I'll paſs the chearful day,
And from thy reed my voice ſhall catch the lay.
But ſee, ſtill Evening ſpreads her duſky wings;
The flock, ſlow-moving from the miſty ſprings,
Now ſeek their fold. Come, ſhepherd, let's
away,
To cloſe the lateſt labours of the day.
[*Exeunt hand in hand.*

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS.

My troubled heart what dire diſaſters rend?
A ſcornful miſtreſs, and a treacherous friend!
Would ye be cozen'd more than woman can,
Unlock your boſom to perfidious man.
One faithful woman have theſe eyes beheld,
And againſt her this perjur'd heart rebell'd:
But ſearch as far as earth's wide bounds extend,
Where ſhall the wretched find one faithful friend?

SCENE VI.

LYCIDAS, DIONE.

LYCIDAS.

Why ſtarts the ſwain? why turn his eyes away,
As if amidſt his path the viper lay?
Did I not to thy charge my heart confide?
Did I not truſt thee near Parthenia's ſide,
As here ſhe ſlept?

DIONE.

——She ſtraight my call obey'd,
And downy ſlumber left the lovely maid;
As in the morn awakes the folded roſe,
And all around her breathing odour throws;
So wak'd Parthenia.

LYCIDAS.

——Could thy guarded heart,
When her full beauty glow'd, put by the dart?
Yet on Alexis let my ſoul depend;
'Tis moſt ungenerous to ſuſpect a friend.
And thou, I hope, haſt well that name profeſt.

DIONE.

thy piercing eye diſcern my breaſt!
thou the ſecrets of my boſom ſee,
ery thought is fill'd with cares for thee.

LYCIDAS.

againſt hypocriſy, defence?
aths her words and looks with innocence!
[*Aſide.*
ſpherd, when you proffer'd wealth and
late,
her ſcorn and ſuppled pride abate?

DIONE.

ding diamonds to the feather'd train,
ape the winnow'd chaff in ſearch of grain;
the ſhepherdeſs the Court appears:
ſhe ſeeks, and ſpurns thoſe glittering
:s,

LYCIDAS.

n woman grandeur to deſpiſe,
from Courts, from me alone ſhe flies.
my paſſion ſuffer like diſgrace,
ıe believ'd me born of ſylvan race?
ıu not think, this proudeſt of her kind
ɔme rival ſwain her heart reſign'd?

DIONE.

ſhepherd her diſdain can move;
en boſom is averſe to love.

LYCIDAS.

thou ſure, that this ungrateful fair
ll alike, bids all alike deſpair?

DIONE.

ı I know the ſecrets of her heart?

LYCIDAS.

ſincere, nor from the queſtion ſtart.
ıer glance was never love confeſt,
o ſwain diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt?

DIONE.

ıs, bid all thy troubles ceaſe;
ı thought on her diſturb thy peace.
ice bid thy former paſſion wake;
ow Dione ſuffers for thy ſake:
ı broken oath thy honour ſtain,
y vows, and ſeek the town again.

LYCIDAS.

ans Alexis? where's thy friendſhip flown?
I baniſh'd to the hateful town?
ne new ſhepherd warm'd Parthenia's
ſt?
s my love his amorous hours moleſt?
this thou bid'ſt me quit the plain?
, thou fondly lov'ſt this rival ſwain.
ſt my cheated ſoul thy friendſhip woo'd,
warm heart I took the viperous brood.
lexis!

DIONE.

——Why am I accus'd?
ıas mind is by weak fears abus'd.

LYCIDAS.

Was not thy boſom fraught with falſe deſign?
Didſt thou not plead his cauſe, and give up mine?
Let not thy tongue evaſive anſwer ſeek;
The conſcious crimſon riſes on thy cheek:
Thy coward conſcience, by thy guilt diſmay'd,
Shakes in each joint, and owns that I'm betray'd.

DIONE.

How my poor heart is wrong'd! O ſpare thy friend!

LYCIDAS.

Seek not detected falſehood to defend.

DIONE.

Beware, leſt blind ſuſpicion raſhly blame.

LYCIDAS.

Own thyſelf then the rival of my flame.
If this be ſhe for whom Alexis pin'd,
She now no more is to thy vows unkind.
Behind the thicket's twiſted verdure laid,
I witneſs'd every tender thing ſhe ſaid;
I ſaw bright pleaſure kindle in her eyes,
Love warm'd each feature at thy ſoft replies.

DIONE.

Yet hear me ſpeak.

LYCIDAS.

——In vain is all defence.
Did not thy treacherous hand conduct her hence?
Haſte, from my ſight. Rage burns in every vein;
Never approach my juſt revenge again.

DIONE.

O ſearch my heart there injur'd truth thou'lt find.

LYCIDAS.

Talk not of Truth; long ſince ſhe left mankind.
So ſmooth a tongue! and yet ſo falſe a heart!
Sure Courts firſt taught thee fawning friendſhip's
art!
No. Thou art falſe by nature.

DIONE,

——Let me clear
This heavy charge, and prove my truſt ſincere.

LYCIDAS.

Boaſt then her favours; ſay what happy hour
Next calls to meet her in the appointed bower;
Say, when and where you met,

DIONE.

——Be rage ſuppreſt.
In ſtabbing mine, you wound Parthenia's breaſt.
She ſaid, ſhe ſtill defy'd Love's keeneſt dart;
Yet purer friendſhip might divide her heart,
Friendſhip's ſincerer bands ſhe wiſh'd to prove.

LYCIDAS.

A woman's friendſhip ever ends in love.
Think not theſe fooliſh tales my faith command;
Did not I ſee thee preſs her ſnowy hand?
O may her paſſion like thy friendſhip laſt!
May ſhe betray thee ere a day be paſt!
Hence then. Away. Thou'rt hateful to my ſight,
And thus I ſpurn the fawning hypocrite.
[*Exit* Lycidas.

SCENE VII.

DIONE.

Was ever grief like mine! O wretched maid!
My friendſhip wrong'd! my conſtant love betray'd!
Misfortune haunts my ſteps where'er I go,
And all my days are overcaſt with woe.
Long have I ſtrove th' increaſing load to bear,
Now faints my ſoul, and ſinks into deſpair.
O lead me to the hanging mountain's cell,
In whoſe brown cliffs the fowls of darkneſs dwell;
Where waters, trickling down the rifted wall,
Shall lull my ſorrows with the tinkling fall.
There ſeek thy grave. How canſt thou bear the light,
When baniſh'd ever from Evander's ſight!

SCENE VIII.

DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Why hangs a cloud of grief upon thy brows?
Does the proud nymph accept Evander's vows?

DIONE.

Can I bear life with theſe new pangs oppreſt!
Again he tears me from his faithleſs breaſt:
A perjur'd Lover firſt he ſought theſe plains,
And now my friendſhip like my love diſdains.
As I new offers to Parthenia made,
Conceal'd he ſtood behind the woodbine ſhade.
He ſays, my treacherous tongue his heart betray'd,
That my falſe ſpeeches have miſled the maid;
With groundleſs fear he thus his ſoul deceives;
What frenzied dictates jealouſy believes!

LAURA.

Reſign thy crook, put off this manly veſt,
And let the wrong'd Dione ſtand confeſt;
When he ſhall learn what ſorrows thou haſt borne,
And find that nought relents Parthenia's ſcorn,
Sure he will pity thee.

DIONE.

——No, Laura, no.
Should I, alas! The ſylvan dreſs forego,
Then might he think that I her pride foment,
That injur'd love inſtructs me to reſent;
Our ſecret enterprize might fatal prove:
Man flies the plague of perſecuting love.

LAURA.

Avoid Parthenia leſt his rage grow warm,
And jealouſy reſolve ſome fatal harm.

DIONE.

O Laura, if thou chance the youth to find,
Tell him what torments vex my anxious mind;
Should I once more his awful preſence ſeek,
The ſilent tears would bathe my glowing cheek;
By riſing ſighs my faultering voice be ſtay'd,
And trembling fear too ſoon confeſs the maid.
Haſte, Laura, then; his vengeful ſoul aſſuage,
Tell him, I'm guiltleſs; cool his blinded rage;
Tell him that truth ſincere my friendſhip bought,
Let him not cheriſh one ſuſpicious thought.
Then, to convince him his diſtruſt was vain,
I'll never, never ſee that nymph again.
This way he went.

LAURA.

——See, at the call of night,
The ſtar of evening ſheds his ſilver light
High o'er yon' weſtern hill: the cooling gales
Freſh odours breathe along the winding dales;
Far from their home as yet our ſhepherds ſtray,
To cloſe with chearful walk the ſultry day.
Methinks from far I hear the piping ſwain;
Hark, in the breeze now ſwells, now ſinks the ſtrain!
Thither I'll ſeek him.

DIONE.

——While this length of glade
Shall lead me penſive through the ſable ſhade;
Where on the branches murmur ruſhing winds,
Grateful as falling floods to love-ſick minds;
O may this path to Death's dark vale deſcend!
There only can the wretched hope a friend.
[*Ex. ſeverally.*

ACT. V.

SCENE I.

A Wood.

DIONE, CLEANTHES *(who lies wounded in a diſtant part of the ſtage)*

DIONE.

THE moon ſerene now climbs th' aerial way;
See, at her ſight ten thouſand ſtars decay:
With trembling gleam ſhe tips the ſilent grove,
While all beneath the chequer'd ſhadows move.
Turn back thy ſilver axles, downward roll,
Darkneſs beſt fits the horrors of my ſoul.
Riſe, riſe, ye clouds; the face of heaven de-form,
Veil the bright Goddeſs in a ſable ſtorm:
O look not down upon a wretched maid!
Let thy bright torch the happy lover aid,
And light his wandering footſteps to the bower
Where the kind nymph attends th' appointed hour.
Yet thou haſt ſeen unhappy love, like mine;
Did not thy lamp in heaven's blue forehead ſhine

i Thiſbe fought her love along the glade?
thou not then behold the gleaming blade,
ild the fatal point that ſtabb'd her breaſt
I, like her, ſhall ſeek the realms of reſt.
roves of mournful yew a wretch ſurround!
th my ear with melancholy ſound!
illage-curs now ſtretch their yelling throat,
logs from diſtant cots return the note;
avenous wolf along the valley prowls,
with his famiſh'd cries the mountain howls.
ark! what ſudden noiſe advances near?
ted groans alarm my frighted ear!

CLEANTHES.

erd, approach; ah! fly not through the
lade.
tch all dy'd with wounds invokes thy aid.

DIONE.

en, unhappy ſtranger, how you bled;
t thy ſpirits, raiſe thy drooping head.
[Cleanthes *raiſes himſelf on his arm.*
rid ſight! Cleanthes gaſping lies;
Death's black ſhadows float before his eyes.
own in this diſguiſe, I 'll check my woe,
earn what bloody hand has ſtruck the blow.
[*Aſide.*
routh, ere Fate thy feeble voice confounds,
led thee hither? whence theſe purple
rounds?

CLEANTHES.

fleeting life; may ſtrength a-while pravail.
ıy cloſ'd lips confine the imperfect tale.
e ſtreak'd Eaſt grew warm with amber ray,
ı the city took my doubtful way;
:r the plains I ſought a beauteous maid,
from the Court, in theſe wide foreſts
ray'd,
:rs unknown; as I, with weary pain,
every path, and opening glade, in vain;
d of thieves, forth-ruſhing from the wood,
ath'd their daggers warm with daily blood;
n my breaſt the barbarous ſteel is dy'd,
urple hands the golden prey divide.
are theſe mangling wounds. Say, gentle
vain,
ı haſt known among the ſylvan train
ıgrant nymph I ſeek?

DIONE.

——What mov'd thy care,
in theſe pathleſs wilds, to ſearch the fair?

CLEANTHES.

ye you, O ye daughters of the grove,
iads, who the moſſy fountains love,
ıpy ſwains, who range the paſtures wide,
ler nymphs, who feed your flocks beſide;
laſt gaſping breath can pity move,
ye knew the pangs of ſlighted love,
ıer, I charge you, where Cleanthes dy'd;
aſs yet reeking with the ſanguine tide.
r's power to me the virgin gave,
: diſdain'd to live a nuptial ſlave:
her native home.

DIONE.

——'Tis then from thee
Springs the foul ſource of all her miſery.
Could'd thou, thy ſelfiſh appetite to pleaſe,
Condemn to endleſs woes another's peace?

CLEANTHES.

O ſpare me; nor my hapleſs love upbraid,
While on my heart Death's frozen hand is laid!
Go, ſeek her, guide her where Cleanthes bled;
When ſhe ſurveys her lover pale and dead,
Tell her, that, ſince ſhe fled my hateful ſight,
Without remorſe I fought the realms of night.
Methinks I ſee her view theſe poor remains,
And on her cheek indecent gladneſs reigns!
Full in her preſence cold Cleanthes lies,
And not one tear ſtands trembling in her eyes!
O let a ſigh my hapleſs fate deplore!
Cleanthes now controls thy love no more.

DIONE.

How ſhall my lids confine theſe riſing woes?
[*Aſide.*

CLEANTHES.

O might I ſee her, ere Death's finger cloſe
Theſe eyes for ever! might her ſoften'd breaſt
Forgive my love with too much ardor preſt!
Then I with peace could yield my lateſt breath.

DIONE.

Shall I not calm the fable hour of death,
And ſhew myſelf before him!—Ha! he dies.
See from his trembling lip the ſpirit flies! [*Aſide.*
Stay yet awhile. Dione ſtands confeſt
He knows me not: He faints, he ſinks to reſt.

CLEANTHES.

Tell her, ſince all my hopes in her were loſt,
That death was welcome—— [*Dies.*

DIONE.

What ſudden guſts of grief my boſom rend!
A parent's curſes o'er my head impend,
For diſobedient vows; O wretched maid,
Thoſe very vows Evander hath betray'd.
See, at thy feet Cleanthes bath'd in blood!
For love of thee he trod this lonely wood:
Thou art the cruel authoreſs of his fate;
He falls by thine; thou, by Evander's hate.
When ſhall my ſoul know reſt? Cleanthes ſlain
No longer ſighs and weeps for thy diſdain.
Thou ſtill art curſt with love. Bleed, virgin
bleed.
How ſhall a wretch from anxious life be freed!
My troubled brain with ſudden phrenzy burns,
And ſhatter'd thought now this, now that way
turns.
What do I ſee thus glittering on the plains?
Ha! the dread ſword yet warm with crimſon
ſtains!
[*Takes up the dagger.*

SCENE II.

DIONE, PARTHENIA.

PARTHENIA.

Sweet is the walk when night has cool'd the hour.
This path directs me to my sylvan bower. [*Aside.*

DIONE.

Why is my soul with sudden fear dismay'd?
Why drops my trembling hand the pointed blade?
O string my arm with force; [*Aside.*

PARTHENIA.

——Methought a noise
Broke through the silent air, like human voice.
[*Aside.*

DIONE.

One well-aim'd blow shall all my pangs remove,
Grasp firm the fatal steel, and cease to love. [*Aside.*

PARTHENIA.

Sure 'twas Alexis. Ha! a sword display'd!
The streaming lustre darts across the shade. [*Aside.*

DIONE.

May Heaven new vigour to my soul impart,
And guide the desperate weapon to my heart!
[*Aside.*

PARTHENIA

May I the meditated death arrest!
[*Holds* Dione's *hand.*
Strike not, rash shepherd; spare thy guiltless breast.
O give me strength to stay the threaten'd harm,
And wrench the dagger from his lifted arm!

DIONE.

What cruel hand with-holds the welcome blow?
In giving life, you but prolong my woe.
O may not thus th' expected stroke impend!
Unloose thy grasp, and let swift death descend.
But if yon' murder thy red hands hath dy'd;
Here. Pierce me deep; let forth the vital tide.
[Dione *quits the dagger.*

PARTHENIA.

Wait not thy fate; but this way turn thy eyes:
My virgin hand no purple murder dyes.
Turn then, Alexis; and Parthenia know,
'Tis she protects thee from the fatal blow.

DIONE.

Must the night-watches by my sighs be told?
And must these eyes another morn behold
Through dazling floods of tears? Ungenerous maid,
The friendly stroke is by thy hand delay'd;
Call it not mercy to prolong my breath;
'Tis but to torture me with lingering death.

PARTHENIA.

What moves thy hand to act this bloody part?
Whence are these gnawing pangs that tear thy heart?
Is that thy friend who lies before thee slain?
Is it his wound that reeks upon the plain?
Is 't Lycidas?

DIONE.

——No. I the stranger found,
Ere chilly death his frozen tongue had bound.
He said; "As at the rosy dawn of day,
He from the city took his vagrant way,
A murdering band pour'd on him from the wood,
First seiz'd his gold, then bath'd their swords in blood."

PARTHENIA.

You, whose ambition labours to be great,
Think on the perils which on riches wait.
Safe are the Shepherd's paths; when sober Even
Streaks with pale light the bending arch of Heaven
From danger free, through deserts wild he hies,
The rising smoke far o'er the mountain spies,
Which marks his distant cottage; on he fares.
For him no murderers lay their nightly snares;
They pass him by, they turn their steps away:
Safe Poverty was ne'er the villain's prey.
At home he lies secure in easy sleep,
No bars his ivy-mantled cottage keep;
No thieves in dreams the fancy'd dagger hold,
And drag him to detect the buried gold;
Nor starts he from his couch aghast and pale,
When the door murmurs with the hollow gale.
While he, whose iron coffers rust with wealth,
Harbours beneath his roof Deceit and Stealth;
Treachery with lurking pace frequents his walls,
And close behind him horrid Murder stalks.
'Tis tempting lucre makes the villain bold:
There lies a bleeding sacrifice to gold.

DIONE.

To live, is but to wake to daily cares,
And journey through a tedious vale of tears.
Had you not rush'd between, my life had flown
And I, like him, no more had sorrow known.

PARTHENIA.

When anguish in the gloomy bosom dwells,
The counsel of a friend the cloud dispels.
Give thy breast vent, the secret grief impart,
And say what woe lies heavy at thy heart.
To save thy life, kind Heaven has succour sent,
The Gods by me thy threaten'd fate prevent.

DIONE.

o prevent it, is beyond thy power;
nly canſt defer the welcome hour.
ou the lifted dagger turn'd aſide,
e road to death thy force deny'd;
e is in my reach. From mountains high,
whoſe ſhadow craggy ruins lie,
ot headlong fling this weight of woe,
h out life againſt the flints below?
re not ſtreams, and lakes, and rivers wide,
my laſt breath may bubble on the tide?
ife ſhall never flatter me again,
l to-morrow bring new ſighs and pain.

PARTHENIA.

iis burthen of my ſoul relieve,
m thy grief?

DIONE.

——If thou will comfort give,
ne thy word, and to that word be juſt;
oor Alexis ſhall be laid in duſt,
ide no longer ſhall command thy mind,
ou wilt ſpare the friend I leave behind.
his virtue worthy of thy breaſt.
thy love may Lycidas be bleſt!

PARTHENIA.

ain (who would my liberty control,
ſe ſome ſhort-liv'd tranſport of his ſoul)
while his importuning flame he moves,
s not me, himſelf alone he loves.
nor leave him by misfortune preſt:
meful to deſert a friend diſtreſt.

DIONE.

wretch like me no loſs would prove,
kind Parthenia liſten to his love.

PARTHENIA.

des thy boſom this myſterious grief?
y o'erburthen'd heart, and hope relief.

DIONE.

ofits it to touch thy tender breaſt,
ongs, like mine, which ne'er can be redreſt?
y heart the fatal ſecret die,
up ſorrow in another's eye!

SCENE III.

Dione, Parthenia, Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.

right direct the darkſome ways,
eſe paths the penſive ſhepherd ſtrays. [*Aſide.*

DIONE.

tear for me roll down thy cheek.
my throbbing ſighs my heart-ſtrings break!
s my breaſt the lifted ſtroke deny'd?
n again the deathful deed be try'd?
'tis reſolv'd.

[*Snatches the dagger from* Parthenia.

PARTHENIA.

——Ah, hold; forbear, forbear!

LYCIDAS.

ht Diſtreſs with ſhrieks alarm'd my ear.

PARTHENIA.

t. Ye Gods, defend him from the wound!

LYCIDAS.

'is Parthenia's voice, I know the ſound.
Some ſylvan raviſher would force the maid,
And Laura ſent me to her virtue's aid.
Die, villain, die; and ſeek the ſhades below.

[Lycidas *ſnatches the dagger from* Dione, *and ſtabs her.*

DIONE.

Whoe'er thou art, I bleſs thee for the blow.

LYCIDAS.

Since Heaven ordain'd this arm thy life ſhould guard,
O hear my vows! be love the juſt reward.

PARTHENIA.

Rather let vengeance, with her ſwifteſt ſpeed,
O'ertake thy flight, and recompence the deed!
Why ſtays the thunder in the upper ſky?
Gather, ye clouds; ye forky lightnings, fly:
On thee may all the wrath of Heaven deſcend,
Whoſe barbarous hand hath ſlain a faithful friend.
Behold Alexis!

LYCIDAS.

——Would that treacherous boy
Have forc'd thy virtue to his brutal joy?
What rouz'd his paſſion to this bold advance?
Did e'er thy eyes confeſs one willing glance?
I know, the faithleſs youth his truſt betray'd;
And well the dagger hath my wrongs repaid.

DIONE. [*Raiſing herſelf on her arm.*

Breaks not Evander's voice along the glade?
Ha! is it he who holds the reeking blade!
There needed not or poiſon, ſword, or dart;
Thy faithleſs vows, alas! had broke my heart.

[*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

O tremble, ſhepherd, for thy raſh offence,
The ſword is dy'd with murder'd innocence!
His gentle ſoul no brutal paſſion ſeiz'd,
Nor at my boſom was the dagger rais'd;
Self-murder was his aim; the youth I found
Whelm'd in deſpair, and ſtay'd the falling wound.

DIONE.

Into what miſchiefs is the lover led,
Who calls down vengeance on his perjur'd head!
O may he ne'er bewail his deſperate deed,
And may, unknown, unwept, Dione bleed! [*Aſide.*

LYCIDAS.

What horrors on the guilty mind attend!
His conſcience had revers'd an injur'd friend,
Hadſt thou not held the ſtroke. In death he ſought
To loſe the heart-conſuming pain of thought.
Did not the ſmooth-tongu'd boy perfidious prove,
Plead his own paſſion, and betray my love?

DIONE.

O let him ne'er this bleeding victim know;
Leſt his raſh tranſport, to revenge the blow,
Should in his dearer heart the dagger ſtain!
That wound would pierce my ſoul with double pain.

[*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

How did his faithful lips (now pale and cold)
With moving eloquence thy griefs unfold!

LYCIDAS.

Was he thus faithful? thus, to friendſhip true?
Then I'm a wretch. All peace of mind, adieu!
If ebbing life yet beat within thy vein,
Alexis, ſpeak; uncloſe thoſe lids again.

[*Flings himſelf on the ground near* Dione.

See at thy feet the barbarous villain kneel!
'Tis Lycidas who graſps the bloody ſteel

Thy once-lov'd friend.—Yet, ere I ceaſe to live,
Canſt thou a wretched penitent forgive?

DIONE.

When low beneath the ſable mould I reſt,
May a ſincerer friendſhip ſhare thy breaſt!
Why are thoſe heaving groans? (ah! ceaſe to weep!)
May my loſt name in dark oblivion ſleep;
Let this ſad tale no ſpeaking ſtone declare,
From future eyes to draw a pitying tear.
Let o'er my grave the levelling plough-ſhare paſs,
Mark not the ſpot; forget that e'er I was.
Then may'ſt thou with Parthenia's love be bleſt,
And not one thought on me thy joys moleſt!
My ſwimming eyes are overpower'd with light,
And darkening ſhadows fleet before my ſight:
May'ſt thou be happy! ah! my ſoul is free. [*Dies.*
O cruel ſhepherdeſs, for love of thee [*To* Parthenia.
This fatal deed was done.

SCENE THE LAST.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, LAURA.

LAURA.

——Alexis ſlain!

LYCIDAS.

Yes. 'Twas I did it. See this crimſon ſtain!
My hands with blood of innocence are dy'd.
O may the moon her ſilver beauty hide
In rolling clouds! my ſoul abhors the light;
Shade, ſhade the murderer in eternal night!

LAURA.

No rival ſhepherd is before thee laid;
There bled the chaſteſt, the ſincereſt maid
That ever ſigh'd for love. On her pale face,
Cannot thy weeping eyes the feature trace
Of thy once dear Dione? With wan care
Sunk are thoſe eyes, and livid with deſpair!

LYCIDAS.

Dione!

LAURA.

——There pure conſtancy lies dead

LYCIDAS.

May Heaven ſhower vengeance on this perjur'd
As the dry branch that withers on the ground,
So, blaſted be the hand that gave the wound!
Off; hold me not. This heart deſerves the ſt
'Tis black with treachery. Yes: the vow
broke [*Seeth*
Which I ſo often ſwore. Vain world adieu!
Tho' I was falſe in life, in death I'm true.

LAURA.

To-morrow ſhall the funeral rites be paid,
And theſe Love-victims in one grave be laid.

PARTHENIA.

There ſhall the yew her ſable branches ſpread,
And mournful cypreſs rear her fringed head.

LAURA.

From thence ſhall thyme and myrtle ſend perfu
And laurel ever-green o'erſhade the tomb.

PARTHENIA.

Come, Laura, let us leave this horrid wood,
Where ſtreams the purple graſs with lovers' b
Come to my bower. And, as we ſorrowing
Let poor Dione's ſtory feed my woe
With heart-relieving tears.——

LAURA. [*Pointing to*
——Unhappy maid!
Hadſt thou a parent's juſt command obey'd,
Thou yet hadſt liv'd —But who ſhall Love
Love ſcorns command, and breaks all other
Henceforth, ye ſwains, be true to vows pa
For certain vengeance ſtrikes the perjur'd

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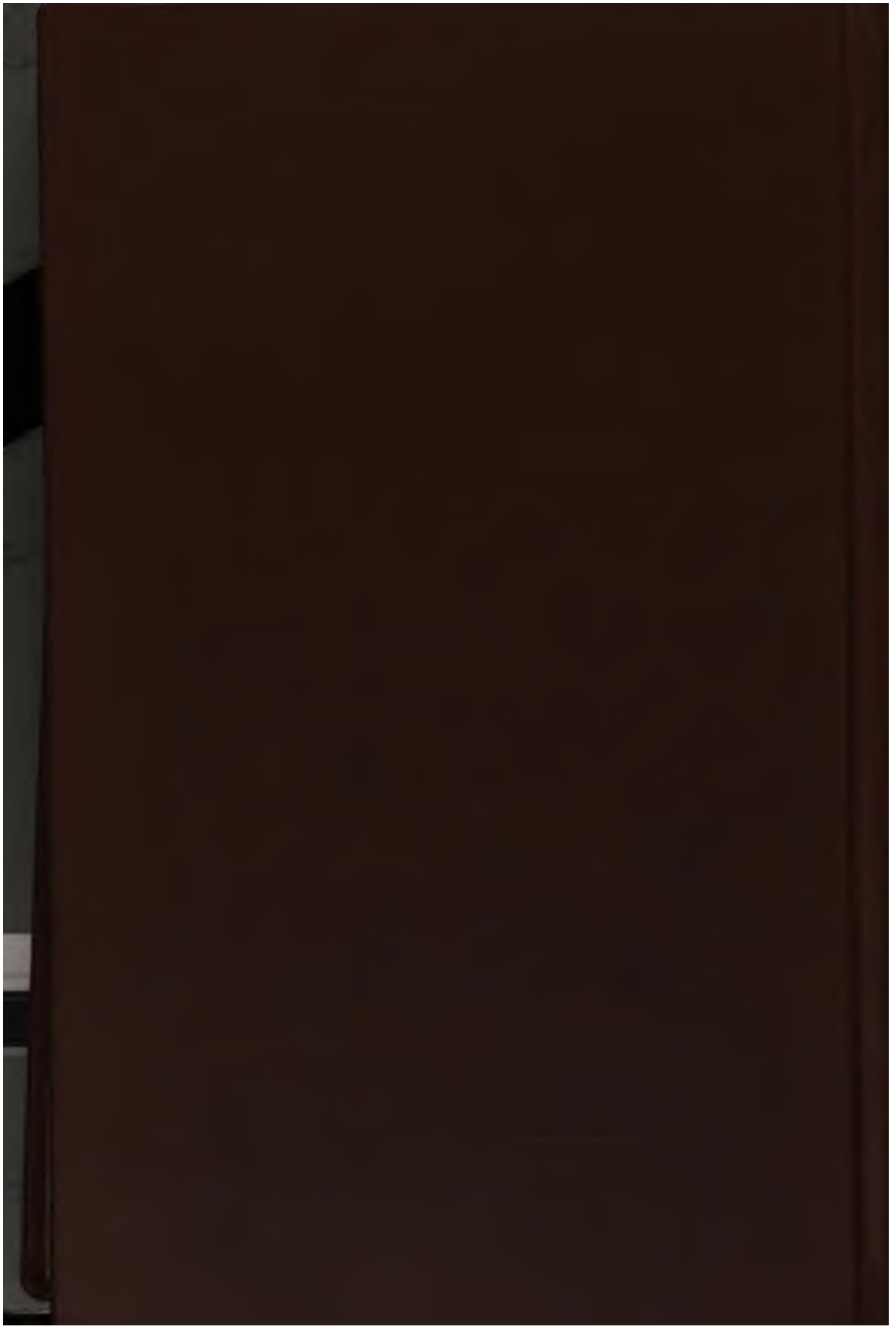
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